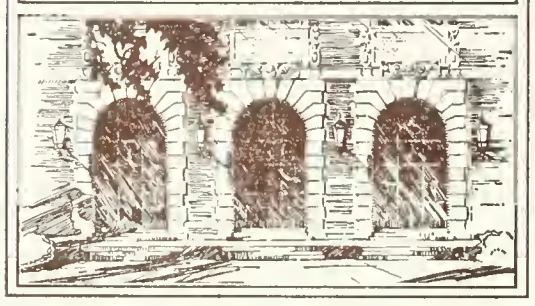
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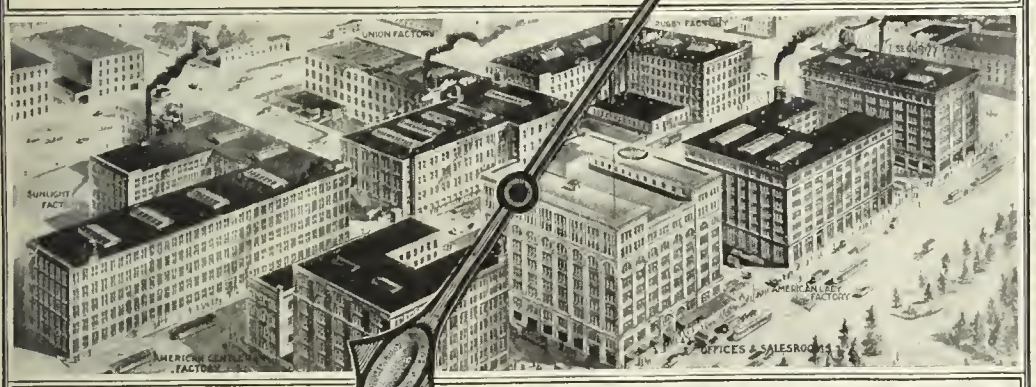
"Tick'—a pair a second" means Hamilton Brown has a daily capacity of 48,000 pairs of shoes.

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"Tick'—a pair a second" means Hamilton Brown shoes are sold from 16,000 retail stores.

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One of a series of seven pictures in current numbers of magazines. For further information address CHAS. S. FEE, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, Room P, Union Ferry Building, San Francisco, Cal.

GREATEST of CONIFEROUS FORESTS ARE ALONG the COAST LINE—SHASTA ROUTE; NOBLE PINES, STATELY FIRS and LARGEST, OLDEST OF LIVING THINGS, THE BIG TREES. THESE are in WONDERFUL PARKS of a THOUSAND STREAMS, MEADOWS and LAKES AMID DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS FULL of CHARMING CAMPING PLACES for LIFE OUT OF DOORS. The SANTA CRUZ BIG TREES SURROUND A RAILWAY STATION.



190930

Lighting Country Houses, and Hotels, with White Gas

By "THE PILOT"

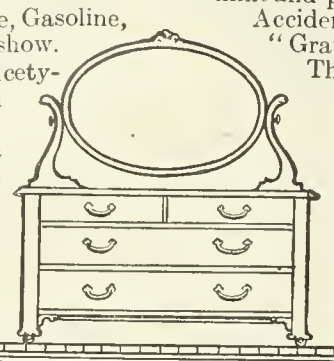
THE pipes are run, as in picture, so they won't *show* anywhere but in the basement.
—Between the plaster and the outer walls.
—Between the ceiling and the floor above.
Can be done this way without injuring ceilings.
And, only about two days' work is needed.
After that—solid comfort for 20 years.
No more lamp-cleaning, wick-trimming, chimney-breaking, nor risky carrying around of lamps.
—No more expense for mantles, chimneys, wicks or globes either.
—Light *always ready*, in every room. You merely touch a match to the burners.
And, *such* light—brilliant, white, soft, spreading, cool and eye-resting.
Costs even *less* than Kerosene light when once installed—a *third less*.

Safe too—ten times safer than Kerosene, Gasoline, or even Candles—as insurance records show.

Not one child has *yet* lost its life to Acetylene, while thousands die yearly through Kerosene or Gasoline fires and accidents.

Kerosene lamp explosions are so *common* that the newspapers no longer notice them.

But, Acetylene being a comparatively *new* light, and accidents being so very *rare* with it, the newspapers make the *most* of any such accidents as do happen.



Here is one full year's record of Fires from the different illuminants, as shown by the insurance reports.

8222 Fires from Kerosene and Gasoline at a loss of	$ 8,441,445
1048 Fires from Electric Light—Loss	16,294,540
1033 Fires from City coal Gas—Loss	368,970
453 Fires from Candles—Loss	282,080
22 Fires from Rays of the Sun—Loss	12,965

During the *same* period the total number of Fires from Acetylene Gas was *four* (just 4), with a loss of $13,260, among the two million Americans who now use Acetylene.

So when any one tells *you* of an Acetylene accident just quote him back these actual figures.

There is *less* danger with Acetylene than with any *other* Light ever devised, not excluding the tallow candle—as Insurance records prove.

But, such few Acetylene accidents as do happen are due to faulty Gas-making Machines of early make, formerly or still in use.

With a "Pilot" Generator, however, accident is practically impossible.

Because, if anything goes wrong with a "Pilot," the generator simply quits making Gas till the neglect has been attended to.

The "Pilot" is planned so that the most forgetful person *couldn't* cause an accident with it through any *oversight* in operation.

This protection against forgetfulness is effected by automatic checks called "Interference Devices."

With an ordinary generator if you fill up the receptacle with Carbide and *forget* to screw on the Cap afterwards there will be a dangerous escape of gas into your basement which might explode if you took a lighted match into it.

But, this *couldn't* happen with a "Pilot" Generator. Because the Pilot *can't* feed any Carbide into the water, nor make any Gas whatever, until you *have* screwed on the Cap to its limit and pulled a Safety Lever over it.

Accidents have also occurred with so-called "Gravity Feed" Generators.

These let the Carbide fall into the water by its own weight.

If the feed-valve should stick, with a Generator of that kind, the whole load of Carbide would drop into the water at once and generate an enormous volume of Gas, capable of doing great damage when lighted and exploded.

But *this* condition would be impossible with a "*Pilot* Generator."

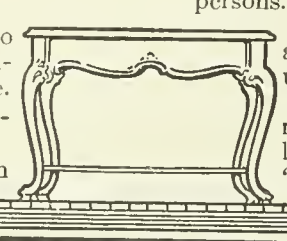
Because the "Pilot" feeds Carbide into water by *clockwork* instead of by the sheer *weight* of the Carbide itself resting on a valve.

No Carbide *can* thus get into the water tank of a Pilot Generator to make Gas, unless the Clockwork runs and deliberately pushes it in.

Now, the instant there is more than eight inches of Gas in the Bell, or Holder, that Clock Motor *can not* work until the pressure goes down again, when it starts once more to feed Carbide by ounces.

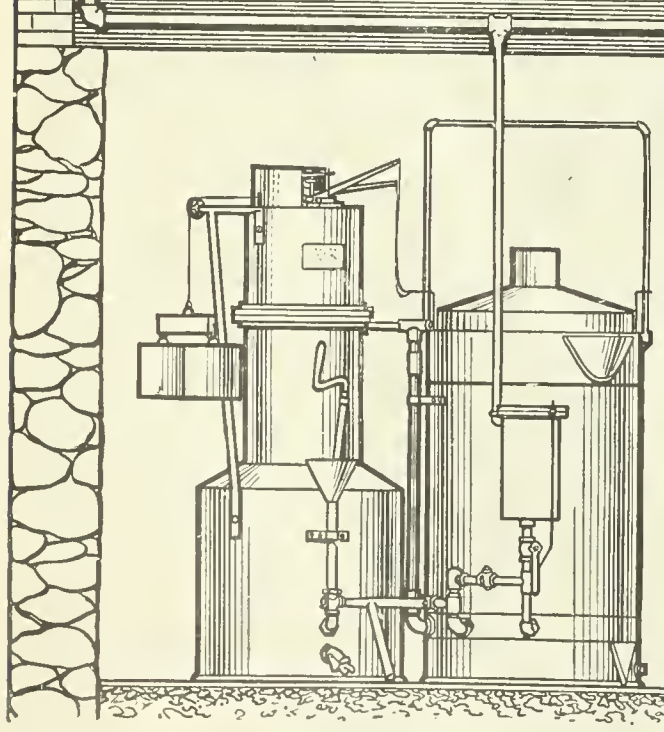
This Clockwork Motor needs winding about once a month. And, if anything *should* go wrong the Clockwork Motor simply quits feeding Carbide, which in turn means that Gas quits forming, so that *accident* with a "Pilot" Generator is practically impossible.

Other equally simple and ingenious "Interference Devices" make *mistakes* impossible in charging or emptying "Pilot Generator" even by inexperienced persons.



Now there *are* Makers of Acetylene Generators who say *we* have been *too* careful—unnecessarily so.

But, *we* think, it is well worth a few dollars more, on the twenty-year life of a Generator, like the "Pilot," to make it absolutely "foolproof" against accident or oversight.



And, if *you* think as we think about this factor of Safety and Certainty, we would like to send you a book, which shows just *how* the "Pilot" has been made practically Infallible, and as Economical as it is Safe.

A 25-burner "Pilot" Generator, each Burner giving 25 candle-power Light, will cost you only about $100.

We install it completely in your Home, Hotel, or Store, with piping to third floor, handsome brass Fixtures, Burners, and fancy Globes—all ready to light up—for about $150 cash, or terms if you want them. This includes Labor.

And, when *once* installed, it will give you as *much* light from every *Dollar's* worth of Carbide used as you can get with the very best lamps out of *One Dollar and Fifty Cents'* worth of Kerosene at 12 cents per gallon.

No soot, no smell, no mantles, no wicks, no chimneys, and no everlasting lamp-cleaning, with Acetylene gas.

And, a beautiful, soft, *white* light, almost as easy on the Eyes as daylight, and Wholesome as Sunlight itself.

Tell us how *many* rooms there are in your Home, or Hotel to be lighted and we will tell you about what it would cost to install the right type of "Pilot" equipment to light them properly.

And, we'll send you a book full of evidence as to safety.

"The Pilot Generator," 157 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



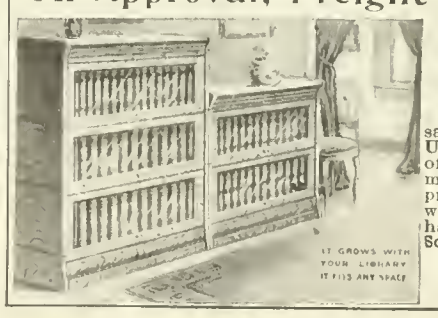
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Stenographic Opportunities

By ROBERT F. ROSE

(Mr. Rose was the official reporter of the Democratic National Convention of 1900, and the official shorthand Reporter traveling with Hon. W. J. Bryan during his two great campaigns.)

Interest in the possibilities in shorthand and the splendid opportunities which present themselves to the competent young men and women who have a thorough knowledge of the stenographic art, was awakened some time ago by the publication of an article from the pen of William E. Curtis, showing that the expert shorthand writers in Chicago were dividing in fees upwards of $1,000,000 a year, and that one firm, consisting of three young men in that city, were doing a business approximating $100,000 annually. This was exclusive of the earnings of the office stenographers, being but the amount paid to those engaged in shorthand as an independent business.

The publication of such articles as the above inspired many to take up this lucrative business, and throughout the country there are many young men and women who have obtained material advancement through the study of shorthand. What was true in Chicago has proved true throughout the country, and in no other line of endeavor have such quick returns resulted.

A page from the journal of J. A. Lord, the official reporter at Waco, Texas, discloses that in one month his earnings were $1,282. In the same state, but in a much smaller city, Dudley M. Kent, the official reporter at Colorado, Texas, earned $650.25 in a single month, while other reporters throughout the country have demonstrated by their work and earnings that shorthand is one of the most remunerative of professions.

And it is not only in this line of work that shorthand is attractive to young men and women. The prominent statesmen, bankers, railway officials, and captains of industry, draw from the ranks of the shorthand writers for their private secretaries, while in the business world the stenographer receives the greatest advancement. A more attractive position would be hard to imagine than that of W. J. Morey, private secretary to Joseph Leiter, the Chicago millionaire; or of Edwin A. Ecke, private secretary to John R. Wallace, former chief engineer of the Panama canal; or of Ray Nyemaster, Atalissa, Iowa, private secretary to Congressman Dawson, of the second district of Iowa. These young men are in close contact with successful men, and their future advancement is assured.

These positions, however, are only for those who can and do write the best shorthand. In Mr. Curtis' article the firm of Walton, James and Ford was given the credit of having the largest business in the world—approximating $100,000 annually. All the parties whose success has been mentioned above, were taught expert shorthand by the school over which this most successful firm presides. Capable of writing the shorthand with which the large sums are made, these men inaugurated the Success Shorthand School in Chicago, and to-day have more successful graduates throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico than any other institution of the kind in the world. Three years ago they began to teach young men and women at their homes, giving them a thorough knowledge of that expert shorthand which experience had demonstrated to these experts to be the best. Stenographers—graduates of other schools and with years of experience—have been perfected so that they have more than doubled their former salaries. Chauncey W. Pitts, in June, 1905, had absolutely no knowledge of shorthand and resided in Alton, Iowa. Seven months thereafter he was the official court reporter of the Fourth Judicial district of Iowa—a position worth $3,000 a year. A few days before this article was written, a young man who had been employed as a stenographer at $75 a month, but who took this perfection course, was so competent that he secured a position with the Illinois Sewing Machine Company at $35 a week.

These are but a few of hundreds of cases, and the school, at the conclusion of its third year, can point to more graduates earning really large salaries than any other school in existence.

If you know nothing of shorthand, and desire to become a really expert writer—capable of holding the positions paying these large salaries—you should write at once for information in regard to this school, obtaining their contract to return all money paid in case of dissatisfaction when the course is half completed. If you are a stenographer, these experts can help you to advance in your profession by teaching you the same shorthand which they write, and with which others have advanced. This school guarantees its instruction. Its graduates have broken all records in actual expert work. Write today for their handsome 48-page book, explaining the method of instruction, a copy of the guaranty given each accepted pupil, and newspaper and magazine comments on the breaking of all shorthand records by its graduates, addressing Success Shorthand School, Suite 1229, 79 Clark Street, Chicago. If a stenographer, state system and experience.



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906

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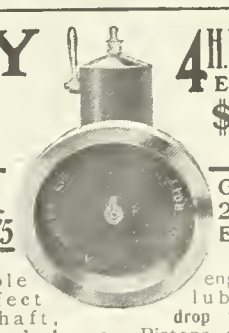
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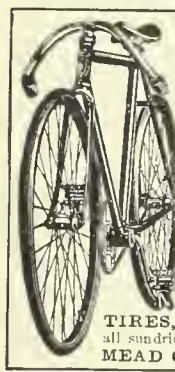
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906

Our Next Real Soldier of Fortune

PHYSICIAN in Philadelphia, lawyer in New Orleans, editor in San Francisco—three learned callings, studied, practised, and abandoned before he reached his twenty-eighth birthday.

THEN, "Heigh for boot and horse!" Off with lancet, law book, and pen, and on with sword and gun. At thirty-two, known on every tongue from Maine to California as "The Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny." And at thirty-seven, officially shot by the government of Nicaragua, which he, with fifty-seven men, had invaded and conquered.

WHAT whim of fate touched this young man and so strangely turned his path aside from peace? William Walker's career is not fiction, but simple history. Walker was a silent, student-like, serious-minded young man, who never drank, never used an oath, never boasted, and never gambled. His story has been written by Mr. Richard Harding Davis from Walker's own chronicle, and from contemporary records. But best of all, Mr. Davis has incorporated into it the atmosphere of his own familiarity with the theatre of Walker's wars, and his ever-pleasing sympathy with the danger-loving and adventurous.

THE Hearst style of journalism, in its most characteristic forms, is now about ten years old. This gives ample time to measure it by its results. In the next of our articles on "Hearst and Hearstism," to be printed next week, Mr. Palmer will endeavor, in the most impartial way, to aline the points to the credit and to the discredit of what is called yellow journalism. The article will balance the injury Hearst has done to public taste and public judgment, with the record of his injunctions and other aggressive acts for the public good.

THE opening of the college year will be symbolized by our cover design next week, a drawing in red and black by J. C. Leyendecker. The colored frontispiece will be a drawing by Walter Appleton Clark, appropriate to the Vanderbilt automobile cup races.

COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED SERVICE—Owing to the crowded condition of our advertising columns, we are compelled to omit the Classified Service this issue, and to postpone the publication of the classified advertisements ordered for this week until October 6.

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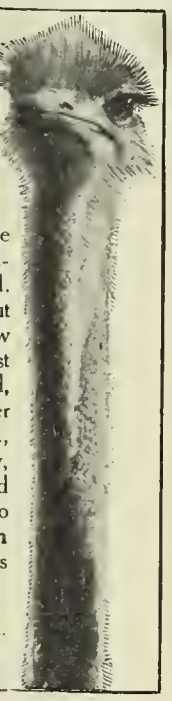
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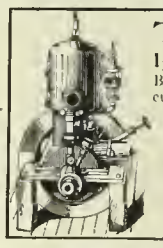
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JUBILEE YEAR OF EL PRINCIPE DE GALES

Romantic History of the World-Famous "El Principe de Gales" brand of Havana Cigars

By MANUEL GONZALEZ

GREAT WAS THE REJOICING in the domain of the Union Jack the world over—where proverbially the sun never sets—when young Queen Victoria was delivered of a son and heir in 1841,—the little child becoming hostage to the popularity of her long and triumphant reign by thus assuring the perpetuity of her house.

As heir-apparent to the throne of Great Britain and her Colonies, this baby boy was known from birth as the Prince of Wales.

In the Spring of 1846 when the little Prince of Wales had grown to be a sturdy chap of five, one of Havana's prominent and opulent commercial grandees introduced a new brand of cigars—one that seemed to reach the height of that perfection for which he had many years striven. So proud was he of his product that in seeking for a name of world-wide application there instantly came to his mind Albert Edward's official title—The Prince of Wales—El Principe de Gales.

In 60 years the Prince has become king of a world empire and the brand of cigars has become acknowledged "King of Havana cigars."

THE CUBAN MANUFACTURER responsible for this brand and its fame was Senor V. Martinez Ybor, prominent both among tobacco planters and manufacturers, the head of a great commercial industry and one of the principal exporters of Cuba. But Senor Ybor was heavily taxed to fill the ever-yawning exchequer of Isabella, Queen of Spain—and thereby hangs our tale.

With a view to escaping these excessive taxes and also to avoiding the American customs imposts levied on manufactured cigars, Senor Ybor, with an enterprise extraordinary among the conservative Havana *duenos* (proprietors), transported his factory to the United States, locating at Key West where his factory was operated for several years until it was destroyed by fire in 1887.

The city of Tampa, Florida, then gave him a tract of land which was called "Ybor City," and here after the patriarchal Spanish custom his workmen from Havana came and settled about the new factory with their families; for, necessarily, Senor Ybor retained his *tabaqueros* who had grown up with his El Principe de Gales brand in Havana and Key West; and having thus duplicated Havana environment and traditional conditions of manufacture, he then proceeded to reinforce his plant at Ybor City with a far-reaching and perfect system for supervising the growing leaf and buying the cured leaf on Cuba's finest tobacco *vegas* in the famous Vuelta Abajo district.

As his business grew he developed an organization in Cuba for watching growing leaf and securing the cream of each crop such as was possessed by no other manufacturer of cigars in the United States. Less than a day's journey to the south, the finest product of Cuba is brought up the Gulf in swift vessels, made up into Havana shapes and sizes by Cuban workmen, and in what is practically the Cuban climate.

Even competitors confessed that there was no better, more thoroughly organized force of experts, and no more important and favored buyer in the Cuban markets. And no factory in Havana preserved a truer standard of quality and workmanship than did Senor Ybor in his El Principe de Gales factories in Ybor City.

SOME SEVEN YEARS AGO the control of El Principe de Gales passed to the Havana-American Company. In factories built upon the most approved modern lines in Tampa and Key West are employed cigar makers of the highest skill, many of them descendants of the original colonists brought over by Senor Ybor, and others constantly recruited from the best modern *tabaqueros* from Havana itself.

Indeed, the Havana-American Company's newest factory lately opened at Key West, is the largest in America devoted to the exclusive manufacture of Havana cigars. And here working conditions are so superior and wages steadily so high that there is competition even among Cuban cigar makers of the highest skill for employment under its spacious roof.

If you are a smoker and could visit these factories in Key West and Tampa and contrast their modern equipment as to lighting, ventilation, comfort, safety, sanitation, etc., with the forbidding, unwholesome and unsanitary conditions of the average cigar "factory" (so often little more than a crowded room like an eastside sweatshop)—you would be deeply impressed with the perfection of equipment and organization characteristic of the Havana-American Company's factories and system.

All smokers are urged to visit the El Principe de Gales factories when in the vicinity of Key West or Tampa. To see the Cuban experts, each molding his pet shape of cigar—to learn all their odd and historic associations, and to watch the older workmen whose whole life, perhaps, has been given up to the making of one size or shape of El Principe de Gales—these things are of never failing interest.

From the day of its establishment in this country El Principe de Gales began to grow in sales, its originator zealously striving to produce a cigar that would be judged as a true Havana in whatever part of the world it might encounter connoisseurs. Moreover he developed El Principe de Gales in so many shapes and sizes; so many gradations of strength and flavor, that today not even the oldest brands established in Havana number a wider following of devotees among the more discriminating smokers.



Contrast the lighting, ventilation, comfort, sanitation, etc., with the forbidding conditions in the average cigar "factory."



Here working conditions are so superior and wages steadily so high that there is competition among Cuban cigar makers of the highest skill for employment under its spacious roof



Senor Ybor developed El Principe de Gales in many shapes, sizes and colors, many gradations of strength and flavor—the favorite Havana brand

SCENES IN THE MODERN EL PRINCIPE DE GALES FACTORY

Is it any wonder, then, with these immense advantages, that El Principe de Gales soon began to lead in the American market? Its conditions of manufacture were such that no other clear Havana cigar could hope to compete with this brand in *quality*, nor could any domestic brand. Its advantages in *price*, owing to the impost of tariff duties, made competition by Havana manufacturers equally futile.

In 1890, when the increased tariff on foreign cigars went into effect, the sales of this notable brand had in the course of some forty years reached an annual output of ten million. Today's demand requires an output of thirty-five million cigars—this is more than double the quantity of Havana cigars of any one brand that has ever been produced by any other cigar factory in the world.

One of the most interesting features of the Florida State Fair held November 29th, 1905, was the Exhibits of the Havana Cigar Manufacturers. The various factories entered in competition, and the board of expert manufacturers rendered a unanimous decision awarding first prize to the Havana-American Co., manufacturers of El Principe de Gales.

THIS, THEN, IS THE JUBILEE YEAR of El Principe de Gales. For sixty years it has held the market, with ever-increasing sales and prestige.

A cigar made for the most critical public, holding its place for six decades against the finest products of Havana, must surely be of highest excellence.



AFTER THE MORNING RIDE

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WHAT IS IMPORTANT? To newspapers, apparently, politics, in time of peace, and reflecting, sheep-like, this judgment of the trade, we give first place at present to the Struggle of the Parties to increase their membership in Congress. That this combat is the most momentous doing now on earth, the Administration would agree, for every sinew is being bent to rout the evil foe. Speaker CANNON, Secretary TAFT, Cicero BEVERIDGE, and other men of gravity and stress, baring their simitars, betook them urgently to Maine and smote the opposition lustily. The inhabitants of that State of Prohibition and Peruna listened to the claps of earnestness and voted, far more than is their custom, for the Democrats. They were told that Mr. ROOSEVELT was the issue. To their simple minds he figured but feebly in the election of a Governor, and not preeminently even in judging of a Congressman. All over the country we hope to see a corresponding independence. Let State issues be considered in State elections, and in selecting Congressmen may the best man always win. We have an excellent President, but in spite of his party ardor it can not be made to appear that Republicans help and Democrats injure the work that he is doing. All the House votes against the rate bill were Republican. The Philippine Tariff bill was killed by the Republicans. Speaker CANNON had to be frightened out of opposition to the Pure Food bill. The American people are not credulous enough to engulf the assertion that the Republican Party and the President's performances are bound together in any Siamese relation.

BARKINGS

LABOR HAS THE RIGHT to fight in politics, to the same extent as any other organized interest, neither more nor less. If it thinks certain Congressmen hostile to its just demands, reason would prompt it to oppose their reelection. Any honest man, on the other hand, should defy labor as well as capital when his conscience so commands him. Mr. LITTLEFIELD's opinions on labor measures are to some extent shared and to some extent opposed by us, but regardless of such differences of judgment we rejoice in the reelection of a brave and upright man, precisely as we should rejoice had he been an equally bold, straight, and capable labor representative slated by capital for destruction. Labor will continue its political activity, gaining power here as it has in England, but inevitably, like any other party, it will often endeavor to ruin some of our most high-minded office-holders because of honest differences of conviction.

LITTLEFIELD

INTENSITY IN FEELING is being maintained, if not increased, as the trial of MOYER and HAYWOOD draws more near. A hearing before the Supreme Court of the United States on points of law is scheduled to begin at Washington on October 9. During the summer each faction has been busily assailing the other for preventing a speedy trial. The Socialists of Shoshone County, in their platform, declared that the principles for which MOYER and HAYWOOD stand are diametrically opposed to murder, which is at least interesting, although in some conflict with other expressions of the miners' union. CLARENCE DARROW, addressing his party at Spokane, made a long speech, most of which, as reported in the papers, was in line with this: "If he (the laboring man) knew anything, he wouldn't be working, and the capitalist would be depending on him." Of coal he said it should belong not to BAER, but to "us," and added "I am not particular whether we pay for it or not in getting it." The renomination of the Governor of Idaho, who has already decided that MOYER and HAYWOOD are guilty, represents one side of this violent controversy. Such expressions as the Socialists are putting out every week represent the other. It will be a triumph for the jury system if the trial can be conducted as fairly as if socialism, unionism, and capitalism were abstract terms in which no passion burned.

FERMENT IN IDAHO

NO AGREEABLE TOPIC is Mr. HEARST, and yet between now and the 6th of November he is a subject on which constant thinking must be done. Not at all slight is his chance of achieving the Governorship, which, if hard times should come, would make him a serious candidate for the Presidency. However far his money, determination, and ability carry him, he can not much impair this country. If our self-government is worth the name, we could endure the triumph of a self-seeking agitator or two with little loss. Alarm is needless. It is a cause for regret, however, that the leader of the extremists should be a man who will play any card to strengthen his personal success. "You furnish the pictures," he cabled to FREDERIC REMINGTON in 1898, "and I'll furnish the war." There is the man in a nutshell. He would "furnish" a war, or anything else, without a moment's hesitation that advanced his climb to power. As Governor of New York he could remove mayors, district attorneys, sheriffs, and police commissioners all over the State, and appoint their successors, besides making temporary judicial appointments. Liberal steps are bound to be taken rapidly in this country. The present question is, is HEARST the man whom the strong and reflective citizens of our country would choose to execute their ideals?

MAN AND CAUSE

BECAUSE PAYING FOR CRIME, an enterprise of the Atlanta "News," struck us as unadvisable, that paper emits much foam at our expense. Because we disbelieve in lynching, partly for its effect on the lynchers and partly because it tends to increase the evil it attacks, this noble publication asserts that we are "in favor of negro criminals." The editor of the "News" is aware, no doubt, that one injured girl has more sympathy from us than the sufferings of all the criminal brutes, white or black, who range the North or South. He knows that our disapproval of lynching grows from a belief that civilization and not savagery is what most will help the South control its dangerous negroes. But he imagines himself likely to win more money and power by playing to the worst instead of the best emotions and ideas about him. Ours, he says, is a "prejudiced Yankee point of view." Using "Yankee" as a term of hostility and contempt is of a piece with his calling upon the people of Atlanta to offer pay for murder, and is as far from the larger and nobler Southern feelings of our day.

CHARACTER

CALLING A HUSBAND UP maliciously on the telephone, day and night, has been ruled in Massachusetts not to be an actionable misdemeanor in a wife. The judge added, however, by way of gratuitous observation, this: "I think that one having a telephone in his house could enjoin a person from continuously ringing him up day and night upon unimportant matters which he had no right to do, to the loss of sleep and rest to the occupant and to his great annoyance." With new methods of communication come new subjects for lawyers and the rest of us to discuss. Take rural free delivery, for instance. With the telephone, this is changing the most important aspects of country life. Some persons oppose it because, among other reasons, it costs money. Such persons would probably oppose the mail service if it were a newer question. The rural free delivery, like every means of intercourse, will not be set back, but rather be a larger factor

R. F. D.

constantly in our civilization. Mr. Olmsted, the great landscape gardener who did so much to ruralize the cities, said that a still more important duty was to urbanize the country, making it more attractive and more nourishing to the mind than the tenements of a slum.

THE TOTAL NUMBER of copies of newspapers and other periodicals issued in this country in a year exceeds 8,000,000,000, or over 100 for each man, woman, and child. About 2,500 of the 25,000 newspapers are issued daily. A century ago there was about one newspaper for every 26,000 persons; now there is about one for every 3,500. This also, like the telephone, the telegraph, free libraries, schools, and the free delivery, will not be set back, but, as far as can now be seen, will still increase. For better or worse? For better, far, far for better, when we think of the roots of self-government and self-knowledge. But, as the laws of compensation and cost apply to most things, so do we pay a price for this vast increase of reading in the rough. May the people read, not less, but more wisely, selecting their newspapers and periodicals not for excitement, but for ripeness and for truth, and not allowing the tense, ephemeral interest of the journal, the novel, or the magazine to crowd into the background those lasting and uplifting volumes which give repose and strength.

NEWSPAPERS

SOME THINGS DONE IN COLLIER'S are makeshifts, others are in answer to the legitimate demands of large bodies of women and men, and some give undiluted satisfaction to the men concerned in the conduct of the paper. In this last category of pleasant things falls almost inevitably anything which we are able to secure from the pen of William Allen White. He strikes us as one of the most refreshing, wholesome, and attractive media of expression now at large in the United States. The breath of the prairie and the voice of an individual favored with talent by nature mingle in him. We are glad, therefore, to boast of a forthcoming series on the structure of American political life. County, State, and nation will be taken in turn, and treated with understanding, reduction to essentials, and the manner of a Kansas zephyr when in its more reflective moods. The series could not easily be surpassed in the virtue of giving a sane and living view of questions of our day.

WE MAKE A BOAST

CHANGE IS DISCONCERTING, frequently, merely because it cuts across a habit, regardless altogether of any other considerations. In altering the make-up of this paper, and printing the editorial pages in the present fashion, we anticipated some regretful comment, in which we have not been disappointed. It is possible, of course, that the readability of these two pages has actually been reduced by a change which was a necessary step in the improvement of the color printing, but more probably it will turn out before long to have made not the slightest difference in the ease or willingness with which that department is perused. Many a man thinks a thing is best because he has so seen it from his youth. "Nothing really pleasant," said Epictetus, with characteristic exaggeration, "or unpleasant, subsists by nature, but all things become so by habit." Don't imagine such momentous authority means that we are incredibly serious about this matter of ourselves. It merely happens that quoting Shakespeare, Aristotle, etc., on routine subjects of the day is one of the raciest diversions we enjoy. Further, then, to encourage any who may have felt disappointment we will bring two other philosophers upon the stage. "To learn new habits," says Amiel, "is everything, for it is to reach the substance of life." And Auerbach: "Our second mother, habit, is also a good mother." If any other large calibre authorities are required, we have them in reserve.

HABIT

AMONG THE ILL-CHOSEN terms of discredit in frequent use none more inaptly fills its purpose than the word "ordinary." To speak of a man or woman as being "ordinary," or "common," is supposed to inflict upon that individual a high degree of disapproval. What a dismal creed, that the things or persons which ordinarily are found in the world are of a quality which is a stern reproach! The Lord, according to Abraham Lincoln, loves common men and women. "That is why he makes so many of them." A more refreshing view, surely, this of Lincoln's, than the one which has become imbedded in the terms. Common has no need or reason to mean coarse. Ordinary is not akin to empty or without worth. There is a sort of snobbishness in the words. The less they are used in derogation the better for our human feelings.

ON BEING ORDINARY

THE END OF BASEBALL for 1906 is now approaching, not only in the League struggles of professionals, but on every vacant lot between Texas and the furthest end of Maine. The discomfiture of the former world's champions brings sorrow to few, so discreditably have they behaved under the ruffianly McGraw. Why, in both the leading associations, does Boston prove such easy prey? Is culture in the long run inconsistent with the exigencies of our favorite game? Once it was not so. Chicago and New York should be expected, on the whole, with their wealth and size, to keep the leadership, but smaller cities have won championships oftener than might have been expected. Judging from the crowds, interest in this sport is ever on the increase. Captain Casey, of the National Brooklyn club, calculates that 500,000 boys to-day are dreaming of becoming future Rusies, Ewings, or Ansons, and, proud of his profession, he recalls Wellington's declaration that Waterloo was won upon the cricket fields of England.

THE WANING SEASON

NO GREATER MYSTERY than sleep exists in this mass of mystery that we call life. Men who might be supposed most to need this periodic rest often require it least. Descartes slept ten hours, Kant had to be dragged from bed, and sleeping was a specialty with Montaigne, but as a rule the longest periods for recuperation are taken by those on whom the mental strain is least. As many animals take their sleep by day, darkness is eliminated as an explanation. And also, how little do we understand the processes of dreams, walking in our sleep, the sudden lapse to and from the unconscious world, and those many and separate personalities which the hypnotic trance reveals!

SLEEP

"Sleep has its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality."

Reality, truly, but almost as unknown as the hither boundary of the grave. Although it has been praised as much as any human state, there are those to whom it is but precious moments given o'er to death, "losing half the moments of too short a life." Keats called it an imprisoned liberty, a great key to golden palaces, and some think rather of the imprisonment and some of the golden visions never seen again. Is it the happy or the wretched who love it most? It shuts us from the best and protects us from the worst. "It flies from hell and is excluded from heaven."

ANIMALS VARY IN FASHION, and the mule has never seen his merits exaggerated by the mode. Rather have his superiorities been disguised by a certain absence of caste qualities in his look and bearing. The mule, like the editors of this journal, is democratic in proclivity. He works hard, sometimes kicks, but seldom wears embroidered harness. One superiority of our Southern States is their assiduity in breeding mules. North of Mason and Dixon's line the horse has an undeserved monopoly. To the mighty name of Darwin the mule owes the statement that he has more intelligence, memory, affection, and endurance than the horse, or his other parent, the far-famed ass. If mules average higher in price than horses, as the Department of Agriculture says, will somebody tell us why they are not more bred? Why, if it paid George Washington, and still pays other Southern and border farmers, is the whole north set against the industry? Is it length of ear or determination of character that has kept him from that station in Northern society which is evidently his by right of virtues manifold?

MULES

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

WHICH FLAG IN CUBA?

THE progress of the insurrection in Cuba reached a stage in the second week of September at which it became impossible for the United States any longer to ignore it. The Veterans' Peace Commission had tried to end the troubles by negotiation, and Pino Guerra had seemed willing to treat, but his terms, including the resignation of President Palma, were not satisfactory to the President. Abruptly ignoring the negotiators, the Government issued a decree on September 10 suspending all constitutional guaranties in the three provinces of Pinar del Rio, Havana, and Santa Clara, comprising almost the entire western half of the island, and putting this territory practically under martial law. By another decree the amnesty offered on August 28 to repentant rebels was withdrawn. At the same time orders were issued for the arrest of most of the prominent Liberals, including members of Congress. The opponents of the Government were infuriated, many previously quiet prepared to take to the jungle, and the insurrection blazed out more fiercely than ever.

Alarmed at the progress of the revolt, which threatened complications with European Powers by reason of the destruction of railroads and other property belonging to foreign capitalists, the United States made preparations to intervene if necessary. The cruiser *Denver* reached Havana on the 12th; the *Des Moines* and the auxiliary cruiser *Dixie* arrived there three days later; the gunboat *Marietta* entered the harbor of Cienfuegos on the 12th; the cruisers *Tacoma*, *Cleveland*, and *Newark* followed, and several other ships were held ready for immediate service. Quiet preparations were also made to despatch an expeditionary force of troops if necessary.

On the 13th Commander Colwell, of the *Denver*, landed a force of 120 sailors with two howitzers and two machine-guns at Havana. This action was taken at the request of Mr. Sleeper, the American Chargé d'Affaires, ostensibly for the protection of American interests, but it was very welcome to President Palma, who wished to have the appearance of American authority behind him. The bluejackets were encamped in front of the President's palace. The insurgents said that they had intended to attack and capture Havana that night, but that they refrained when they heard of the American landing. The news was unwelcome to the Washington Government, which gave orders for the immediate return of the men to the *Denver*, except a small legation guard. Another landing, on the same day with that at Havana, when a detachment of marines from the *Marietta* was sent ashore at Cienfuegos to protect American property from the insurgents who were besieging the place, passed without criticism.

On the 14th the Cuban Congress met in extra session, with only the friends of the Government present, falling a little short of the constitutional two-thirds. Disregarding this informality, the Congress immediately passed bills legalizing all the decrees issued by the Executive since August 20, authorizing the Government to enlist auxiliary forces to any extent needed for the reestablishment of peace, permitting the Executive to devote to military purposes any money heretofore appropriated for other objects, increasing the Rural Guard to ten thousand men and the artillery to two thousand, and making the chief of the Rural Guard commander of all the armed forces of the Republic. These measures, by which the economic future of Cuba would have been mortgaged for a senseless war, proved unnecessary. On the same day on which they were passed President Roosevelt took action. In a letter nominally addressed to Señor Quesada, the Cuban Minister at Washington, but really meant for the Cuban and American peoples, since it was immediately published despite Minister Quesada's absence at sea, the President cast aside all diplomatic conventionalities and dealt with the situation in a tone of heart-to-heart sincerity. He said:

"In this crisis in the affairs of the Republic of Cuba I write you, not merely because you are the Minister of Cuba accredited to this Government, but because you and I were intimately drawn together at the time when the United States intervened in the affairs of Cuba with the result of making her an independent nation.

"You know how sincere my affectionate admiration and regard for Cuba are. You know that I never have done and never shall do anything in reference to Cuba save with such sincere regard for her welfare. You also know the pride I felt because it came to me as President to withdraw the American troops from the island of Cuba and officially to proclaim her independence and to wish her Godspeed in her career as a free republic.

"I desire now through you to say a word of solemn warning to your people, whose earnest well-wisher I am. For seven years Cuba has been in a condition of profound peace, and of steadily growing prosperity. For four years this peace and prosperity have obtained under her own independent government. Her peace, prosperity, and independence are now menaced, for of all possible evils that can befall Cuba the worst is the evil of anarchy to which civil war and revolutionary disturbances will assuredly throw her."

The President told the Cubans that whoever was responsible for the state of things there was an enemy of Cuba, and warned them that there was just one way in which Cuban independence could be jeopardized, and that was "for the Cuban people to show their inability to continue in their path of peaceful and orderly progress." He added:

"Our intervention in Cuban affairs will only come if Cuba herself shows that she has fallen into the insurrectionary habit, that she lacks the self-restraint necessary to secure peaceful self-government, and that her contending factions have plunged the country into anarchy."

Notwithstanding his ardent desire for Cuban independence, President Roosevelt said that under the treaty with the island Republic he had a duty he could not shirk—the obligation of intervening when necessary for "the maintenance in Cuba of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." Believing it "imperative for the sake of Cuba" that there should be "an immediate cessation of hostilities" and some arrangement which would "secure the permanent pacification of the islands," he announced that he was sending to Havana the Secre-



AMERICAN FIGHTERS IN CUBA'S ARMY

These officers are all of Battery A, which under the American Captain Webster repelled the insurgent attack on an armored train near Consolacion del Sur on the night of September 8. The men in the train were repairing a wreck when they were assailed by a large force of insurgents. Captain Webster and his two machine-guns saved the day

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A TROOP OF CUBAN GOVERNMENT VOLUNTEER CAVALRY RECONNOITRING

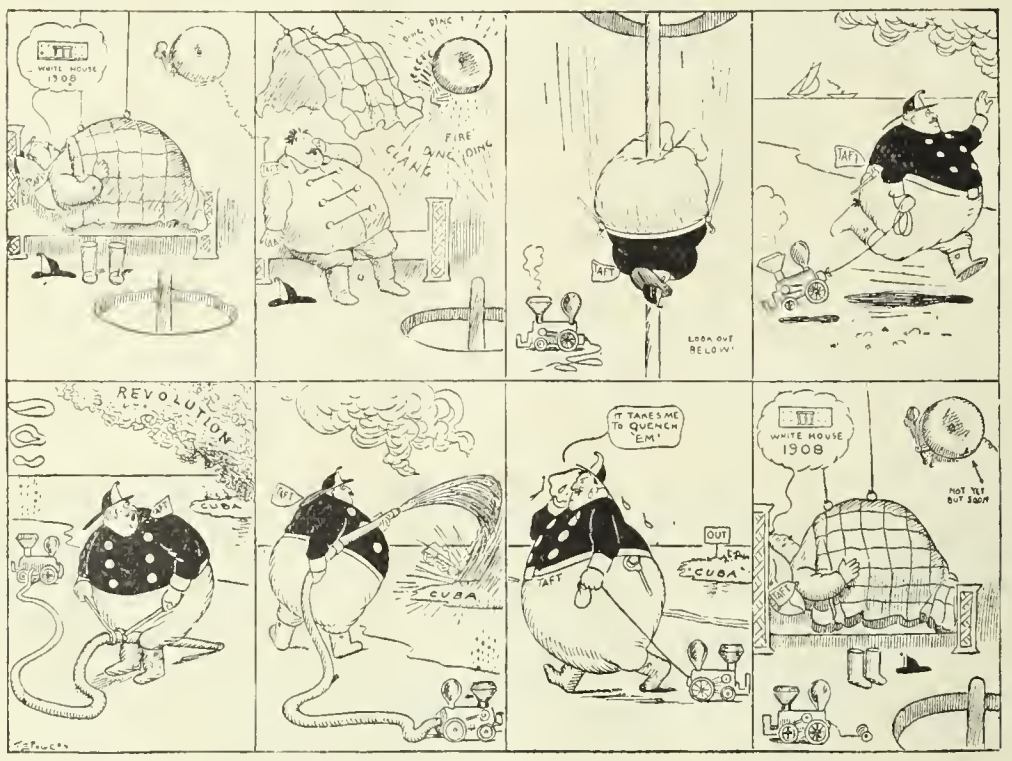
tary of War, Mr. Taft, and the Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Bacon, as the special representatives of the United States, to render such aid as might be possible toward those ends.

The President's action made a most favorable impression, both in Cuba and in the United States. The insurgents avowed their pleasure, and declared that they wanted nothing better than an American investigation. The Palma Government, which would have preferred armed intervention in its own behalf without an investigation, was not quite so well pleased, but it dissembled its disappointment, declared an armistice, and opened negotiations of its own.

IN RUSSIA

THERE seems to be no doubt that the hideous massacre of Jews at Siedlce, worse even than the butcheries at Kishineff and Bialystok, was deliberately planned by the military authorities and executed under their direction. The slaughter began by a prearranged signal in two different quarters at once. The troops bombarded Jewish houses with artillery and rifles unceasingly for fifty hours. There was no question of a mob here, for the civilian inhabitants of the town took no part in the rioting and tried to protect their Jewish neighbors. The bloody work, in which women and children were subjected to indescribable atrocities, was strictly official. Frightened Poles who were about to take to flight were encouraged by the soldiers with the assurance: "Fear nothing; we have been commanded to kill only Jews."

Both Jewish and Christian deputations begged the Governor to order the massacre stopped, but he refused unless the authors of the alleged outrages that had furnished the pretended provocation for the crime should be surrendered. As these persons were not known to the deputations, and were believed to have been police agents, it was impossible to comply with this demand, and the massacre continued with official sanction.



"BILL ON THE SPOT"—CARTOON BY T. E. POWERS

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The Russian revolutionists had something to exult over on September 15 in the death of General Dmitri Trepoff, until two weeks previously the Governor of Peterhof Palace. General Trepoff had been notorious for his merciless severity in maintaining the imperial authority, and he had been under sentence of death for a long time. He had repeatedly escaped bombs, knives, and bullets only to die at last of heart disease, which, however, may have been the indirect effect of the campaign against him. The feeling of the people toward him may be judged from the fact that in Odessa more than a hundred persons were arrested for rejoicing too publicly at his death.

SOME FIGURES

FOR the first time in our history the foreign trade of the United States has exceeded three billion dollars. The returns for August show that in the year ending with that month our imports of merchandise amounted to $1,254,399,735 and our exports to $1,759,417,898—a total volume of $3,013,817,633. The excess of exports for the year was $505,018,163, which was more than for any previous year since 1901. Both imports and exports broke all records. In the same time our net imports of gold amounted to $66,764,044, which, with $80,000,000 produced from our mines, represents an addition of nearly $150,000,000 to our stock of that metal—a sum equivalent to the entire gold reserve in the Treasury.



CUBAN IRREGULAR TROOPS LEAVING THE BARRACKS OF CASTILLA DE LA PUNTA

PROGRESS IN CHICAGO

THE policy of municipal ownership of the traction lines, for which the people of Chicago have so often shown their desire, is slowly becoming disentangled from the coils of legal red tape in which its opponents have swathed it. On September 15 Judge Thomas G. Windes rendered a sweeping decision, sustaining the Mueller law on all points. He held that the law did not violate the State Constitution, that it was not contrary to public policy, since the Legislature determined what was public policy, that its provisions did not go beyond its title, that the provision permitting the street cars to carry parcels was not unconstitutional, that the act conferred no special privileges or immunities because it applied to all cities in the State alike, that neither the city nor the State incurred any liability under the act since the Mueller certificates were a lien wholly upon the street-car properties and their revenue, and that the ordinance providing for the issuance of $75,000,000 in certificates and the purchase and operation of the lines complied wholly with the directions and intent of the law. That part of the decision sustaining the right of the municipal lines to carry parcels threatens not only the existing traction monopoly, but the private local express business. This is especially welcome to the Dunne administration.

The attorneys of the "taxpayer" in whose name the suit to upset the law had been nominally brought gave immediate notice of appeal. Mayor Dunne's comment was: "The decision is another victory for the principle of municipal ownership, which never yet has met a defeat, either at the hands of the Legislature, or of the people, or of the courts." Mr. Fisher, special counsel for the city, said that the City Council's Transportation Committee might now make an agreement with the companies for the reconstruction of the properties and their retention until purchased. If these negotiations failed the city would fall back on its powers under the Mueller law. "We should have a decision from the Supreme Court," he added, "by January or February. If it is favorable, the Mayor could then submit the operation proposition to the people again at the spring election, and then go ahead to purchase or to construct an independent municipal system."

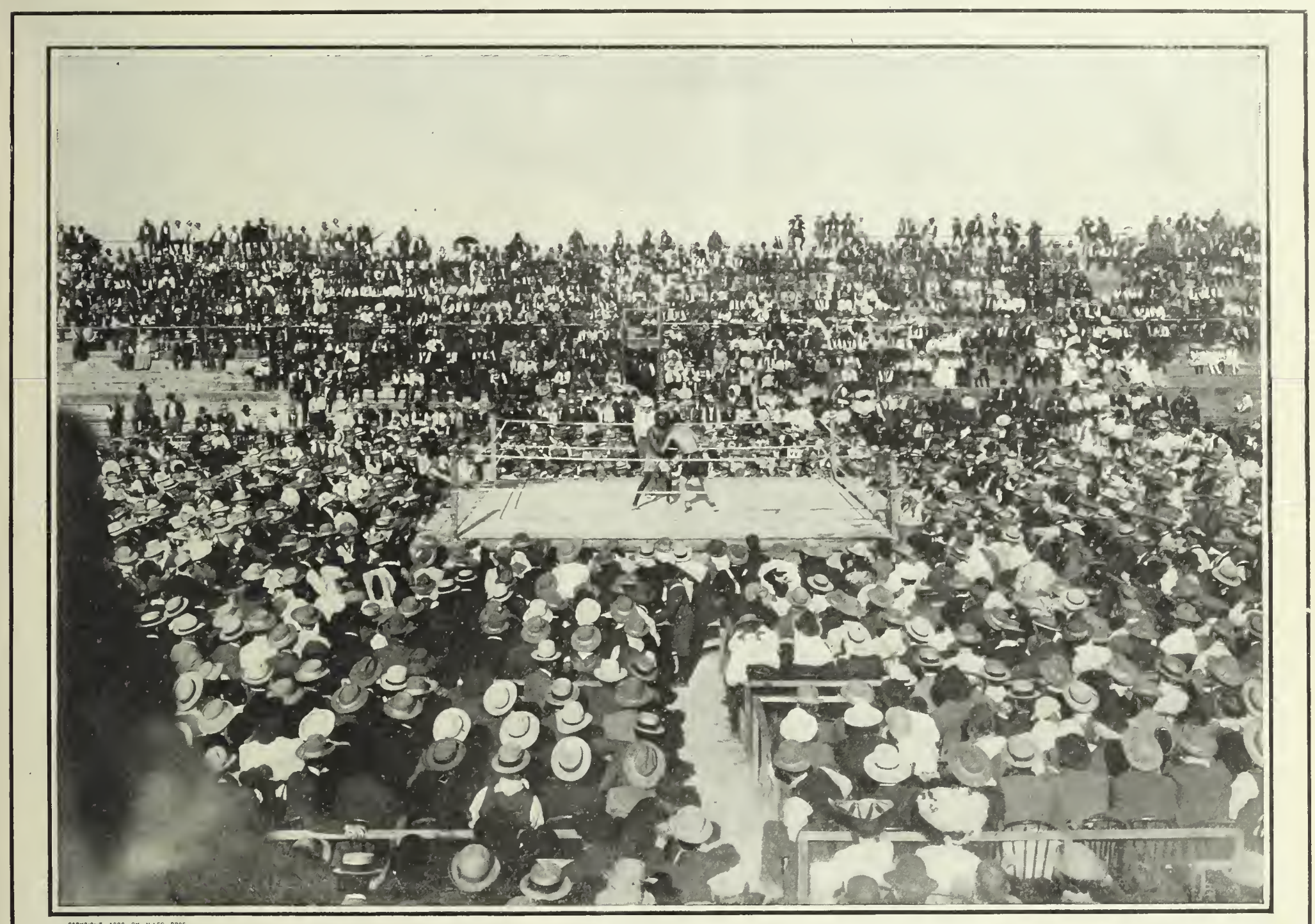
This program was confirmed by the Mayor. He expressed the belief that an agreement could be reached with the traction companies, which he credited with acting in fairness and good faith, although he thought their estimate of the value of their property far too high. If that plan failed, the city would advertise its certificates for sale to secure the money to take possession of the lines. The question of municipal operation would be submitted to the voters again in the spring, "and I am confident," said the Mayor, "it will secure the necessary majority." Corporation Counsel Lewis was more radical. He thought that as soon as a favorable decision was obtained from the Supreme Court the city should at once seize the lines and lease them either to the present companies or to a contract company. Failing that it should build a competing system as soon as possible.

PHASES OF POLITICS

THE vortex of the political whirlpool of late has been New York, where a most singular situation has developed. A great historic party, which from the very foundation of the Constitution has been one of the two formidable forces of New York politics, and for the greater part of that time has controlled the State, is now threatened with reduction to the rank of a minor party, along with the Socialists and the Prohibitionists, and with the loss of its share of the election machinery; and this at the very time when everything has seemed to be ready for its return to power. And all this is the work of a single young man, a yellow editor, whom many respectable people refuse to consider seriously.

The Democratic party of New York has polled more votes than the Democratic party of any other State in the Union. Even at the time of its greatest weakness, in the first Bryan campaign of 1896, there were more Democratic votes in New York than in the six solidly Democratic States of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, South Carolina, and Tennessee combined. It polled more than one-tenth of all the votes cast for Bryan in the United States in 1900 and nearly one-seventh of all those cast for Parker in 1904. This is the party that is threatened with reduction to the class of the "also rans."

With the single exception of Hearst everything has been favorable to Democratic success in New



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A RECENT SOCIAL EVENT IN NEVADA

THE prize fight between "Joe" Gans and "Battling" Nelson for the lightweight championship of the world was fought in the boom mining town of Goldfields, Nevada, September 3. About two hundred women saw Gans win on a foul in the forty-second round. It was preeminently the social function of the season in Goldfields. Notice in the upper tier of benches to the right the little girls in their neat white frocks enjoying the civilizing spectacle

York this year. The Republican party has been torn by factions. The administration of Governor Higgins has not been popular or respected. The contending bosses have been deeply discredited. But Mr. Hearst began to develop dangerous strength as a Democratic candidate for Governor. He secured the delegates from several counties, but, not satisfied with his progress in that direction, he undertook to seize the nomination by force. He called the convention of his Independence League for a date two weeks ahead of that of the Democracy, with the idea that when the League had put him in nomination the Democratic Party would not dare to refuse to follow its example, since he could draw away votes enough to beat any other Democratic candidate. But when his convention met on September 11 it refused to be a party to any bargain with the Democrats. It nominated Mr. Hearst for Governor and gave him a straight independent ticket to keep him company. Nevertheless Mr. Hearst kept on tunneling under the regular Democracy, securing delegates all over the State, with the result that the convention, which meets while this paper is on the press, may submit to the humiliating demand for the surrender of the independence of its historic party and its meek acceptance of a candidate dictated by another organization. Whatever it may do in this matter, the Democracy is in danger of losing its place, at least for the time, as one of the two great parties of the State.

The direct primary system proved its value in New York as a means of shaking up political machines, although, as in Wisconsin, the results were not always satisfactory to reformers. Fierce battles were fought for the control of both party organizations in the metropolis. On the Republican side the friends of President Roosevelt and Governor Higgins crushed ex-Governor Odell in his effort to recover his lost power as a boss. On the Democratic side Boss Murphy, aided by the Hearst forces, successfully resisted Mayor McClellan's attempt to break his hold on the Tammany machine.

Mr. Winston Churchill's brilliant fight against the Boston and Maine Railroad for the Republican nomination for Governor of New Hampshire came nearer to success than most people had expected. At the Republican convention on September 18 Mr. Charles M. Floyd, one of the railroad candidates, was nominated on the ninth ballot by 408 votes, only 8 more than were needed for a choice, to 335 for Churchill and 56 scattering. It was necessary to form a combination of the other candidates to beat Churchill, and even then the railroad had to allow his anti-pass, lobby-regulation, direct primary, and other reform demands to go into the platform. If Mr. Churchill could have begun his campaign with the experience he had at the end he would have won easily.



THE CONVENTION OF THE INDEPENDENCE LEAGUE AT CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 11

The Independence League, formed to advance the political fortunes of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, held its convention for the State of New York on the evenings of September 11 and 12. It had been the intention of Mr. Hearst's managers to use this body as a club by which the Democratic convention could be forced into accepting a fusion ticket with Mr. Hearst at the head. But the Independence League delegates developed an unexpected amount of independence. They hotly resented the fusion plan, and while their enthusiasm for Hearst was unbounded, they refused to be dictated to. They went into the hall carrying placards inscribed: "We Want a Straight Ticket," and they had their way. It was one of the most boisterous, determined, and unmanageable conventions ever seen in New York

THE INSURANCE WAR

THE independent policy-holders' tickets proposed for trustees of the Mutual and New York Life Insurance Companies were filed on September 18, the last day allowed by law. For the Mutual the nominations were made by the joint action of the International Committee and the Mutual Life Policy-holders' Association. For the New York Life the work was done by the International Committee alone. A trick ticket for the Mutual, containing the names of fifteen of the policy-holders' nominees, drafted without their consent, and headed by the name of Mr. Charles E. Hughes, who had already refused to serve, was filed at the last moment.

The Policy-holders' ticket for the Mutual is headed by the name of Mayor Adam of Buffalo, and the thirty-five other candidates include Charles Andrews, ex-Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals; S. S. McClure, the publisher; ex-Mayor Phelan of San Francisco, Herman Ridder of the New York "Staats-Zeitung," and Lord St. Oswald of England. The decoy ticket cuts out the fifteen McCurdy directors from the administration list, but still leaves a majority identified with the old régime. For the New York Life, the policy-holders' ticket is headed by the name of Frederic R. Coudert, and among its other nominees are William F. Draper, formerly Ambassador to Italy, Horace White of the New York "Evening Post," Mayor Guthrie of Pittsburg, J. S. Harwood-Banner, M. P., of Liverpool, and Leopold Matilleau, of Paris.

In filing its tickets the International Committee issued an address to the policy-holders of the two companies explaining that the restoration to the boards of the directors retired by the Legislature would not only rehabilitate persons whose conduct in office had been disapproved, but practically insure the continuance of the policies with which they had been identified. As the investigation had shown that one of the chief causes of mismanagement was to be found in entangling alliances between the directorates and promoters, bankers and speculators, the committee said that it had taken care that all of its candidates were free from the domination of Wall Street influences.



HEARST AND HEARSTISM

This is the second of four articles dealing with William Randolph Hearst, his personality, his newspapers, and his politics. In these articles, impartiality has been the first consideration. They are designed, not to influence any man who favors or opposes Hearst's propaganda; but rather to picture Hearst and his enterprises as they appear to the average man

By FREDERICK PALMER

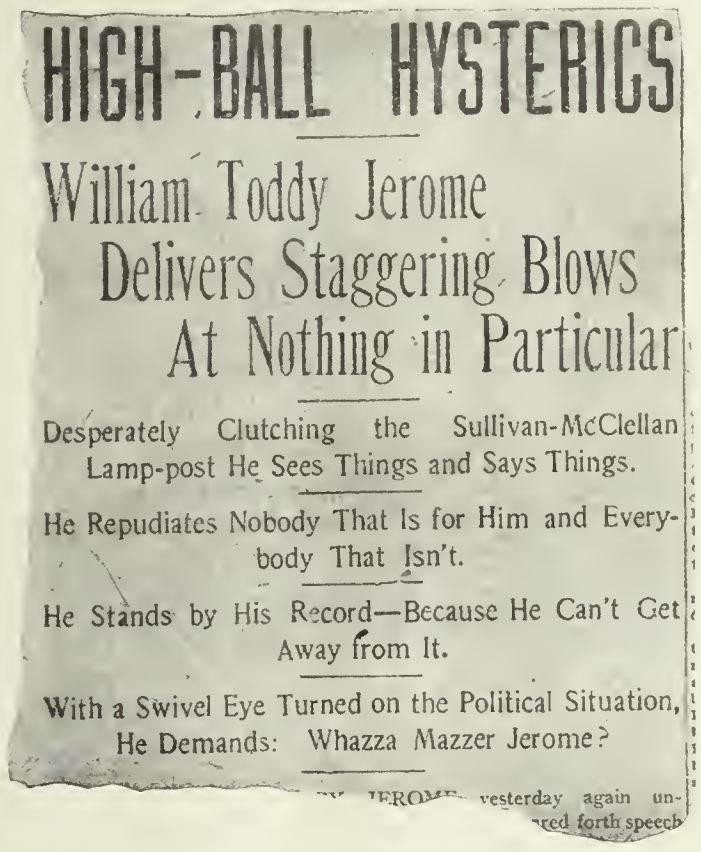
ALBERT PULITZER, a brother of Joseph Pulitzer and a man of wholly different character, founded the "Morning Journal" of New York. He did not care who made the laws of a nation as long as he made its backstairs gossip. The vulgar salaciousness which he unctuously called Gallic piquancy was so profitable that after a few years he was able to retire to Paris and live luxuriously on the income of the fortune he had acquired through servant maids' "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and "Isn't-it-dreadfuls!" This type of specialized daily has gone the way of "Town Topics," which was the corresponding type of specialized weekly.

As a basis upon which to build a vast newspaper enterprise the "Journal" offered Hearst a plant, a skeleton organization, a certain amount of advertising, and a particular clientele of readers which, wanting an organ of their own, might be departmentally included in a publication appealing to a broader field. The new owner spent twice as much in the first month upon his New York property as it had cost him. It is said that when one of his lieutenants was asked how Hearst expected to compete with the "World" in the "World's" own field, the response was: "By making the 'Journal' worse." This is a story, and the reader may take it as a story at its face value. We are concerned only with the fact that the Hearst method was to be the Pulitzerian method, but this time on a scale of acrobatic madness and extravagance which surpassed anything of which Pulitzer had ever dreamed.

At this time the "World's" profits averaged over $20,000 a week. It sold for two cents a copy. Hearst made as large a paper as the "World" for one cent. Pulitzer had a few chosen geniuses of his style of work around him whom he had trained from youth. Hearst offered them increased salaries, and they left the old for the new wonder machine. In New York newspaperdom at the time, the universal question which the clever man was asking himself was whether or not he would go over to the yellows for pay. Many who had received no offers intimated that they had, in order to show that they were in the swim. It was at least something of a compliment to some men to be an object of seduction, even if not seducible, by Hearst.

Be it said to the credit of the independence of the calling that the refusals were as numerous as the acceptances. I wonder if as large a number of lawyers would adhere to a principle in preference to retainers from a corporation. I know men who made sacrifices for themselves and their families rather than "turn yellow," as the phrase goes. Many of the deskmen of the "Sun" were offered double pay to desert the "Sun," and they answered truthfully that if they were true to themselves as copy-readers they would make a "Sun" for Mr. Hearst, and a "Sun" they knew was not what he wanted.

Those who went out of curiosity in answer to the intimation that "You will hear something of interest if you will call," and met Hearst himself, were usually won. Instead of "a pipe-dreaming *roué*," they met a quiet, boyish-looking, rosy-cheeked man who had a charming smile. He made it seem easy and delightful to work on the "Journal." It was, in some respects, if you worked with Hearst himself; but unless you were to play a big part you scarcely ever saw him or spoke with him after the first meeting. You were thrown into the turmoil of the "Journal" office. If you could produce sensations and hold your own in the intrigues of office politics, you might survive; otherwise, you found yourself out of a position, and there were some editors of the older types of papers who made it a rule never to take back a man who had deserted them for a yellow—a rule which they have wisely and justly broken in later years.



HIGH-BALL HYSTERICS

William Toddy Jerome Delivers Staggering Blows At Nothing in Particular

Desperately Clutching the Sullivan-McClellan Lamp-post He Sees Things and Says Things.

He Repudiates Nobody That Is for Him and Everybody That Isn't.

He Stands by His Record—Because He Can't Get Away from It.

With a Swivel Eye Turned on the Political Situation, He Demands: Whazza Mazzer Jerome?

JEROME yesterday again ured forth speech

HEARST WROTE THIS HIMSELF

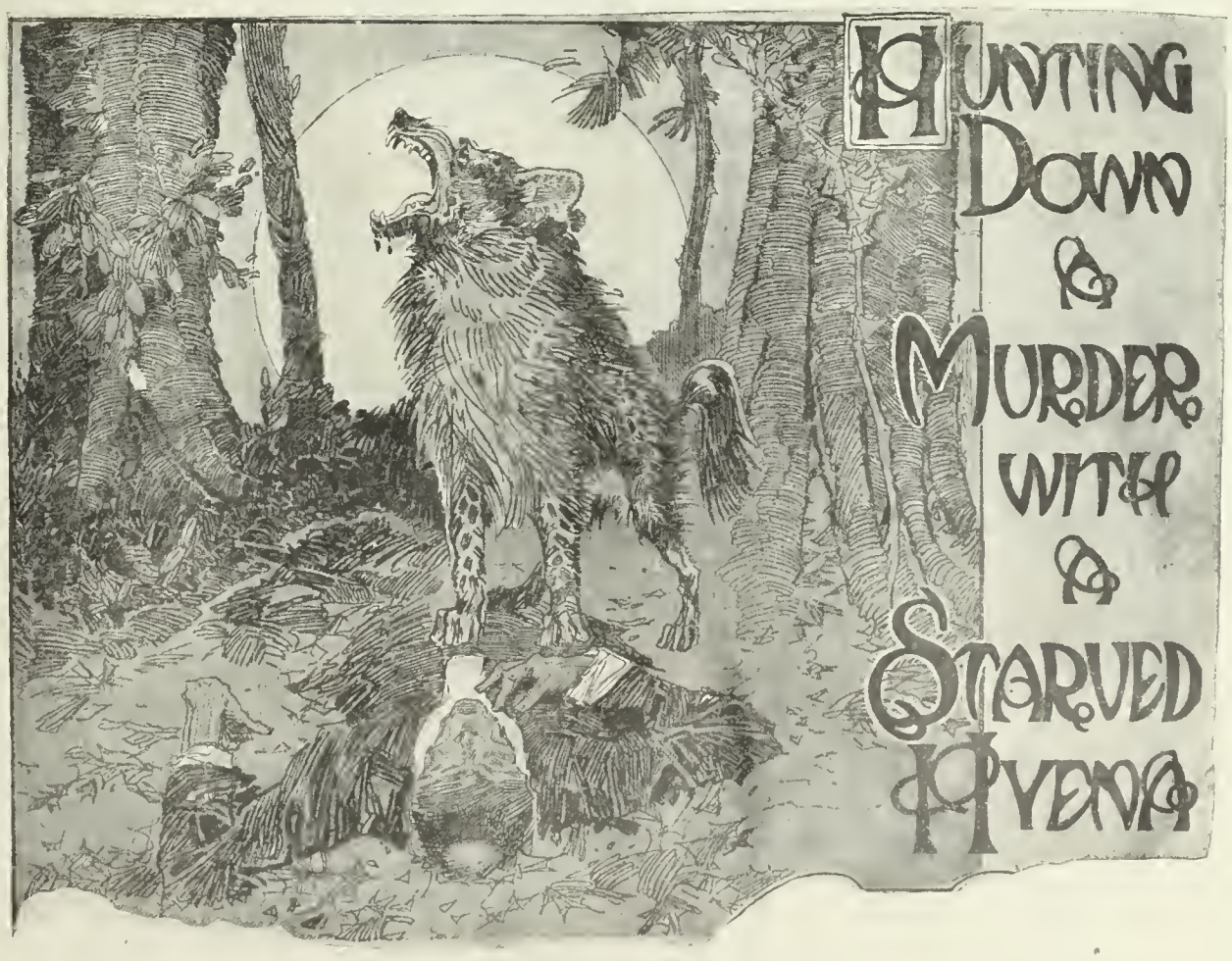
A set of headlines of his own invention flaying Jerome

Repeating his "Examiner" tactics, the new "Journal" was in full bloom when it first appeared. Wild as it was, city editors soon had to consider it seriously because it frequently scored on sensational news. The initial issue was ushered in with a "beat" on the text of Lord Dunraven's statement of his case in the famous yacht-racing controversy which was a subject of boiling public interest at the time. The "Journal's" reporters rode in cabs and worked in phalanxes. Where there was no news they made news.

While Hearst took famous journalists away from other newspapers at higher pay, he took famous artists and writers away from magazines. This extravagant tendency of the youth from the West, who was bound to make a sensation regardless of money, his total disregard of old journalistic methods, inevitably made him an object of anger and ridicule in the publishing world. In a month he had made all America alive to the fact that he, William R. Hearst, was splashing more ink—red, blue, yellow, and black—in more fantastic ways upon wood pulp in New York than any other man.

With his forces deserting, with his circulation record in danger, Pulitzer, the old warhorse of publicity, half blind, a restless spirit moving from one of his mansions to another, or directing his paper from abroad, returned to command in person the assault upon his great monopoly. He lowered the price of the "World" to one cent; he gave as much wood pulp and as much ink—black, blue, red, and yellow—as Hearst. The dynamic energy of his personal direction of a thousand affairs, his teeming faculty for the invention of public surprises, he turned against the amiably indolent young man who had spasms of energy and left details to his assistants.

The amiably indolent young man, with his charming smile and mild blue eyes, enjoyed the situation hugely and lost neither his temper nor his sleep. Pulitzer brought back the men whom Hearst had detached from the "World's" staff, and when Hearst hired them again at a still greater increase of salary and opportunity it was for a term of years. If Pulitzer said that he would give a song away with his Sunday supplement, Hearst immediately said that he would give a song and a "cut-out," too. In every



ONE OF GODDARD'S TYPICAL PAGES

Goddard is the genius of the Sunday sensations, the father of the "Yellow Kid" and the "Comic Sups"

extravagance of illustration or conception and defiance of newspaper convention Hearst went Pulitzer one better. And Hearst could. He was down in the public square stripped to the buff for the fight. The society of the boxes and the reserved seats he was born to. This class he had foresworn and he enjoyed shocking its sensibilities. He wanted the applause of the galleries and the standing crowd, and he was ready to spend the millions he had inherited for this object.

Pulitzer was self-made. He had gained his fortune through his genius for appealing to the galleries and the standing crowd. He was now enormously rich. Wealth had carried him up to the region of the boxes and the reserved seats. Like every self-made man, in his declining years he found the taste of conservatism sweet. His sons had social ambitions; one of them has since married into the Vanderbilt family. He himself had become, through the size of his estate alone, one of the moneyed oligarchy. This position had given him new principles, and he maintained, moreover, with all of his old polemic vigor, in the days when it was plain that he was giving up the fight on Hearst's own ground, that his style of journalism had nothing in common with Hearst's.

The "World" and the "Journal"

His loyalty to his principles was shown when he bolted Bryan and the silver issue and left his rival alone in the field as the Democratic organ. To-day the man who once boasted so continuously of circulation, whose life cry was circulation, grants the honor of selling the most newspapers to Hearst; while the "World," having its own niche and its own clientele, is not a competitor of the "Journal," and yet is as powerful as ever. I have referred a great deal to Pulitzer, because he was the real progenitor of Hearst and Hearstism. Pulitzer's career with the "World" began before the first Cleveland campaign, when uneasiness with the methods of our corporations was in its inception, and we were turning away from the cut-and-dried formula of the old order to changes whose trend we do not yet understand.

In creating his group of papers four men have been intimately associated with Hearst. Three of these, Arthur Brisbane, Morrill Goddard, and Solomon Carvalho, were "World" men. The fourth is Sam Chamberlain. A fifth, also an old "World" man, but no longer with Hearst is James Creelman, who was wounded at El Caney under circumstances dramatic enough to please any yellow editor.

In a word, Brisbane is the intellectual dynamics, Goddard the paint-mixer for the Sunday edition, Chamberlain the genius of the daily news, and Carvalho the business manager. Brisbane's is the name well known to the public. Cartoons picture Hearst as a wabbly balloon with Brisbane working the bellows. The first time my attention was called to Brisbane was by a full-page article by him about Nikola Tesla, the electrician, in the Sunday "World." Among other things he said that Tesla, after watching a game of billiards for a time, took up a cue and, owing to his wonderful knowledge of angles, although he had never played before, beat everybody in the room.

The Versatile Brisbane

I looked the matter up and found that the bald statement had many qualifications. Then it was not so *interesting*. Brisbane has the quality of being more interesting on paper to a larger number of readers than any other man. He sees everything from the view-point of the reading public which wants something new every day. Every idea presented to him is immediately resolved into that fraction or that side of it which, shot out of a press in capital letters, will hold public attention.

The sum of his genius is his art of stating a part so that it will seem a whole. Public memory is such that he can disagree with himself many times in a month. Attractive in manner, buoyant and brilliant, you must personally like him. He not only writes the editorials of the "Evening Journal," but he is also its editor and director; and of all the Hearst papers, except the San Francisco "Examiner" before the earthquake, this has been the most paying and successful.

He is as proud of having invented headlines as Bell of having invented the telephone. If you ask him what is the use of headlines one foot deep on the evening edition, he will tell you that it is the best way to attract attention to the "Journal" among all the evening editions that the newsboy has on his arm. Nor does he confine his designs to the newsboy alone. He makes every reader an involuntary sandwich man. Putting his editorials, comic cartoons, and sermonettes on the last page, he compels you to turn the front page outward so that its frenzied headlines may hit the world in the face and force it to see that you are a patron of the "Journal." If he went into a strange city as a correspondent, and on alighting at the station saw two yellow dogs, he would make a note at once that this was a town of yellow dogs as a "startling" first sentence for his article.

Pulitzer would not let Brisbane have headlines a foot deep. He loved his Arthur for the havoc the youngster liked to create, but he held his Arthur in restraint. Hearst gave Brisbane and Goddard and Carvalho and Chamberlain a free hand, and every time they raised the circulation he raised their salaries. Goddard's part was as different as his character from Brisbane's. He made the earlier Sunday editions of the "World," he originated all "comic sups" and "cut-outs." His genius for riotous colors and tableaux is something uncanny.

If Goddard had lived in the Middle Ages he would have organized shows for the King's court and he might have been made a count and worn a sword. Beating his brain for an idea one day, he happened to look over his shoulder at an artist, who was also seeking an idea and was absently drawing a fantastic face with a spot for a nose and two spots for eyes on his board.

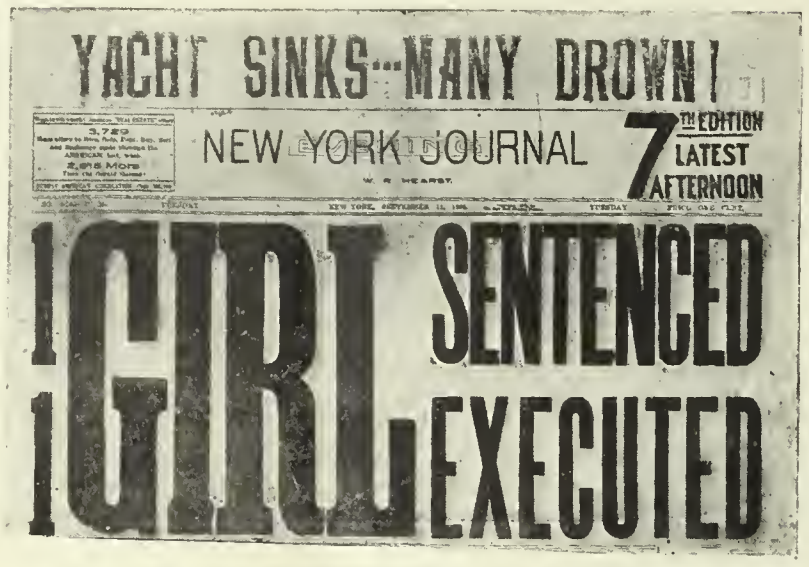
"That's a good kid," Goddard said. "We'll dress him in a yellow shirt and call him the Yellow Kid and have funny things printed on his shirt. We'll put him through all kinds of stunts and he'll go."

It was the insistent persistency with which the Yellow Kid was paraded before the public gaze that led Ervin Wardman, the brilliant editor of the New York "Press," to coin the phrase "yellow journalism," which is destined to endure in our language as long as the printed word. Pulitzer denied the charge; Hearst accepted it as an advertisement and distinction.

When Goddard first became a Sunday editor, the stories used as Sunday-page features were illustrated. Later, articles were written around illustrations. Now each page is a pictorial idea, a section of the succeeding tableaux appealing entirely to the sense of vision, a shock each time you turn over the leaf, and a double-barreled shock with the double page.

Stephen Crane, who was fond of the yellows, himself a genius of the exotic order, once said that in order to be managing editor of the "Journal" a man must be either Sam Chamberlain or drunk or insane. Chamberlain, too, has a free hand. He is likely to walk out of the office and take a steamer for Europe without notifying his employer, who is his old personal friend. But when he returns he will be brimming over with ideas for features to make the paper sell. Morning after morning, in the tempestuous early days when the "Journal" was ever trying to outdo itself, he sprang a surprise. Out of the mass of sensational matter which was suggested in the office or brought in by the reporters (whose accounts were cabinet made out of all semblance to the original) he selected that which was the most startling; he understood how much it would stand in the way of space, and was quickest to see how it could be "played up" to the best advantage.

"Playing up" is the creative side of the modern editor's work. It is the spirit of the headlines; the art of making the small light illuminate not only the bushel, but the surrounding country as well; the trick of telling the public what you have in a way that will increase the seeming importance of your possession to the highest degree. On the "Journal" a single item of detail of one of the day's events might be expanded into a "feature." If a young woman was in any way the subject of a startling romance, the artist made her beautiful in wash imitation of a photograph, because the heroine of a romance ought to be beautiful. Thus every piece of news was staged as Belasco stages a scene in a play.


YACHT SINKS--MANY DROWN!

NEW YORK JOURNAL

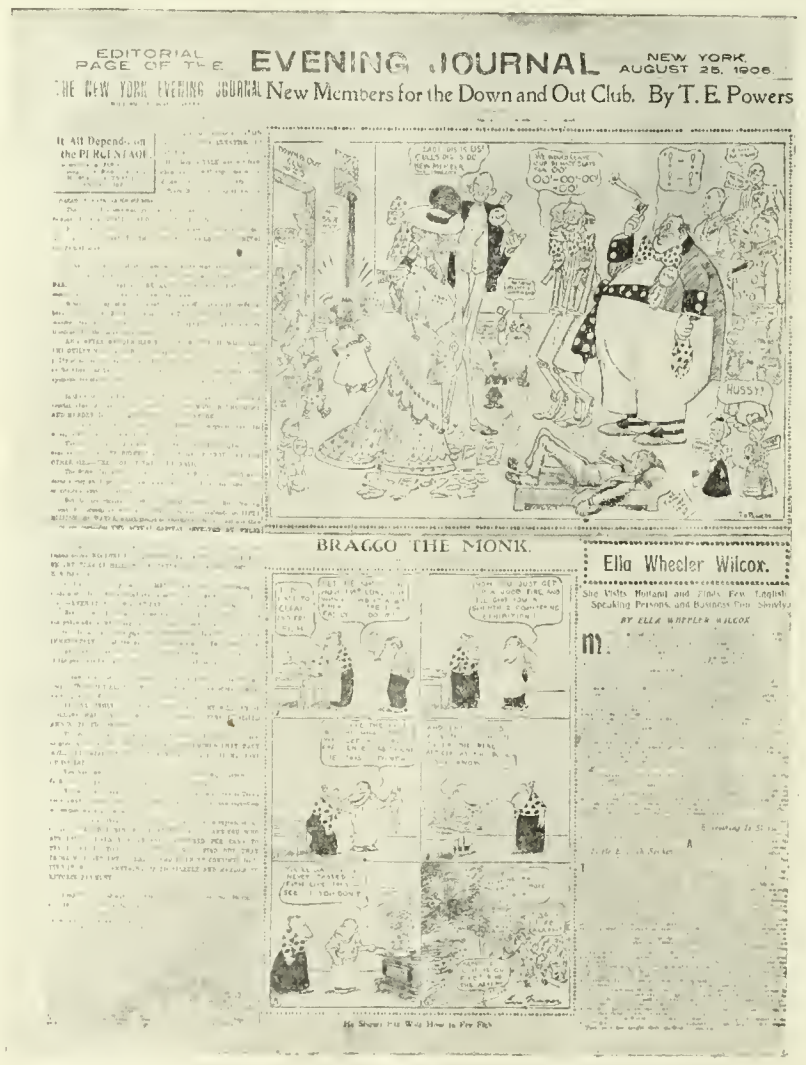
7TH EDITION LATEST AFTERNOON

1 GIRL SENTENCED

1 GIRL EXECUTED

EARLY MORNING EDITION OF HEARST'S "EVENING" PAPER

Called the "latest afternoon" edition, this actually comes off the presses at seven o'clock in the morning, and has no news later than that contained in the regular morning newspapers


EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE EVENING JOURNAL NEW YORK AUGUST 25, 1906.

THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL New Members for the Down and Out Club. By T. E. Powers

BRAGGO THE MONK.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BACK PAGE OF THE NEW YORK "EVENING JOURNAL"

The Brisbane editorials and the comic features are gathered here. Thus, while looking over these, the "Journal" reader constitutes himself a human billboard for the advertisement of the "Journal," as he holds the front page, with its big headlines, exposed to full view

Features Rather Than News

The most famous of the "Journal" features occurred to Creelman when he saw a cablegram from Cuba saying that Miss Evangelina Cisneros, the daughter of a Cuban patriot, was in jail in Havana. But now that Cuba is free and in the throes of a new insurrection, the exclusive rescue of the beautiful captive from the hands of the cruel Spaniards is too old a story to call for further tears or comment, and valuable only to illustrate the methods of Hearst and Hearstism.

Essentially the Hearst publications are not newspapers, but feature and picture papers. The rescue of Miss Cisneros was feature paper and not newspaper work. But a young woman in prison, subjected to torments by the cruel Spaniards, made an appeal to the emotions of the public, which sold more editions than complete unbiased reports of the Cuban situation from day to day. In the midst of the bizarre and Pompeian reception which was given to the young woman at Delmonico's the man who footed the bills came into the room where she stood among the palms, shyly shook hands with the heroine whom his wonder machine had created, and then excused himself and hastened away in his automobile.

Any one who had a brief public glimpse of him on this occasion might easily have accepted the general impression of the time that he was only the banker for such men of ideas and force as Brisbane, Carvalho, Goddard, Creelman, and Chamberlain. However, it had been said in San Francisco, as it was now said in New York, that he was only the headpiece of a brilliant staff; and Brisbane and Carvalho were not with him then.

Hearst the Worker

Hearst does not sit at a desk with a row of push-buttons which will summon his different heads of departments; he is given to none of the formulas which make the head of an institution palpable to the average perception. When he is in the mood there is no side of the comic "sups" or of sensational news display or business management too small for his consideration. There are many examples in point which his associates recount. People who follow such horrors will remember the famous Guldensuppe case, which occurred in the riotous days of the "Journal's" beginnings. To those who do not I will say that a German midwife, one Mrs. Nack, and her new paramour, Thorn, murdered Guldensuppe, her old paramour, and cut his body into sections in a bath-tub. The discovery of first one and then another of the sections created one of these sensations which make papers sell when the general public scarcely look at the headlines of a debate in Congress. Hearst personally took the same morbid and intense interest in this case as his readers and personally took charge of its direction for his paper. He rented the house where the Nack woman lived in order to keep the other newspaper men out; he bribed the rubbers of the Turkish bath-house, who had the secret of the physical mark which would identify the murdered man, to keep silence until the "Journal" sleuths had their case of identification complete, and then he sent out reporters and representatives on the "Journal" wagons to prevent any other morning paper from purloining a copy and taking the edge off the scoop with a stop-press notice in their later editions. This was a lark and a triumph which he would have enjoyed even more keenly in that stage of his career than the thirty-three minutes of cheering with which his delegates of his Independence League Convention greeted him when he appeared before them after his nomination for Governor. Besides a scoop on Guldensuppe meant circulation; and circulation was his ambition of the moment.

Forever he was unsatisfied with his "Journal." It was never quite powerful or striking enough. An ideal morning edition to him would have been one in which the Prince of Wales had gone into vaudeville, Queen Victoria had married her cook, the Pope had issued an encyclical favoring free love, a man murdered in Jersey had been identified by the thumb-mark of a seventh daughter found on the Sphinx, France had declared war on Germany, the President of the United

(*Continued on page 26*)



RECONCILED!

"Charles F. Murphy retains control of the Tammany organization as a result of the primary fights. It is his intention to jam through the unit rule at Buffalo and turn the delegation over to Hearst."—*New York Tribune, September 19.*

"If the Democracy of New York is now to be delivered over to the Independence League and the advocates of semi-socialism, what is to become of the Democracy in the nation? The whole country has political interests at stake in the Buffalo Convention. Has the party of Clinton and Van Buren and Marcy and Seymour and Tilden and Cleveland in the Empire State survived slavery and silver only to receive its quietus at the hands of Charles F. Murphy?"—*New York World, September 19.*

"Early in the day the Hearst managers sent out word from the Gilsey House to all their people to support Mr. Murphy. Mr. Murphy's vote came from the districts which voted so heavily for Hearst for Mayor last fall. Mr. Murphy's friends at Tammany Hall said last night that according to custom he would now vote the 105 Tammany delegates to the Democratic State Convention as a unit for Hearst."—*New York Sun, September 19.*

BALTIMORE

A CITY TRIED BY FIRE



This is the fourth of a series of articles illustrating the progress of cities toward ideal conditions. San Francisco, Washington, and Ottawa have been treated; Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Boston, St. Paul, and Minneapolis will follow

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

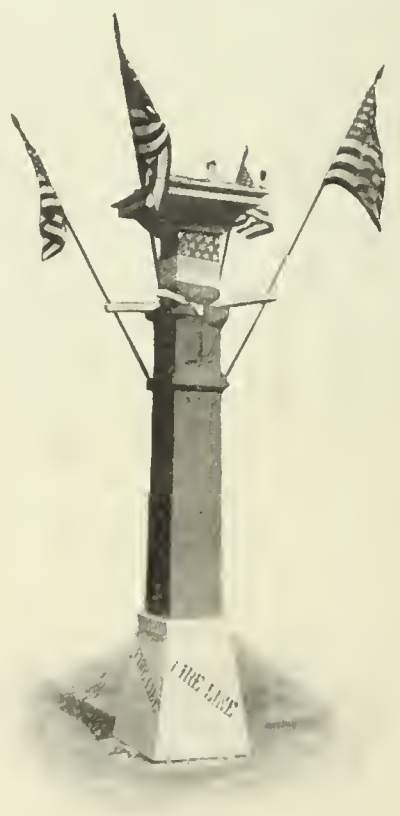
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE

FIRE and oysters have been the twin benefactors of Baltimore. Fire has given the city a thousand modern buildings, wide streets, spacious municipal docks, and a vast municipal market, and oysters have given it the promise of the most perfect sewerage system in America. In the week beginning September 9, 1906—just two years and seven months after the Old Town of Baltimore had been reduced to a blackened waste—the New Baltimore celebrated its resurrection. To the swarms of visitors that thronged the streets in the jubilee week there was nothing to show that the city was less than three years from a great calamity. There were no yawning vacant spaces, no piles of débris, no smoke-begrimed skeleton walls. In all the one hundred and forty acres of the Burnt District there were only eighty vacant building sites at the time of the jubilee, and most of these were to be improved as soon as the new docks and the street-widening projects had made sufficient progress. The only thing unusual was an odd look of newness about the district, as if a city ordered in bulk from a factory had just been unpacked. No matter how many new buildings there may be on a street, it is usually stippled with the dull tones of old ones, but here everything was fresh, new, and glaring.

The great fire of February 7 and 8, 1904, burned fifteen hundred and twenty-six buildings, four lumber yards, and some of the principal docks. It caused a loss of about $100,000,000, of which not quite $30,000,000 was recovered from the insurance companies. The flames ate out the business heart of the city, but fortunately few people were made homeless, and there was little distress. Of the great relief funds which the rest of the country was eager to offer Baltimore refused to accept a cent. The Legislature of Maryland appropriated a quarter of a million to help the destitute, but less than a tenth of the amount was spent. The work of rebuilding furnished employment to the men thrown out of their regular jobs, and every family was its own independent Relief Committee.

Baltimore had now an opportunity which a few years earlier would not have been appreciated. Then the people would have thought of nothing better than to have property-owners rebuild as fast as possible on the old lines. But now a civic consciousness was developing everywhere, and Baltimore shared it. People were beginning to realize that the city had a common life and common interests. Accordingly they decided that the work of reconstruction should not be left entirely to the haphazard enterprise of landowners, but that the whole community should have something to say about it. They created a Burnt District Commission, with Mr. Sherlock Swann as chairman, to acquire land for a system of street and dock improvements. The city had recently sold its interests in the Western Maryland Railroad, and had $4,600,000 of the money on hand. This, together with the proceeds of a special dock loan of six million dollars, was put at the disposal of the Burnt District Commission. Apparently some people expected miracles to be wrought at once, for in May, 1904, only two months after the commission had come into existence, it was assailed with editorials and cartoons demanding its removal on the ground that it had done nothing. It is now closing its work with a record of industry not often matched. In two years and a half, which in New York would be considered about a fair time for the condemnation of a single block of land for a playground, it has made provision for widening fourteen streets, involving the acquisition of seven hundred separate pieces of property, with over ten miles of frontage, and has laid out six great new public docks, with over twenty-three acres of pier surface, which will transform the position of Baltimore as a seaport. The greater part of this work was done in the first nine months, during which time the Commissioners and their employees recklessly violated all union rules about hours of labor, working often late at night, and forgetting the meaning of holidays. "But with your permission," said Chairman Swann, in a report to the Mayor at the end of this strenuous period, "the Chairman proposes to take three full and consecutive days off the latter part of next week."

In one respect the reconstruction of the burnt district has been a little disappointing. There has been no attempt to make any radical improvement in the old arrangement of the streets. There are no radiating avenues, no concentric boulevards, and few new open spaces to give dignity to monumental buildings and promote the circulation of the people. But the opportunities for ambitious designs of this kind were not very favorable. The natural civic centre was just outside of the burnt district, which was not large enough in itself to hold more than a fragment of a new street system. The most urgent need seemed to be for widening the existing streets, and that has been generously met. A narrow street bisecting the burnt district has been widened through almost its whole length to a breadth of one hundred and eight feet. This improvement alone, if it had existed three years ago, would probably have confined the fire to a space of forty acres instead of a hundred and forty. Other widened streets subdivide the district up, down, and crosswise. But the greatest transformation is on the water front. There the narrow streets that bordered two sides of the basin that forms the inner harbor have been expanded to a width of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and twenty-six feet, and a collection of rotting old private wharfs has been acquired by the city to be turned into six magnificent public piers, capable of accommodating the largest ocean steamers. At the same time the city is just finishing a model public market, wholesale and retail, covering three blocks.



These pillars, in orange and black, marked the limits of the fire for the Jubilee Week. It has been proposed to make them permanent

Baltimore's awakening did not stop with these visible improvements. There were others, invisible but even more important. It will hardly be believed, but Baltimore, a city as large as Boston or St. Louis, a commercial metropolis and one of the oldest and richest places in the country, has no sanitary sewerage system. With few exceptions, the drainage of the homes of six hundred thousand people goes into cesspools in the backyards. Last year a Sewerage Commission, backed by a loan of ten million dollars, was established to deal with this remarkable situation, and here was where the succulent oyster got in his beneficent work. Like the Kentuckian's whisky, no oysters are bad, but some are better than others, and those of Chesapeake Bay are the aristocrats of a noble tribe. Maryland guards them with jealous care. She keeps a navy to do battle in their defense. Mere people in St. Louis may be compelled by the Supreme Court of the United States to drink the sewage of Chicago, but no such indignity can be forced upon the Chesapeake Bay oyster if Maryland knows it. If Baltimore wants a sewerage system it must get one to which the oysters can offer no objection. So said the Maryland Legislature in creating the Sewerage Commission, and it put into the act a clause providing that no sewage should be discharged into Chesapeake Bay or any of its tributaries.

That made it necessary at once to put aside the plan adopted by most American cities of dumping their crude sewage into the nearest body of water. In accordance with the law the Sewerage Commission resolved "that the effluent proposed to be discharged into the Chesapeake Bay or its tributaries shall be of the highest practicable degree of purity." Following these in-

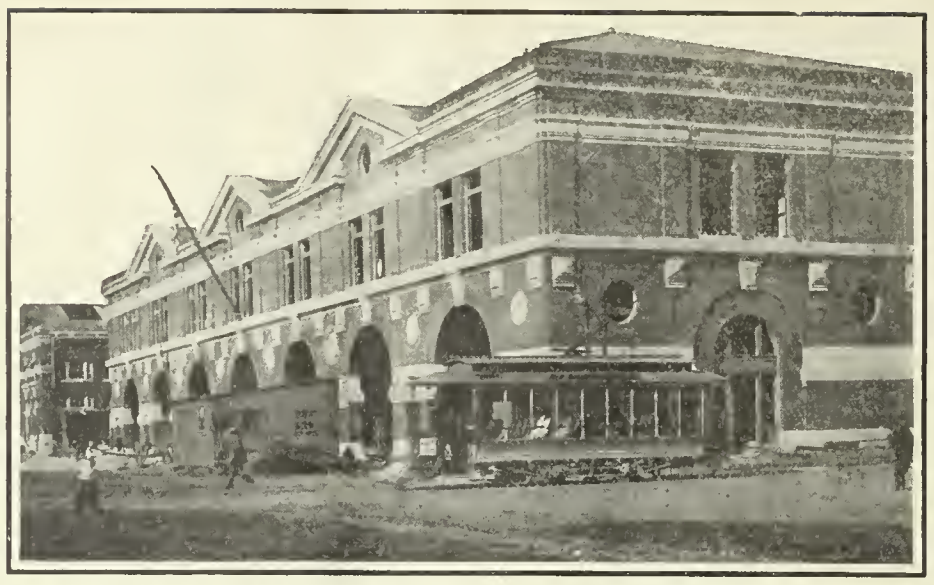
BALTIMORE AND LIBERTY STREETS, BALTIMORE



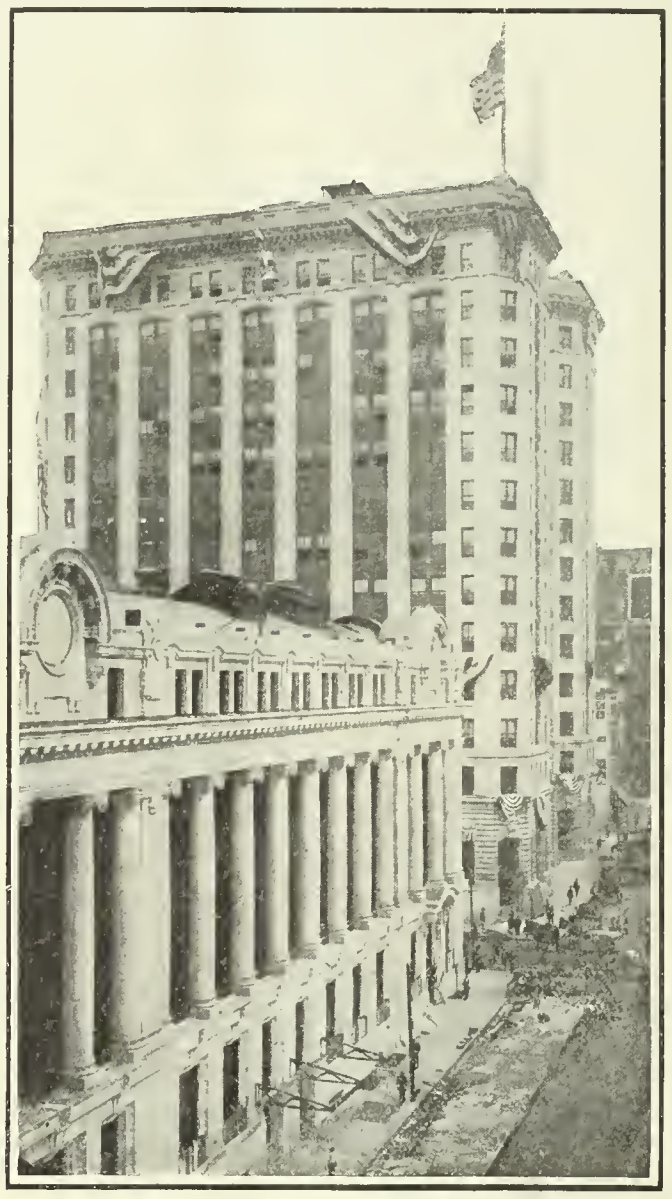
THESE views were both taken at the same spot, a block from the point at which the great fire started on Sunday morning, February 7, 1904. The first picture was taken just after the fire, the second two years and seven months later, on September 13, 1906; during the firemen's parade that formed part of the festivities of the Jubilee Week by which Baltimore celebrated her resurrection. The week's rejoicing began with a praise service in the churches on Sunday, September 9. This was followed by the reception of visitors on Monday, a military parade on Tuesday, an industrial parade on Wednesday, a firemen's parade on Thursday, with delegations from the cities whose firemen helped to put out the conflagration, and a hilarious carnival on Friday night



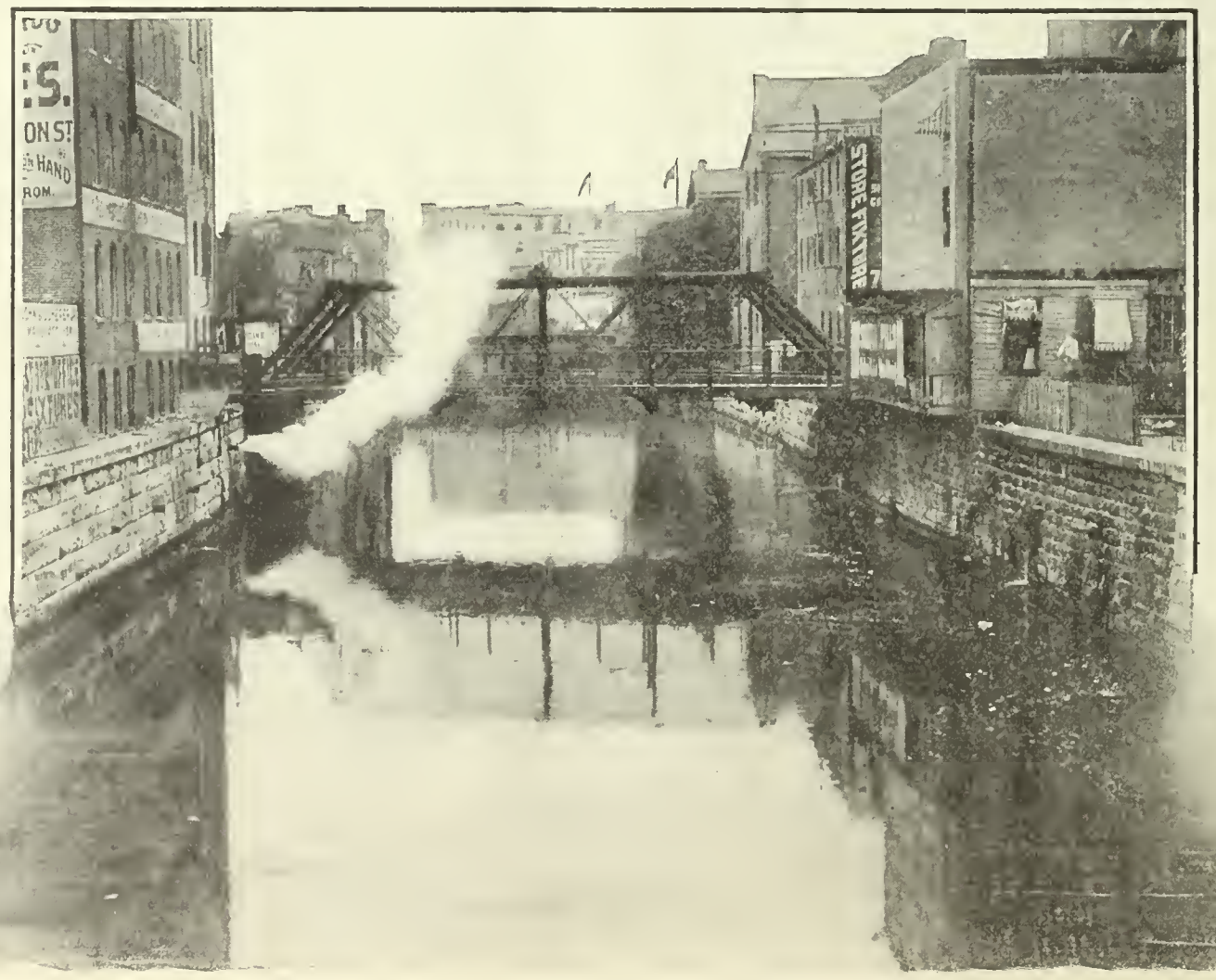
TWO YEARS AGO AND TO-DAY



Part of the new Municipal Market, covering three entire city blocks



Baltimore and Charles Streets, in the burnt district



Jones Falls, now an open sewer, which it is proposed to fill up and turn into a sunken boulevard, bordered with sloping banks of grass and brilliantly lighted. It was this stream that stopped the advance of the fire

he engineers devised a plan 'e Baltimore by far the most ge purification system in s. Under this system the 'e run into large basins, where the solid con- ie bottom and be attacked by - 'ch will dissolve and evaporate a great part of them. The rest of the "sludge" will be disposed of on land in an inodorous and inoffensive form. The partly clarified sewage from the septic tanks will be sprayed over "sprinkling filters" of broken stone. Thence it will pass to small settling basins, and then to intermittent sand filters, after which, as Chief Engineer Hendrick asserts, it will be purer than the average city's drinking water. In that condition it will be considered endurable by the sensitive oyster, especially at a distance, and it will be turned into Back River, about five miles from Baltimore, which is a long way from the nearest oyster beds.

Incidentally the work of the Sewerage Commission promises a great addition to the convenience and beauty of Baltimore. The city's nearest approach to a sewer hitherto has been the malodorous lower course of the creek called Jones Falls, which won fame in history as the moat behind which the defenders made their last and successful stand against the great fire of 1904. This part of the stream, over a hundred feet wide, stretches for two miles through the business part of the city from the harbor to the point at which the Olmsted plans, to be mentioned later, propose to utilize it for a parkway. The Sewerage Commission's engineers have planned to confine all the water of the creek on this lower course in closed sewers on its bed, fill up the space above them, and turn it into a sunken boulevard, bordered by shaded, grass-covered terraces. If this scheme is carried out, as the indications are that it will be—the Commission having the power, the money, and apparently the inclination, to do it—Baltimore will have a new and beautiful thoroughfare in the place of an unsightly and ill-smelling open drain.

Municipal Subways and Franchise Taxes

With all her conservatism Baltimore has had some peculiarly progressive ideas. For instance, she put all her electric wires, except trolley wires, underground some time ago, and unlike New York, which gave a private electrical subway company a monopoly that entrenched her telephone, telegraph, and lighting monopolies, she kept her subways for herself. Hence she has competition in telephone service, and no competitive electrical enterprise of any other kind need stay out of the city for lack of a place to string its wires. One of the first street railroad lines in the world was established in Baltimore in 1859. At the beginning of an era when other cities recklessly gave away franchises to all comers, Baltimore set the example of requiring their holders to pay a share of their gross receipts into the municipal treasury. Nor was she satisfied with the little two or five per cent of the gross receipts that modern corporations have become reconciled to paying in other places. She charged her first street railroad company twenty per cent, to be applied to the purchase, improvement, and maintenance of parks and parkways, and that was the origin of Baltimore's present park system. The payments on most of the street railroad lines now amount to nine per cent of their gross receipts, all of which goes to the Park Commissioners, giving them a revenue of about $350,000 a year. Practically the entire expense of Baltimore's Park Department is borne by the street-car company, which not only maintains the great park system already in existence, but is expected to maintain the still greater one proposed by the Olmsted report.

The ambitious outer park scheme was one thing for which Baltimore did not have to wait for the fire. It sprang from that general impulse toward civic betterment that has swept over the breadth of the continent. The first definite suggestion of it was made by the Executive Committee of the Municipal Art Society in 1900. This committee had an eye to business as well as to esthetics. It reported that it had under consideration "a recommendation to the city to purchase a belt of suburban property, with a view to directing the city's growth into the suburbs, certain parts of such property to be retained as parks, and certain other parts to be leased as the city grew up to them, the improvements to fall in eventually to the city." The idea was that "timely action of this kind might not only result in the city getting such park lands practically free of cost, but might eventually greatly reduce the tax rate."

In 1902 the Art Society retained Olmsted Brothers, the landscape architects of Boston, to devise a plan for the development of the public grounds of Baltimore, guaranteeing the cost, which was afterward assumed by the city, and their report was transmitted to the Park Commissioners just two days before the fire. Baltimore already had some attractive parks, the chief of which, Druid Hill, was almost as large as Central Park in New York, and of just about the same age, but they were unrelated and altogether inadequate to the needs of the growing city. The Olmsted report proposed an enormous extension of the system, at the same time binding all its parts together in one organic whole. The scheme was strung on the waterways. Each stream flowing into the harbor of Baltimore was made the spinal cord of a long, winding park or parkway, the whole waving outward in all directions like the legs of a gigantic tarantula. These are connected by cross boulevards. One great water park alone, on the estuary of Back River, is to contain nearly five thousand acres—2,400 of land and 2,560 of water. Some of the existing city parks are to be enlarged, and various small ones, with playgrounds and field houses, are to be scattered through the settled districts.

The Great Outer Park System

The execution of this plan will give Baltimore a park system adequate to all the needs of the next forty or fifty years. The land needed can all be secured for about three million dollars, of which the city has already voted a million. Unlike some of the magnificent projects cherished by other cities, this one is no dream. It is to be actually carried out, and the growth of the street railway business ensures the money to foot the bills. The people can vote park bonds, cheerfully conscious that they will never feel their burden, since the interest and principal will come out of the nickels with which the passengers on the cars would have to part in any case.

The development of the water fronts will give Baltimoreans a new pleasure in living. The map shows so-called lakes in the present parks, but all of them of any importance are simply reservoirs—parts of the city's water-supply system. A reservoir is not necessarily ugly, although it is usually a rather arid feature of a landscape, but at the best it is only something to look at, not to play with. It does not lend itself to that delightful intimacy to which one is welcomed by a real lake. You are not allowed to boat on it or sit on its banks and skip stones on the water, or paddle or swim in it. There is nothing in Baltimore now of which it can be said, as the Olmsted report says of one of the proposed new water parks: "The upper reaches of the Creek . . . form an ideal region for small boating, for picnicking, and for swimming and water sports." In another place, along the Patapsco River, "there is a splendid example of the picturesqueness of a river gorge on a large scale, the rocky bluffs rising boldly to a height of four hundred feet above the rushing stream." On the great Back River estuary there are four square miles of water surface, already enjoyed to some extent but needing to have its attractiveness preserved by public action.

Baltimore's great park plan is an approaching reality. The needed money is in sight, and the proper authorities intend to carry it out. Within the next ten years Baltimore will be an even pleasanter place to live in than she is now.

Collier's for September 29 1906

BEYOND RUBIES

A Little Tragedy of the Rialto

BY

VIRGINIA TRACY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT



Her father, with a swoop of his fan, would intercept a piece of dog-biscuit

SUSIE had pulled a chair in front of the bureau, and she revolved upon it as steadily as possible, looking into the mirror at the hang of her skirt. Susie was a most delicate and spirited little person, and looked only about twenty, though she was twenty-six. Her husband lolled on the hard and bulging sofa and fanned himself, for the day was hot. Climax, the fox terrier, was getting too fat, and he also felt the heat; he panted patiently on the floor in the midst of a crumbling desert of dog-biscuit. The baby, in her night-gown for coolness' sake, tottered amiably but unsteadily near the dog; every now and then her father would lean out from the sofa and with a swoop of his fan between her fingers and her opening mouth would intercept a piece of dog-biscuit and wave it to a distance. Susie, expertly revolving in her fresh white dress and deciding in a capable glance that it hung perfectly, had something like a flash of realization that an ingénue, however prosperous, is a little excessive in allowing herself so many encumbrances. She jumped down and took up her hat. Susie was going to make the round of the theatrical agencies, as she did three days a week; she was looking with a growing desperation for an engagement.

Four years ago, before Miss Suzanne Grayce had married Mr. Walter Bates, she had been one of the most promising ingénues in the profession. No one had been quite as promising since, except perhaps this new girl, Mabel Rose, who seemed not only to have taken Susie's place but to have walked directly ahead of her, closing the gate of every opportunity. Well, she herself had once walked into the stronghold of success, and she had done it so smoothly, so easily, that success had seemed the only thing natural to her; she had lived in a kind of pleasant, progressive game in which she had always gone higher with each move and in which she was to go much higher still. Then in a mood of thinking that she was living rather extravagantly "for a young girl" she had allowed herself to be advised out of her pretty hotel into a blowzy boarding-house, and there she had met Walter Bates and had fallen in love with him and married him. He was out of an engagement and in debt, but he was very gentle and good-looking and he had excellent intentions; his intentions were still excellent, and he had kept his good looks and his gentleness. Susie was now also in debt and out of an engagement.

This state of affairs was not due to any spiritual deficiency in Mr. Bates. He tried very hard; he had some small talent for playing parts, but none whatever for getting them. Whenever he was out of work he realized this to such an extent that he was apt to become quite pale about it. Unfortunately for any claim upon sympathy, he was apt at the same time to become a little puffy. If he did not get fat, he at least spread, unappealingly. So that in a time of such poignant uselessness as the present he continued to lounge upon the sofa and to grow paler and puffier from moment to moment. An unquenchable amusement at the eccentricities of life lurked, aimlessly, in his expression.

"Wallie," said his wife, suddenly observing him as she drew on her gloves, "I do wish I could afford you some fencing lessons. You need something, I'm sure."

"While you are wishing, Susie," said Mr. Bates, "wish that I could afford some for myself."

His wife looked at him with a fond frown. "Don't worry," said she brightly. "If only one of us can make some money it doesn't matter which one it is."

"Not at all," said Mr. Bates. "Angh-angh, Geraldine—drop it! It would be a good deal of luxury to me personally to support my family myself, and who am I to afford luxuries? I don't know if you want her to swallow that button, dear, but she's doing it."

Geraldine was deprived of her button and placed upon the bed. Her mother poked at her, and rolled her over and over until she screamed with joy, and then suddenly deserted her and went over and stood beside the sofa. She had taken up her parasol and stood stroking the sofa with the point; she was growing rather pale herself.

Finally she said: "Wallie, do you feel quite comfortable about going down to dinner here?" He did not answer, and she quivered out with: "We shall *have* to pay Mrs. Lexis. She's been very patient and she'll have to have it." She stopped again, and then: "Walter, if I don't get an engagement pretty soon, what will become of us?" He had not and could not have anything to say, but he stooped for the handkerchief she had dropped, and she took it from him with a little shiver. "Do you think," she cried, and her voice tore on the words into a furtive sob, "do you think I shall have to sell my ruby bracelet?"

"You may even get the engagement to-day," said he and smiled upon her.

She remembered that perhaps she might, and remembering also the charming little figure, impeccably arrayed, which had revolved before her in the glass, she took heart, brightening at him and giving his sleeve a small twist of confidence as she moved away. He got up and opened the door for her and, "Of course," said she, with a punctilious loyalty, "if I don't get anything to-day, you may get something to-morrow."

He looked at her a moment in amused surprise, and then with a sudden gravity took her face a little formally and distantly between his finger-tips and, stooping, kissed her.

"I'll take care of the baby!" he called jauntily after her.

II

SUSIE'S spurt of elation carried her down Broadway and up the stairs that lead to Mrs. Meade's agency. There it deserted her immediately and altogether.

It was Monday morning, so the agency was very full and the crowded room was hot, with the sticky, humid heat of the late summer. Beyond the low wire fence which protected the authorities from invasion there was a little breathing space; the bold and hardy pushed up to the fence, made themselves heard over the click of the typewriters beyond and were answered by shakes of the head from haughty employees within. The agent herself, Mrs. Meade, was immured with a manager in her private office. Susie saw that the women were greatly in the majority, and her sense of individuality failed her just when she most required it; she seemed to shrink indistinguishably into a sea of needy ingénues. She stood back against the wall fanning herself with her handkerchief and rather aggressively getting her breath after running upstairs. Susie had been in the habit of pitying girls thus trying to appear at ease, as she had once pitied their elaborate toilettes—elaborated in order to hide the indications of pretense and makeshift which had always frayed Susie's nerves. "Oh," she remembered once having said to Walter, "oh, an anxious-looking dress! I never could bear that!" Those were the days when she had plenty of offers, but refused all which did not include him. She wondered, now, what sort of dress, what sort of anxieties she might presently be obliged to endure. There is nothing like standing about agencies to wilt the starch out of superiority.

Mrs. Meade herself, when she finally came forth, was not nearly so haughty as her employees. She said "Good morning," and "No, nothing, not a thing, my dear," to each person in turn, and when one loquacious girl said that the weather was so hot it took all the curl out of one's hair, she said: "Oh, don't curl it, dearie! Try the water-wave!" She shook hands with Susie, whom she remembered having told to come in to-day, and said at once: "Oh, they've filled that part, my dear; yes, they've engaged Elva Holmes." There was nothing for Susie but to look as if she didn't care and to get away as quickly as possible. At the next agency it was the same story, and at the next and the next. Susie knew people in every office, and she was aware that her smile of greeting was becoming forced. She hated herself for it, and yet she knew she was losing her nerve; persistence seemed so useless and the world so impenetrable a wall. Some of the stairways leading to the offices bore upon each step a sign which said: "No loiterers, tramps, or pedlers allowed in this building," and Susie began to creep past these signs with a certain sense of guilt. At the most successful of the agencies she glanced through the door and beheld many thriving-looking Thespians, elect ladies in rocking-chairs, fanning themselves and discussing new plays. Susie did not see how she could face the cold eye of an aristocracy to which she had once belonged; she faltered on the threshold, then: "No, I can't go in there!" she admitted to her sinking heart, and, turning, fled.

At the corner of the street she was hailed by a girl she knew, a Miss Marsh, and they loitered together for a moment in front of a shop devoted to confectionery and ice-cream. Miss Marsh said that she was waiting for Eddie Clark; he had gone in somewhere to get some cigarettes. She managed to convey a certain

...o of Eddie by the tone in which she men-
...ich was reenforced by his having left her
...e in the street, and she presently began
... near he had come to getting that
...ranger's Number Two Company of
...an Lawrence had gone up the day
... sign and offered to go for half
...nger had taken him. Susie felt
...d about her temples which she
...ntact with something treach-
...be turned out of the pro-
...re violence than becomes
an l... ...ather disliked Eddie, but
now she ... "That sort of thing"
—she said and shut her teeth.

"It's awful," said Miss Marsh, "and people are getting more like that every day; Helen Graham's own sister worked her out of a part last week by telling the manager Helen was subject to laryngitis. The way people in this business are beginning to scheme and go on, you'd think they were all managers. What do you go with yourself, Susie?"

"I haven't signed," said Susie.

"Well, come in here and have some soda," cried Miss Marsh, cheeringly.

"Oh, thanks, I guess I—"

At this moment there flashed out of the confectioner's a young girl in pink organdy with roses in her hands. She was followed by two nice-looking boys, one carrying her parasol and the other some vague thing of pinky flutters. Sailing past, radiant, the girl smiled to Susie and waved her hand.

Miss Marsh exclaimed: "Wasn't that Mabel Rose?"

"Yes," said Susie; "isn't she pretty?"

"They say that in this new piece of Cabot's she's got the greatest part ever was written. Nice for Clara Folsom when she's to star in it."

"Cabot writes good parts," said Susie softly.

"And good parts make good actresses," Miss Marsh announced. "Well, Eddie."

Eddie said: "Well, girls," and that he had just seen old Emmons; who had told him if he came round at three to-morrow there might be something doing. On the strength of this statement Eddie wanted to know if the girls would come somewhere and have a drink, but Miss Marsh plucked him sharply up to the ice-cream standard and they went into the confectioner's.

As they sat at their ease nibbling the lady's-fingers with which Eddie had delicately provided them, Miss Marsh said to Susie: "It's you ought to be playing this part Mabel Rose has got."

"Oh, I'm not so particular," Susie laughed. "'Most any part would do for me."

"Well, if that's the way you feel, you'll never get anything," Miss Marsh austerely commented. "I don't believe you've got any push, Susie. You ought to go to see everybody and you ought to put on a good front." She looked a little deprecatingly at Susie's mild white dress "How about your—have you still got—oh, there it is! What do you hide it for?" She pointed sternly, and Susie shook her ruby bracelet free of her sleeve.

"Well, I thought—in the daytime."

"Not at all," said Miss Marsh; "you want to wear it flash out so as to show people that you've got it yet. People never want to give engagements to people unless they look as if they didn't want them. Have you been round to the agencies this morning?"

"Yes, to Mrs. Meade's, and to Spaulding's, and to Paul's, and—"

"To Miss Reagle's?"

"No," hesitated Susie. "I—I just couldn't go in there, so many people—"

"Well, she has the best of everything. You ought to go there. Things won't come to you, you know. You ought to go there and stay there. It's just cowardice not to, Susie Grayce."

"Have some more cream, Miss Grayce," said Eddie Clark.

"I want Susie to promise me she'll go to Miss Reagle's right away," insisted the strenuous Miss Marsh. "She can break the ice by asking if there's any mail for her. She ought to go there; you can never tell what might happen."

Susie felt that her friend was right, and she decided to make use of this first aid to the self-conscious; she would at least pretend to look for mail at Miss Reagle's. Fortified by Mr. Clark's hospitality, she walked, as soon as she was alone, directly back to Miss Reagle's, and once arrived upon the threshold she took a deep breath, thrust forth her ruby bracelet, and entered the office.

The mail-box was behind the railing, and Susie pointed to it and said to a proud minion: "May I see if there's anything for me?" The minion stared blankly, but handed her the letters, and Susie ran them over. The door of the inner office was open; Susie could hear Miss Reagle's voice; and for a moment her eyes met those of the manager to whom Miss Reagle was talking. He was a Mr. Hendricks, for whom Susie had once played.

She made him a little bow, returned the mail, and walked out. When she was half-way downstairs she heard some one call her name, and turning she observed the proud minion hanging over the banister and entreating her: "Miss Grayce! Miss Grayce! Will you come back a minute, please?"

Susie, puzzled, but pliable, returned. A kind young lady at the typewriter said: "Just step into the office, please." At this moment the manager came out of the office. "How are you, Miss Grayce?" he said. "Where have you hidden yourself all this while?" He went on without waiting for an answer; Susie, for the first time in many a weary day, stepped into the inner office and Miss Reagle motioned her to a chair.

"My dear," said Miss Reagle, "it's a good thing you came in! I was just going to send for you. Hendricks was in here looking for an ingénue and I mentioned your name." Susie remembered the surprised recognition growing into intention in Hendricks's glance, and she demurely cast down her eyes. "They want somebody right away for Mabel Rose's part. They're rehearsing now."

"For Mabel Rose's part!"

To Susie her own voice seemed to come from a long way off. She was so surprised that she scarcely knew if she was even pleased. It was as though somebody had handed her the moon.



She smiled faintly at them and gravely inclined her head as a farewell

"Yes," said Miss Reagle, "I'll give you a note to the stage-manager. But don't go to the stage door. Hand in the note at the box-office; they'll put you in front somewhere to watch the rehearsal. Are you a quick study?" Susie nodded. Coherency still swam beyond her grasp.

"For you'll have to get up in it like lightning. There are so many openings to-night and to-morrow night they've deferred theirs till Wednesday. They've played the piece three nights out of town, and they're not satisfied with Rose, and they've grabbed this chance to make a change. Somebody will take your card in to Wallis—he's putting on the piece—and as soon as rehearsal's over you can settle everything with him and Hendricks. They furnish the clothes."

"Have you any idea what I ought to ask them, Miss Reagle?" asked Susie, dropping toward the earth.

"Well, they pay Rose seventy-five."

"They'll give about sixty, then."

"Well, of course, you can ask them seventy-five. But you're a fool if you stick at salary, child. It's the chance of your life." Beginning to write the note, she said: "You will have a rehearsal with Wallis or with Denham, the stage-manager, directly the other rehearsal's over." Finishing the note, she handed it to Susie. "You go right round there now, my dear," said she; "they're expecting you."

Susie went "right round there," preserving while indoors a tremulously radiant decorum, but as soon as she reached the sidewalk she flew. Her feet seemed scarcely to move of themselves; the air seemed to sparkle. Her spirit at once sang and shivered in an ecstasy of nervousness; when she spoke she feared that her heart would tremble in her voice. Then the thought of returning home, of kissing the baby, of telling Walter—ah, of telling Walter—softly flooded her with warmth. Her eyes filled with tears. She flitted up the lobby of the theatre and gave in the note at the box-office.

II

SEATED at the back of th... rge auditorium, Susie eagerly surveyed the peop... stage. She could not find Mr. Cabot, the author, but ...r. Denham, the stage-manager, sat at the prompt-table fumbling with the manuscript; Wallis, the producer, the Stage-Manager Extraordinary, sprang here and there with impassioned, shirt-sleeved gestures, correcting, expounding, arranging. The back door was open and the rear of the stage was gray in the daylight; forward, by the prompt-table, a big bunch light shed a warm yellow mistiness. As the actors advanced into the limited brightness Susie endeavored to make sure of their identities; suddenly a girl, a familiar, airy figure, came into the magic circle. She turned her face to the light and Susie recognized Mabel Rose. Susie's heart gave a sick little jump. "They haven't told her!"

It was now abundantly clear why she had been sent with so mysterious a hush through the front part of the house. Miss Rose still expected to play the part. They had not cared to discharge her before they had acquired Susie, and, moreover, it was invaluable to the newcomer to see the part rehearsed. Susie's hot scorn of such tactics was quickly cooled by her helplessness beneath them, and after a single throb of indignation she set to work seriously at absorbing the rehearsal.

But as beneath her scrutiny the action slowly cleared and settled, she became aware of something truly terrifying. Miss Rose was unsatisfactory in the part not because she was bad in it, but because she was too good. To her successor this was appalling, but indisputable. And it was all the author's fault. Commissioned to write a play for Miss Folsom, his star part was wood and putty; he had fallen in love with his ingénue as he wrote her, and she had taken life and breath, she had grown into beauty and laughter beneath his hands. He would always insist that the part be well played. Miss Folsom, with less frankness, would see to it that it was not. The management, bedeviled and befagged, would hang fire between the two. Yet it was Miss Folsom most certainly who was to be exploited. To keep the position one must never play the part for all it was worth, and innocent Miss Rose, tiptoed with the ecstasy of triumphant work, knew no other way to play it.

But Susie knew. The situation was not pleasant, but Susie believed herself mistress of it. She leaned forward "spotting" breathlessly the points that she was sure pricked Miss Folsom sorely and must be blunted; the other points that the author, the stage-manager, the whole set of bunglers would insist upon, and which she would drive home at any cost. Here was a laugh that could be lost, there was a round of applause that could be stifled. Let them go, she could spare them! What, what a bag of tricks there still remained! The darling part seemed like a jewel, to sparkle the more, the more it was cut. Miss Rose, amid the intricacies of the situation, rode high on her popular personality; but Susie, the competent, the experienced, the expert, smiled to herself demurely, and knew her way.

The rehearsal drew toward its close, Susie still observing it with mounting ardor. Then she heard it dismissed, and the call given for a dress-rehearsal the next night. She shrank from seeing the stage-manager call Miss Rose aside as she would have shrunk from it had he carried a knife in his hand, and between the horror of this and the dread of the call which the next few minutes would make upon her own resources, she crouched back in her seat a little sick. And immediately she observed Miss Rose pausing at the stage door, flaring out her pink beruffled parasol and blithely issuing forth, with at least three of the young men of the company prancing at her heels. Still she had not been told! They must mean to send her a note. Susie's heart was getting higher and higher, and thicker in her throat. She could spare no more thought for poor Miss Rose. In another moment—oh, if she had only had the part for a few days! If only she had had those three nights on the road! A hand touched her on the shoulder. A man's voice said: "Miss Grayce, Mr. Denham says will you please step back on to the stage?" The young man was waiting to escort her; she shut her eyes, smiled, rose, acquiesced inaudibly, and followed him.

IV

LATE that afternoon Miss Folsom and Mr. Denham accompanied Susie across the stage and up the stairs to the manager's office with a smiling flutter more significant than trumpets. Mr. Hendricks was sitting at his desk, and Miss Folsom gave Susie a caressing push over the threshold and then addressed Mr. Hendricks over Susie's head. "Here's your little ingénue."

Mr. Hendricks caught her tone, glanced at the corroborative face of Mr. Denham, and then turned cordially to Susie. "Wallis and I saw part of your rehearsal," said he; "I guess we can consider things settled." He drew a chair face to face with his and waved a friendly hand. "Sit down here." Susie sat

(Continued on page 24)



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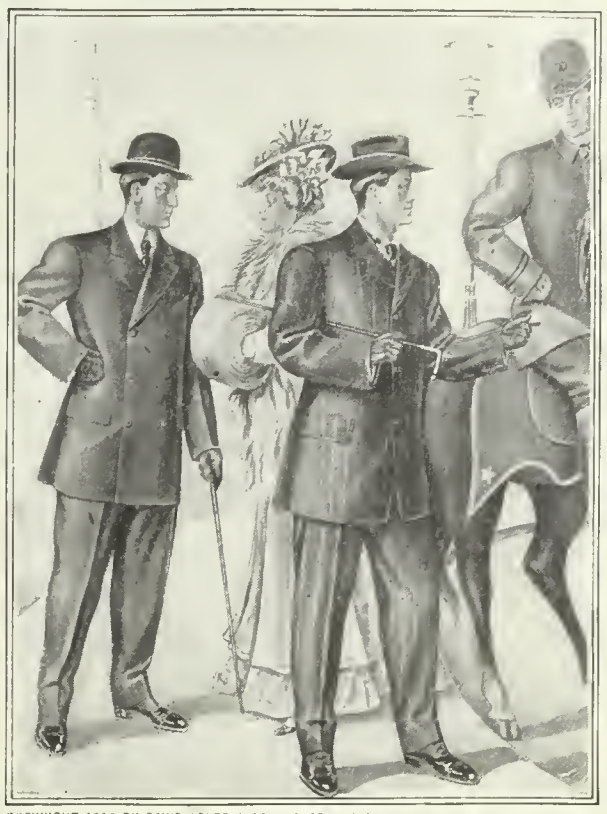
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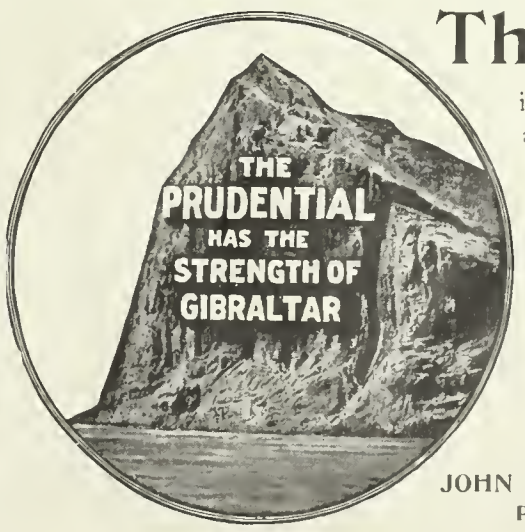
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BEYOND RUBIES

(Continued from page 22)

down; Denham continued to hang about the threshold; Miss Folsom wandered discreetly to a desk across the room and began to read a newspaper she found there. Susie and her fate faced each other. "Well," said Mr. Hendricks indulgently, "you understand you haven't got much time to get up in this part, Miss Grayce, but we'll help you out the best we can. Now, how much salary are you going to hold me up for?"

"Seventy-five dollars," said Susie.

"Correct," said Mr. Hendricks. Susie settled herself in her chair. It seemed a facile world.

"Now about the clothes. We furnish the dresses. But for shoes and gloves and so on—" Susie opened her mouth and hastily closed it. Mr. Hendricks looked sharply at her. "Do you want an advance?" he asked. Susie faltered. He took out a check-book, wrote and handed her a check. "Well, I was going to say, you're a little bit smaller than Miss Rose, but we'll have one of Mme. Durand's ladies down here at the dress-rehearsal, and she can take up each dress while it's on you; everything'll be ready for you all right for Wednesday night. Everything'll be ready for you." After the tyranny of preparation for the weekly change of bill in the stock company where Susie had last played, after all the grinding economies and contrivances of the summer, here was peace, plenty, balm to one's self-respect—here was high life. She put the check in her pocketbook.

Mr. Hendricks was saying: "I'll get Denham to give you a copy of the manuscript—you can always study better from the manuscript—and do you want to rehearse some to-night?"

"Oh," cried Susie, "if I may."

"You got anything on for to-night, Miss Folsom?" Hendricks called out. "Could Miss Grayce come and run over the lines with you awhile? She and Denham?"

"Oh, why, to be sure she can," Miss Folsom sweetly responded. "Come at about eight, my dear."

"You're sure you oughtn't to take this evening to study?" Mr. Hendricks asked. "How much do you think you can be up in by the morning?"

"Oh, I'll take all night to study," Susie laughed. She made a hasty calculation. Wallie would sit up with her and hear her the part; he could make black coffee and keep them both awake. "There won't be any trouble about my lines," said she.

"Isn't she a treasure!" cried Miss Folsom.

"Well," said Mr. Hendricks, "you come down about ten to-morrow, and you and Denham can hammer at it all day. I s'pose you couldn't come down awhile, Miss Folsom?"

"Um-umh, n-no, I don't think I could. The dress-rehearsal is not until eight. Not that *I* shall dress, of course. Still, I've got to have *some* rest."

"Well," said Mr. Hendricks again, "I guess we can depend on Miss Grayce, anyhow."

Miss Folsom rapturously reiterated: "Isn't she a little wonder!"

"You see, I know her of old," said Mr. Hendricks. "She played an ingénue lead with me in 'Vermont Girls.'" He turned to Susie. "I was telling Miss Reagle a while ago that that was the last part you'd played in New York, but she said no, you made your biggest hit the spring afterward in 'Men and Money.'"

"So she did," exclaimed Miss Folsom; "that was when we wore those great long trains; she looked like a doll in one, I remember. Of course, I was nothing but a child then myself."

At this point Mr. Wallis appeared, embracing all salutations in one curt nod. Susie, who was speaking mechanically, continued: "The very last thing I played in New York was Dora in Brinton's 'Kansas.'" She had said the same thing that summer to managers and agents a dreary score of times, and had not won a flicker of recognition, but now Mr. Denham smiled propitiatingly and said: "I saw you in that—Mr. Staples, the treasurer, said to me just now as you came in: 'Isn't that the little girl that played in "Kansas"?' And I assented, Mr. Wallis; I said *yes*, if any one should ask you."

Susie stood there breathing quickly, her eyes brightening from one speaker to another. It seemed as if to-day's engagement had acted like a calcium on her career. No effort of hers for months had been able to bring her past out of the shadow of her obscure present, but now it seemed as if people had been only waiting to recognize her; all of a sudden they remembered her perfectly, remembered the successes she had made, the very dresses she had worn; she was as well known again as if she had never left Broadway. The change of air was welcome to her; she drank it in greedily.

"And wore my hair in long curls," Miss Folsom was saying; "they used to tell me—"

"All right," said Hendricks; "then you understand about everything. Miss Grayce? You be at Miss Folsom's at eight this evening. Here—first, second, fourth; where's the third act, Denham? Oh, here's the manuscript. To-morrow here at the theatre, at ten. Dress-rehearsal to-morrow night at eight."

"Yes, sir," said Susie.

Denham began to cough. "Don't you think," he intervened, "we might give Miss Grayce till a little later, till we have got as far as—ah—" His face was drawn almost into a point with the effort to be significant.

"Later!" Susie cried, "and with dresses I've never seen! Why, I'll be here at six o'clock!"

"Oh, Lord, no!" cried Miss Folsom; "Rose 'ud be on to us in a minute!"

A dreadful silence followed this extraordinary remark. Every one was excessively jarred, but Susie, on whom the real blow had fallen, was in the grasp of something cold and stiff; she felt neither hope nor dread, only a horrid pounding of the heart. So, it was not an ordinary case of discharging one girl and engaging another. They were still intentionally deceiving Miss Rose; they were going to play her some trick at which she, Susie, was to connive. She put out one hand and gripped the edge of Mr. Hendricks's desk.

"You have not discharged Miss Rose?" she asked.

"Miss Grayce!" Hendricks reprovingly turned his back on her and lighted a cigar. He said over his shoulder: "That's about up to the management."

"No," said Susie.

Miss Folsom cried out: "Well, I never."

"No," Susie persisted; "we can't both be engaged for the part. Who is?"

At this Miss Folsom came forward, with a laugh, and threw a protective arm round Susie's shoulders. "Oh, see here. What are we all stewing about? Little Miss Grayce only wants to be sure she's got the part, and in this profession I don't blame her." The managerial brow cleared; Hendricks believed Miss Folsom's suggestion, and he allowed her to go on talking. "Why, look here, Miss Grayce, it'll be all right. You can be perfectly sure she's not going to play that part the first night in New York. If the worst comes to the worst, we can give her two weeks' salary and let her go. Only we should have such an awful time afterward with Cabot. His being out of town makes it just right."

"Out of town!" cried Susie. "He won't be here till the dress-rehearsal? Oh, he won't be here for the dress-rehearsal."—"Well, what does he want of a dress-rehearsal?" Something in Susie's voice had startled her. She threw her parasol angrily on the desk. "Hasn't he seen us three nights on the road? He's gone to Boston for the opening of his other piece. My God, does she think I'm keeping him away!"

"Miss Folsom!" Hendricks interrupted.

She recalled her amiability. "But we shan't have to do anything. Rose'll go of herself fast enough when she finds her best scene cut out—" A slight general movement gave her pause. "Oh, well, of course, it won't really be cut—"

"Miss Folsom, when you've finished confiding in Miss Grayce—" Hendricks's tone cowed her a little. She stood muttering. He looked at Susie. "You will meet Miss Folsom at her apartment at eight this evening."

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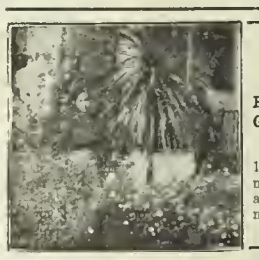
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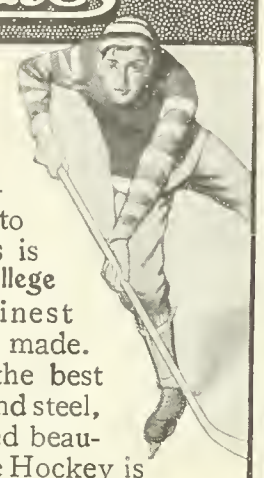
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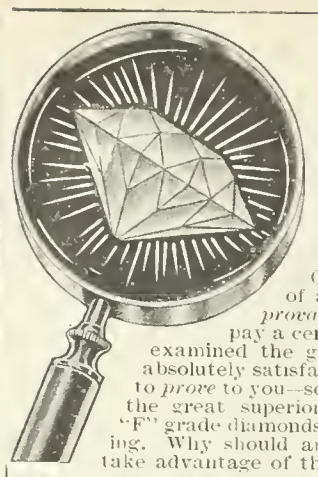


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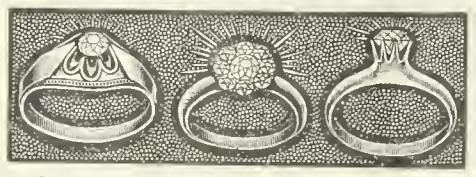
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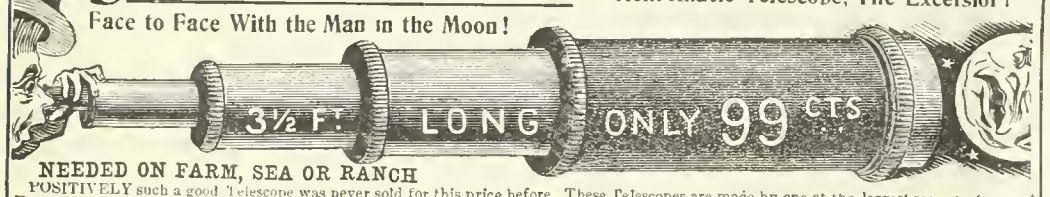
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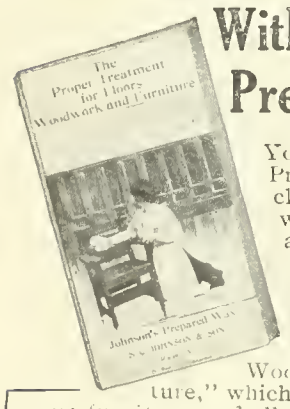


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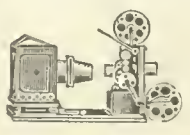


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BEYOND RUBIES

(Continued from page 24)

Susie stood still. So that was what they depended on! With the author determined to have Miss Rose play the part, they were prevented from discharging her without notice, and so at this last rehearsal, conducted without him, they meant to put upon her this extreme affront, this trumped-up cause for a quarrel they had resolved to pick, a quarrel which would force her to give up the part, which would force her to discharge herself. And at this late date they would not dare to quarrel with her unless now Susie swore herself in with the plot and stood ready. She was not accepting an empty place, she was crowding some one else out—like Norman Lawrence, like Helen Graham's sister. She knew the verdict of Broadway, high and low—had herself pronounced it many a time. Still resting passive, she looked at Miss Folsom, then at Denham, then at Wallis, at Hendricks. She saw what she was doing. Her pause was rousing in these people an implacable enmity. Suddenly she was among enemies. And they and their allies were the masters of her life, dealers of bread to her and to her baby; behind them the dreadful barriers of the great Trust stretched from horizon to horizon of her world. A favorite phrase of Walter's rattled across her mind. "It's up to you, Susie."

"I'm sorry," she said. Her little face went white and the life withered in it, but she got the check out of her purse, and laid it with the manuscript upon the desk. "I wish—I—could have done it." She smiled faintly at them and gravely inclined her head as a farewell. Though it was she who had won out, she went meekly from the room and down the stairs; she fairly ran across the stage. But in the doorway, where Miss Rose had hoisted her pink parasol, she paused a moment. After the dark theatre, there was a kind of tawdry squalor in the day in the hot glare of the late sun. Among those shadows she had felt a horrid sensation that the world had come to an end: here, the trouble was that it had not. The surging, snatching terrors of that real life to which she was returning streamed before her in a choking tide; she stood for a moment clinging to the door-frame and then plunged forward into the street.

V

IN the little boarding-house where Susie lived the fumes of dinner were already straggling through the halls, that grew dingier and dingier in their sultry dusk. Half-way up the stairs a disheveled infant rose from the step where it had been sitting, and with an ardent snuffle cast itself about Susie's knees. Geraldine was a heavy girl, but Susie picked her up and staggered to the landing with her. Here they were met by Mr. Bates, pale, perspiring, and in his shirt-sleeves. "It's extraordinary how she manages to get away from one," said he, and he took the crushy and sticky bundle out of Susie's arms.

In their own room, when the door was shut and Geraldine once more relegated to the bed, Susie placed the submissive Mr. Bates in the rocker and stood humbly before him. She lifted a strained little voice above the yelps and leaps of Climax and told her story. Walter beheld her waiting, as it were, the verdict. He stood up and tapped her on the shoulder. "Well, Mrs. Bates," said he, "I am glad that you consider yourself something besides a meal-ticket. I am subject to better moments my own self. Oh, for God's sake, don't cry, Susie! Don't cry! Don't you know you're rather small, dear, to provide fortunes for the Bateses? What? Well, cry—well, cry away then, honey." He felt with a deep sting of tenderness the despair in which she clung to him, and then he made out that she was gasping with big sobs: "What—ever—will—be—come—of—us?"

"Oh, now," said he, "you can't possibly prove that I shan't get something. There are still the dark unfathomed caves of the stock companies. And if I don't, there is still—" he stopped.

She pulled a little away from him, and then with an "Oh, yes," she took off her ruby bracelet and put it in his hand. "Take it, to-morrow, so we can pay Mrs. Lexis. But, Wallie, don't try to sell it. Pawn it. If," she was still crying very hard, "if you *should* get anything to do, maybe we can get it back!"

"Oh, sure to," said Mr. Bates.

HEARST AND HEARSTISM

(Continued from page 17)

States had secured a divorce in order to marry the Dowager Empress of China, the Czar had committed suicide by the use of a bomb of his own making, and the Sultan of Turkey had been converted to Christianity—all of these being "scoops" in the form of "signed statements."

Signed statements were then the rage. If you could get a great ruler simply to say that he had a cold and to say it under his own name the "feature" was played up in double-column headlines. There was no limit to the daring of Hearst's conceptions. He proposed to sink a ship in the Suez at his own expense to prevent the passage of Camara's squadron to the Pacific; and he sent a man half-way round the world to get Admiral Dewey's consent to a Presidential nomination with the "Journal's" label on it.

Like the author of "The Three Musketeers," he lay abed late inventing new wonders; and when he rose with that power of his for creating energy in others without exhibiting energy himself he stirred the fagged brains of his assistants to further dreams in order to make a continuous holiday of surprises for his public.

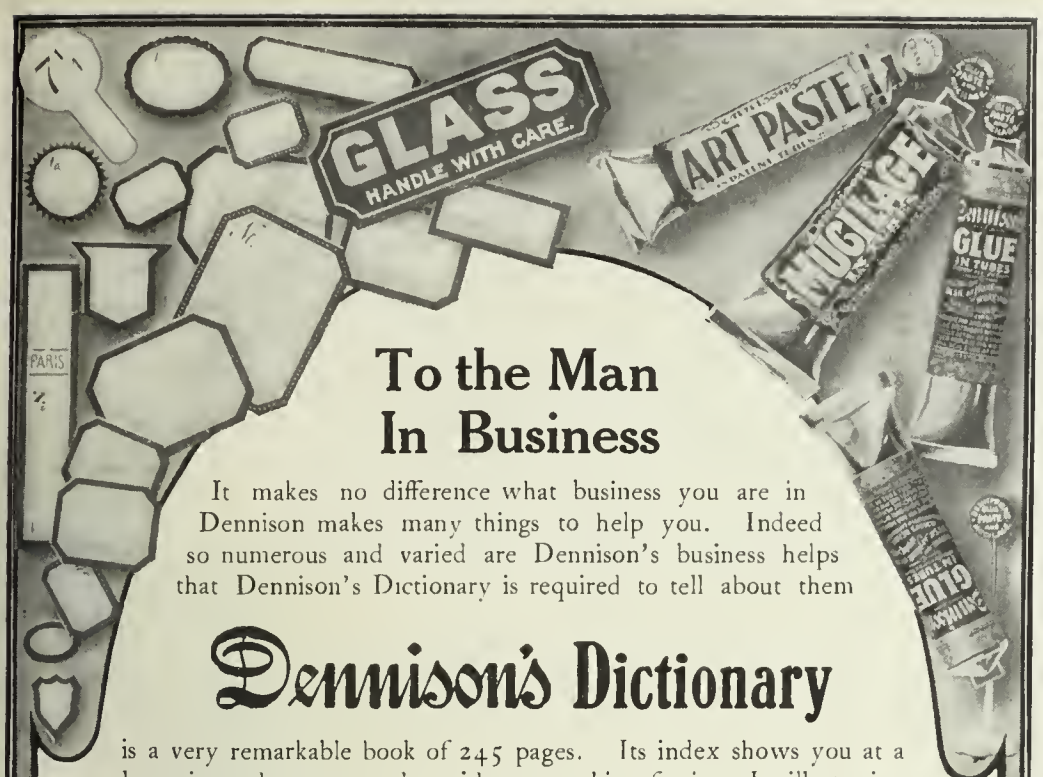
His favorite hour for going to the office was then and is still from five to six in the afternoon and at midnight. These visitations are never perfunctory. Night after night his high-powered French automobile—and he had one of the first brought to this country—waited in front of the "Journal" office while he watched the sensations ticking in over the wire, and with Chamberlain he sought the extravagant feature in some reporter's story. It was in those days that one of the men working under him was asked about his personality. "He is a world-beater," was the answer. "What kind of a world-beater?" I pursued. "Don't ask me!" was the answer; "I will not quarrel with my daily bread."

Hearst, the proprietor, the autocrat, the commander, was the one who finally said "no" or finally said "yes" to every important suggestion, and no one ever said "no" to him except the Hearst estate, which furnished him the funds for his mighty escapade.

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To his fine hand we owe the lawyer-editor who goes through every page to see that what is interesting may not also be libelous. In his way, he is just as much of a genius as Brisbane. When Hearst made his editorials good by unionizing every one of his employees and paying the highest rate of union wages, the calm, calculating, Rockefellerish Carvalho had to accept this piece of bad business on the command of the proprietor. But having accepted it, his idea was to make the most of it. Therefore, when others advised Hearst against his candidacy for office, Carvalho favored it as a means of capitalizing the unionist extravagance by making more circulation.

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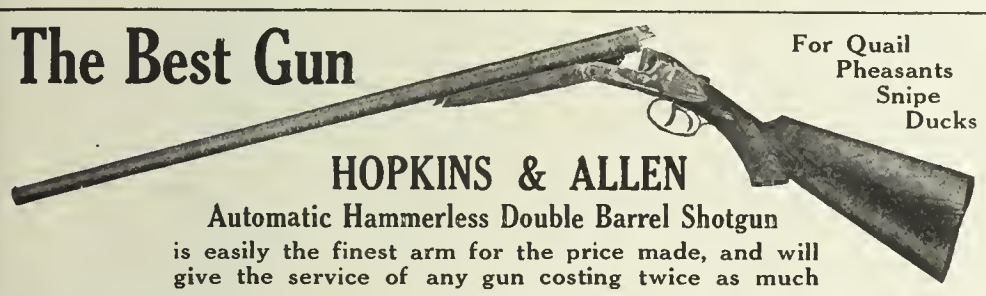
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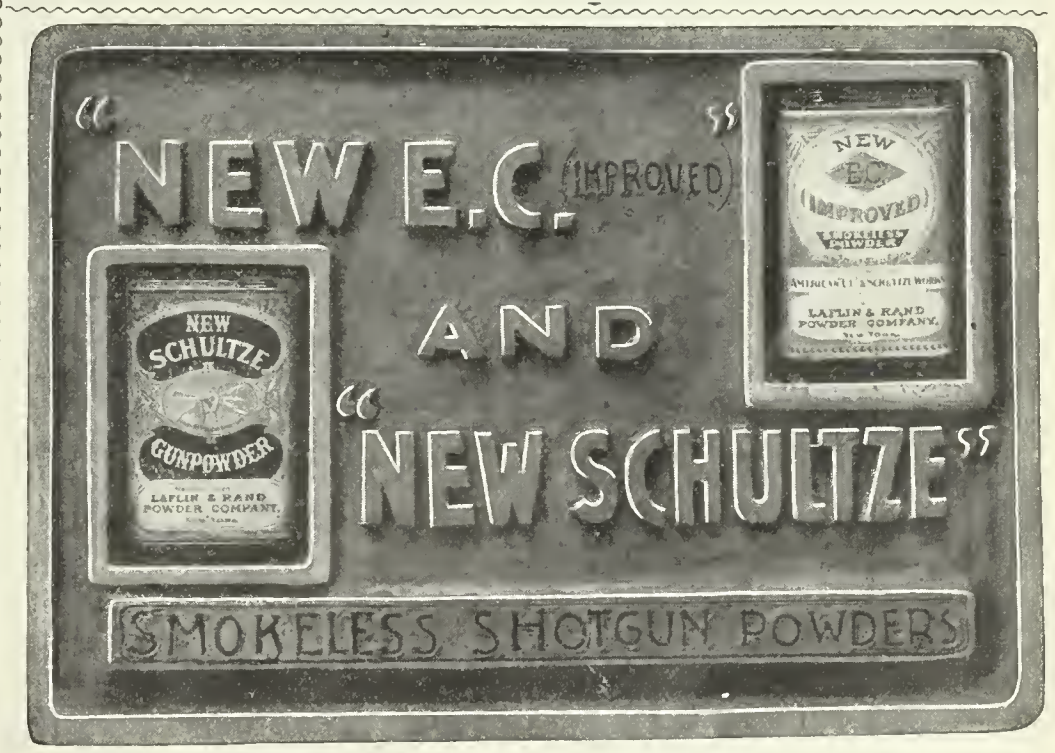
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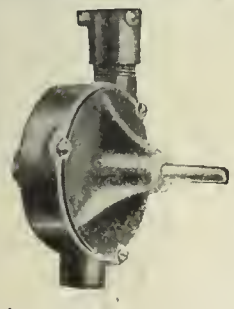
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Send money by post office or express money order or registered letter. Immediate shipment guaranteed. Money back if not fully satisfactory and exactly as represented.

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It is:—**WE GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU OR REFUND YOUR MONEY.**

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References by permission *Citizen's Central National Bank, N. Y. East River National Bank, N. Y.*

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"The Pathway To Health" tells of the right sort of underwear and the wrong, punctures some common misconceptions about next-to-the-skin dress, deals with facts, not fads.

Read "The Pathway To Health" and you'll never again wear any but

DR. KAHN'S SANITARY WOOL UNDERWEAR

$1.50 to $3.00 a garment

made from the finest wool, (shrunk before knitting) as approved by the "Dr. Kahn" test which demands smoothness, and softness of texture and extra long fibres. These when woven, produce a satiny, non-irritating surface of delightful warmth and glossiness. If your dealer can't supply you, send us your chest, waist and leg measurements and we'll forward garments prepaid.

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Get a bottle from any first-class druggist or department store.

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is looked upon as a "First Aid" to the home entertainer. "Londonderry," because of its purity and great absorbent properties, is not only a delicious beverage by itself, but the most perfect diluent for all wines and liquors. It enhances their deliciousness and counteracts harm from their use.

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"CHEERS" being a collection of carefully prepared receipts for cheering concoctions, both temperance and otherwise, will be mailed free to any address on request. It tells how to make all kinds of delicious drinks that will cause you to be the envy of your friends and gain for you the reputation of being an ideal entertainer. Write for it to-day.

Londonderry Lithia Water is served at all first-class hotels and clubs, and is sold by druggists, grocers and wine merchants. The Sparkling comes in quarts, pints and splits; the Still in half-gallon bottles.

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In the two years that Vellastic Underwear has been on the market, there has been such a steady increase in the popular call for this superior undergarment that the mills find it hard work to keep up with the demand.

Vellastic Underwear fills a long-felt want for a low-priced undergarment that will combine the conditions of ideal underwear. Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear is woven by a new method so that it is outwardly a ribbed and elastic fabric with a soft, downy fleece next the skin.

The beauty of Vellastic Underwear lies in the fact that it affords a snug, comfortable fit, while the fleece keeps the body warm and comfortable.

Prices: Men's and women's garments, 50c. Ladies' Union Suits, $1.00 each. Children's sizes in union suits at 50c or in two piece suits at 25c a garment.

The trade mark, Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece, is sewed on every garment. If not at your dealer's, write us, giving us his name. Booklet and sample of fabric free.

VELLASTIC RIBBED UTICA FLEECE

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Utica Knitting Company, Utica, N. Y.

BABY'S SHORT DRESS



Only 45 cts.

or "Money Back"

if after you have examined it you don't say it is worth *double* what we ask for it. This dainty little garment is beautifully made of Extra Fine Lawn, and has a Round Yoke of Tucking and Embroidery Inserting. Neck and Sleeves are finished with Embroidery Edge.

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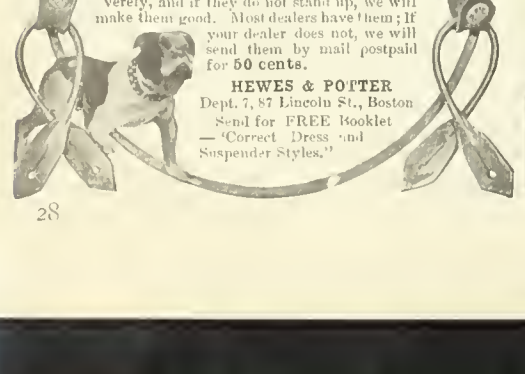
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have an enormous sale, because they are the easiest and strongest brace made.

WILL OUTWEAR 3 PAIRS OF OTHER KINDS

If in doubt get a pair—test them severely, and if they do not stand up, we will make them good. Most dealers have them; If your dealer does not, we will send them by mail postpaid for 50 cents.

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EGYPTIAN DEODORIZER AND GERM KILLER



burns with pleasant odor. It cleanses and

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the atmosphere, eliminating the uncomfortable feeling of dampness, prevalent at this season. *A million people use it.*

WE WILL SEND YOU A BOX OF 16 PASTILES WITH METAL HOLDER

Mail us 25c *To-day*

Paul Manufacturing Co.
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HEARST AND HEARSTISM

(*Continued from page 20*)

equipped and as sharp as if he were dealing with Rogers or Lawson; for Carvalho is not the incarnation of all the high sentiments expressed in the Brisbane editorials. This business manager of the fiercest organ of publicity on earth objects to having his picture published or to any public mention, because, as he says, he is a private individual. Among business men whose only standard is business success, he has won a high place. He has been the instrument through which Hearst has made his papers pay.

It was when this vast experimental enterprise became self-supporting, and Hearst himself was passing out of the region of youth to that of middle age that the real and eventual purpose of Hearstism became apparent. In this age of trusts we were to have a trust in one style of publicity. In a democracy where the people form their opinions which control the government from the information which they receive from the public press, we were to have a nationalized syndicate of newspapers which would report public events in a way that best suited the political interests of their owner. To establish a serious competitor to the Hearst papers to-day would require twenty-five millions of dollars, and a genius of publicity of the Hearst order. No device, no trick of modern trust methods, I may say, has been neglected by Carvalho.

We publish a facsimile of the earliest (so-called 7th) edition of the New York "Evening Journal." The force that makes it goes to work before the morning edition men have left the office. So really the Hearst presses are never silent. This particular edition was issued on the morning after the Maine elections, about which it offers no information whatsoever. He who runs may read the type of sensation with which it appeals to the eye. Called the "latest afternoon" edition, it is actually issued at seven in the morning, and you may buy a copy in Albany, one hundred and fifty miles away, before noon. Therefore it is sold under false pretenses. Of the news of the day it has none, it has only the news of yesterday "featured" under different headlines. You will find in the first of the last editions the Brisbane editorials, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the Hall-Room Boys, Tad, the Down and Out Club, "the bug antics," and the other "features" which appear in the latest of the "last editions." And it is the "features" which the up-State readers want both in the evening edition and the Sunday edition.

The "comic sups" and the "miscellany sups" of the Sunday edition are printed many days ahead. But the first complete news section dated on Sunday goes to press on Friday night and catches the same trains as the Saturday morning papers. This edition of 125,000 is known as "the Pup," and it goes nowhere north of the Ohio River, east of the Mississippi, or south of Bangor, Maine, and is, of course, for sale on Sunday morning. The second or "Bulldog" edition leaves the office on four o'clock Saturday afternoon, and goes to Pittsburg, Buffalo, and other points which can not be reached by the main edition. At the present price of wood pulp and ink, red, blue, black, and yellow, both the Pup and the Bulldog are profitable. As for the news part, of course, if the President were assassinated on Saturday morning, the Sunday morning paper which was delivered in Texas would have no mention of the tragedy. Wagon routes carry the Pup and the Bulldog—hounds of the Hearst war against the corporations—into the suburbs and through the thickly settled farming communities. The new Hearst paper, the "Farm and Home," goes a step farther, reaching by mail those who are beyond the wagon routes. It also contains the Comic Sup on a reduced scale.

No other single newspaper proprietor has ever had at his command one-half of the circulation that Hearst has. His San Francisco paper has (or had before the earthquake) a circulation of 123,000 a day; his Los Angeles paper, 70,000; his Chicago papers, morning edition, 157,000; evening edition, 360,000; his New York morning edition 225,000, evening edition 650,000; and his Boston paper 300,000. This is a total of daily circulation of 1,880,000. His Boston Sunday paper has 300,000, New York 720,000, Chicago 465,000, and San Francisco 250,000, or a total of 1,600,000. If you count two readers to a paper then Hearst reaches every day an audience of about four million. The San Francisco "Examiner" and the New York "Evening Journal" are the most profitable. The Boston "American" is not yet established, and his Chicago newspapers yield but a small income. The total profits before the San Francisco fire were, on my best information, between eight hundred thousand and a million dollars a year.

The Hearst papers having made their place secure in their sphere, no longer pay the extravagant salaries or employ the multitude of men which they did at the outset. The famous writers and artists whose names furnished a first basis of attraction for the new enterprise have long since departed. Many have recovered their old positions; others are dead, and still others are derelicts on Park Row, which is the Rialto of newspaperdom, where they will talk as long as you will listen of the harsh school where the fittest sensation maker survives. Through the quartet which forms his staff Hearst has developed a set of writers and cartoonists fit to do the work of the master. There have been many changes in the New York "Morning Journal," including the change of its name to the "American," and these come into the domain of the next article, where we find Mr. Hearst's journalism pass out of the realm of the sale of surprises and wonders into that of a political asset.

The Lure of the Pirate's Gold

By JOSEPHINE FREDEA

IN the issue of COLLIER'S, dated September 23, 1905, I told the story of a certain treasure, supposed to have been buried by pirates on Oak Island, in Mahone Bay, which lies to the southwest of Halifax, Nova Scotia. The account I gave of several attempts to unearth the hidden riches drew letters from numerous people unknown to me, most of them actuated by curiosity or avarice or the spirit of enterprise. Some of the letters were genuinely amusing, not the least so one from an old Western miner, which began as follows:

"Say, little girl, are you going to put me on the trail that leads to the camp of that Pirate's Treasure? I wrote you some several days ago about it, but as yet you haven't seen fit to send word to my camp that there was any color in the pan. Now, if that tale of yours was all a pipe dream, you have certainly got the drop on all romancers of modern times. You could bury Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' in a forty-foot prospect hole without stulls or lagging!"

But one day I received a very startling communication. It was from a gentleman whom I will designate as Mr. A., and it informed me that my description of the treasure island agreed exactly with certain maps and charts in his possession!

Though the owner of these interesting documents has no intention of making public his movements in the matter, I am able to give the readers of COLLIER'S some hint as to the nature of the said papers.

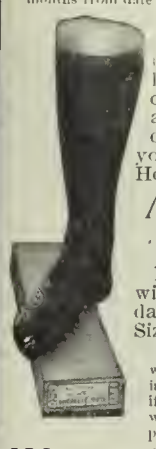
More than a century and a half ago, Spain was busily engaged in pillaging the rich lands of Mexico and Peru. Especially attractive to the Spaniard's avarice was the great wealth of Peru, the wonderful country of the Incas, where gold was said to be as plentiful as stones on the highroad. Laden with plunder, the Spanish ships braved the long and dangerous passage of the Atlantic Ocean, whose chief perils were not born of wind and waves. Along the shores of South America and

Holeproof Hosiery

Guaranteed to Wear For Six Months Without Holes

IN addition to being the most comfortable, best looking and best fitting hosiery made anywhere, each box of six pairs is sold with our binding guarantee, which says:

"We guarantee to any purchaser of Holeproof Sox or Holeproof Stockings that they will need no darning for 6 months. If they should, we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within 6 months from date of sale to wearer."



Holeproof Hosiery is not an experiment—it has stood the test for years. If you wear holes in your hosiery the first or second time they are worn, and you have decided that darning is a "necessary evil," you should get acquainted with Holeproof Hosiery.

Men's Holeproof Sox

Fast colors:—Black, Black legs with white feet, Tan (light or dark), Pearl, and Navy Blue. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Egyptian Cotton (medium or light weight) sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six months' guarantee ticket with each pair. Per box of six pairs..... ..... ***$1.50***

Women's Holeproof Stockings



Fast colors:—Black, Black legs with white feet, and Tan. Sizes 8 to 11. Extra reinforced garter tops.

Egyptian Cotton, sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six months' guarantee with each pair. Per box of six pairs..... ..... ***$2.00***

How to Order

Most good dealers sell Holeproof Hosiery. But if you have the least difficulty in obtaining them, we will supply you direct upon receipt of price. We pay all shipping charges. Don't let some dishonest dealer tell you that some other hosiery, on which his profit is larger, is just-as-good. Insist on Holeproof if your dealer won't supply you, we will.

Handsome Booklet Free

Our booklet contains full information regarding Holeproof Hosiery and the testimony of numerous wearers. Write for it today—it's free for the asking.

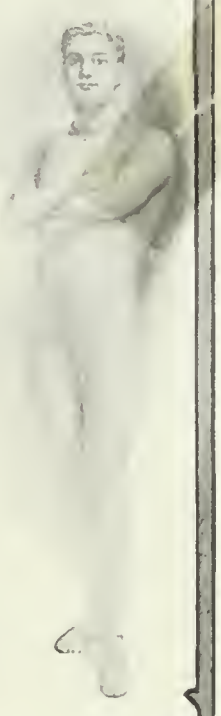
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Perfect Fitting, Popular Priced Munsing Union Suits

For Men, Women and Children



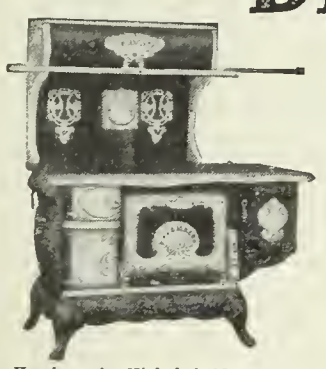
In quality fine enough for the most fastidious, in cost so moderate that they may be enjoyed by all. Whether considered from the standpoint of health, durability, appearance or price, the Munsing Underwear merits patronage. The yarns used are the best that can be secured. The various fabrics manufactured are the finest that can be produced for the prices quoted. Combination suits to retail at one dollar are shaped and finished with the same care as the higher priced garments. The fact that people who once wear the Munsing Underwear can seldom be induced to buy any other kind is the best sort of evidence as to the merit of the goods. A daily production of 10,000 garments is insufficient to supply the demand. A trial will convince you. Whether in need of underwear at the present time or not you ought to send for some of our doll's vests. For children's parties, birthday celebrations, church fairs and Christmas dolls the dainty pink or blue garments are in great demand. You can make some little girl very happy by presenting her with a complete set, one pink, one blue. One vest for three two cent stamps; two vests for five two cent stamps; a whole dozen for fifty cents. With the vests will be sent a handsome booklet showing illustrations of all Munsing Underwear styles for men, women and children; also sample pieces of all light, medium and heavy weight Munsing Underwear fabrics. For complete information address

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RADIANT BASE BURNER
High Grade Parlor Heater for Hard Coal



Handsomely Nickeled Monarch Cast Iron Range. For All Kinds of Fuel

You save from $5. to $40.
You get a 30 days free trial.
You buy at first hand, direct from the manufacturer.
You get a guarantee, under a $20,000 Bank Bond.
You get a stove or range of the highest quality.
You get your money back if every thing is not exactly as represented.
You buy at actual factory prices.
You save all dealers', jobbers' and middlemen's profits.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

Are you willing to test a Kalamazoo in your own home for 360 days with the distinct agreement that if you do not find it in every way exactly as represented you get back every cent you paid for it?

That's the way we sell it.

The Kalamazoo-Direct-to-You plan means a saving to you of from 20% to 40% and the positive assurance of a stove or range of the very highest quality.

Please do not confuse us with cheap "Mail Order Houses." We are **actual manufacturers**, with one of the best equipped stove factories in the world, and sell to you at actual factory prices.

Send Postal for Catalogue No. 176

(Showing 267 Styles and Sizes.)

Compare the quality and prices of the Kalamazoo line with others, and then decide to save all middlemen's profits.

Remember, we guarantee that you cannot secure a better stove or range at any price than the Kalamazoo.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Mich.

All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are fitted with patent oven thermometer which makes baking and roasting easy. All stoves blacked, polished and ready for immediate use upon shipment.



Oven Thermometer

How You Can Test This Automobile Light at Our Risk



JUST write us and say that you would like to see this Lighting System for Automobiles demonstrated for efficiency, convenience and economy. That is all you need do.

We will then arrange for a special test for your benefit that will prove one of two things conclusively. Either we will establish beyond any question, that

"Prest-O-Lite"

will give a better, stronger, steadier light for less money and without *any* of the inconveniences that attend the use of *any* other system—in which case you will want a Prest-O-Lite Apparatus.

Or you will find some defect in our system which in your judgment makes it less efficient, less convenient, or more expensive than some other system—in which case we withdraw without further discussion and thank you for the opportunity.

But—we can make such a straight prove-up or lose-out proposition to Automobile owners, because there is no question about it.

We *can* prove just these things so overwhelmingly at *every* point, over every other system, that all we need is the opportunity we ask.

So we put it straight—take all the risk—don't ask for a conditional order or put you under the slightest obligation.

Why are we so sure we can outshine any other system for lighting Automobiles?

Because Prest-O-Lite is simply condensed, filtered, refined acetylene gas stored in interchangeable tanks.

It can be attached to any convenient place on your automobile.

You get 40 or 70 hours of two-lamp light, according to the size of tank selected, without giving the apparatus the slightest attention.

You simply turn on the gas—Presto—and apply the match—Light.

That's all there is to it.

A little gauge tells just how many hours of light you have at any time. When needed, a freshly charged tank can be substituted in 5 minutes at conveniently located supply stations and garages everywhere.

But we will arrange for a special test on request of word that it will be agreeable. Kindly write us at once and we will suit your convenience as to time and place.

You will readily appreciate that a special test of this thorough character is unusual. And Prest-O-Lite is growing in demand without such inducements. So we may be compelled to withdraw this offer at any time—and therefore ask Automobile owners to write at once.

We will reply promptly, giving details of how we propose to make this test without making demands on your time.

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Unequalled for Cleaning and Polishing SILVERWARE.

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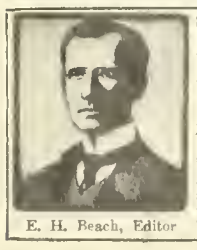
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Mention Collier's 9-29, '06

THE LURE OF THE PIRATE'S GOLD

(Continued from page 28)

among the outlying West India Islands lurked daring privateers, waiting to pounce upon the cumbersome merchant-ship and wrest from her her ill-gotten gains. Many a cargo of rich spoils, torn from the Indians with cruel carnage, was thus intercepted, and the Spanish plunderers invited to walk the plank. In his history of Nova Scotia, Murdoch tells of a treasure-ship whose cargo was valued at five million pounds sterling, which was captured by the English during the last siege of Louisburg, while two companion ships, loaded alike with treasure, were caught before they could reach the Azores. With the prospect of such prizes to inflame their avarice, it is small wonder that a horde of lawless and adventurous spirits of many nationalities were soon enlisted under the black flag. An old sea-chest belonging to one of these men contained the documents alluded to above and presently to be mentioned again.

Now our friend Mr. A. not long ago purchased an ancient manor-house near a certain seaport in England, whose name I am not at liberty to disclose. Rambling over his newly acquired house one day he entered a long-unused room, where the dust of years lay thick on furniture and floor. His attention was attracted to an old oaken chest covered with quaint carvings. Opening this, he discovered clothing, nautical instruments, a considerable sum of money, and a sort of coffer, filled with old maps, charts, and other documents, as well as the last will and testament of their owner. The testator had evidently been a master mariner, presumably the principal in some nefarious transactions, since his will began with a lengthy prayer of repentance for past misdeeds, and the text left little doubt that on his deathbed his conscience had given him serious trouble. Having done his best (on paper) to commend himself favorably to that Great Judge before whom he was shortly to appear, he proceeded to bequeath to his son, "then on the high seas," all property and money of which he died possessed, including the coffer of maps and diagrams containing instructions as to the location of certain hidden valuables.

The significant fact that the old sea-chest had lain undisturbed for so many years—for the clothing, nautical instruments, and money were all of ancient date—disposed Mr. A. to sift the matter, which, in fact, he did most thoroughly. His investigations showed that about the year 1780, the son "on the high seas" was impressed from a merchant-ship into the navy, and was soon afterward killed in action. Mr. A. finally came to the conclusion that great wealth was involved, and proceeded to institute a search for the property referred to in the will of the old pirate. He crossed the ocean to America, commissioned a steam-yacht, and was about to sail for the West Indies, when he chanced to read the description of Oak Island in COLLIER'S.

He was immediately struck by the remarkable similarity to a certain island plainly indicated on the chart in his possession Between this island, "past Sesambre," as stands written on the chart, and a certain islet in the West Indies, there is marked a clearly defined track; and, although most of the writing on the chart is in Spanish and Dutch, yet it is apparent at a glance that there was a well-traveled path between the two islands mentioned. Other papers show that a removal—with subsequent deposit—of seven separate packages took place on certain dates, each package bearing distinct symbols and initials. There is also a diagram of the cove at Oak Island—spoken of in my original COLLIER'S article—and to this diagram is attached a paper which has not been easy to decipher. Captain Welling, manager of the treasure company most recently engaged in searching Oak Island, always believed that documents were in existence which would explain the mystery, and the contents of the old sea-chest show that his opinion was correct. But the laws of confidence and discretion impose silence upon me regarding all else that Mr. A. discovered or undertook. On the other hand, I have come into possession of interesting facts in connection with the work done by Captain Welling's company.

Those who read the previous article may remember the boring operations carried on by the Truro company about the year 1849, and the location of three packages of treasure, two being oaken chests and the third a cask or barrel of the same material. When the bottom of the Money Pit fell in, in 1850, the rush of mud and water carried these packages slightly to one side, that is to say, into the tunnel which had been driven directly under the bottom of the Money Pit, and all subsequent efforts to reach them have been of no avail. It should be understood that the sea-water enters this pit at the bottom and that high-water mark is about thirty-two feet from the top of the pit. Captain Welling's company sank a shaft down to one hundred and twelve feet, about nine feet square and thoroughly cribbed. As they worked down, the pressure became greater, and the quantity of water entering the pit gradually increased in volume. When they reached one hundred and twelve feet, they found the sinking pumps had not capacity enough to go beyond this depth. To procure new pumps of a proper size meant a considerable expenditure, so the company decided to bore first, and to see what result could be obtained in that way.

They accordingly put up the necessary apparatus and began boring a two and a half inch hole through a three-inch pipe, working from the surface at the pit's mouth, through eighty feet of water then standing in the pit. At one hundred and twenty-six feet from the surface, they bored through oakwood in a good state of preservation, and struck a piece of iron past which they could not drive the pipe. They continued the boring with a one and a half inch drill without piping the hole beyond one hundred and twenty-six feet, and at a hundred and fifty-three feet they struck cement which proved to be seven inches thick, directly under which they found five inches of oak wood. When through the wood the auger dropped an inch and a half, and rested on some soft metal. They carefully withdrew the auger and kept the borings brought up with it. Among these borings was found a very small piece of sheepskin parchment, upon which was written in ink characters seeming to represent the syllable "vi" or "wi."

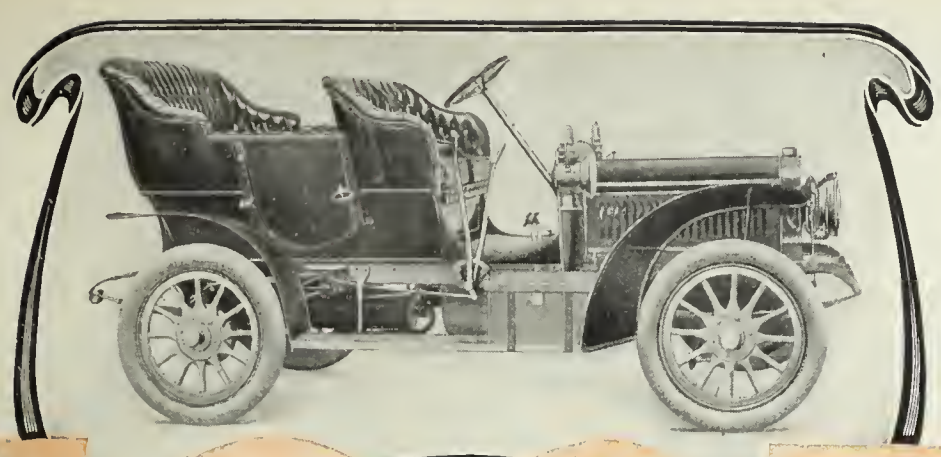
When the auger was withdrawn the workmen substituted a boring chisel, and went down through two feet eight inches of metal in pieces, constantly twisting the boring rods, and then struck a soft metal into which they could force the chisel and make it stick. Five and a quarter hours were occupied in getting down the two feet eight inches, and the chisel came up as sharp as it went down. It was decided to secure this hole by piping, and then to try to obtain a sample of the metal. With this purpose in view a one and a half inch pipe was lowered through the larger one, and forced past the obstruction at one hundred and twenty-six feet. But at this point the obstruction turned the small pipe from its course, and thus the hole below the three-inch pipe was lost, as after the small pipe was withdrawn the drill would follow the hole made by this pipe as it was forced past the obstruction. The company drilled several other holes with the object of getting into the boxes; but it was a difficult matter to locate these when working through so much water. However, oak wood splinters were brought up and also fragments of an iron vessel of some sort.

In these borings, the workmen have struck, altogether, seven different boxes or barrels, or whatever they may be, and the old documents distinctly specify the removal and subsequent deposit of seven separate packages. The company afterward enlarged and recribbed the Money Pit and worked down to one hundred and fourteen feet, at which point they abandoned the work for want of funds; but before doing so they thoroughly secured the pit by cribbing and flooring the bottom. Sundry offers have been made for the possession of the island.

But the directors of the company, having no shadow of doubt as to the existence of a great treasure, have not allowed their lease to lapse, and declare their intention of continuing to hold it, even should another attempt to recover the booty be unsuccessful. For various reasons the Welling organization has not yet been able to complete arrangements for a renewal of the work at the famous Money Pit, though I understand that the secretary of the treasure company has been in negotiation with an engineering firm in the United States.

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Quaker Rice should be warmed in the oven and then served with milk, cream or sugar to suit the taste, or, you will like it 'tween meals just as it is.

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VOL XXXVIII NO 2 OCTOBER 6 1906 PRICE 10 CENTS

THE NEW VISIBLE FOX TYPEWRITER

A Record Never Equalled

Perfect Visible Writing and the Durability of the Basket Type Machine

Whether you are interested in the mechanical features of a typewriter or not, if you are buying typewriters you are most vitally concerned in two things.

First, your typewriter should write in sight. It's reasonable that if you can see what you are doing, you can do more than when your work is hidden from view.

Second, your typewriter should be durable, so you will receive proper value for your money.

Previous to the advent of The Fox Visible it was impossible to build a Visible Typewriter with the wearing qualities of the old style machine.

Here is the Reason

The "basket type" machines, such as the old style Fox, the Remington and the Smith-Premier, have had an "assembling surface" of eighteen inches in which to assemble their type bar hangers. This allowed the use of a wide hanger and accounts for the recognized durability of such machines. In building other visible typewriters than the Fox Visible this "assembling surface" HAD TO BE SACRIFICED and instead of eighteen inches such machines have four and one-half inches and a type bar hanger $\frac{35}{1000}$ of an inch wide.

On the Fox Visible the Assembling Surface is 16½ inches, and the Type Bar Hanger 7-16 of an inch wide. This admits of adjustment and means durability.

With a narrow type bar it is a mechanical impossibility to secure permanent alignment and durability.

In Addition Notice These Features

Interchangeable Carriage, carriages of different lengths used on the same machine.
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Two Color Ribbon.
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Just ordinary business economy demands you investigate the Fox Visible before you buy. We make it easy for you.

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DUPLEX

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Direct from our Factory to your own Home



Each horn is 30 inches long with a 17 inch bell

Size of cabinet, 18 inches by 14 by 10 inches high

An Entirely New Principle in Phonographs

—**Two** vibrating diaphragms to reproduce the sound.
—**Two** horns to amplify and multiply all the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.
—No tension spring and no swing arm to cause harsh, discordant, mechanical sounds.

Consequently, the Duplex produces a sweeter tone and greater volume of music than any other phonograph and is absolutely free from all metallic sounds.

Double Volume of Sound

HERE is the explanation of the Duplex principle: When you hit a tin pan with a stick, which side of the tin pan gives forth the noise? Why, both sides, of course.

If you collect the waves from **one** side of the vibrating pan, you get only **half** the noise. That's plain, isn't it?

Well, the same thing holds true of the diaphragm of a phonograph.

In every talking machine made heretofore, one-half of the sound waves were **wasted**. You got just one-half the sound that the diaphragm made—the rest was lost.

The **Duplex** is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get **all** the sound from **both** sides of the diaphragm.

Because the reproducer or sound box of the Duplex has **two** vibrating diaphragms and **two** horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.

The **Duplex**, therefore, gives you **all** the music produced—with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of **any** other—no matter what its price—and hear for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone

BUT that is not all, by any means.

For the Duplex Phonograph not only produces **more music**—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means.

By using **two** diaphragms in the Duplex we are able to dispense **entirely** with **all** springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by its jerking pull **roughens** the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the **squeaking**, squawking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph.

In the Duplex the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth—there is nothing to roughen them—and the result is an **exact reproduction** of the original sound.

As a special guarantee against the presence of harshness resulting from vibration, the points of contact between the horns and reproducer are protected by rubber,—an exclusive feature of the Duplex Phonograph.

Direct From the Factory

WE ask the privilege of **proving** to you that the Duplex gives a double volume of music, of purer, sweeter tone than any other phonograph made.

We want to prove it at our expense. We ask you to let us send you one **at our expense**—under an arrangement mutually satisfactory—for use in your home one week.

Invite your neighbors and musical friends to hear it, and if they do not pronounce it better—in volume and in tone—than the **best** old style phonograph, return it at once at our expense. That's a fair offer, but it isn't all.

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Or, you can listen, entranced, to the magic notes of melody fresh from the throat of a Patti, Melba, or Calve, and the great dramatic tenors, Caruso and Tamagno.

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Steering knuckles are drop forgings fitted with adjustable taper spindles and ball thrust bearings.

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This is simply one of many special features that make the Rambler ***the car of steady service.***

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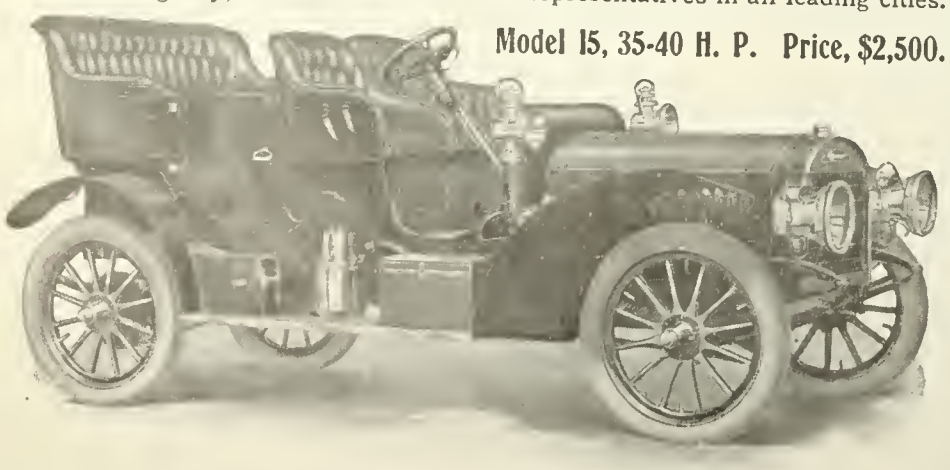
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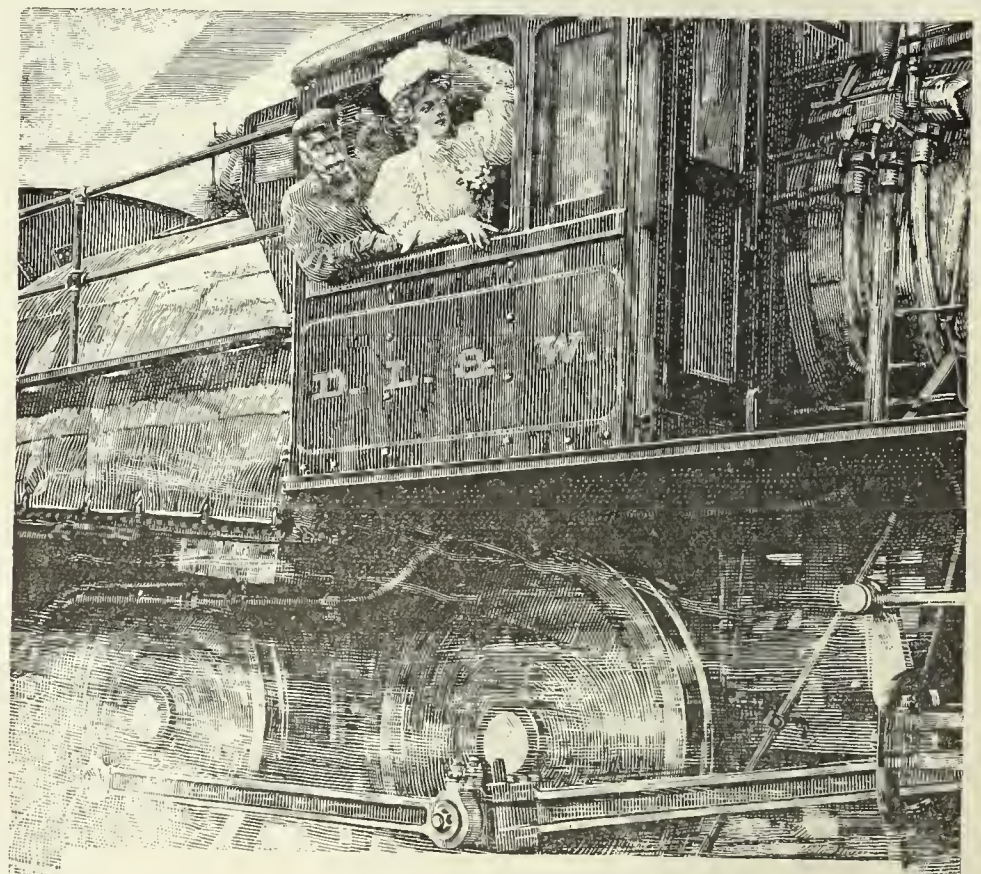
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New York and Buffalo

Lackawanna Railroad

Superior through service daily between New York, Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis

COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED SERVICE

A NEW DEPARTMENT OF THE NATIONAL WEEKLY INTENDED ESPECIALLY FOR YOUR USE

No advertiser whose honesty the Publishers have the least reason to doubt will be allowed in these columns. Should, however, our readers discover any misrepresentation whatever, a prompt report thereof will be greatly appreciated

AGENTS WANTED

"FIRE CHIEF," Extinguisher. Acts instantly without damage to surroundings. Handsome, Light, inexpensive. Demand universal. $40 per Week to High Class, Competent Agents. Write to-day for terms and territory. Western Fire Appliance Co., 805 Spitzer, Toledo, O.

SALESMEN WANTED
Great opportunity to establish a good paying business in any locality with up to date Fire Extinguishers, all sizes, in demand everywhere; no dry powder, liberal terms, big money for steady workers.
THE LITTLE GIANT M'F'G CO.
88 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

WE WANT an energetic, honest man or woman who desires to increase their income during spare moments or after working hours to represent us in each city and town where we have no local representative; considerable money can be made with little effort, as we have the largest and finest selection of Diamonds and Jewelry to offer; write at once and have territory reserved.
Mitchell & Scott Co., 1126 Champlain Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SOMETHING NEW IN DISABILITY INSURANCE
A sure and steady income can be readily made through the sale of
THE "SQUARE DEAL" DISABILITY POLICY
No insurance education is necessary to sell this contract (covering every accident and every illness in full). Responsible representatives wanted in every locality east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio Rivers. Liberal terms. Good territory. For particulars apply,—Dep't C,
PHILADELPHIA CASUALTY COMPANY
CAPITAL $300,000
116 NORTH BROAD ST., PHILA., PA.

WE WANT AGENTS in every town, where the light companies do not push Hylo Electric Bulbs, to sell direct to consumers. Good pay. THE PHELPS CO., 224 State Street, Detroit, Mich.

Agents Wanted in every town to sell Squeezie Easy Floor Cleaner. Says "Skidoo" to sore hands and hard work. Ladies can't keep house without it. Immense profits to agents. E. HILKER, 371 Grand Avenue, Chicago.

MINIATURE PHOTO JEWELRY, Photo Buttons and Photo Cloth Pillow Tops. Agents wanted in every part of the country. Large profits. Send for particulars. Hursen Brotbers, 320 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ills.

Salesmen—Something new. Piano or Organ playing. Not a mechanical device; easy old or young; liberal commission; exclusive territory. Write for proposition. Easy Form Music Co., The Republic, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN desiring to increase their incomes can do so by representing us in their own locality, selling lots in the best section of Long Island—Deer Park Terrace. For terms, etc., address, TRIAD REALTY CO., 1230 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE CAMERA—the magazine telling all you want to know in photography. Handsome Velox print, hand painted by Japanese Water Color Co., free with October issue. Monthly, 10c; $1.00 a year — dealers or The Camera, 117 S. 11th St., Phila.

LUMIERE PLATES, PAPERS AND CHEMICALS
For 30 years the standard in Europe.
A Free Sample for the asking.
Write New York Office, 11 West 27th Street.
Factories
Lyons France, and Burlington, Vt.

The "ENVELO" PLATE HOLDER makes the plate camera as convenient and easy to operate as tbe films. Does away with bulky, double plate holders. Is simple, durable and inexpensive. A revelation in the use of plate cameras. Envelo Developer is another winner. No dark room necessary. Write today for booklet. LYON CAMERA SPECIALTY CO., 103 Sixth St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Photography—Our new home study courses enable busy men and women to learn photography as a recreation or profession. Personal instruction and criticism. Small tuition charges. Send for free illustrated book. American School of Art and Photography, 275 Washington Ave., Scranton, Pa.

STAMPS AND COINS

STAMP COLLECTING
Is an attractive and fascinating pursuit, productive of both pleasure and profit. Full descriptive printed matter FREE. If you want some good foreign stamps and an album to start with, send 25c, 50c, $1.00 or $5.00 and a beginners outfit of liberal value will be sent. Cash paid for rare stamps, illustrated buying list 10c. I have been expert and specialist in this line for 30 years.
C. H. MEKEEL, R. F. D. 29, ST. LOUIS, MO.

OLD STAMPS AND COINS. Bought and Sold. Large Stamp or Coin Catalogue 10c. 325 different Fiji, Hawaii, etc., Stamps for 32c. 550 different Fiji, Hawaii, etc., Stamps for 95c. Joseph Negreen, 28 E. 23d St., New York.

GAMES & ENTERTAINMENTS

HALLOWE'EN ENTERTAINMENTS 25c. "FREAK" Postals, Menu, Tally and Guest Cards, 25c. dozen. Skeletons, Snakes, Lanterns, 5 and 10c. each. Catalog FREE. The Entertainment Shop, 99 Fourth Ave., New York.

JEWELRY AND NOVELTIES

ARE YOU GOING
TO BUY A DIAMOND?
WE SELL DIAMONDS ON THE EASIEST TERMS
YOU EVER HEARD OF. NOTHING DOWN
PAY AS YOU PLEASE. WRITE FOR BOOKLET
STOCKTON & CO., 56 FIFTH AVE., CHICAGO, ILLS.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY Delivered; convenient payments accepted; representative calls; telephone connection. Syndicate Watch Co., 11 E. 14th St., New York. (Established and located at present address 17 years.)

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

I WANT THE NAMES OF ENTERPRISING MEN and women (not resident in Greater New York) who wish to make a good day's wages for a fair day's work. Address, K. M. GOODE, 447 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn.

FOR SALE.—Portable outfits for cleaning carpets without removing from floor; also rugs, upholstery, etc., by compressed air and vacuum. An outfit means a good income, an independent business and exclusive territory. Capital required about $3000.00. Don't write unless you are looking for a legitimate money making business and have the necessary capital. Address Dept. G. American Air Cleaning Co., 452-454 East Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

INSTRUCTION

LEARN PLUMBING, a few months instruction at our school will enable you to earn regular plumber's wages. We assist graduates getting positions. Illustrated catalogue Free. St. Louis Trade School, 3981 Olive St., St. Louis.

Courses in French, German, Spanish, and Italian taught at home. Prepared by Paul E. Kunzer, Ph.D., president of the New England College of Languages. Text-books furnished. Catalog sent upon receipt of postal. Massachusetts Correspondence Schools, 194 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Electrical, Telephone, and Mechanical Engineering, Electric Railways, Electric Lighting, and Mechanical Drawing taught at home. Write for information. Massachusetts Correspondence Schools, 194 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

SOUVENIR POST CARDS

HIGH CLASS SOUVENIR CARDS: as Callotype View, Bromide Fancy, Comics and Leather. Sample Assortments 25 Cents, 50 Cents or $1—prepaid. Cards made to order. ATLAS SOCIETY, 12 East 23rd Street, New York.

FOR 10 CENTS we send you full value in handsome cards and latest catalog, listing over 5000 best subjects at lowest prices. Post Card Albums. National Post Card Company, 301 Logan Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

JAPANESE WOOD
PING-PONG PHOTO-FRAME SOUVENIR POST CARDS. Something NEW, GREAT SELLERS. 50 Designs for $3.50. W. E. BURHANS, Room 12A, 171 Broadway, N. Y. City.

AUTOMOBILES

The "LASCO" FOLDING GLASS FRONT, ready to attach to any car, finished in blue, black or mahogany, $35. Delivered prepaid east of Denver. LONDON AUTO SUPPLY COMPANY, 1233 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

One man in each city can earn big money selling The Graygood Hydraulic Shock Absorbers for automobiles. These are the first really successful shock absorbers produced, and we guarantee them or refund money. No automobilist will be without them after a trial. Men having some knowledge of the automobile industry, address Graham & Goodman, 55 West 93rd St., New York.

Tourists Autokit. Contains 38 of the finest quality tools, especially selected for every possible permanent and emergency use. It is the highest type of repairing outfit procurable. Packed in a strong leather edged canvas roll. Weighs 18 lbs. and is easily carried. Send for special circular 1995. Hammacher-Schlemmer Co., 4th Ave. & 13th St., New York

ACCIDENTS COST MONEY unless you are protected by our Liability Policy. Entire responsibility assumed. Lawyer's fees and final judgments paid. Fox & Pier Inc. Agents, 33 Liberty Street, New York.

LAWYERS AND PATENTS

Working Drawings and Tracings, from sketches Calculations and practical advice on engineering matters. Mechanical, chemical and electrical propositions investigated. W. O. Collins, Monon. Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES

GENUINE NAVAJO RUGS PURCHASED DIRECTLY FROM THE TRIBE INDIANS
BY EXPERT BUYERS
Dealers in all grades of fine Indian Rugs, Bayetas, Old Chief Blankets and other Indian Goods of a high character. SPECIAL FOR FALL MONTHS—a line of Handsome Hall and Library Rugs, 12, 20, 30, 40 and 50 dollars. Sent carriage free on receipt of price.
INDIAN ART COMPANY
DURANGO, COLORADO

If you need wire fence for farm or lawn, don't buy till you have sent for our catalog, which tells about Page Fence, which has a reputation for durability, strength, economy. The Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Box 200, Adrian, Mich.

BUY YOUR ROOF PAINT NOW
And preserve your roof. A perfect preservative for Shingles, Felt, Paper, Tin and Iron. Delivered at your station in 10 gallon cans at 65c. per gallon.
HARDIN-HATTON CO., FT. WAYNE, IND.

THE PERRY PICTURES. Every home and every school should have them. Reproductions of the world's great paintings. 25 for 25 cents. Send stamp for Catalog. The Perry Pictures Company, Box 3208, Malden, Mass.

PURE WATER is as important as Pure Food, and more difficult to find. That the water you are using is far from pure, is pretty certain. We can make it pure, sparkling, and SAFE. Our Booklet on Pure Water will interest you. It is FREE. THE NAIAD FILTER CO., 620 Sudbury Building, Boston, Mass.

We sell Metal Roofing, corrugated, V crimped and patent, galvanized or painted, straight from our factory to you at factory prices. All roofing guaranteed. Ask for free catalog No. R 65. The United Factories Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

SIX NEW DOILIES. THREE EYELET COLLARS. 18 in. Mountmellick Centerpiece. Two complete Alphabets and Two Years' Subscription to Ingalls Fancy Work Book. All for 25 cents. J. F. Ingalls, Lynn, Mass. Box C.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

IT'S BETTER to buy a used piano of a good make than a cheap new one; Our specialty—slightly used pianos at low prices—full guarantee, easy terms, delivery free: Pease Pianos established 1844. over 75,000 sold. Write for Catalog and list. Pease Co., 128 West 42d St., New York.

FOR WOMEN'S WEAR

To advertise my business I will sell Black or Colored Silk Petticoats for $5. Guaranteed best value in America. You can't buy the material for $6 anywhere. M. SMITH, 292 Amsterdam Avenue New York.

FUR SPECIALS
I am making a specialty for a short time of HUDSON BAY GOLDEN BROWN OTTER neck pieces, lined with high grade satin with imported ornamental clasp. Sent to any part of the U. S. prepaid with privilege of examination. Price $10.00. Guarantee with every fur. Innumerable other styles and kinds of furs from $6.00 up. Kessler Importing Co., 88 E. Washington St., Chicago.

GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED
You can buy a genuine Persian LAMB HEAD SCARF AND MUFF WORTH $18.00 FOR $10.00.
Remit by Postal or Express Money Order.
References Bank of Metropolis.
GUTLOHN FUR CO., 791 Broadway, New York City.

FOR MEN'S WEAR

A NEW DEPARTURE.—You can procure the very newest and most reliable articles in Men's Wear direct from the most popular furnisher in Chicago at the same prices exactly. Our new catalogue just ready, explains our Free Delivery, which brings the Chicago Market to your door. Washington Shirt Co., Chicago.

COLLIER'S will accept no advertisements of beer, whisky, or alcoholic liquor; no advertisements of patent medicines; no medical advertisements or advertisements making claims to medicinal effect; no investment advertising promising extraordinary returns, such as stock in mining, oil, and rubber companies. The editor reserves the right to exclude any advertisement which he considers extravagant in claim, or offensive to good taste.

¶ This ruling applies to our Classified Service as strictly as to our regular advertising columns. Every week we refuse admission to this page dozens of announcements which fail at some point to meet the requirement set for it.

¶ It is our aim to have COLLIER'S Classified Service a place where the reader is safe from misrepresentation and the advertiser from objectionable neighbors.

¶ Isn't this the place for *your* advertisement?

¶ The rate is $2.50 an agate line (one-fourteenth of an inch). Count 8½ words to the line. Not less than four nor more than twelve lines will be accepted.

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COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED SERVICE _____ 1906
416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Kindly run the attached copy (____ lines) ____ times. $ _____
enclosed in payment. Very truly yours,
6
_____

REAL ESTATE

$10 CASH, $5 MONTHLY BUYS LOT in Humboldt Heights in City Limits, city water and direct trolley line. 20 houses now building. Increased values sure. Send first payment—refunded if not O. K. Refer any bank. A. R. SCHOLLMEYER REAL ESTATE CO., ST. LOUIS.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SAYS: "Texas is the Garden of the Lord." We say: "Amen." After having seen the lands of 14 agricultural states and 4 provinces of Canada, we think the lands south of San Antonio are the Center of the Lord's Garden. They are our specialty for homeseekers and investors. For free information write or call on INVESTORS & HOMESEEKERS REALTY CO., 519-21 Hall Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

INVEST YOUR MONEY NEAR A GREAT and GROWING METROPOLIS. Building lots in Boston's suburbs at $10 each to introduce. On new electric car line. Boston Suburban Land Co., 28 School St., Boston, Mass.

WEST COLLINGSWOOD, N. J.
One of the most attractive suburbs near Philadelphia. For prices of lots write to Collingswood Land Co., 240 S. 3rd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR CANADA LAND WILL MAKE YOU MORE money than anything else you can do. For maps and particulars write SCAND. CANADIAN LAND CO., Room 810-32, 172 Washington Street, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

IF I WANT BETTER SALARY or money making business learn show card and sign writing by mail; merchants want signs; they pay big money to those that can make them; all can learn; good salaried positions guaranteed, or start you in paying business; invest little money and spare time and learn trade that's fascinating and profitable. Terms, testimonials, etc., on request. MILLAB SIGN COLLEGE, Millar Building, Boston, Mass.

OFFICE MANAGERS:—Men thoroughly experienced in up-to-date office methods should write us today for "Opportunities" containing descriptions of high grade openings. HAPGOODS, 305-307 Broadway, New York.

WOULD you like to locate in New York? We place high grade men in salaried positions. Write for list and plan. BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY CO., 1 Union Square, New York.

Ladies.—Catalog explains how we teach hair-dressing, manicuring, facial massage, chiropody, electrolysis. Write Branches. Moler System of Colleges, New York City, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Denver.

COMPETENT mechanics can secure higher wages in San Francisco than any city in the world. The S. F. Planing Mill Owners' Association desires able men in every branch of the Planing Mill business. Address A. C. BREDFIELD, Sec'y, 224 Oak St., San Francisco.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

"Advertisers Magazine"—*The Western Monthly* should be read by every advertiser and Mail-Order dealer. Best "School of Advertising" in existence. Trial Sub. 10c. Sample copy free. Address. 807 Grand Av., Kansas City, Mo

OFFICE SUPPLIES

THE SUN TYPEWRITER is the only standard visible writing typewriter retailing at low price. Write for our trial offer. Agents wanted. SUN TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 317 Broadway, New York.

Clearance Sale.—Remingtons, Densmores, Jewetts, Blickensderfers, Williams, $12.50. Franklins, Daughertys, Postals, Barlocks, Hammonds, Yosts, $10. Orders filled, or money back. Standard Typewriter Exc., Suite 10, 231 B'd'y, N. Y.

ANIMALS AND PETS

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR DOG, SICK OR WELL
USE DR. DANIELS' HOME TREATMENT
Book Mailed Free.
DR. A. C. DANIELS, 173 Milk Street, BOSTON, MASS.

CANARIES.—Let me send you a specially-bred Hartz Mountain Songster for only $3. Brilliant song qualities and safe delivery guaranteed. Remit by P. O. or express money order. Money back if not satisfactory. C. W. FOCKELMANN, Bird Expert, 67 Eighth Ave., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

MINNESOTA TREES, PLANTS, SEEDS, BULBS. Send at once for free autumn catalog of Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Jonquils and complete line of select Dutch bulbs. The Jewell Nurseries, Box 21, Lake City, Minn.

CIGAR BANDS
For making fancy plates, ash trays, picture frames, etc. Send .25 for 100 with directions for making. American Band Co., Box B795, Greene, N. Y.

"CARTOONING" and "ILLUSTRATING"
Little books fully illustrated, interesting to everybody. Either sent for five cents.
ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, 6 Madison Street, CHICAGO.

$125.00 BUYS A CASH REGISTER which does the same work as other machines costing twice as much. We sell through your jobber or direct from the factory. No agents' commissions or expenses are added to the price of a Hallwood Register. Soda and Cigar Registers as low as $60.00. Write for descriptive matter. THE HALLWOOD CASH REGISTER CO., 121 Yale St., Columbus, Ohio.

To Authors. Examination, criticism and revision of work. Manuscripts prepared for publisher and placed. High-grade service by literary workers. H. A. Stern, Sec., Author's Revision Bureau, 2400 Seventh Ave., N. Y. City.



From the Smoker's Standpoint

THE entire business policy of this greatest cigar-producing organization in the world is based on a clear appreciation of the point of view of the man who buys cigars to *smoke* and not to *sell*.

The usual thing in the cigar industry, as in so many others, has been to ignore every point of view except that of the dividend-hungry stockholder.

The common plan of the average cigar manufacturer has been to boom a single brand for all it was worth, and generally more—to whoop up big sales as long as that one particular brand could stand it, and then go on to something else.

The American Cigar Company's plan has made the smoker the first consideration—which is just nothing but plain *good business*, as we see it :

First—To produce the best cigars possible to make, of every grade, and to sell them at the lowest prices that only the finest modern system and equipment can insure.

Next—To maintain for all time absolutely even and unvarying quality in every different brand put out.

And finally—To mark every box of cigars with the "△" (Triangle A), which the smoker can instantly recognize as a sure sign of *quality* and *condition*, regardless of the cigar *name* and regardless of the price he pays.

It's simple enough—and it's *certain* enough.

People are getting to know cigar quality pretty thoroughly; they are getting to recognize the importance of *condition*,—and they are rapidly finding out that the only dependable sign of a good cigar is the "△" (Triangle A) which is more a *guarantee* than a trade mark.

The "Triangle A" Merit Mark

△

Insures Honest Cigar Values

The American Cigar Company manufactures a large number of brands of different blends to suit individual tastes. The products of its various factories include every variety of cigars—from the little cigar such as the "Royal Bengals" at ten for fifteen cents to the highest type of "Seed and Havana." Among them you are sure to find a blend to suit you now and another to suit you when your taste changes.

The leading brands of the American Cigar Company are distinguished by this "△" (Triangle A) merit mark, just as a soldier is rewarded for superior merit by the Victoria Cross.

Among these "Triangle A" brands each smoker is sure to find the cigar he wants. The list is so long that only a few of the more prominent can be mentioned here:

The New Cremo (Victoria), Anna Held, George W. Childs (Cabinets), Buck, Spanaflora, Tarita, Stickney's New Tariff, Cubanola. The Continental, Chancellor, Caswell Club. Royal Bengals (little cigars), The Unico, Benefactor, Captain Marryat, Roxboro, General Braddock, Orlando. Also the Palma de Cuba and Isle of Pines.

Smoke any one in critical comparison with the best cigar you know at the same price and prove to your own satisfaction that the "△" (Triangle A) merit mark does really mean better cigars for you if you look for it every time you buy.

AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY, Manufacturer



The Best Known Music Box
IS THE BEST



Think of the name of a music box.

Regina.

Can you think of the name of any other?

The one music box that is known the country over happens to be the best.

If to you the idea of a music box suggests a prickly cylinder and six monotonous tunes, go at once to your nearest music dealer's and hear the Regina play. Note its unusual musical quality; bear in mind that there are thousands of selections to choose from; that the only attention required is changing a disc, and that is as mechanically perfect as it is musically perfect.

This is the entertainer we wish to see in your home—a source of pleasure to all at all times. It renders all kinds of music with equal facility; it has something for the enjoyment of everybody, from grandmother down to the baby; it fits any mood from grave to gay, and once bought it costs nothing to maintain.

You would not believe that so much pleasure could be had for so little cost and for so long a time unless you have heard it. The best way is to hear it. We will send you a little booklet telling all about it, giving prices and different styles and sizes.

THE REGINA CO.

Makers of Reginapianos, Regina Chime Clocks and Reginaphones.

RAHWAY, N. J.

New York Salesroom: B'way & 17th St. 259 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



HOOSIER
Kitchen Cabinets

What woman doesn't want one?

When she learns it will cut her kitchen work in two—when she finds out it does away with all unnecessary footsteps—groups every article, all needed supplies at her fingers' ends—in one commodious piece of furniture.

Hoosier cabinets are all made of solid oak. Other woods may look as well for a while, but oak we know from experience—is the only wood that will not warp or split in the heat and moisture of the kitchen and always shows its value.

Hoosier cabinets are sold at very low prices—so low you can't afford to be without one, when you think of the time and labor they save.

They contain special features not in any other cabinets at any price. The Hoosier sanitary flour bin, the self cleaning, dust proof sugar bin, the air-tight spice cabinets, the Hoosier system of filing receipts, the perpetual housekeepers' reminder, the metal cake and bread box and the Hoosier aluminum extension table top.

The new Hoosier catalog tells why the Hoosier short cuts enable you to do your kitchen work so much easier and quicker—how you can have a neat, orderly kitchen with very little labor—how the Hoosier is different from other cabinets and **why** we can sell it at **such a low** price.

It's free. Send for it to-day.

HOOSIER MFG. CO., 42 Adams Street, New Castle, Ind.

This Waist for a Postal Card

Simply Send Me Your Name and Address and I'll Send it to You ALL CHARGES PREPAID—

Then if You Like the Waist Buy It. If Not, Return It. I Take ALL THE RISK
—J. Alvin Todd, Pres.



I WANT you to let me send this Handsome Waist (newest fall style) *entirely at my risk.*

I don't want you to send me a cent of money—I simply want you to *see* my waist with your *own eyes*, to *feel* of it, test the *quality* of the goods, and to notice how *stylish* and *well made* it is.

When you have thoroughly convinced yourself that my waist is a *rare bargain* for anyone at $2.50, and that the best dressed woman in your neighborhood would be *proud* to wear it—then pay $1.50 and the waist is yours.

But if you are not thoroughly convinced after seeing the waist that it is worth *twice* what I ask, simply tell your expressman to return it to us at our expense. Don't pay *him* anything—and don't pay *us* anything, for you *won't owe anything.*

I can make this kind of an offer because my bargains are REAL BARGAINS—not "make believe," and because they ARE real bargains, I am safe in saving pay only if you are pleased and not otherwise. MY way *you* don't risk anything; I risk *everything.*

There is no "catch" about this—it's a straight bargain for those who appreciate STYLE and VALUE.

To take advantage of it, simply write for "Style 26" waist, and give me your name, address and bust measure—that's all.

This waist is one of the newest and most attractive waists ever shown, and comes in white only. Made from a new imported cotton fabric called **Italian Repp.** Especially adapted for waists. Similar in weave to Poplin. Looks well, wears well, and is easily laundered. Just the waist for early fall wear. The front is decorated with clusters of **embroidered medallions,** an attractive design as shown, set off at the sides and above the bust line with small tucks. The open back is finished with six Tom Thumb tucks. Tucked attached collar; latest style full sleeves with long gauntlet cuffs, tucked. It must be seen to be fully appreciated.

STYLE BOOK Absolutely Free. This shows the correct styles for Fall and Winter in everything for women and children—Coats, Suits, Millinery, Underwear, Corsets, Hosiery, Furs, Shoes, etc.

Get full particulars of our Co-operative PROFIT-SHARING PLAN, whereby you can secure many useful and valuable articles for the home absolutely free of cost. Write for the Style Book today.

Address personally, **J. ALVIN TODD, Pres't, TODD, SMITH & CO., 236-266 Monroe St., CHICAGO**

Prosperity Simplified!

Wherever you live, a small investment for an **Ideal Concrete Machine** will bring you a profitable, permanent business in the manufacture of Concrete Building Blocks. Previous experience unnecessary. Read what one machine did in **thirty days.**

Taylorville, Ill., 4, 30, 06.
IDEAL CONCRETE MACHINERY CO.,
South Bend, Ind.

SIRS: We have had our Ideal Machine going every day for a month now, with perfect satisfaction. Are getting all the business we can handle. All the blocks we can make for a month are *already sold in advance.* Must soon have another machine. Please send cut of Concrete Block to use in getting out a letter head.

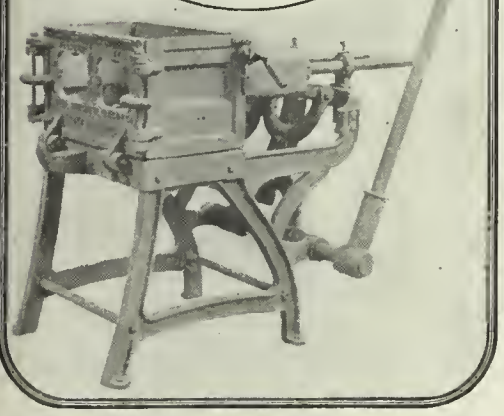
Respectfully,
E. W. COLEGROVE,
Mgr. Litholite Stone Co.

IDEAL Concrete Machines

turn sand, gravel, water and a little cement into building material more durable and ornamental than brick, stone or lumber, and far less expensive. The machine is simple, rapid, and everlasting. Has no cogs, chains, wheels, or gears. The same machine makes blocks in countless ornamental designs and natural stone effect.

Write and learn how easily one man with one **Ideal Concrete Machine** can start a profitable business wherever people live in houses.

IDEAL CONCRETE MACHINE CO.
Dept. D
South Bend, Ind.



Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1906

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I'll send you 50 Genuine Key West Havana Seconds for a Dollar Bill



ROUGH and ready affairs—not much to look at—but you're not smoking appearance — you're smoking **tobacco,** and the **tobacco** in these cigars **is of the sort that goes into ten-cent cigars.**

To be very frank the only way that I can possibly produce these cigars at the money is, because the pieces of tobacco in 'em are too short for **fine shapes,** and, therefore, they become what we manufacturers call "Seconds."

I am **really** selling you a dollar's worth of Havana tobacco at **Tobacco value** with nothing added for rolling it into cigars. And I haven't wasted any money to make a good looking box or paste pretty pictures on it.

I won't guarantee that I can produce enough cigars to supply all the demand I shall receive, and therefore **will not sell more than 100 at $2.00 to any one smoker.** So if you really care to participate in this offer, my personal advice to you **is to get your order in the mail to-night.**

Incidentally I want to say that I am the largest manufacturer in the world selling cigars **directly to the consumer.** I am the only manufacturer selling **strictly for cash.** Credit accounts mean losses—can't help it—bound to be that way. Manufacturers selling on credit must make **you pay their losses.** Credit accounts mean expensive book-keeping methods and many clerks. **What I save in this way goes into my cigars.**

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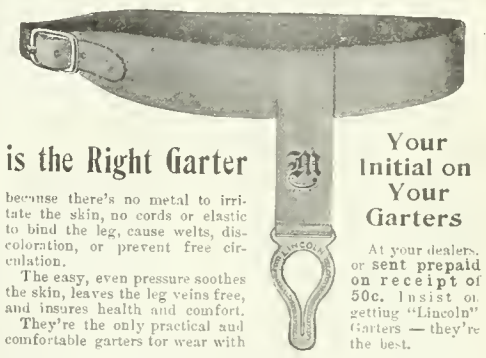
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1906

The Decent Average

THERE was a man who was very bitter at the world. He had lost all faith in human nature, and believed every man sordid. "Friends!" he exclaimed, "I've got one for every dollar in my pants. That's the kind of friends I've got." He had been poor and had got money suddenly and now he wanted to be poor again, "everlastingly blamed-edged poor." "Everybody's a buzzard," he averred, "a-swoopin' around waitin' for another buzzard to get weak, so's they can peck his eyes out and eat him. And as for friends—Gosh!"

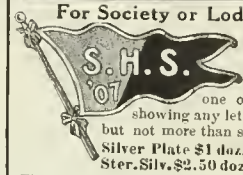
THAT was in the beginning. In the end he was of a very much more tender mood. He assented with enthusiasm to the sentiment that "you'll see blocks and blocks filled with people and people, but say, old man, it's surprising—on the level—how decent they average up."

WHAT passed between these altered moods is the story of "The Decent Average." It all happened in a Turkish-bath room, within the space of an hour or two, and proved the sentiment, expressed by the commercial traveler, that "women of the right sort will stand an awful lot." The story deals with the common emotions of average men, and its quality of touching the heart had much to do with its selection as winner of the thousand-dollar prize contest just closed. It will be printed in our next number, October 13.

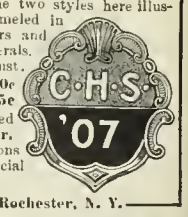
THIS story will be followed in early issues of Collier's by two tales which pressed it very closely for the quarterly bonus. "A Sunset," by Stephen French Whitman, concerns a certain kind of life of the Paris of to-day. Mr. Jack London's "A Day's Lodging," like all of his best work, is a big, virile story of the Klondike. Not since Collier's started its quarterly contests have the editors found it so difficult to reach a decision as they did in the case of these three very unusual stories. It will be interesting to know how nearly the readers of Collier's will agree with the final decision.

ALL of the stories for the quarter ending September 1 have been received, and a decision as to the winner of the $1,000 bonus will soon be announced. This will be the first of the four prizes awarded under our latest series. The remaining three quarters end December 1, 1906, March 1, 1907, and June 1, 1907.

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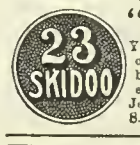
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Specializing for quality—that is what makes Armour food products the standard of excellence all the year round and all round the world. The Armour name and the Armour brand on the label always mean "quality," because Armour & Company never stop at producing something "just as good" or "good enough." The constant effort is to produce something *better*. That is "the Armour way." It is the every-day, all-the-year-round business creed in each department throughout six of the largest, cleanest and best equipped food producing plants in the world.

¶ "The Armour way" has been tested by forty years of successful business building. *It pays.* It has put Armour products at the top—has put them in a class by themselves—and has won for them constant use and approval by careful housewives all over the world. And they are at the top to stay. If you want to be sure you are right when buying meat food products, look for the Armour brand on the label.

Best Extract of Beef

¶ A kitchen without Armour's Extract of Beef is like soup without salt; it lacks savor.



A jar of Extract (if it's Armour's) will double the resources of the housewife who likes to "have things taste good."

¶ Armour's Extract is a concentration of the rich, meaty flavors of choice roast beef—the best extract of the best beef. It gives life and zest to everything it touches—soups, entrees, roasts, vegetables. A little of it helps to convert the "left overs" of yesterday into a choice dish for today. And when chilly days come, a quarter of a teaspoonful in a cup of boiling water, with a little salt and pepper, makes a beverage that warms, cheers and invigorates.

¶ "Culinary Wrinkles," a little cook book written by Ida M. Palmer, tells of more than one hundred ways of using Armour's Extract of Beef to advantage. It will be sent on request.

TRADE *Veribest* MARK



¶ The name on the label is the best assurance of the meat quality inside the can. "Veribest" goods are put up with exactly that thought in mind and the goods corroborate the label.

¶ The art of making your table a constant delight to family and friends lies in providing harmonious variety. By means of "Veribest" you can offer an appetizing surprise at every meal. To name but a few of the products that bear, and merit, the "Veribest" brand, which are especially good for luncheon, tea, or an "extra" at any meal: Pork and Beans, put up "Boston way" or in tomato sauce; Brisket Beef, the best "corning" cut perfectly "corned"; Lunch Tongue, cool, palatable and dainty; Mince Meat, that puts within your reach without trouble to yourself, the equal of the best "home-made" mince meat you ever used. On the back of each label, recipes tell a variety of ways of delicately serving each "Veribest" product.

Bacon for Breakfast

¶ Every morning is not too often to have it on the table, when it is the right kind of bacon. Doctors all recommend it, especially for children, because it is a valuable food and is easily digested.



¶ But it should be choice bacon, evenly cured and thinly sliced, tender and juicy, with fat and lean evenly balanced—the kind that doesn't cook dry and stringy. Then it comes to the table, curly-crisp, beautifully brown, sweet, and so delicate it fairly melts in the mouth. Every slice "tastes like more."

¶ But to have it always just right, get Armour's "Star" Bacon, wafer sliced and put up in glass jars or tins. The "Star" brand guarantees *quality*—marks the best bacon in the market—and uniformity. The first package will please, and each succeeding one will be as good as the first—better, if it can be made better.

Armour food products have always been sold on their merits. They are as good today as they were yesterday. They will be better tomorrow if we can make them so.

The "Why" of "*Star*" *Hams*

¶ The Armour plants produce an average of about 40,000 hams a day—all good hams, tender, juicy, nutritious and palatable. But only about one ham in fifteen wins the "Star" brand, the mark of super-excellence. That is why "Star" hams cost a little more than ordinary hams. They are *better* than ordinary hams—the pick of the total output.



¶ This super-quality is important, for the stomach's sake. The doctor-experts on diet all recommend ham—tender, mild-cure ham—especially for persons whose digestion is just a little slow.

¶ But be sure you get Armour's "Star" Ham, with the five-pointed star burned into the skin. That mark guarantees you the pick, a "just right" mild-cure ham from a young, but "matured," moderately fat, corn fed "barrow" hog—"The Ham What Am."

Lard that is Perfect

¶ The lard that shows a deeply wrinkled and "wavy" top, when the pail is opened, is the pure *leaf* lard. But to say "leaf lard" does not tell the whole story.



¶ The highest degree of lard excellence is secured only when the best of raw "leaf" is carefully selected and rendered in open kettles at a temperature that carries off all the undesirable and indigestible substances which are a part of natural "leaf." This process, applied to the selected "leaf," brings forth a "dry," "flaky" product that is the very cream of lard—the best for all purposes and the *only* lard to use for fine cooking. The trade name for this perfect product is "Armour's 'SIMON PURE' Leaf Lard."

¶ Costs a little more than ordinary lard? Yes, but it *always* gives satisfaction. You have no "soggy" pastry when you use "Armour's 'SIMON PURE' Leaf Lard."

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WHEN IN THE COURSE of human events it becomes necessary for us to oppose seriously a chronic candidate for offices, ranging up to the Presidency, we are more than ever anxious not to overlook anything that can fairly be said for such a man. Deeming, therefore, WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST a malign leader for the forces of legitimate and illegitimate discontent, and compelled to oppose his ambitions vigorously, although at a worldly loss to ourselves, we should not be true to our principles did we in any way slight his accomplishments for good. In naming the principal ones we shall probably offend most of those who hate and fear him, even as in insisting on his falsity we offend his many passionate adherents. It is due to Mr. HEARST, more than to any other one man, that the Central and Union Pacific Railroads paid the $120,000,000 they owed the Government. Mr. HEARST secured a model Children's Hospital for San Francisco, and he built the Greek Theatre of the University of California—one of the most successful classic reproductions in America. Eight years ago, and again this year, his energetic campaigns did a large part of the work of keeping the Ice Trust within bounds in New York. His industrious Law Department put some fetters on the Coal Trust. He did much of the work of defeating the Ramapo plot, by which New York would have been saddled with a charge of $200,000,000 for water. To the industry and pertinacity of his lawyers New Yorkers owe their ability to get gas for eighty cents a thousand feet, as the law directs, instead of a dollar. In maintaining a legal department, which plunges into the limelight with injunctions and mandamuses when corporations are caught trying to sneak under or around a law, he has rendered a service that has been worth millions of dollars to the public.

SERVICES BY HEARST

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE, in spirit, gentleness, and temper, between a Socialist and a follower of Mr. HEARST? Letters from both are pouring on us constantly. The Socialist is patient, kind, open-minded, intelligent, and free from charges and abuse. The Hearstite, almost without exception, storms, threatens, and relies on stereotyped allegations of corruption. From the last Hearst batch are these:

"If you do not stop to publish those nasty things about Mr. HEARST my only wish would be to see you loose all your subscribers."

"Your continued insults to a man among men, WILLIAM R. HEARST, a man that is a friend of labor, has so discusted me that I will not under any circimstances take your paper again.

"What on earth, has W. HEARST ever done to you that he must bear Weekly such unseething remarks that you make. And such silly, such Bious remarks that you make in your styled society paper, more fit for some bar-room trash, than the public."

TWO KINDS

Why this difference in tone between the Socialists and the worshipers of the hustling yellow editor? Inviting our readers to answer this question, we surmise it is because the leading Socialists appeal confidently and calmly to what they deeply believe, and Mr. HEARST's followers are necessarily such, in the main, as can worship a man whose life work, journalism, is composed of forged interviews, false and uncorrected statements, and trust in the loudest noise. Readers, says THACKERAY, should ask these questions of a writer: "Is he honest? Does he tell the truth in the main? . . . Does he seek popularity by claptrap or other arts?" The writer, goes on this sound thinker and brave and honest man, "has no right to say to his readers: 'You shall not find fault with my art, or fall asleep over my pages'; but I ask you to believe that this person writing strives to tell the truth. If there is not that, there is nothing." Was THACKERAY right?

THE PARSONS VICTORY in New York, over ODELL and QUIGG, has relations more than superficial. It promises to make the Republican organization, in the greatest city of the country, for the first time in its history, a real political party, with a militant, self-respecting membership and honest leaders. The Republican organization ceases to be a little brother to Tammany, doing Tammany's will for a beggar's "hand-out" of patronage. This victory is purely one of men; no one of the principles or ideas grouped under the word reform had any place in the campaign. The situation had no relation to the fights made by the young eagles of reform, like CHURCHILL, COLBY, and LA FOLLETTE, on frankly radical platforms, elsewhere in the United States; it was purely a house-cleaning among those conservatives who have a kindly but not a corrupt sympathy for the vested interests. When the conservatives acquire leaders who are honest and intelligent, and whom the radicals must respect, one step will be taken toward steady and unhysterical improvement.

A STEP AHEAD

A WAR SONG of old England contains some lines which, if memory is not unfaithful, run somewhat thus:

"Then stand by your glasses, steady,
And drink to your comrades' eyes;
And here's to the dead already,
And here's to the next who dies!"

It is the nobler spirit of war, and that part of the spirit which can be applied to victories in peace. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's combat with the Boston and Maine Railroad resulted by a narrow margin in victory for the corporation, as far as the Governorship of New Hampshire is concerned. A platform was adopted, containing the principles for which Mr. CHURCHILL stood, and although the nomination of FLOYD deprives those planks partly of their meaning, they are there on record, and a few determined men in the next Legislature could force their enactment into law. If the people of New Hampshire relapse into their seldom-broken sleep, the spirit of the State will be unaffected by Mr. CHURCHILL's fight, but if they remain awake and steady, knowing what they want, and bringing to its accomplishment the will, the energy, and the courage that great nations show in war, Mr. CHURCHILL's defeat will be but the harbinger of certain victory to come.

STEADY

OF MANY INDICTMENTS against the private companies who now monopolize wage-earners' life insurance, one is that they charge their policy-holders a profit which would be excessive in any business, but which becomes cruel and shameless when taken in five-cent sums from the poor. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company pays its stockholders dividends which are the equivalent of twenty-seven per cent on the capital invested; in Mr. DRYDEN's Prudential Insurance Company the annual rate of dividend is two hundred and twenty per cent. If these figures startle Americans into indignation, they may get the comfort of "He's a bigger one" from a consideration of the company which controls this business in England. Just how much cash was paid in, at the beginning, by the stockholders of this London company, their published reports do not definitely show. It is clear, however, that the amount was less than fifty thousand pounds. On this an annual dividend is paid of five hundred and ten thousand pounds. The rate of profit in this case, therefore, is about one thousand and twenty per cent a year. This is the company upon which Mr. DRYDEN, in every detail, modeled his own. That the imitation will be carried on to include the rate of

DELENDA EST CARTHAGO!

profit is assured, unless the plan proposed by Mr. BRANDEIS, to conduct wage-earners' life insurance as a feature of savings banks, is carried out. Already Mr. DRYDEN, as he himself has testified, is under the frequent necessity of resisting the clamor of his fellow stockholders to increase the dividend above two hundred and twenty per cent.

FORESIGHT IS THE QUALITY for which the associates of JAMES J. HILL consider him most distinguished. Persons who do business in the northwestern quarter of the United States rarely have a new commercial idea except to discover that Mr. HILL thought of it ten or a dozen years ago, and turned it to the profit and supremacy of the Great Northern Railroad. So conspicuous is this quality in Mr. HILL that not a few persons describe him in terms which are the commercial equivalent of seer and prophet. When, therefore, Mr. HILL bends his mind to the future of the United States, to fail to pay attention would be recklessness. Mr. HILL's present warning is that we are rioting through our natural resources with criminal improvidence. "By 1950, iron," he says—and Mr. HILL knows iron—"will have retreated almost to the company of the precious metals. The peril is not one of remote geologic time, but of this generation." And the heedless waste of coal and all our other natural resources points the path to the same economic poorhouse. It would be interesting to know whether it was a grateful regard for the feelings of the Republican Party or merely the limitations of time which forbade Mr. HILL to point out the tariff as the most obvious abettor of the waste of our resources.

WISDOM BY MR. HILL

THE REMEDY for threatened exhaustion of natural resources lies in the hoe. We must turn industry and intelligence away from the factory and back to the farm. The soil, differing from iron and coal, is our only renewable wealth. It is the only dependable resource to give food and comfort to the two hundred million Americans of forty-five years from now. We must point inventors, chemists, and scientists to the consideration of earth. "Agriculture, in the most intelligent meaning of the term," says Mr. HILL, "is something almost unknown in the United States." Instead of it we have "a light scratching of the soil and the gathering of all it can be made to produce by the most rapidly exhaustive methods." Agriculture must be more intensive. The individual farmer must have fewer acres and more hoes. He must nurse his soil, and see to it that it produces more next year than it did last. Evolution in farming is taking the direction which Mr. HILL points. Irrigation is making the change. Farming an irrigated ranch is a problem in chemistry—there is a fixed quantity of soil, a fixed quantity of sunshine, and the water can be measured out to suit. This kind of agriculture will evolve a very different farmer from the harried and hopeless victim of too much sun in May and too much water in July, who has learned to accept the crop that chance donates him. Moreover, irrigated land being more expensive, farms will be smaller—from twenty to forty acres will probably be the unit in the arid West. And in this tendency lies much of the stability of our future.

FARMING

HOWEVER PEACEFUL a great Power may be, the possibility of delicate and complicated situations is always before it. The United States feels much more comfortable to-day than it would if there were not in the Cabinet two men of such tested strength, prudence, and tact as Secretary TAFT and Secretary ROOT. Both believe in peace, in the advantages of self-government by the weaker peoples, and in reasonableness and kindness rather than in cruel force or bluster. What can be done to solve the Cuban situation in the best way, we have the satisfaction of knowing will be done, and it is a stimulating thing to the better kind of patriotism to believe that there are men in our Government whose handling of so acute a situation can be so entirely trusted. What Mr. TAFT did in the Philippines and what Mr. ROOT has done in South America are a guaranty that nothing arbitrary, rash, or needless will be attempted by us in Cuba.

CUBA

HOW STRANGE IT IS that men, bold and competent in accustomed things, fail like cowards when the unusual blocks their path. When the papers were full of the wanderings of a Syrian leper, a private individual offered temporary aid, but the United States of America was unequal to the task of coping reasonably with so simple a situation. Weeks passed, the people forgot, and when the leper, after many wanderings, again was mentioned in the news, brief paragraphs, instead of flaming headlines, informed us that he was still frightening railroad employees and being kept out of cities by battalions of police. If our people were either more accustomed to leprosy, or more instructed about the degree of its contagiousness, they would not show this startling cowardice and want of mercy, and likewise the State Government, were the occasion not one without a precedent, presumably would have been able to act with more credit to itself.

GEORGE ROSSETTI

HOW MANY IN A THOUSAND know that darker colors in leaves often are an attempt of the plant to protect itself from the rays of the sun, and that their appearance in autumn is in these cases due merely to the fact that they become visible when the green pigments decrease? Substances likely to be useful another season descend into the trunk and leave in the leaves only those of which the tree has no further need, and of which it is better rid. While such derelicts of fact are known to few, we all are moved by the bravery with which "Autumn paints upon the sky the gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled." Where science opens the wonders and secrets of her processes to one, the seasons offer priceless poetry to the millions.

SCIENCE AND POETRY

WHAT QUERY THIS? What lack of faith! When the famous author of Mr. Dooley's bracing and deep philosophy, and the Pride (one of the Prides) of Kansas, and the Joan d'Arc of Standard Oil, and the Shamer of our Cities, and the Rupert of the Railways had settled themselves on one spot to make of "The American Magazine" an American magazine indeed, who could guess a wail of doubt? "Can We Stop Drinking?" 'Tis the title of an essay in the September issue. Of course you can. You can do anything you try. The foe, we know, is great.

"John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise."

True, Barleycorn has met and slain his thousands, but in the lexicon of the new periodical there should be no such word as fail. Let these exceptionally able journalists not use the excuse of RABELAIS, that he drank no more than a sponge, or quote CERVANTES: "I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion." Rather let them follow the advice of Lord CHESTERFIELD, and say, when urged to imbibe, that they wish they could do so, but a very little makes them both drunk and sick. Screw your courage to the sticking point and you'll not fail. If at first the fight seems hard, try buttermilk. Every heart in COLLIER'S office beats with its confrères further up the street.

CAN THEY STOP?

AN EDICT AGAINST long skirts has been promulgated in Germany, in a place named Magdeburg, or the Maiden's Town. No woman is allowed to drag, trail, or otherwise sweep the street with any dress, skirt, train, or similar drapery of herself; this in order "to prevent danger to health and annoyance by raising the dust." A despotic system like the German can handle in this manner conditions of such delicacy, but in our land no power could so arbitrarily rule individual taste except two—fashion and the dressmaker. The ladies (our devotion to whom is too well known to need reiteration) have an interest in apparel which begins, as determined by experiment, before the age of two, and what is government that it should undertake to affect the line of a skirt or the relative harmfulness of awkwardness and dirt? Shall male despotism force women to wear clothes as if they were thrown on regardless of appearances, and from sober reason, or with a pitchfork?

SKIRTS

THE AMERICAN CUP RACERS

Five machines which won the right at the elimination trials, September 22, to represent this country in the contest for the Vanderbilt Cup

THE ELIMINATION TRIALS ON THE LONG ISLAND COURSE

1.—Pope-Toledo car, which won fifth place, but was subsequently disqualified for being towed half a mile. The Frayer-Miller car, which took sixth place, has been substituted on the team. 2.—Harding, in a Haynes car, rounding the turn at Lakeville. 3.—Walter Christie, in a car of his own make. 4.—Le Blon, in a Thomas car, making the "hairpin" turn. 5.—Tracy, in a ninety horse-power Locomobile, passing the Grand Stand at the end of his tenth lap and winning the race in 5 hours 27 minutes 45 seconds

DESTROYING PROPERTY IN CUBA



The insurgent General Loynaz del Castillo and his staff near Santiago de las Vegas. General Loynaz may be seen in the centre of the picture with his head bandaged, he having been mistaken for a Government soldier and macheted by one of his own men in a night encounter. The insurgents are well mounted and well armed with rifles and machetes

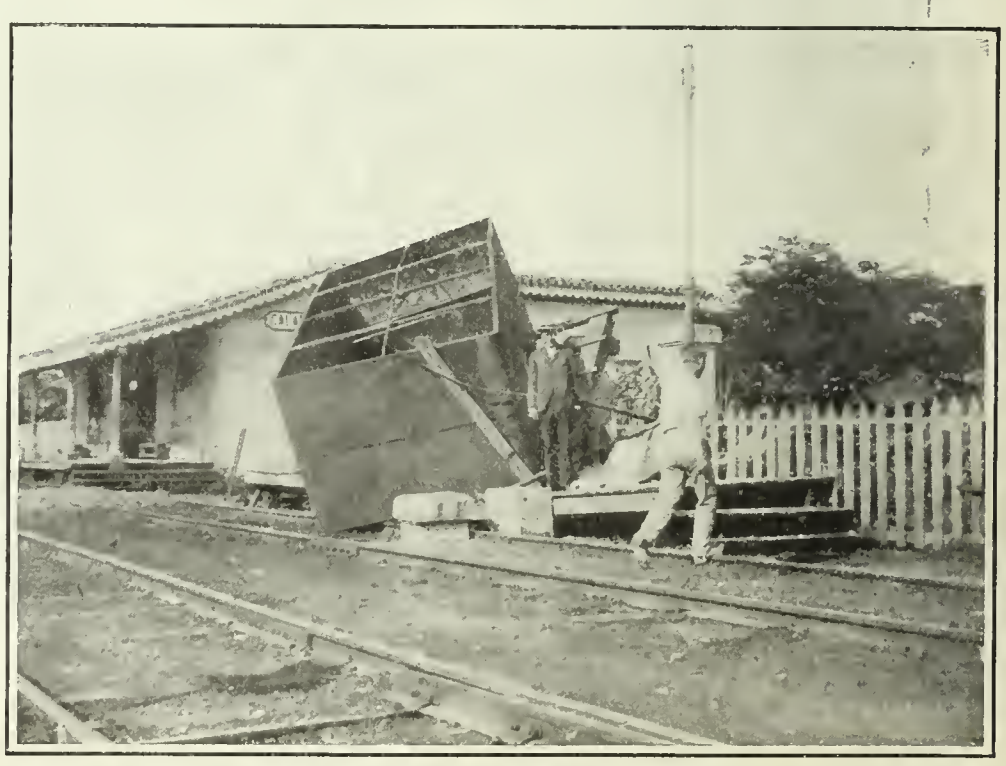
THE insurrection in Cuba, which broke out on August 19, and was suspended a month later through the mediation of Secretary Taft, was the protest of the Liberal Party against the alleged denial of a political "square deal." The Liberals maintained that they had a majority of the voters of the country, but asserted that in last year's elections they were kept from the polls and the Government candidates counted in. The revolt was precipitated by the arrest of a number of the Liberal leaders. Insurgent bands at once overran almost the whole western half of the island. The Rural Guards, Cuba's substitute for a standing army, could not cope with them, although increased to four thousand men. They destroyed railroads, plantations, and other property at will. When checked by the Taft armistice their camps were within trolley-ride of Havana, and thousands of citizens took advantage of the opportunity to visit them and express their sympathy. The insurgents were well armed and equipped. Their commander, General Guerra Puente, commonly known as Pino Guerra, had a force of two or three thousand men with him, but most of them were broken up into small bands, fighting among the jungles and sugar plantations



The command of the insurgent Colonel Arencibia burning the records of the captured town of Santiago de las Vegas. They destroyed all real estate and vital statistics which will cause untold confusion in the future



A barricade of paving stones erected in the streets of Guines, Havana Province, by the Government troops in anticipation of an attack from the rebels



Water tank at Calabazar on the Western Railway of Cuba, destroyed by the insurgents in the hope of preventing the movement of trains carrying Government troops

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

TAFT'S HARD TASK

THE Taft party reached Havana on September 19. The expectation that the mere presence of the great pacificator would of itself restore peace to distracted Cuba was disappointed. Mr. Taft found the situation much more serious than he had believed it to be. The attempt of the Cubans to settle their differences among themselves before his arrival had failed. The insurgents were in control of much of the western part of the island, and seemed to outnumber the Government forces. Fighting had been suspended, but each side stubbornly refused to make concessions. Secretary Taft and Mr. Bacon began work as soon as they arrived, calling upon President Palma the same morning. The President promptly refused to consider the demand of the revolutionists for new elections, or even the compromise suggestion that the people be permitted to vote again for half the members of Congress. He declared that he would resign if any such scheme should be adopted. On the other hand, the insurgents maintained that their forces had the Palma Government at their mercy, and refused to lay down their arms while that government remained in power unless its title should be confirmed by the people at elections held under guarantees of fairness. Mr. Taft talked with representatives of all elements of the population, including a committee authorized to represent the insurgents, and impressed upon all of them the need of coming together if the independence of Cuba was to be preserved.

By the 22d a fleet of nine American warships—the battleships *Louisiana*, *Virginia*, and *New Jersey*, and the cruisers *Cleveland*, *Tacoma*, *Minneapolis*, *Newark*, *Denver*, and *Des Moines*—had anchored in the harbor of Havana, filling the little bay to its utmost capacity. It was a force far more powerful than that which destroyed Cervera's squadron at Santiago; yet it did not daunt the rebels, who muttered that it could not take to the bush. They drew their bands so close around Havana that Mr. Taft sent word to them that they were violating the truce and asked them to move farther away, which they consented to do. Meanwhile the American Government was making preparations to land an army in Cuba in case of need. Those Cubans who had anything to lose were anxious for intervention, for anarchy was paralyzing trade, and threatened to destroy the sugar and tobacco crops upon which the prosperity of the island depended.

President Roosevelt gave Mr. Taft unlimited powers, putting the American forces in Cuba under his command and appointing him Special Ambassador with authority to carry on negotiations with the Cubans according to his own judgment. Meanwhile the people of Havana took advantage of the truce to visit the insurgent camps, the enterprising trolley company running extra cars as if the rebel tents had covered a traveling circus. The popular sentiment seemed to be running strongly in favor of the revolution. On the 24th the American Commissioners received a delegation from the insurgent army, together with the Liberal political prisoners, who were allowed to leave their cells, under guard, for the purpose.

Mr. Taft's investigations convinced him that there was much to be said on the insurgent side of the dispute. He insisted that the administration party, the Moderates, make concessions. In his conference with the Liberals he reached an agreement which they professed themselves willing to accept, and Señor Zayas, the principal representative of the armed insurgents, telegraphed to the commanders in the field that the prospects were that satisfactory peace terms would be signed. The Palma Government was not so well satisfied, and the business men who had been hoping for armed American intervention leading to annexation were despondent over the probability of a peace without solid guarantees. Finally the leaders of the Moderate Party resolved to vacate all the offices in the country, from President down, and so leave the island without a government, with a view to forcing the United States to take charge. It was the suicide of the Republic.

Sincere and forbearing as the course of the Washington Administration has been, foreign critics have not been lacking to describe it as a piece of clever strategy designed to force the Cubans into a position in which they would welcome annexation to the United States as a refuge from worse evils. Of course, such a theory is the offspring of gross ignorance of American political conditions. If there is anything that would be more unwelcome than another to President Roosevelt and his associaties, it is the annexation of Cuba. Such an acquisition would throw the whole tariff question at once into the melting pot. It could not be carried through with the consent of the Cubans without the promise of free trade. But such a promise would precipitate a struggle within the Republican party, compared with which the fight over the Railroad Rate bill was a strawberry festival. The beet sugar and tobacco people who kept Porto Rico so long outside the breastworks, and who are still keeping out the Philippines, would turn the nation upside down before they would consent to let in Cuba, whose admission would squeeze the last drops of protection out of the sugar and tobacco duties. Hence even European cynics need not doubt the sincerity of President Roosevelt's profession of devotion to Cuban independence.

ATLANTA'S RACE WAR

THE tension between the races in Atlanta, produced by negro criminals on the one hand and reckless newspapers on the other, has had tragic and shameful results. As a rule the race problem is not as serious in the cities as in the country districts, because the crimes that drive the people of the unguarded countryside to fury are more easily prevented on the well-policed city streets. But these are crimes that are peculiarly responsive to suggestion. They multiply when they are advertised. Some months ago certain politicians and newspapers set themselves deliberately to create the mental atmosphere that breeds them. The worst eminence in this evil work was held by the Atlanta "News." It gathered examples of attacks on white women by negro brutes from all parts of the country. It forced them upon the attention of both races, stirring up the latent bestiality of the worst class of negroes in Atlanta, and planting in their dull minds the seeds that were to germinate in similar crimes of their own. The seeds sprouted, and each new crime was exploited, advertised, and made to breed new ones. The streets of Atlanta became unsafe, and people who would ordinarily have been law-abiding were driven to madness by the danger to their families.

On September 22 four white women were attacked by negroes in Fulton County, three of them within the city limits of Atlanta. Two of the assailants were promptly lynched, but the others escaped. The gathering wrath of the white population, fanned by inflammatory newspaper extras, burst all bounds. The mob began a fierce hunt for negroes. There was no question of punishing the guilty. Men were dragged from cars and murdered simply because they were black. The mob invaded a barber shop and killed the two unresisting barbers at their work. Negroes were chased into hotels and private houses.

The Fire Department succeeded in dispersing the mobs in some quarters by playing upon them with streams of water. But the situation as a whole was out of the control of the local authorities from the start, and the Governor called out the militia on his own initiative. A meeting of leading citizens, attended by the Governor, the Mayor, and three hundred others, was held on the 23d and adopted resolutions calling upon the City Council to close the negro dives that had served as nurseries of crime, and to regulate the saloons of both whites and blacks. The sentiment of the meeting condemned the sensational treatment of race outrages, and the speakers urged that such events be no longer exploited in special editions. This request was repeated by the Grand Jury.

Enraged by the massacre, bands of reckless negroes planned revenge. Incendiary speakers urged them to take a life for a life. A party of mounted county policemen was fired upon from ambush near Clark University and one officer was killed and four others wounded. In the country districts white families that had taken no part in the troubles were assailed by prowling gangs of blacks. About a thousand negroes were arrested in the first three days, including some professors and several hundred students of Clark University. The most discouraging feature of the situation was the disposition on the part of both races to fight out the issue purely on the color line. On neither side was there any disposition among the active elements to consider the question of guilt or innocence. The white mobs attacked negroes indiscriminately, and Mayor Woodward issued a statement saying that as long as black brutes assaulted white women they would be "unceremoniously dealt with," ignoring the fact that the men "unceremoniously dealt with" were not the ones that had committed the assaults. On the other hand, there seemed to be nowhere among the negroes any sentiment that could make itself felt in favor of joining in the stern repression of those crimes that had infuriated the whites. On the contrary, the sentiment loudly expressed by the noisiest, and therefore the most conspicuous, element of the negroes, called for revenge whenever

a black brute met his deserts. If each race, instead of shutting its eyes to everything but the wrongs committed by the other, would devote some attention to its own faults—the blacks resolving to abolish crimes against white women and the whites resolving to abolish lynching—the outlook would be much brighter.

CHAOTIC POLITICS

THE forces whose harmonious action last year broke the grip of the Durham ring on Philadelphia have clashed and split. Mayor Weaver is at war with his former allies. When the convention of the City Party met on September 18 it nominated Mr. D. Clarence Gibboney, the Secretary of the Law and Order League, for District-Attorney, in accordance with what seemed to be a general popular demand. Mayor Weaver had another candidate for the place, Mr. Frederick T. Shoyer. When the convention refused to nominate Mr. Shoyer, the Mayor asserted that Mr. Gibboney's nomination had been procured by bribery. Challenged by Mr. Gibboney to prove his charges, he sent eighteen affidavits to the convention at an adjourned meeting on the 21st. An investigating committee of seven was appointed, three representing each candidate, and the seventh chosen by these six. But without waiting for the committee's action, Mr. Gibboney declined the City Party nomination in a letter in which he said:

"I can not accept the nomination, the integrity of which is questioned, even in part. Though but a single vote for me was shown to have been corruptly procured, I should decline to accept a nomination thus tainted. . . .

"It is perfectly clear to me that an insidious attack is being made on the City Party rather than upon me, and I do not purpose that any interests of mine shall be used to further such an end.

"Four political parties and one town meeting of citizens have nominated me for the District-Attorneyship. I was a candidate for none of these nominations and have never solicited a vote. This attitude I shall still maintain as to any further action by your body."

The day after the Mayor's charges were filed Mr. Gibboney received the Democratic nomination, and the Chairman of the Democratic City Committee, in informing him of the fact, remarked:

"All friends of the cause of municipal reform recognize, as you do, that the attempt to cast a taint upon the action of the City Party Convention in placing you in nomination was a covert attack upon that valuable and at present indispensable agency of municipal regeneration."

Mr. Gibboney also received the nominations of the Prohibition and Lincoln Republican parties, as well as of an independent town meeting.

The trouble over the District-Attorneyship disrupted the reform administration. Mayor Weaver had been dissatisfied for some time because the Department of Public Safety had not been as useful to him politically as he thought it should have been. He complained bitterly of the conduct of some officers on this occasion, and at his request Director Sheldon Potter and Assistant Director Thomas W. South resigned. Robert McKenty, Superintendent of the House of Correction and a citizen of a much inferior type, was put at the head of the department. This proceeding marked Mayor Weaver's final break with the forces that had given him victory in his war with the old ring. It was the accession of Colonel Potter to the office of Director of Public Safety that had dealt the death blow to Boss Durham's power.

The testimony taken before the Committee of Seven showed that there had been some loose talk of money in dollar, five-dollar, and occasionally ten-dollar lots among a few delegates who were said to have drowned their discretion in liquor. But the press of Philadelphia remained loyal to Mr. Gibboney, and insisted that he would be elected by a hundred thousand majority, with or without a City Party nomination. The members of the old gang hailed the scandal as the end of the reform uprising, but the reformers insisted that it was not even the end of the City Party. It did look very much, however, like the end of Mayor Weaver as a force for the elevation of government.

In the midst of the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds, with fusions of Democrats and all kinds of Independents in city and State, the Republican Advisory Campaign Committee of Pennsylvania has come to the surface with an appeal to the voters on the good old partizan lines. It wants them to stand by the straight Republican ticket because there will be a Presidential election two years hence, and it would be disastrous if "Pennsylvania, the keystone of the arch, and the strongest Republican State in the Union, should be carried by the opposition." Of course, it would be still more disastrous next year, and worst of all the year after. As long as there are Presidential elections every four years there can plainly never be a time when a citizen of Pennsylvania can safely vote anything but a straight Republican ticket. To do so would be to invite a political calamity by which "the business of the country would be blighted and the prosperity we have enjoyed for years would be brought to an end"—or in other words, the tariff might be reduced. But the people of Pennsylvania have begun to show a disquieting indifference to such appeals.



SECRETARY TAFT LANDING AT HAVANA, SEPTEMBER 19

Mr. Taft and Assistant Secretary of State Bacon were sent by President Roosevelt to make peace in Cuba. Mr. Taft had plenary powers, including the command of all the American forces



SAILORS FROM THE "DENVER" ENTERING HAVANA

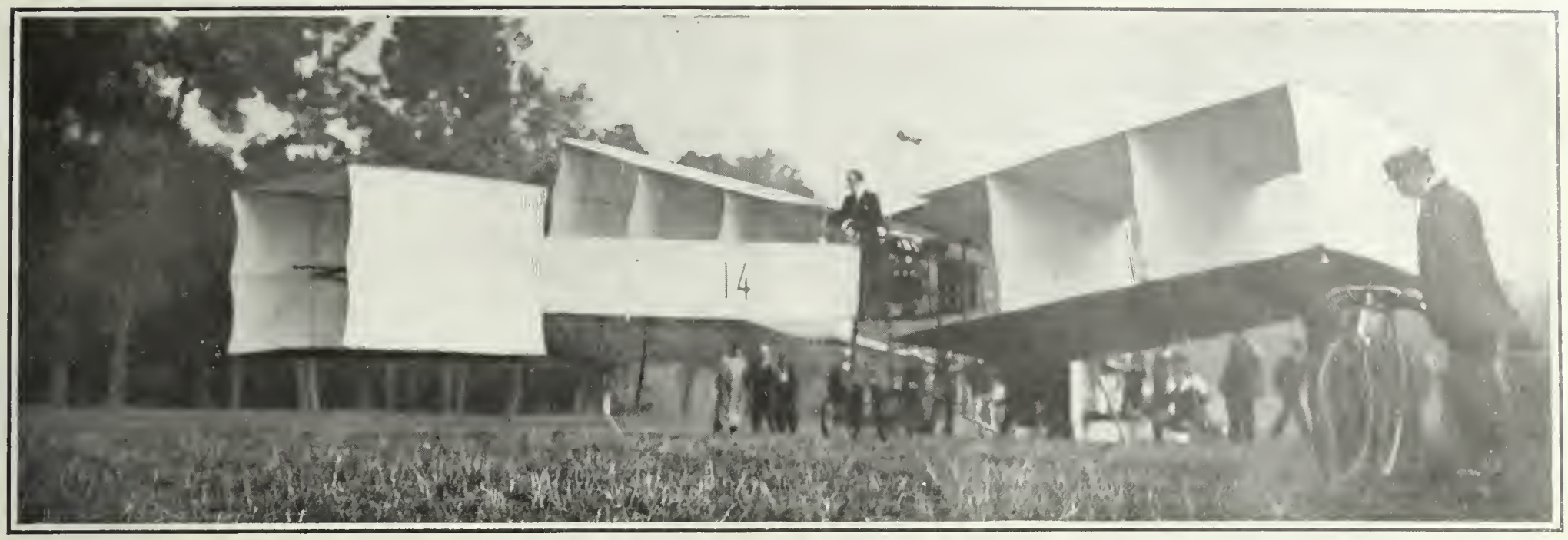
A force of 120 men was landed from the cruiser "Denver," September 13, and camped in front of the President's palace. Most of the men were withdrawn in the morning on orders from Washington

A TEST OF FOOD LAWS

CONSUL HURST, at Plauen, Germany, has furnished some interesting information about the efforts of the Saxon Government to secure pure food for its people. The Kingdom of Saxony has about the population of the State of Ohio. Five years ago it was decreed that at least thirty samples of food, beverages, or utensils should be inspected for every thousand inhabitants every year. This work is done by two state institutions, three municipal inspection laboratories, and fourteen subordinate laboratories, all under the control of the royal government. In the year 1904 there were 115,480 analyses, of which many were made at the request of storekeepers who wished to know the quality of the goods they were selling. It is found that the inspection system is gradually driving impure foods out of the markets. The policy of the Government has been to be conciliatory, and to lead rather than drive the makers and sellers of food products. The result, according to Consul Hurst, is that the inspection system "has not only gained the confidence of the consuming public, but apparently that of manufacturers and merchants. The laboratories are accordingly looked upon by all classes as an unqualified boon."

In several cases butchers to whom new preservatives were offered took them to the laboratories, and upon finding that they were injurious declined of their own accord to use them. The favorite adulterant for sausage was found to be meal or bread. Only one sample was found to be artificially dyed, but several were spoiled. Butter often had too much water, sometimes reaching nearly a third of its weight, and occasionally too much salt. Oleomargarine was often sold for pure butter. Olive oil frequently contained cheaper oils, and fruit jams were found with glucose, grape skins, and dyes. One manufacturer made "pure plum jam" of beets, but stopped when it was pointed out to him that this was not entirely consistent with the pure food laws. Tea and coffee were not adulterated, although chicory was sold openly as a substitute for coffee. Wine was almost entirely pure, but cognac, rum, and cordials often had chemical treatment. Chocolate had improved, although the manufacturer who had a brand composed of one-tenth chocolate and nine-tenths sugar was thought to be selling it under the wrong name. Smoking and chewing tobaccos were found to be absolutely faultless, but the inspectors drew the line at a sample of snuff mixed with powdered glass. Cooking and table utensils were often found to have injurious glazes.

The Saxon dealers and manufacturers do not meet the laws in the spirit of surly opposition encountered here. "Most dealers," says the Consul, "are not only contented with the supervision, but apparently grateful for the information given."



SANTOS-DUMONT, ABANDONING GAS BAGS FOR THE FIRST TIME, RAISES HIMSELF FOR A FEW YARDS WITH A NEW TYPE OF MECHANICAL FLYING MACHINE

HEARST AS A DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST has put his foot on the ladder which in five of the last ten national contests has led to the Democratic nomination for President of the United States. In spite of the ostentatious snub administered to the Democracy by his Independence League, the Democratic Convention at Buffalo nominated him on September 26 for Governor of New York. Should he be elected, this would put him directly in the line of promotion for 1908, and the crop of votes so industriously cultivated by Mr. Bryan would be blighted at the moment of the harvest.

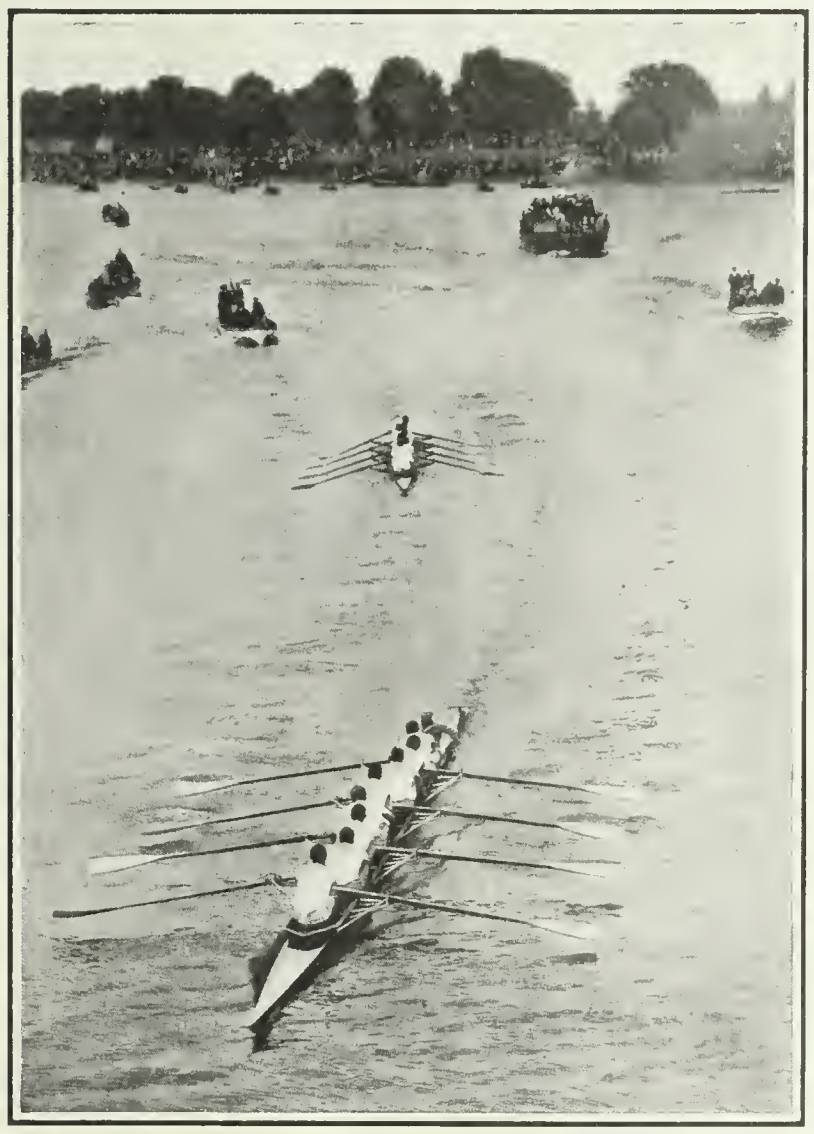
Mr. Hearst accomplished his ends with characteristic vigor, audacity, and cynicism. Denouncing bosses in general and Murphy of Tammany in particular, he took the nomination at Murphy's hands. He enlisted Bourke Cockran, whom he had flayed as a political mercenary and who had assailed him as a Socialist and demagogue. He secured his majority in the convention by manipulating contests through the Committee on Contested Seats, of which he made Thomas F. Grady chairman, and Grady, who only last spring was the most notorious leader of the Ryan-Belmont forces against the Elsberg Rapid Transit bill in the State Senate, except "Long Pat" McCarren, had the amusing effrontery to say in the committee: "Stand fast, boys. The hired agents of Ryan and Belmont are here and they are trying to buy you."

On the other hand, the conservatives who were fighting Hearst worked through such eminent reformers as McCarren and Sullivan, representing respectively the predatory corporations and the poolroom and Red Light interests. It is hardly surprising that a combination of political virtue with such elements lacked cohesive power.

New York is now launched upon one of the most exciting and momentous campaigns in her history. The State is more populous, richer, and more important in every way than the nation was when respectable people were thrown into spasms by the thought of electing Aaron Burr President of the United States. Perhaps Burr might have made a good President—he never had a chance to show. New York is to decide now whether she will take the risk of giving such a chance to Mr. Hearst.

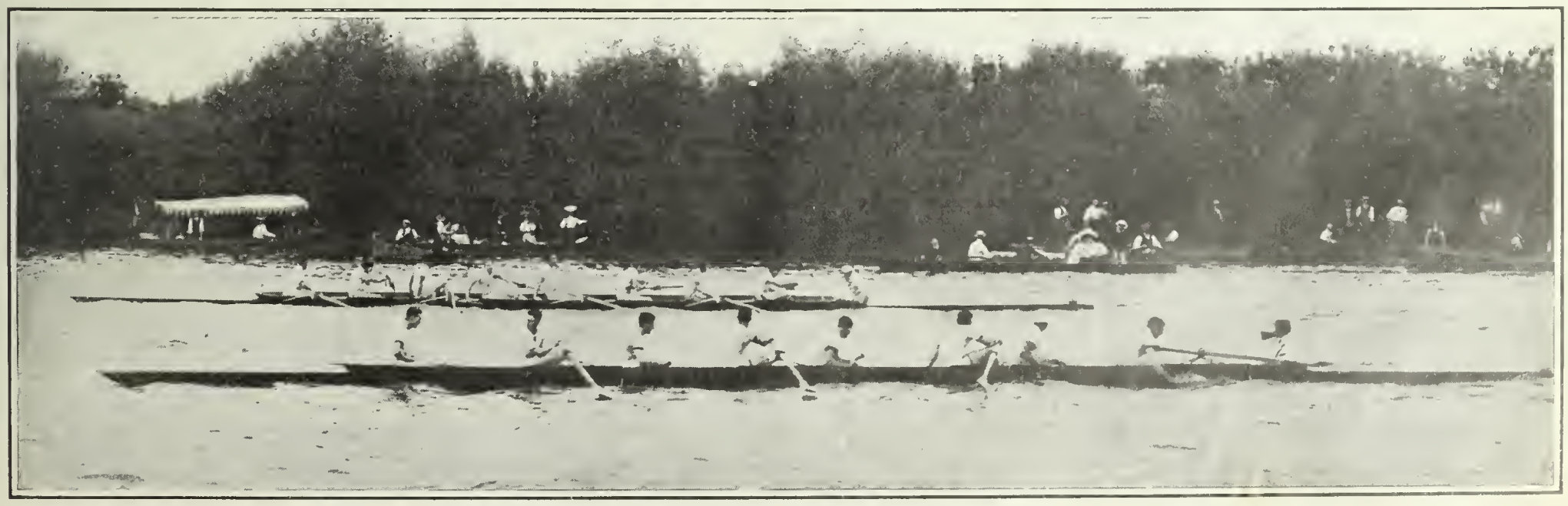
The campaign is one in which both sides are fighting in the dark. All precedents are worthless as guides. For the first time Mr. Hearst is entering a real contest with the backing of a great political party. He ran for Congress as a Tammany candidate, but that was a mere procession—there was no actual contest. As a candidate for Mayor last year he polled his great vote without the help of party machinery. Now he has the machinery. The question is how many of the party votes go with it, and how many of the Republican votes that he would have had as a straight Independence League candidate, and must have to offset the Democratic defection that is certain to occur, will stay with him when he is presented as a Democratic partizan nominee. One advantage he has—that whatever votes he may be able to get will be counted.

The Republicans have made the strongest possible bid for the support of discontented Democrats by nominating Mr. Charles E. Hughes, whose record is his platform.



WHILE HARVARD STILL HAD A CHANCE

The international university boat race as seen from Barnes Bridge



WHEN CAMBRIDGE BEAT HARVARD ON THE THAMES

The victorious and vanquished crews together a few seconds after the finish at Mortlake. Cambridge had won the race by two lengths



HEARST AND

This is the third of a series of four artic politics of William Randolph Hearst. Th istic methods as employed to create a ser

By FREDE



EXAMPLE OF MALICIOUS ATTACK

Hearst took the side of Schley in the Sampson-Schley controversy and used Davenport to lampoon the commander of the fleet which defeated Cervera



A PICTURE CALCULATED TO INSPIRE CLASS HATRED

TO-DAY Hearst journalism might be divided into three departments: The maintenance by sensational methods of the vast circulation of the allied papers; the creation of a sentiment of dissatisfaction with present conditions among the readers, and the direction of the sentiment to subserve the propaganda and political ambitions of William Randolph Hearst.

His first association with any great public movement was in the agitation that culminated in the war with Spain. The shock and alarms of battle appealed to his imagination. He shouted for intervention with Cuba in broadsides of headlines, and scored every hour's delay of the Administration. His paper was Democratic, without following any leader or set of leaders. He announced a platform of his own, which was a product of the bold individuality which advertised his newspaper and the forerunner of his one-man party.

Anything big and flamboyant in the way of a political policy pleased him. His aversion to people of his own class took the form of aversion to both bosses and trust magnates. No one knew so well as he the public's indifference to the discussion of principles and its fondness for the pictorial impersonation of a cause. When Bennett the elder was asked what was the secret of successful journalism, he answered: "Repetition! Repetition! Repetition!" and Hearst had studied Bennett as well as Pulitzer. He knew the folly of scattering his shot. The public do not want rifle but heavy gun fire, with smokeless powder, so that they can see at once the discharge of the projectile, its flight, and the smashing impact.

The Malignant and Vicious Hanna Cartoons

MARK HANNA was the target he selected, and Davenport was the gunner. Davenport seemed to draw with a carving knife while in the throes of hysteria. The revolt of the intelligent public over these cartoons only augmented their repulsiveness. Hearst's object seemed to be to make them so significantly horrible that everybody would be drawn to them by the same sinister attraction that leads a crowd to stretch its neck for a glimpse of a man mangled by a trolley car.

Davenport's Hanna was a gorilla, and his President of the United States a manikin who did the gorilla's bidding. This monster's clothes were checked with the dollar-mark design. Piggish eyes looked out from under a brutally low forehead and bushy eyebrows; his flesh hung in an unpleasant roll from his jaw, and the lobes of his ears were thick and pendent in their sensuousness.

Such a caricature had none of the cartoonist's art of verisimilitude. It was as devoid of humor as Dante's "Inferno." If you had placed it beside the face of the original scarcely any likeness would have been recognizable. In reality, Hanna was a matter-of-fact and solid-looking business man. Had he been as handsome as Apollo, Hearst would still have made him a glaring ogre in order to impersonate the combined dangers of bossism and capitalism as Mrs. Stowe impersonated the slave driver in her imaginative Simon Legree. Hearst accomplished his object. There was no one in the United States who was not familiar with Davenport's Hanna. Nor was there any one who had not seen the Nurse Hanna and the Manikin McKinley in Opper's "Willie and His Papa."

It was in the midst of these attacks that Hearst sent one of his men to President McKinley to express privately his regret over much that had been printed by his staff against his wishes, with assurance of a more lenient attitude in the future. McKinley thanked the emissary. Apparently he did not agree to the request which accompanied the message. For Hearst went on attacking McKinley as viciously as ever until McKinley was assassinated and the horrified public recalled that the New York "Journal" had published a quatrain to the effect that the bullet that killed Goebel was on its way to McKinley, and that Brisbane had an editorial in the "Evening Journal" on instances when assassination was justifiable. Hearst himself did not write these incitements to murder. Probably they could not have appeared with his consent. But before they were on the press they must have passed the scrutiny of half a dozen members of the staff which was of his creation and ownership, and to which he had given a riotous hand in piling sensation on sensation. In the face of threatening public clamor Hearst awoke to one of his spasms of energy. He was in his office day and night. He managed every detail of the campaign for counteracting public enmity, and all the talent of his staff—including Brisbane's—was combined under his direction in the statement of principles with which he covered the hoardings of New York. No one knows so well as the most gifted genius in journalistic legerdemain of our time that the public has a short memory, and no one knows so well how to make the public forget. Many who now favor the Hearst candidacy were loud against him at the time of McKinley's assassination.

Hearst Gets His Lesson

THE Hearst papers have never been so violent since. Hearst learned thoroughly the lesson that a popular paper is dependent upon its popularity for its prosperity and power. With the death of McKinley, Davenport had outlived his usefulness to Hearst. Opper, too, gave up "Willie and His Papa." They could not make Roosevelt a manikin who came when a boss called, because Roosevelt was his own boss. Hearst now concentrated his fire upon the trust monster.

Most of the men around Hearst opposed his entry into politics. How could the shy man who spent only a few minutes at the Cisneros reception become a political handshaker? Why should he, the holder of a vast property, submit himself to the inconveniences of a candidate for office? He might enjoy winning the applause of the people as a prince and a patron,



HEARST'S INTEL

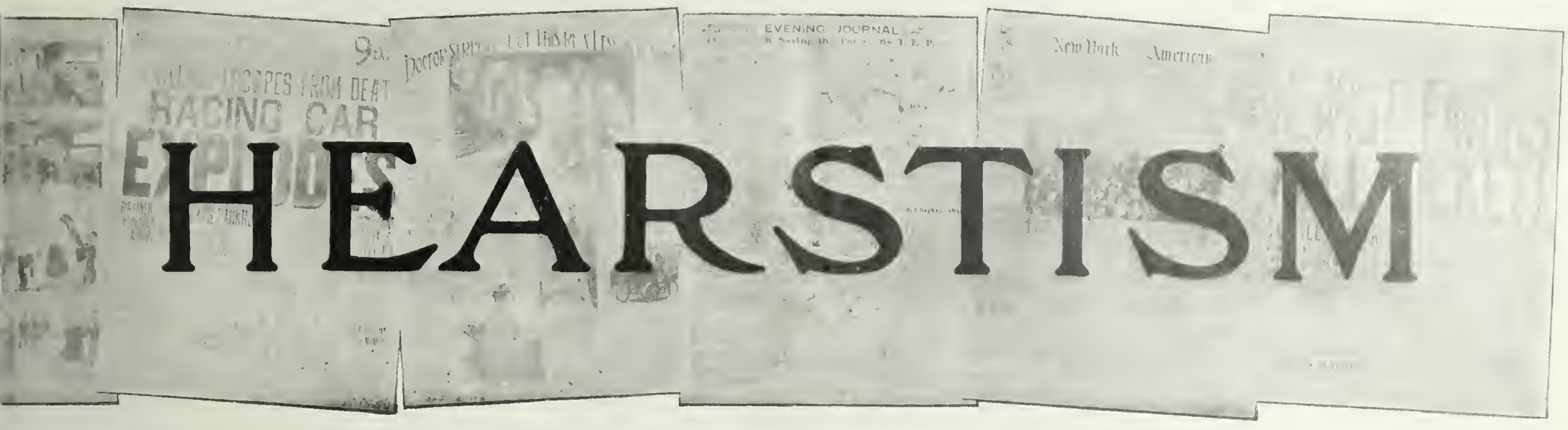
Arthur Brisbane, the inventor of headline

but why mix with them? For him place as for a United States Sena country newspaper. It was feared his money and his public influenc might read his papers, but they w

But he knew his power better a political career was characterist Brisbane had arranged to have Tam This was easy enough, as the "Jou newspaper in New York City. On that the proprietor wanted to run his ambition as naturally as he w

Hearst had ordered himself a English peer used to buy a pocket of his newspaper machine is sub writers and cartoonists around hi the yellowness and the "features" was married and he began his pol changed the tone of his papers in c for the Sunday edition the legs a of an endurance contest to detern could kiss before they were exha would not be permitted to-day.

In huge capitals the Hearst p their contemporaries. At the out Hearst conducting an exposure of Column. In answer to the talk a a defender of public morals. W magazine of the Art Students' Le



HEARSTISM

uling with the personality, newspapers, and ent paper treats of his sensational journal- t of dissatisfaction with existing conditions

K PALMER



TUAL DYNAMICS

rites the editorials for his evening editions

for Congress was as much out of ettle down as the editor of a small had found a way of parting with ournalist at the same time. People take him seriously as a candidate. ose around him. His decision for ominant, determined, and sudden. all nominate himself for Congress. is the most influential Democratic isbane received a telegram saying ngress himself. Brisbane gave up ve obeyed any other command. Congress with the facility that an h for his son. Every department to his personal interests. The Hearst-owned. In the madness of is always method. Since Hearst reer in earnest, he has noticeably ect. Alan Dale no longer analyzes eries of chorus girls. An account v many times a man and a woman which once made a page shocker,

re saying "Holier than thou" to is campaign for Governor we find dness of the "Herald's" Personal s personal morals, he has become nthony Comstock suppressed the d most of the newspapers of New York let their wit play in the conventional ridicule over such false morals, up rose Brisbane righteously in behalf of Comstock as the guardian of the home. When Hearst was considering the Prohibition nomination for Governor a strong anti-whisky editorial appeared.

While the Hearst papers are experiencing this kind of reform, they never miss making circulation out of the lewdness that goes with a murder or a mystery. At the time of the White murder the New York editions left unpublished no information which was suggestive. The editors boasted that in the Terranova case they never spoke explicitly of lewd details. They did not have to speak of them in order to make their readers think of them. Through the pages on pages of nauseating psychological comment and suggestion they aroused the imagination of the masses who pursued strainingly the hope of a salacious revelation, and then busied their minds in hypotheses about the things which were not told.

The requirement in the Hearst offices is to keep the paper selling, and at the same time to make a point of morality. "Nothing succeeds like circulation" is the slogan in brackets in the upper right-hand corner of the front page. On the back of the editorial which preaches temperance may be an inviting whisky advertisement; on the back of an editorial advising clean living, high ideals, and education for the youth of the country may be the claims of filthy quacks who promote public degeneracy. The Hearst papers publish more about the gambling season at Saratoga, more about prize-fighting, more about elopements and murders, than any other publications on earth. Recently the Chicago edition had a broadside headline about an officer of police who was about to marry a woman who owned a hotel of doubtful reputation. The question which was asked in a hundred ways by clever reporters was whether you, too, reader, would consider giving up your place on the force for tainted money of this sort if you were in the officer's place. Thus morbid curiosity was excited; thus circulation was made.

Hearst's Theory of Publicity

THE best of Hearst's papers is the New York "American," on which he personally centres his attention. It is the mouthpiece of his present candidacy. He is not running for Governor in Illinois or Massachusetts. His Chicago and Boston editions are the worst of the lot. A perusal of any of his evening editions is like a visit to some vast people's fair with a hundred booths barking their novelties and entertainments, while from one rises a man in a black coat who tells all present that they are atoms and sinners, and it is high time they listen to a little reason and realize what slaves they are as well. He even explains at length what an atom is. They pause open-mouthed and hear his harangue or at least look at the picture prospectus of his thought which he exhibits with his speech.

In America Hearst has combined under one trust head all the departments of widespread human interest whose market in England is met by the sloppy penny weeklies out of which Harmsworth made his fortune. Our showman explains that in order to get people to listen to his sermons he must also give them old wives' tales and love philtres, a chamber of horrors, and a merry-go-round, the gossip of murders and mysteries, puzzles, and detective stories, and tell their fortunes. He insists that it is no use to preach to those who are already converted. He publishes pictures, news, and views which will make every type of people buy his papers. That leads them to the water of Brisbane's editorials, and Brisbane's genius and italics must make them drink. His method of teaching is that of teaching physiology with a chart in a primary school. To take Hearst at his word, then, fifty years after people began to learn something about their physical "insides," they are being taught something about their political "insides," thanks to cheap wood pulp. If Hearst had a dozen Brisbanes there is no telling what he might not do. He needs a Brisbane in Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco to apply the Brisbane afflatus to local conditions. But there is only one Brisbane. While the sentences of the original have the sound of sincerity and inspiration, those of the imitators creak. Unquestionably, the Brisbane editorials are the most sensational journalistic wonder of our time. Brisbane has probably influenced more votes of a type than any other writer. His outpourings in the evening edition have the quality of being spoken at your elbow, and Brisbane actually does speak them into a phonograph. They do not read well when you rise fresh in the morning equipped with the optimism of dawn for your day's work; for they are feverish. Their potency is to the man hanging to a strap in a crowded street-car, after the day's disappointment when his mind is most sensitive to the preaching of discontent.

Brisbane's Cocktail Logic

THE gift of Brisbane is the gift of a novelist. He can put himself in the place of an Italian workman, a small dealer, a Wall Street man, and a farmer, all in five minutes. That means that he knows as a writer how to reach the man to whom he appeals. Historical and scientific comparisons, quick conclusions from premises swiftly arranged to suit his contention, come racing from his mind in the form of smart sentences.

"The French have money to buy our railroad bonds," he said when the Pennsylvania floated its five per cents in Paris, "because they are not robbed by their own railroads as we are."

That sounds so well that you might not stop to think that it was bad political economy if you were tired and wanted a cocktail in printed form. Or if you did stop to think, he would have caught your eye with the freshly



A TYPICAL "WILLIE AND HIS PAPA" CARTOON

This style of humor was discontinued after President McKinley's assassination

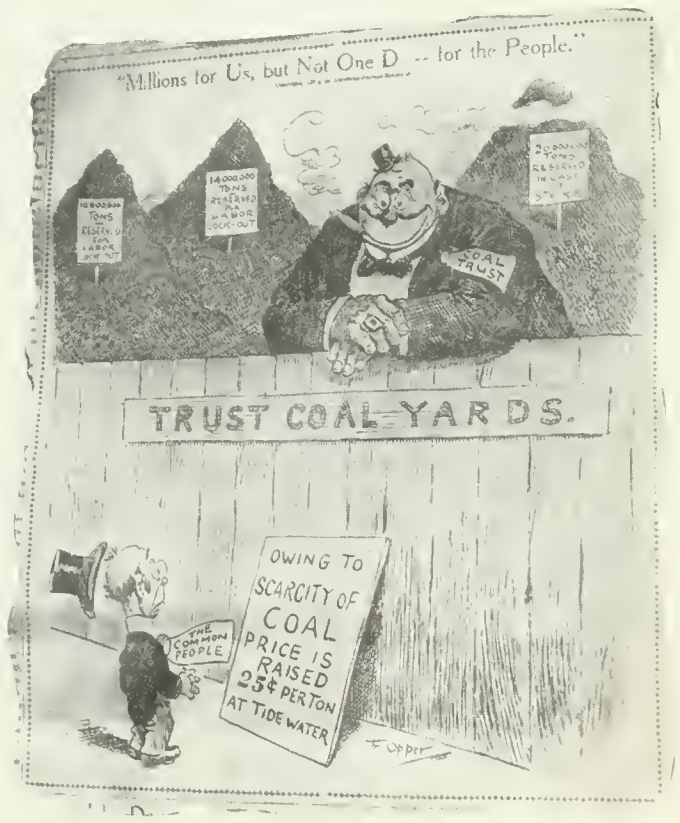
Have You Seen a Broken-Legged Chicken Scratch for Worms?

Something Funnier Would Be Mr. Jerome Scratching for Office on His Broken Promises.

A gentleman who says that he "speaks for Mr. Jerome" came down from his racetrack gambling at Saratoga to tell us that Mr. Jerome "may run for Governor this Fall."

As we have said, we don't BELIEVE that Mr. Jerome will run FOR ANYTHING.

TYPE OF A BRISBANE EDITORIAL HEADING



A "TRUST" AND "COMMON PEOPLE" CARTOON

minted gleam of another piece of coinage before you had time fully to test the first as a counterfeit. If the moneyed oligarchy could get Brisbane as a press agent, he could, when in the mood for composition, talk more arguments in favor of trusts in half an hour into a phonograph than Rockefeller has conceived in all his life.

And Hearst knows precisely the value of Brisbane to him as he knows the value of Carvalho. I think that you must realize by this time that the voice is not Brisbane's when the words are Hearst's. Expression is easy to Brisbane. He has a pugnacious forehead. Hearst has a pugnacious chin. He writes very laboriously but what he says he says "hard." He is wholly lacking in the art of qualifying clauses; he can not write or think mildly. The day after Admiral Dewey's triumphant return I made a point of asking if the short statement under Hearst's name was written by the man himself. It had a quality that could scarcely appear in the work of the average reporter. It was the opinion of a man of action by a man of action. Dewey's spectacular victory had specially appealed to the spectacular nature of the head and front of yellow journalism.

Taking Advantage of Disaster

HEARST'S article on San Francisco, powerful and dignified, of his own conception and another man's wording, was strangely and disagreeably in contrast with the tawdry advertising of the Hearst relief train, the press agent tricks of his subordinates in a time of disaster, and the immensity of the Hearst signs pointing the way to the relatively insignificant Hearst relief camp. Probably his subordinates were doing as he wished them to, while he had written that which he wanted to appear under his own name.

For he is first and last and all the time a demagogue, using broad strokes. Possibly he is a great leader of men—many demagogues have been. Time will tell whether he is a brilliant colored bubble or a real force. A great and honest editor he is not. A great and honest editor makes his paper a forum of discussion; he hears all sides. Of the countless letters of criticism of the "Journal's" policy and editorial injustices, of the complaints of readers who have been defrauded by the advertisements of fake concerns, none is published unless its form on account of illiteracy or vituperativeness is such that it will discredit the writer. If an error is made in news in one of the Hearst papers correction is almost impossible. Yet common moral law commands that when a wrong is done you ought to repair that wrong in so far as you can. If Hearst is sued for libel, and if the suit is won, the complainant may have no redress except a money payment for the damage his reputation has suffered; his victory will be unknown to the public. As the Standard Oil trust conceals its rebates so the publicity trust conceals its inside methods of working up public sentiment.

Always the Hearst papers are Hearst's. At the raising of his finger his whole force acts his own journalistic will with the same solidarity that the Standard Oil legionaries act the business will of their head, or the grafters of a police force ring hold together. The news of a scandalous crime may be so handled as to embarrass the prosecution of the accused by a District Attorney who is a rival candidate for Governor. Through the humor of some of its cartoonists the evening edition reaches a multitude of tired men who would not buy the paper otherwise, and that humor plays its subtle part in pulling for Hearst. Thousands buy the "Evening Journal" for the laugh that Powers will give them. An ex-President who is conservative and anti-Hearst is put in the Down and Out Club with Cassie Chadwick, Carrie Nation, Elijah Dowie, and Jonah. The continual repetition after a time must have its effect on any mind.

Political Flip-Flaps

THE commander of the army of red, blue, yellow, and black divisions that march across the wood pulp can change the route of his columns at any moment over the telephone. When Hearst is running against Tammany, Murphy is a blackguard and a thief. When Hearst suddenly wants the support of Tammany, Murphy appears neither in cartoons nor editorials. Judgment may be suspended pending the demonstration of Murphy's ability to deliver the delegates of Tammany at the Democratic State Convention to the candidate of the Independence League. When it is desirable that the President of the United States should not be aroused to one of his great impulses of decisive action and throw his influence in New York politics in behalf of that purification of his party which would result in a strong Republican candidate for Governor, you may find little items of praise of the President in the New York "American," and a glorification of the naval display off Oyster Bay, which is the subject of much caviling in the Democratic press generally.

In the early days of his New York venture, before he entered politics, it was not William and not Randolph in huge capitals, but W. R. Hearst in modest capitals which appeared at the head of his editorial column. To-day no one of his army ever speaks of "William R." The William Randolph seems to have been born with his political career, which has been contemporaneous with the exploitation of himself as persistently as if he were a brand



SOLOMON S. CARVALHO

A yellow journalist who objects to publicity where it concerns himself

The business manager of the Hearst papers, the most abandoned organs of publicity in the world, refused to have his photograph made, on the ground that he was a "private individual." Collier's then tried on Mr. Carvalho a favorite Hearst method, that of snap-shotting a public man who refuses a sitting. When Carvalho found that he had been snapped unawares in the street he attacked the photographer violently and tried by kicks and fisticuffs to smash the camera. A policeman was obliged to interfere, but refused to arrest the photographer for serving out to the gander that sauce which has so frequently been dispensed by the Hearst papers to the goose

of soap or baking powder in this age of advertisement. He used to wear checked suits and rather loud ties and avoid personal publicity. Now he craves it and wears a frock coat on the hottest day. Significant of his individualistic ownership of every man that serves him is the fact that the Brisbane editorials were published in book form under the name of "Hearst Editorials."

When he wanted to go to Congress Tammany said that it would be pleased to elect him. As soon as he was nominated he started a campaign of his own. Every ash-can and every hoarding in the New York district in which he was a candidate had a lithograph of William Randolph Hearst. With it was a direct appeal to the union labor vote. He spent money on advertising, but no unusual amount was passed out to his leaders. The day before election, when it is the custom for rich angels who run for office to open their "barrels," he spent almost nothing.

But he had arranged for a vast display of fireworks at Madison Square to celebrate his victory in red, blue, black, and yellow. The material went off prematurely and killed and injured seventeen people. His editors, frightened as the information came in, did not mention this disaster—which would have been worth such tremendous red headlines under ordinary circumstances. Later editions under his own direction treated the slaughter as a piece of news, but without reference to the ownership of the fireworks, which showed again the keenness of his journalistic judgment.



AN EARLY HANNA CARTOON

Published a few days before the outbreak of hostilities with Spain when the "Journal" was heaping abuse on the Administration for not beginning the war when the Administration was using the days of delay for completing necessary military and naval preparations

Hearst Surprises Tammany

WHEN Tammany Hall noted that Hearst ran far ahead of his ticket, some of the clearer-sighted leaders, including the hermit of Wantage, it is said, remarked dryly that "this damned picture, pen, and ink show" was working. For Tammany had always been contemptuous of newspaper power. Heretofore, with most of the newspapers of New York against its ticket, it had frequently held the boys in line.

Hearst's next step was to run for President before he had any opportunity in Congress at all. This move led one of his men, since discharged, to remark that it was a pity that such a generous employer "should take to wearing a frock coat and fall into the hands of a lot of 'con' men, who would take his money on such a 'dope' proposition as that."

The Hearst Presidential boom was the joke of the hour. With Max Ihmsen—of whom we shall hear something in the next article—at his side he set forth in a private car into the Western and Southern States and Territories on a hunt for delegates. He heralded his own candidacy in his papers in the same manner that a certain brand of beer made Milwaukee famous.

The outsiders who saw him did not meet a man in a check suit accompanied by two or three girls, but a silent, listening man in that inevitable frock coat. They thought he was pleasant and attractive, and not such a fool as he advertised himself to be.

Besides, he must be going to spend money on his hobby. He received two hundred and seventeen votes at St. Louis. His outlay went entirely to fireworks, bands, banners, and buttons, and hired adjutants. The delegates who had voted for him went home thinking that he would have surely opened that barrel if he had been nominated, anyway. The sum he spent on his Presidential campaign was not more than his income for two months, and some of it, as Carvalho knows, came back in circulation.

A year ago, Murphy, who had been brought up in the old Tammany school, still had no respect for the vote-getting power of yellow journalism. So he did not succumb to Hearst's "defi," as the sporting editor would say, and Hearst ran for Mayor. Again Hearst spent money only on advertising. He did not open a barrel. If he had, on that day before election, when the district leaders line up for their share at Tammany Hall, it is likely that Tammany would have had to admit Hearst's election.

Murphy Wakes Up

WHEN Murphy awakened to find that this newspaper proprietor, who had called him blackguard and thief, had broken into the Tammany machine for more than a hundred thousand good Tammany votes, he became aware of a new kind of politics.

Hearst's heaviest vote was polled in the Borough of Brooklyn and in the better, though not the wealthier sections, of the Borough of Manhattan. Of this fact he has made much in his appeals to voters in the organization of his Independence League in the up-State counties where Tammany and the Murphys and the Sullivans are obnoxious to Republicans and Democrats alike. But many thinking citizens for whom his class appeal had no attractions, many who disliked the man and the type of character which he represents, voted for him as a protest against them.

They reasoned that he could not be much worse than Murphy, Quigg, or McCarren, and that the defeat of these gentlemen at the hands of an independent candidate would be a salutary public lesson. More significant than Hearst's immense poll was the victory of Jerome, who ran neither on the Hearst, the Murphy, or the Odell ticket. It was not surprising that Hearst and perhaps Jerome should have accepted their triumph as personal tributes, when to thousands they were only a vehicle of indignation against the machine system which both candidates had systematically attacked. Sometimes the public knows its motives better than the men who seek its support.

California, but then was, and still is, a part of Mexico. With his forty-five followers he raided the town of La Paz, made the Governor a prisoner, and established a republic with himself as President. In a proclamation he declared the people free of the tyranny of Mexico. They had no desire to be free, but Walker was determined, and, whether they liked it or not, they woke up to find themselves an independent republic.

As soon as word of this reached San Francisco his friends busied themselves in his behalf, and the danger-loving and adventurous of all lands were enlisted as "emigrants" and shipped to him in the bark *Anita*.

Two months later, in November, 1852, three hundred of these joined Walker. They were as desperate a band of scoundrels as ever robbed a sluice, stoned a Chinaman, or shot a "Greaser." When they found that to command them there was only a boy, they plotted to blow up the magazine in which the powder was stored, rob the camp, and march north, supporting themselves by looting the ranches. Walker learned of their plot, tried the ringleaders by court-martial, and shot them. With a force as absolutely undisciplined as was his, the act required the most complete personal courage. That was a quality the men with him could fully appreciate. They saw that as a leader they had one who could fight, and one who would punish. The majority did not want a leader who would punish; so when Walker called upon those who would follow him to Sonora to show their hands, only the original forty-five and about forty of the later recruits remained with him. With less than one hundred men he started to march up the Peninsula through Lower California, and so around the Gulf to Sonora.

From the very start the filibusters were overwhelmed with disaster. The Mexicans, with Indian allies, skulked on the flanks and rear. Men who in the almost daily encounters were killed fell into the hands of the Indians, and their bodies were mutilated. Stragglers and deserters were run to earth and tortured. Those of the filibusters who were wounded died from lack of medical care. The only instruments they possessed with which to extract the arrow-heads were probes made from ramrods filed to a point. Their only food was the cattle they killed on the march. The army was barefoot, the Cabinet in rags, the President of Sonora wore one boot and one shoe. Unable to proceed further, Walker fell back upon San Vincente, where he had left the arms and ammunition of the deserters and a rear-guard of eighteen men. He found not one of these to welcome him. A dozen had deserted, and the Mexicans had surprised the rest, lassoing them and torturing them until they died.

The Escape from Mexico

WALKER now had but thirty-five men. To wait for further reenforcements from San Francisco, even were he sure that reenforcements would come, was impossible. He determined by forced marches to fight his way to the boundary line of California. Between him and safety were the Mexican soldiers holding the passes, and the Indians hiding on his flanks. When within three miles of the boundary line, at San Diego, Colonel Melendrez, who commanded the Mexican forces, sent in a flag of truce, and offered, if they would surrender, a safe conduct to all of the survivors of the expedition except the chief. But the men who for one year had fought and starved for Walker would not, within three miles of home, abandon him.

Melendrez then begged the commander of the United States troops to order Walker to surrender. Major McKinstry, who was in command of the United States Army Post at San Diego, refused. For him to cross the line would be a violation of neutral territory. On Mexican soil he would neither embarrass the ex-President of Sonora nor aid him; but he saw to it that if the filibusters reached American soil, no Mexican or Indian should follow them.

Accordingly, on the imaginary boundary he drew up his troop, and like an impartial umpire awaited the result. Hidden behind rocks and cactus, across the hot, glaring plain, the filibusters could see the American flag, and the gay, fluttering guidons of the cavalry. The sight gave them heart for one last desperate spurt. Melendrez also appreciated that for the final attack the moment had come. As he charged, Walker, apparently routed, fled, but concealed in the rocks behind him he had stationed a rear-guard of a dozen men. As Melendrez rode into this ambush the dozen riflemen emptied as many saddles, and the Mexicans and Indians stampeded. A half hour later, footsore and famished, the little band that had set forth to found an empire of slaves staggered across the line and surrendered to the forces of the United States.

Of this expedition James Jeffrey Roche says, in his "Byways of War," which is of all books published about Walker the most intensely and fascinatingly interesting and complete: "Years afterward the peon herdsman or prowling Cocupa Indian in the mountain bypaths stumbled over the bleaching skeleton of some nameless one whose resting-place was marked by no cross or cairn, but the Colt revolver resting beside his bones spoke his country and his occupation—the only relic of the would-be Conquistadores of the Nineteenth Century."

Under parole to report to General Wood, commanding the Department of the Pacific, the filibusters were sent by sailing vessel to San Francisco, where their leader was tried for violating the neutrality laws of the United States, and acquitted.

Walker's first expedition had ended in failure, but for him it had been an opportunity of tremendous experience, as active service is the best of all military academies, and for the kind of warfare he was to wage, the best preparation. Nor was it inglorious, for his fellow survivors, contrary to the usual practise, instead of in barrooms placing the blame for failure upon their leader, stood ready to fight one and all who doubted his ability or his courage. Later, after five years, many of these same men, though ten to twenty years his senior, followed him to death, and never questioned his judgment or his right to command.

"Walker of Nicaragua"

AT this time in Nicaragua there was the usual revolution. On the south the sister republic of Costa Rica was taking sides, on the north Honduras was landing arms and men. There was no law, no government. A dozen political parties, a dozen commanding generals, and not one strong man.

In the editorial rooms of the San Francisco "Herald," Walker, searching the map for new worlds to conquer, rested his finger upon Nicaragua.

In its confusion of authority he saw an opportunity to make himself a power, and in its tropical wealth and beauty, in the laziness and incompetence of its inhabitants, he beheld a greater, fairer, more kind Sonora. On the Pacific side from San Francisco he could reenforce his army with men and arms; on the Caribbean side from New Orleans he could, when the moment arrived, people his empire with slaves.

The two parties at war in Nicaragua were the Legitimists and the Democrats. Why they were at war it is not necessary to know. Probably Walker did not know; it is not likely that they themselves knew. But from the leader of the Democrats Walker obtained a contract to bring to Nicaragua three hundred Americans, who were each to receive several hundred acres of land, and who were described as "colonists liable to military duty." But the "colonists" who joined Walker had a very distinct idea that they were not going to Nicaragua to plant coffee or to pick bananas.

In May, 1855, just a year after Walker and his thirty-three followers had surrendered to the United States troops at San Diego, with fifty new recruits and seven veterans of the former expedition he sailed from San Francisco in the brig *Vesta*, and in five weeks, after a weary and stormy voyage, landed at Realejo. There he was met by representatives of the Provisional Director of the Democrats, who received the Californians warmly.



ROUTES OF WALKER'S THREE FILIBUSTERING EXPEDITIONS

The American Phalanx

WALKER was commissioned a colonel, Achilles Kewen, who had been fighting under Lopez in Cuba, a lieutenant-colonel, and Timothy Crocker, who had served under Walker in the Sonora expedition, a major. The corps was organized as an independent command and was named "La Falange Americana." At this time the enemy held the route to the Caribbean, and Walker's first orders were to dislodge him.

Accordingly, a week after landing with his fifty-seven Americans and one hundred and fifty native troops, Walker sailed in the *Vesta* for Brito, from which port he marched upon Rivas, a city of eleven thousand people and garrisoned by some twelve hundred of the enemy.

The first fight ended in a complete and disastrous fiasco. The native troops ran away, and the Americans, surrounded by six hundred of the Legitimists' soldiers, after defending themselves for three hours behind some adobe huts, charged the enemy and escaped into the jungle. Their loss was heavy, and among the killed were the two men upon whom Walker chiefly depended: Kewen and Crocker. The Legitimists placed the bodies of the dead and wounded who were still living on a pile of logs and burned them. After a painful night march, Walker, the next day, reached San Juan on the coast. At this moment, although Walker's men were defeated, bleeding, and in open flight, two "gringos" picked up on the beach of San Juan, "the Texan Harry McLeod and the Irishman Peter Burns," asked to be permitted to join him.

"It was encouraging," Walker writes, "for the soldiers to find that some besides themselves did not regard their fortunes as altogether desperate, and small as was this addition to their number it gave increased moral as well as material strength to the command."

Sometimes in reading history it would appear as though for success the first requisite must be an utter lack of humor, and inability to look upon what one is attempting except with absolute seriousness. With forty men Walker was planning to conquer and rule Nicaragua, a country with a population of 250,000 souls and as large as the combined area of Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Connecticut. And yet, even seven years later, he records without a smile that two beach-combers gave his army "moral and material strength." And it is most characteristic of the man that at the moment he was rejoicing over this addition to his forces, to maintain discipline two Americans who had set fire to the houses of the enemy he ordered to be shot. When one reads how frequently the death penalty was invoked by Walker against his own few followers, the wonder grows that these men, as independent and as unaccustomed to restraint as were those who first joined him, submitted to his leadership. One can explain it only by the personal quality of Walker himself.

Among these reckless, fearless outlaws, who, despising their allies, believed and proved that with his rifle one American could account for a dozen Nicaraguans, Walker was the one man who did not boast nor drink nor gamble, who did not even swear, who never looked at a woman, and who in money matters was scrupulously honest and unselfseeking. In a fight, his followers knew that for them he would risk being shot just as unconcernedly as to maintain his authority he would shoot one of them.

A Stern Disciplinarian

TREACHERY, cowardice, looting, any indignity to women, he punished with death; but to the wounded, either of his own or of the enemy's forces, he was as gentle as a Nursing Sister; and the brave and able he rewarded with instant promotion and higher pay. In no one trait was he a demagogue. One can find no effort on his part to ingratiate himself with his men. Among the officers of his staff there were no favorites. He messed alone, and at all times kept to himself. He spoke little, and then with utter lack of self-consciousness. But it is said that on those infrequent occasions when his anger asserted itself, the steady steel-gray eyes flashed so menacingly that those who faced them would as soon look down the barrel of his Colt.

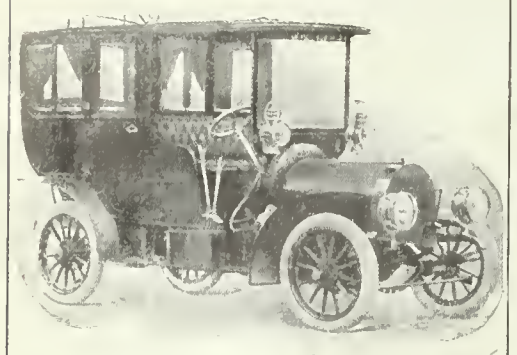
The impression one gets of him is of a silent, student-like young man believing religiously in his "star of destiny"; but, in all matters that did not concern himself, possessed of a grim sense of fun. The sayings of his men that in his history of the war he records show a distinct appreciation of the Bret Harte school of humor. As, for instance, when he tells how he wished to make one of them a drummer boy and the Californian drawled: "No, thanks, Colonel, I never seen a picture of a battle yet that the first thing in it wasn't a dead drummer boy with a busted drum."

In Walker the personal vanity which is so characteristic of the soldier of fortune was utterly lacking. In a land where a captain bedecks himself like a field marshal, Walker wore his trousers stuffed in his boots, a civilian's blue frock-coat, and the slouch hat of the period, with, for his only ornament, the red ribbon of the Democrats. The authority he wielded did not depend upon braid or buttons, and only when going into battle did he wear his sword. In appearance he was slightly built, rather below the medium height, smooth-shaven and with deep-set gray eyes. These eyes apparently, as they gave him his nickname, were his most marked feature.

His followers called him, and later, when he was thirty-two years old, he was known all over the United States as, "the Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny."

From the first Walker recognized that in order to establish himself in Nicaragua he must keep in touch with all possible recruits arriving from San Francisco and New York, and that to do this he must hold the line of transit from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific. At this time the sea routes to the gold fields were three: by sailing vessel around the Cape, one over the Isthmus of Panama, and one, which was the shortest, across Nicaragua. By a charter from the Government of Nicaragua, the right to transport passengers across this Isthmus was controlled by the Accessory Transit Company, of which the first Cornelius Vanderbilt was president. His company owned a line of ocean steam

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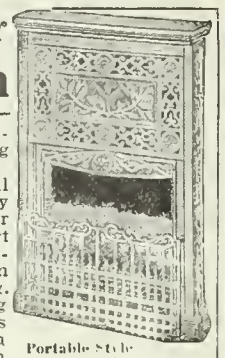
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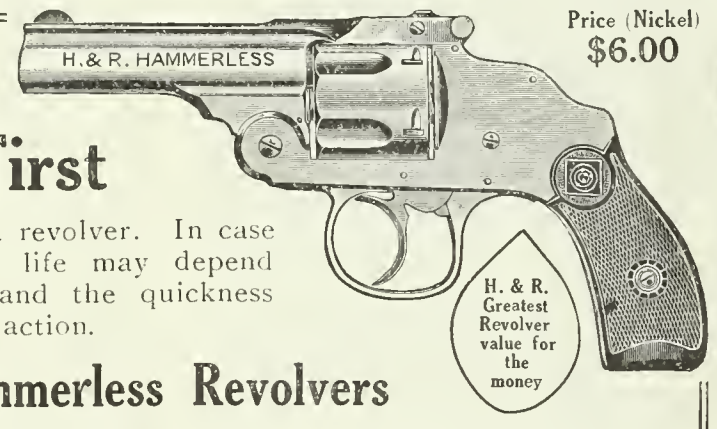
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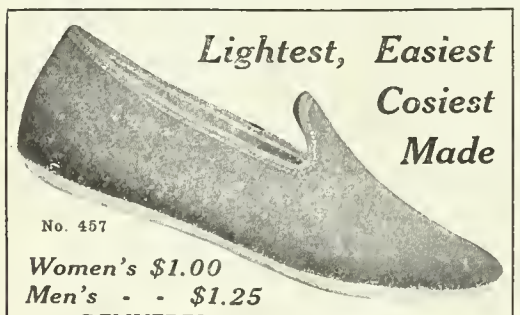
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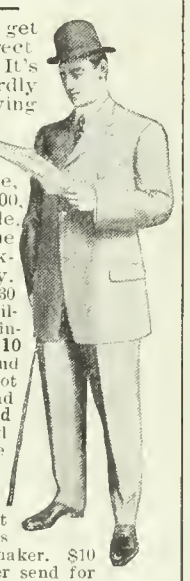


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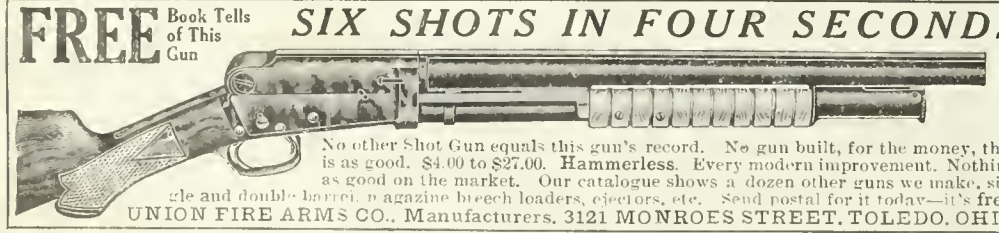
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REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

(*Continued from page 23*)

ers both on the Pacific side and on the Atlantic side. Passengers *en route* from New York to the gold-fields were landed by these latter steamers at Greytown on the west coast of Nicaragua, and sent by boats of light draft up the San Juan River to Lake Nicaragua. There they were met by larger lake steamers, and conveyed across the lake to Virgin Bay. From that point in carriages and on mule back they were carried twelve miles overland to the port of San Juan del Sud on the Pacific Coast, where they boarded the company's steamer to San Francisco.

During the year of Walker's occupation the number of passengers crossing Nicaragua was an average of about two thousand a month.

It was to control this route that immediately after his first defeat Walker returned to San Juan del Sud, and in a smart skirmish defeated the enemy and secured possession of Virgin Bay, the halting place for the passengers going east or west. In this fight Walker was outnumbered five to one, but his losses were only three natives killed and a few Americans wounded. The Legitimists lost sixty killed and a hundred wounded. This proportion of losses shows how fatally effective was the rifle and revolver fire of the Californians. Indeed, so wonderful was it that when some years ago I visited the towns and cities captured by the Filibusters I found that the marksmanship of Walker's Phalanx was still a tradition.

After the fight at Virgin Bay, Walker received from California fifty recruits—a very welcome addition to his force, and as he now commanded about one hundred and twenty Americans, three hundred Nicaraguans, under a friendly native, General Valle, and two brass cannon, he decided to again attack Rivas. Rivas is on the lake just above Virgin Bay; still further up is Granada, which was the headquarters of the Legitimists.

The Taking of Granada

FEARING Walker's attack upon Rivas, the Legitimist troops were hurried south from Granada to that city, leaving Granada but slightly protected. Through intercepted letters Walker learned of this and determined to strike at Granada. By night, in one of the lake steamers, he skirted the shore, and just before daybreak, with fires banked and all lights out, drew up to a point near the city. The day previous the Legitimists had gained a victory, and as good luck or Walker's "destiny" would have it, the night before Granada had been celebrating the event. Much joyous dancing and much drinking of aguardiente had buried the inhabitants in a drugged slumber. The garrison slept, the sentries slept, the city slept. But when the convent bells called for early mass, the air was shaken with sharp reports that to the ears of the Legitimists were unfamiliar and disquieting. They were not the loud explosions of their own muskets nor of the smooth-bores of the Democrats. The sounds were sharp and cruel like the crack of a whip. The sentries flying from their posts disclosed the terrifying truth. "The Filibusteros!" they cried. Following them at a gallop came Walker and Valle and behind them the men of the awful Phalanx, whom already the natives had learned to fear; the bearded giants in red flannel shirts who at Rivas on foot had charged the artillery with revolvers, who at Virgin Bay when wounded had drawn from their boots glittering bowie knives and hurled them like arrows, who at all times shot with the accuracy of the hawk falling upon a squawking hen.

There was a brief terrified stand in the Plaza, and then a complete rout. As was their custom, the native Democrats at once began to loot the city. But Walker put his sword into the first one of these he met, and ordered the Americans to arrest all others found stealing and to return the goods already stolen.

He now was in a position to dictate to the enemy his own terms of peace, and a meeting between the generals of the two political parties was agreed upon. Thus, four months after Walker and his fifty-seven followers landed in Nicaragua, a suspension of hostilities was arranged, and the side for which the Americans had fought was in power. Walker was made commander-in-chief of an army of twelve hundred men with salary of six thousand dollars a year. A man named Rivas was appointed temporary President.

Walker now had under him a remarkable force, one of the most effective known to military history. For although six months had not yet passed the organization he now commanded was as unlike the Phalanx of the fifty-eight adventurers who were driven back at Rivas, as was Falstaff's followers from the regiment of picked men commanded by Colonel Roosevelt. Instead of the undisciplined and lawless now being in the majority, the ranks were filled with the pick of the California mining camps, with veterans of the Mexican War, with young Southerners of birth and spirit, and with soldiers of fortune from all of the great armies of Europe.

In the Civil War, which so soon followed, and later in the service of the Khedive of Egypt, were several of Walker's officers, and for years after his death there was no war in which one or more of the men trained by him in the jungles of Nicaragua did not distinguish themselves. In his memoirs, the Englishman General Charles Frederic Henningsen writes that though he had taken part in some of the greatest battles of the Civil War he would pit a thousand men of Walker's command against any five thousand Confederate or Union soldiers.

Of Walker's men, a regiment largely composed of which he commanded, he writes: "I often have seen them march with a broken or compound fractured arm in splints, and using the other to fire the rifle or revolver. Those with a fractured thigh, or wounds which rendered them incapable of removal, shot themselves. Such men do not turn up in the average of every-day life, nor do I ever expect to see their like again. All military science failed on a suddenly given field before such assailants, who came at a run to close with their revolvers, and who thought little of charging a gun battery, pistol in hand."

Walker Elected President of Nicaragua

ANOTHER graduate of Walker's army was Captain Fred Townsend Ward, a native of Salem, Massachusetts, who after the death of Walker organized and led the Ever-Victorious Army that put down the Tai Ping rebellion, and so was Joaquin Miller, the poet, miner, and soldier, who only a few weeks since was a picturesque figure on the hotel porch at Saratoga Springs.

During the four months in all but title Walker had been President, and as such he was recognized and feared. It was against him, not Rivas, that in February, 1856, the neighboring republic of Costa Rica declared war. For three months this war continued with varying fortunes until the Costa Ricans were driven across the border.

In June of the same year Rivas called a general election for President, announcing himself as the candidate of the Democrats. Two other Democrats also presented themselves, Sa[illegible]nd Ferrer. The Legitimists, recognizing in their former enemy the re[illegible] of the country, nominated Walker. By an overwhelming majority he [illegible]lected, receiving 15,835 votes to 867 cast for Rivas. Salazar received 2,087; Fe[illegible] 4,447.

Walker now was the lega[illegible] as well as the actual ruler of the country, and at no time in its history, was Nicaragua governed so justly, so wisely, and so well, as during Walker's administration. But in his success the neighboring republics saw a menace to their own independence. To the four other republics of Central America the five-pointed blood-red star on the flag of the Filibusters bore a sinister motto: "Five or None." The meaning was only too unpleasantly obvious. At once Costa Rica on the south, and Guatemala, Salvador, and Honduras from the north, with the malcontents of Nicaragua, declared war against the foreign invader. Again Walker was in the field with opposed to him 21,000 of the Allies. The strength of his own force varied. On his election as President the backbone of his army was a magnificently trained body of veterans to the number of 2,000. This was later increased to 3,500, but it is doubtful if at any one time it ever exceeded that number. His muster and hospital rolls show that during his entire occupation of Nicaragua there were enlisted, at one time or another, under his banner 10,000 men. While in his service, of this number, by hostile shots or fever, 5,000 died.



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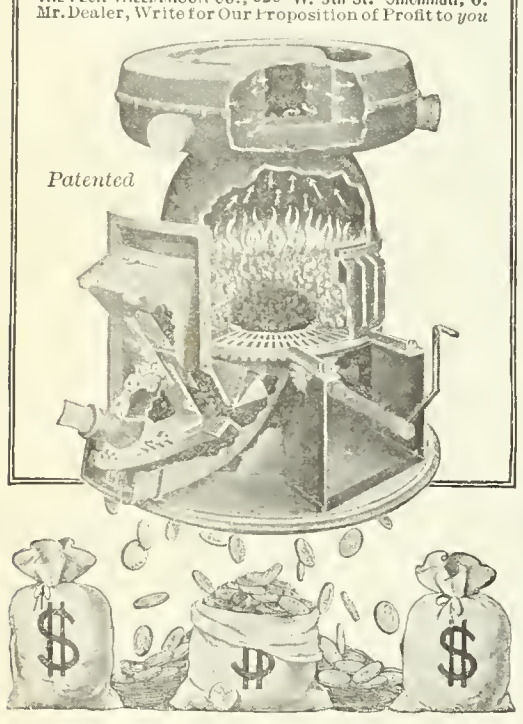
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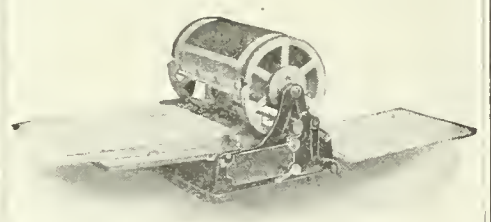
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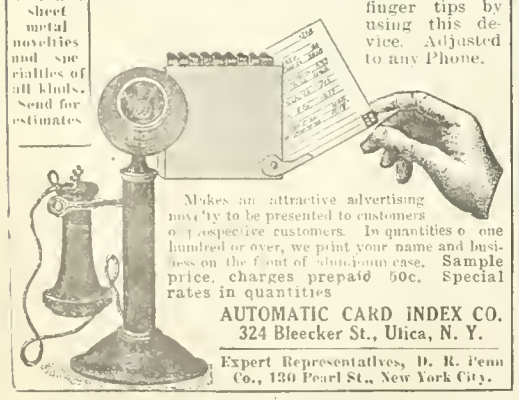
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Box 158, Springfield, Ohio—"Where the Flowers Grow"

REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

(*Continued from page 24*)

To describe the battles with the Allies would be interminable and wearying. In every particular they are much alike, the long silent night march, the rush at daybreak, the fight to gain strategic positions either of the barracks, or of the Cathedral in the Plaza, the hand-to-hand fighting from behind barricades and adobe walls. The outcome of these fights sometimes varied, but the final result was never in doubt, and, had no outside influences intervened, in time each republic in Central America would have come under the five-pointed star.

In Costa Rica there is a marble statue, showing that republic represented as a young woman with her foot upon the neck of Walker. Some night a truth-loving American will place a can of dynamite at the foot of that statue, and walk hurriedly away. Unaided, Costa Rica, nor any other Central American republic, could have driven Walker from her soil. His downfall came through his own people, and through an act of his which provoked them.

When Walker was elected president he found that the Accessory Transit Company had not lived up to the terms of its concession with the Nicaraguan Government. By its charter the Transit Company agreed to pay to Nicaragua $10,000 annually and ten per cent of the net profits, but the company, whose history the United States Minister, Squire, characterized as "an infamous career of deception and fraud," manipulated its books in such a fashion as to show that there never were any profits. Doubting this, Walker sent a commission to New York to investigate. The commission discovered the fraud and demanded in back-payments $250,000. When the company refused to pay this, as security for the debt Walker seized its steamers, wharves, and storehouses, revoked its charter, and gave a new charter to two of its directors, Morgan and Garrison, who, in San Francisco, were working against Vanderbilt. In doing this, while he was legally in the right, he committed a fatal error. He had made a powerful enemy of Vanderbilt, and he had shut off his only lines of communication with the United States. For, enraged at the presumption of the Filibuster president, Vanderbilt withdrew his ocean steamers, thus leaving Walker without men or ammunition, and as isolated as though upon a deserted island.

His position was that of a man holding the centre span of a bridge of which every span on either side of him has been destroyed.

The Tide Turns against Walker

VANDERBILT did not rest with withdrawing his steamers, but, by supporting the Costa Ricans with money and men, carried the war into Central America. From Washington he fought Walker through Secretary of State Marcy, who proved a willing tool.

Spencer and Webster, and the other soldiers of fortune employed by Vanderbilt, closed the route on the Caribbean side, and the man-of-war *St. Marys*, commanded by Captain Davis, was ordered to San Juan on the Pacific side. The instructions given to Captain Davis were to aid the Allies in forcing Walker out of Nicaragua. Walker claims these orders were given to Marcy by Vanderbilt and by Marcy to Commodore Mervin, who was Marcy's personal friend and who issued them to Davis. Davis claims he acted only in the interest of humanity to save Walker in spite of himself. In any event, the result was the same. Walker, his force cut down by hostile shot and fever and desertion, took refuge in Rivas, where he was besieged by the allied armies. There was no bread in the city. The men were living on horse and mule meat. There was no salt. The hospital was filled with wounded and those stricken with fever.

Captain Davis, in the name of humanity, demanded Walker's surrender to the United States. Walker told him he would not surrender, but that if the time came when he found he must fly, he would do so in his own little schooner of war, the *Granada*, which constituted his entire navy, and in her, as a free man, take his forces where he pleased. Then Davis informed Walker that the force Walker had sent to recapture the Greytown route had been defeated by the janizaries of Vanderbilt, that the steamers from San Francisco, on which Walker now counted to bring him reenforcements, had also been taken off the line, and finally that it was his "unalterable and deliberate intention" to seize the *Granada*. On this point his orders left him no choice. The *Granada* was the last means of transportation still left to Walker. With his ship taken from him and no longer able to sustain the siege of the Allies, he surrendered to the forces of the United States. In the agreement drawn up by him and Davis, Walker provided for the care, by Davis, of the sick and wounded, for the protection after his departure of the natives who had fought with him, and for the transportation of himself and officers to the United States.

On his arrival in New York he received a welcome such as later was extended to Kossuth, and, in our own day, to Admiral Dewey. The city was decorated with flags and arches; and banquets, fêtes, and public meetings were everywhere held in his honor. Walker received these demonstrations modestly, and on every public occasion announced his determination to return to the country of which he was the President, and from which by force he had been driven.

Within a month Walker organized an expedition with which to regain his rights in Nicaragua, and as, in his new constitution for that country, he had annulled the old law abolishing slavery, among the slave-holders of the South he found enough money and recruits to enable him to at once leave the United States. With one hundred and fifty men he sailed from New Orleans and landed at San del Norte on the Caribbean side. While he formed a camp on the harbor of San Juan, one of his officers, with fifty men, proceeded up the river, and capturing the town of Castillo Viejo and four of the Transit steamers, was in a fair way to obtain possession of the entire route. At this moment upon the scene arrived the United States frigate *Wabash* and Hiram Paulding, who landed a force of three hundred and fifty bluejackets with howitzers, and turned the guns of his frigate upon the camp of the President of Nicaragua. Captain Engel, who presented the terms of surrender to Walker, said to him: "General, I am sorry to see you here. A man like you is worthy to command better men." To which Walker replied grimly: "If I had a third the number you have brought against me, I would show you which of us two commands the better men."

For the third time in his history Walker surrendered to the armed forces of his own country.

The British Take a Hand in the Game

ON his arrival in the United States, in fulfilment of his parole to Paulding, Walker at once presented himself at Washington a prisoner of war. But President Buchanan, although Paulding had acted exactly as Davis had done, refused to support him, and in a message to Congress declared that that officer had committed a grave error and established an unsafe precedent.

On the strength of this Walker demanded of the United States Government indemnity for his losses, and that it should furnish him and his followers transportation even to the very camp from which its representatives had torn him. This demand, as Walker foresaw, was not considered seriously, and with a force of about one hundred men, among whom were many of his veterans, he again set sail from New Orleans. Owing to the fact that to prevent his return, there now were on each side of the Isthmus both American and British men-of-war, Walker, with the idea of reaching Nicaragua by land, stopped off at Honduras. In his war with the Allies the Honduranians had been as savage in their attacks upon his men as even the Costa Ricans, and, finding his old enemies now engaged in a local revolution, on landing, Walker declared for the weaker side and captured the important seaport of Trujillo. He no sooner had taken it than the British warship *Icarus* anchored in the harbor, and her commanding officer, Captain Salmon, notified Walker that the British Government held a mortgage on the revenues of the port, and that to protect the interests of his Government he intended to take the town. Walker answered that he had made Trujillo a free port, and that Great Britain's claims no longer existed.



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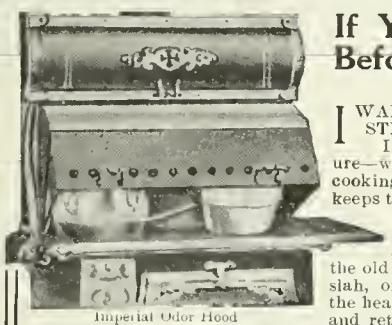
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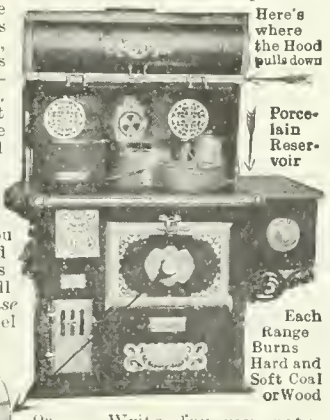


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I want you to know about the **IMPERIAL ODOR HOOD** shown in the picture—which covers everything on top of the range—sends the odors of the cooking up the chimney—and keeps dust and dirt out of your food. It also keeps the heat down and around the cooking utensils, where it belongs, and in this way saves you an immense amount of fuel.

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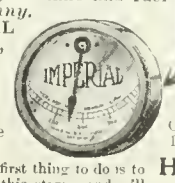
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Stone Oven Bottom

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I make this offer because you can't see an IMPERIAL STEEL RANGE at a Dealer's—I do not sell to dealers, but to the consumer direct, thus giving you all the middlemen's profits. If you like the range after you have tried it—after you've cooked 90 meals on it—you may pay me for it on time, if you wish. You can probably get credit at home—and I will extend the same courtesy to responsible people.



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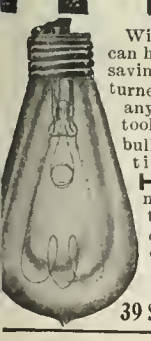
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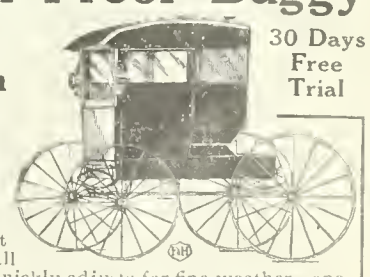
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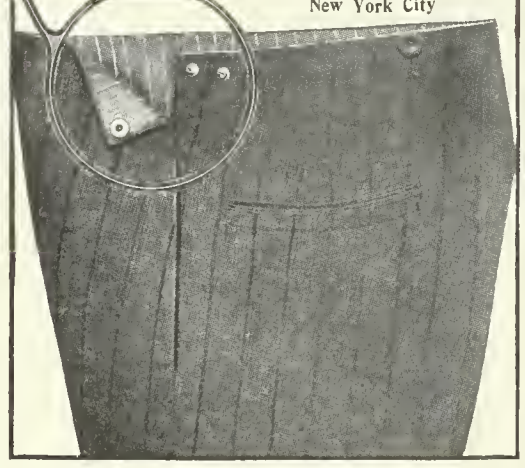
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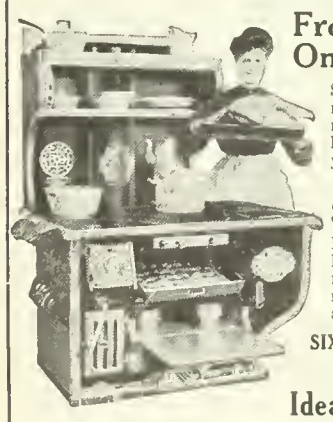
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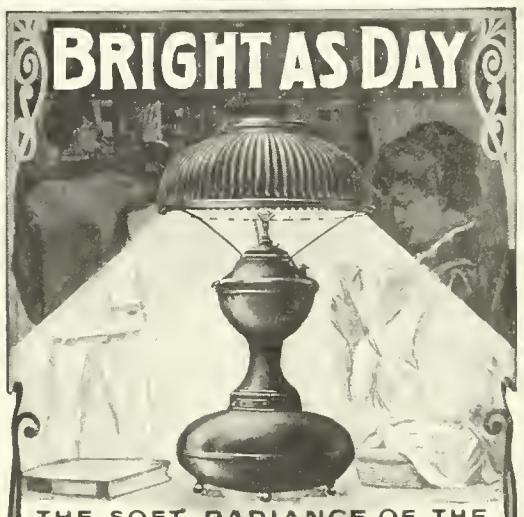
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This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent.

O'MEARA & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.

REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

(*Continued from page 20*)

The British officer replied that if Walker surrendered himself and his men he would carry them as prisoners to the United States, and that if he did not, he would bombard the town. At this moment General Alvarez, with seven hundred Honduranians, from the land side surrounded Trujillo, and prepared to attack. Against such odds by sea and land Walker was helpless, and he determined to fly. That night, with seventy men he left the town and proceeded down the coast toward Nicaragua. The *Icarus*, having taken on board Alvarez, started in pursuit. The President of Nicaragua was found in a little Indian fishing village, and Salmon sent in his shore-boats and demanded his surrender. On leaving Trujillo, Walker had been forced to abandon all his ammunition save thirty rounds a man, and all of his food supplies excepting two barrels of bread. On the coast of this continent there is no spot more unhealthy than Honduras, and when the Englishmen entered the fishing village they found Walker's seventy men lying in the palm huts helpless with fever, and with no stomach to fight British bluejackets with whom they had no quarrel. Walker inquired of Salmon if he were asking him to surrender to the British or to the Honduranian forces, and twice Salmon assured him, "distinctly and specifically," that he was surrendering to the forces of Her Majesty. With this understanding Walker and his men laid down their arms and were conveyed to the *Icarus*. But on arriving at Trujillo, in spite of their protests and demands for trial by a British tribunal, Salmon turned over his prisoners to the Honduranian general. So far as to secure pardon for all except the leader and one faithful follower, Colonel Rudler of the famous Phalanx, Salmon did use his authority, and he offered, if Walker would ask as an American citizen, to intercede for him. But Walker, with a distinct sense of loyalty to the country he had conquered, and whose people had honored him with their votes, refused to accept life from the country of his birth, the country that had injured and repudiated him.

Even in his extremity, abandoned and alone on a strip of glaring coral and noisome swamp land, surrounded only by his enemies, he remained true to his ideal.

The End of "Walker of Nicaragua"

AT thirty-seven life is very sweet, many things still seem possible, and before him, could his life be spared, Walker beheld greater conquests, more power, a new South controlling a Nicaragua canal, a network of busy railroads, great squadrons of merchant vessels, himself emperor of Central America. On the gunboat the gold-braided youth had but to raise his hand, and Walker again would be a free man. But the gold-braided one would render this service only on the condition that Walker would appeal to him as an American; it was not enough that Walker was a human being. The condition Walker could not grant.

"The President of Nicaragua," he said, "is a citizen of Nicaragua."

They led him out at sunrise to a level piece of sand along the beach, and as the priest held the crucifix in front of him he spoke to his executioners in Spanish, simply and gravely: "I die a Roman Catholic. In making war upon you at the invitation of the people of Ruatan I was wrong. Of your people I ask pardon. I accept my punishment with resignation. I would like to think my death will be for the good of society."

From a distance of twenty feet three soldiers fired at him, but, although each shot took effect, Walker was not dead. So, a sergeant stooped, and with a pistol killed the man who would have made him one of an empire of slaves.

Had Walker lived four years longer to exhibit upon the great board of the Civil War his ability as a general, he would, I believe, to-day be ranked as one of America's greatest fighting men.

And because the people of his own day destroyed him is no reason that we should withhold from this American, the greatest of all filibusters, the recognition of his genius.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE POWER WAGON

By JAMES E. HOMANS

SIXTH PAPER: HEAVY-DUTY COMMERCIAL AUTOMOBILES

GOOD traction is nearly the most important consideration involved in the design of a motor wagon. Traction is concerned not only with tires, nor yet with dead weight or loads, or the power of the engine. It is altogether a matter of giving the wheels sufficient grip upon the road to propel the vehicle, without undue waste of energy. This consideration has moved several designers to construct wagons driven on all four wheels. The theory involved is that—as with a railroad locomotive, so with a motor wagon—an increased number of drive wheels increases adhesion to the road and augments tractive qualities. Some railroad locomotives have as many as five pairs of drivers, a device found highly effective in increasing their drafting power, particularly on grades. A wagon driving and steering on all four wheels could undoubtedly ascend grades, difficult to rear-driven wagons of equal power, and on this account would be of the greatest value in hilly regions.

Probably the earliest example of four-wheel drive on a commercial automobile was on the Holson electric truck, which uses a separate motor for each wheel. Each motor field is hung upon an axle, and the armature spindle, carrying a spur at either end, is set at right angles to the axle, or in the length of the vehicle. The wheel is formed of two saucer-shaped plates, between which is bolted the rim for the rubber tire. Each saucer-shaped plate carries a circular rack or face gear, one rack engaging the spur on the forward end of the spindle, and the other the spur on the rear end. With the rotation of the armature, therefore, the racks are turned by its spur gears, causing the wheels to revolve forward or backward, according to the circuit arrangements. This device has proved serviceable, and, according to claims, is extremely durable. While affording better traction and yielding higher speed and load-carrying efficiencies, experiment seems to show that the service rate of current consumption is reduced to less than one-half the average given for other types of motor drive. This results in a corresponding saving in the storage battery and a wider travel radius per charge.

The high efficiency claimed, on apparently good authority, for the



THE CLIMBING ELEPHANT

Held by brakes on a steep slope: a great traction test



PICCADILLY
$4.00
Quarter Sizes

TYLE 16RS2—As trated. High Shoe, e Style, Blucher Cut, itary Heel. Made of k King Kid.
TYLE 16RS1—e, except made of nt Leather.

"Check Up the Specifications"

With every pair of Regal shoes hereafter you'll find the Regal *Specifications tag*—right at this time of high-priced materials, too.

That tag shows exactly what kind and grade of materials were used in making that particular pair of Regals.

You won't find anybody else putting t all down in black and white before you buy—not *this* season!

Take the Specifications tag that comes with *your* next pair of Regals and check up the list of parts: you'll find a list of materials that present high prices have limited almost exclusively to the use of the custom bootmaker.

Then check them against these following Regal statements, one by one. There isn't *one* other shoe-manufacturer who even *claims* all these Regal points of superiority:

WEAR, first—We build Regals from the very best materials produced—uppers, soles, linings, and all the smallest details of make-up.

STYLE, too—Regal styles are the same styles the custom bootmakers build to order.

FIT, likewise—The Regal is the *only* shoe that's made in *quarter sizes!*

WORKMANSHIP—We fit you with a shoe that's made and finished like a custom shoe.

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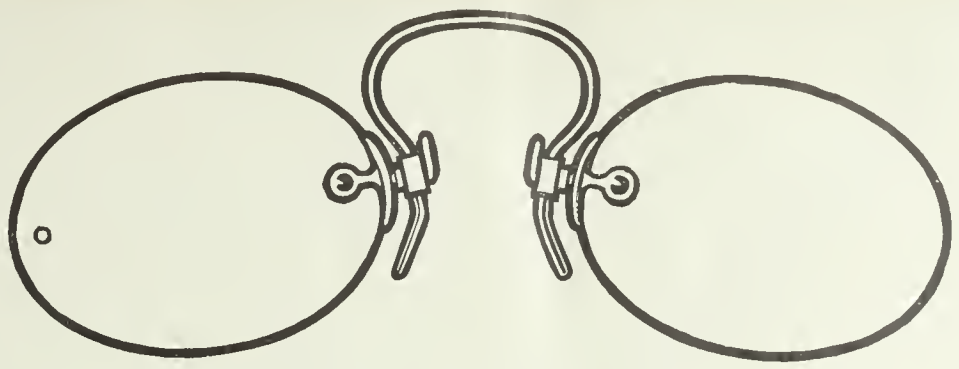
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What white Gas-Light will Save you

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Is it worth *ten* cents a day more to have your home lighted with brilliant, *white* Gas-light, that makes every bright object in it sparkle, and that spreads a soft, cheery glow, without a particle of Soot, Odor or excessive Heat?

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Well, there you have the worth of 30 cents a day defined in Satisfaction, Comfort and Health.

That means $93.60 per *year*, which you get for nothing when you use Acetylene white light.

And, the Life of a good Acetylene Gas Generator is more than *twenty* years.

It will bring a bigger 30 cents' worth of value, per day, to a Country Home, Store, or Hotel, than any investment ever put into paint, furniture or fancy food.

And, it will *save* you a full *third* of your cost for Light during that 20 years, as compared with the cost of Kerosene against that of Carbide in giving the same candle-power of Light.

Now, an Acetylene Gas-light Generator, of reliable make, with all the Piping, Polished brass Fixtures, Burners, and fancy Globes, needed for an eight to ten room House, won't cost you *over* $150 complete, installed by a capable man at no expense to you.

And, about *two* days' time will install it—ready to touch a match to the burners and "Light up"—don't forget that.

* *

Over two million people are to-day using Acetylene Gas Light.

Yet there have been only *four* fires from it among all these people during a whole year, as against 8,222 fires from Kerosene and Gasoline during the same period.

Not *one* child has ever lost its life through Acetylene Gas Lighting, while thousands die yearly from Kerosene or Gasoline Accidents and Fires.

Now, *why* don't *you* send for my free book called "Sunlight-on-Tap" and find out a little more about this brilliant, white, economical and enormously *improved* Acetylene White Light?

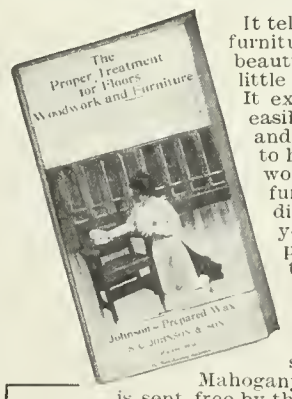
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Tell me how many rooms you've got in your Home, or Hotel, or how many feet long and wide your Store is.

Then I'll tell *you* just about how little it will cost to Light them with Acetylene by the modern system that saves.

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GAMES, PUZZLES AND NOVELTIES
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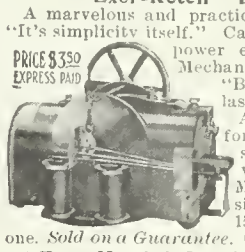
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Makes steady nerves and keen eyes. It's Great. Sent securely packed by mail to any address for 12c stamps.

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A 19-cent Battery will run it for months as a toy. No smell. No danger of fire as with Alcohol or Gasoline Motors. Runs any speed desired. Every child from 2 to 15 years of age should have one. *Sold on a Guarantee.* **Only $3.50 Express Paid.**

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"A Family Puzzle" to "get the Prodigal son to return home the shortest and quickest way."

Sent for only 12 cents stamps.

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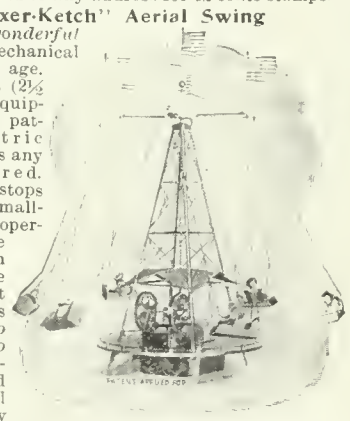
The greatest game of the year. Your plays are concealed and out of sight. It makes the best Chess Player think carefully, yet when played by the "little ones" as "3-in-a-row," it's easy but hilarious sport.

Play "Tit-Tat-Toe" once and you *become an enthusiast.* Try it. You'll find it extremely fascinating and interesting.

"To play it means you will buy it." "It makes Gray Matter."

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The *most wonderful* high-grade Mechanical Toy of the age. Thirty inches (2½ feet) high. Equipped with our patented Electric Engine. Runs any speed desired. Starts and stops at will. The smallest child can operate it. "The faster you run the engine, the farther out the swings go." *No Smell. No Danger.* A 19-cent standard battery will run it as a toy for months. Mechanically perfect and will last for years. Educating and most entertaining for everybody. Other toys can be attached to our Aerial Swing Engine and operated at the same time. *Notice:* We can only manufacture one thousand of these patented Aerial Swings this year. The first one thousand orders received will be the ones filled.

NOTICE TO MERCHANTS—Merchants will find this Aerial Swing the greatest advertising attraction you can place in your windows or store. Every Toy Dealer in the United States should have it as an attraction. *Sold on a Guarantee. Write for Descriptive Booklet and Introductory Price.*

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It's fine exercise and most entertaining for the Baby in the Crib, for the Boys and Girls, even for the older folks. It's simple, made of the finest quality of rubber, and inflates to 10 inches in diameter.

"12 cents worth of fun in 12 minutes." Sent Post-paid for 12 cents stamps.

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Total Price 60 cts.

NOTE—All of these to be sent to the following address, post-paid, for the **special introductory price** of 50 cents.

Name .....
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Town ..... *State* .....

P. S.—Also kindly send me your complete Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue of Games, Puzzles and Novelties.

Notice—If you desire to order a different assortment from the above enclose the price quoted for each article ordered as quoted in the above advertisement.

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BARRELS: Genuine fine imported twist. They are the highest strength barrels of the kind made. They are taper choke bored, to insure the strongest long range shooting qualities, the best possible target, the highest possible penetration.

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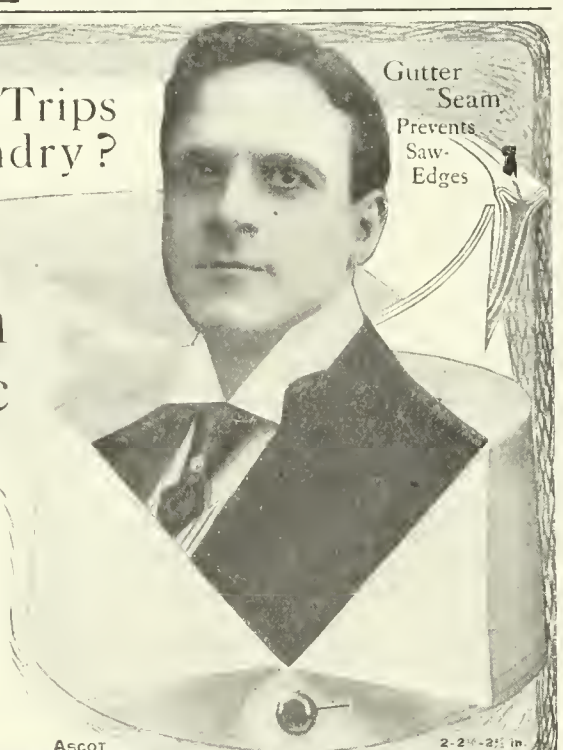
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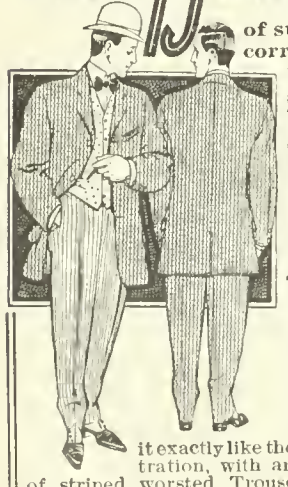
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Besides, we send them to you in a neat, patent suit-case, without extra charge.

Let us send you a large illustration of the new suit, showing every detail in back and front. With it will send **free** newest samples for Suits, Trousers, Fancy Vests, etc. A postal card will bring them to your door. Address

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COMBINATION BENCH and TOOL CABINET . . $85.00

Solid Oak, Brass trimmed, highly finished Cabinet and 95 of the finest quality standard carpenter's tools.

Smaller Oak Cabinets, same quality tools

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Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. **Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory**



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.

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Stereopticons You can make **BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.**

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. The Field is Large—comprising the regular theater and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges, and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** and special offer fully explains everything. Sent Free. CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. 156, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE POWER WAGON

(Continued from page 28)

electric wheel-motor renders it a promising device for electric transmission, so long recommended for gasoline wagons, on account of its great flexibility, and so unsatisfactory hitherto, on account of the low power efficiency of many types of motor drive. A five-ton wagon, driven by wheel-motors, taking current from a dynamo, direct-connected to a gasoline engine, has recently been built for use in conveying castings for the great telescope of the Carnegie Observatory on Mount Wilson, California. The steep grades on this mountain and the great weights to be hauled demand all the advantages combined in electric motor propulsion and four-wheel drive.

A Milwaukee corporation has produced an all-wheel-driven, all-wheel-steered gasoline truck that promises great things. It is driven by a four-cylinder vertical engine of the familiar type, which transmits power through two longitudinal shafts, a universal joint, and bevel gear connection to both axles. Its solid, wood-wedge wheels, using the bases of the wedges to form the wood tire, give the vehicle somewhat the appearance of a Brobdingnagian roller skate, one calculated, also, to make no account of curbs, and to take grades as part of a day's work. In order to show what could be done, the designer of this elephant wagon—that is just about what it most resembles from the rear—ran it up a grass bank by the roadside, a slope reputed to be at least forty degrees, and "looking all of it," and held it there on its brakes, while the "look-pleasant" man "did the rest." An interested advocate of this conveyance argued, logically enough, that, whereas the Creator, in designing animals for high-speed work and climbing service, constructed them to drive on all fours, not making the rear limbs propel the forward members, the automobile designer should go and do likewise.

Such facts are quite as important to the automobile public as to the interested parties; certainly suggesting a line of development destined to be of considerable importance in the future. The tractive efficiency of the all-wheel-drive is immense. The Milwaukee wagon, rated at seven tons capacity, can, it is claimed, carry ten. As a tractor, its power is surprising. A test in snow showed it capable of conveying a net useful load of fourteen tons, five on its platform, nine more on two trailers, or a gross load of twenty-four tons, including weights of truck and trailers. Another test showed such a wagon capable of carrying a load of five tons and hauling three wagons, each with six thousand eight hundred pounds of stone, a net weight in useful load of twelve and one-half tons, up an eight per cent grade over a mile in length.

In regard to the use of automobiles for hauling loads on trailers, there seems to be a well-defined difference of opinion, which, however, is concerned most largely with matters of design. The conspicuously successful tests above quoted might seem to settle the matter—for all-wheel-driven wagons, at any rate. For rear-driven wagons the efficiency seems less certain, as indicated by the following, from Hiram P. Maxim, the well-known automobile engineer:



SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

THE RAILROAD WITHOUT RAILS

Traction Engines and Cars for the British Army: A suggestion for heavy freighting of the future

"A gasoline vehicle used as a tractor for hauling trailers is easier on its transmission than would be the case if the entire load were on the vehicle itself, because its driving wheels can more easily slip. Thus, when the strain of sudden application of power is made, due to careless operating, the driving wheels will slip and act as a safety-valve for the transmission if the load is carried on trailers instead of on the vehicle itself. If the load is carried on the vehicle itself, the strain on application of power will be entirely withstood by the transmission, as the weight on the driving wheels is such that the latter will not slip.

"I have had considerable experience while collaborating with the Studebaker Company on trailer work. We used an electric truck for the delivery of sprinkling carts, carriages, and heavy wagons all over New York, the Bronx, and neighboring districts. The load was on the trailers, instead of on the driving wheels. We found that the performance was not nearly as good when this was the case as when the load was placed directly on the driving wheels. The driving wheels would then get plenty of traction and we could go anywhere. When hauling trailers, however, much less load can be carried because of lack of traction. In other words, to me this seems a good reason for believing that, as far as efficiency is concerned, the trailer system is at a disadvantage."

The British army in South Africa demonstrated the nearly indispensable usefulness of the traction engine and its train of baggage wagons—a railroad without rails—in enabling movements all but impossible with animal power. Bennett Burleigh, whose account of the Boer War is familiar, speaks thus of the army tractors:

"Without them the troops would require an astounding length of ox and mule wagons. The despised ox-wagon is slow and sure. Its infallible drawbacks are that it occupies a considerable length of road, requires much guarding with many attendants, and can only be depended upon to haul not more than six hundred pounds. Nay, more; if the teams are to carry their own forage, the power of hauling is limited to something like fifty miles. Were the army entirely dependent upon trek ox-wagons, the sixteen hundred and sixty of them, the inconsiderable number for conveying the munitions of the army, would stretch along several miles of road. It will be another affair if the dry weather continues, and any great use can be made of the traction engines. They require few attendants, don't gibe, and each can easily haul twelve tons. Yesterday and to-day these wheeling, puffing Billies have been running to and fro, transporting stores from the railway siding to the respective brigade camps—one of which, Hart's, is two miles away. They leisurely descend into spruits, roll across and wheel up stiff, long climbs, like flies walking up a wall.

"Tacked on to any of the big guns they should, weather permitting, shift them rapidly from place to place; nor are they quite helpless when the ground has been soaked with rain. Clip-irons are attached to the rims of the broad wheels, and these dig into the firmer soil, and the steamer rolls forward, leaving a wake like a plowed field. On the flat dry veldt the steamers trip along at a brisk eight miles an hour."

INFANT AND ADULT

For the upbuilding of the infant and sustaining the adult, milk is essential; and to be wholesome must be pure. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream have no equals for purity, flavor and richness.—*Adv.*

GREAT STOVE OFFER

WONDERFUL REDUCTION IN PRICES

Steel Ranges Reduced to Prices Heretofore Unknown or Unthought of

OUR BEST STEEL RANGE, the Acme Triumph, reduced in price from $5.37 to $7.17, according to size. Wonderful reductions throughout the entire line of steel ranges, cast iron stoves and heaters. If you have one of our big catalogues, received by you before September, and you are thinking of buying any kind of a stove, don't fail to write for our latest big Special Free Stove Catalogue, showing all the big price reductions, marvelously low price quotations, many improvements, astonishing inducements. By the introduction of the very latest, new and modern steel range and stove making machinery, we have just now made a most wonderful departure in low price making, which is all explained in our free Special Stove Catalogue.

$12.75 buys this big, handsome, new 1907 model, full nickel trimmed, full size, 6-hole steel range, exactly as illustrated, complete with big deep porcelain lined reservoir, high shelf, warming closet, etc. Very much lower prices if you do not need the reservoir, shelf or warming closet. All shown in our big, free, new, marvelously low priced Special Stove Catalogue.



$16.95 buys the new, extra large, 1907 model, improved ACME HUMMER Steel Range, exactly as illustrated; 6-hole top, deep porcelain lined reservoir, nickel trimmed, high shelf, back and closet, one of the best ranges made. All these great price offers, big reductions and big offers will be sent you on application in our latest Free Stove Catalogue.

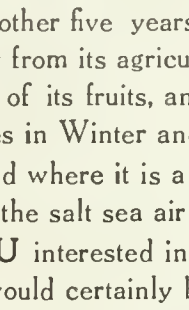




$18.87 buys this extar large, beautifully finished, nickel trimmed heavy steel range, our ACME RENOWN, exactly as illustrated, complete with deep porcelain lined reservoir, high back, shelf, warming closet, etc. Very much lower prices if you do not need reservoir, shelf or closet. This shows a great reduction in price from what appears in the big catalogue you have. Price reductions on stoves are shown in our big, free Special Stove Catalogue.



$22.58 buys this, our ACME TRIUMPH, the highest grade and best steel range made in the world, the equal of any range you can buy anywhere for $50.00. Just reduced from prices ranging from $27.95 to $32.05 to the now heretofore unheard of and unbought of price of $22.58; and remember this steel range carries every up to date feature found on any other steel range and many features found on no other ranges, the very best of everything throughout, the best money can buy; 6-hole top, porcelain lined reservoir, high back, big shelf, big closet, everything the best, and prices reduced from $5.37 to $7.17. We give you the price advantage as worked out by new automatic stove making machinery as developed only in our big Newark, Ohio, foundry. If you have any use for a stove DON'T FAIL TO WRITE FOR OUR FREE STOVE CATALOGUE.



69 CENTS buys this wonderful value in a high grade 1907 Model Airtight Sheet Iron Heating Stove. We also have a large assortment of other Airtight Heaters at correspondingly low prices, wonderful price reductions, astonishing offers in our new Special Stove Catalogue.



$1.89 buys this New, Big, 1907 Model, Rococo Pattern Oak Heating Stove, for coal or wood; has every up to date feature, perfect fire control, one of the very handsomest, strongest and best oak heaters made. Our new line, with the wonderful price reductions, the astonishing offer shown in our Free Stove Catalogue will astonish you. Don't fail to write for the book if you are interested in stoves.



$19.06 buys this extra large, extra heavy, self feeding, double heating, return flue base burner Hard Coal Heater, the most elaborate, large, swell, silver nickeled, ornamented dome, elaborate nickel base, rims, frame and other trimmings with mica (isinglass) swing doors, every known up to date feature, the best base burner made, combining all the good qualities of every other extra big, high grade base burner made, with the defects of none, the equal of any base burner you can buy for $50.00. Our new prices, the great reductions and wonderful offers are all in our latest Free Special Stove Catalogue. Don't fail to write for it.

IN OUR OWN FACTORY at Newark, Ohio, the largest stove foundry in the world, we make an almost endless variety of the highest grade stoves made in the world, and we sell them direct to the user at about one-half the lowest prices you can buy elsewhere. Each stove is covered by our binding guarantee; we guarantee every stove to reach you safely, free from break or damage of any kind, and we bargain and agree to always furnish you any repairs in the years to come. We have an immense stock of every style and size of stove on hand and can ship your order for any stove the day we get it, so it will only take just a few days for your order to reach us and the stove to reach you.

$20.82 buys this big, heavy, genuine ACME REGAL steel range, exactly as illustrated, complete with deep porcelain lined reservoir, high back, shelf and closet, full nickel trimmed, made of heavier steel than is used in any other steel range made in the world, the equal of ranges that sell generally at double the price. The same range without reservoir or closet at greatly reduced prices. You will find by comparing this price with the price in our big catalogues that there has been an average reduction in the price of this range of more than five dollars. To get all the reductions, all the great price offerings, all our wonderful new inducements you should write for our Free Stove Catalogue.

PRICES have just now been greatly reduced. Our new equipment of automatic machinery is now in work and the reduction we have been able to make in prices, especially on steel ranges, are the most startling, prices never before dreamed of. If you have any thought of ever buying a stove you ought to see the catalogue and learn of the new prices, the great reductions.

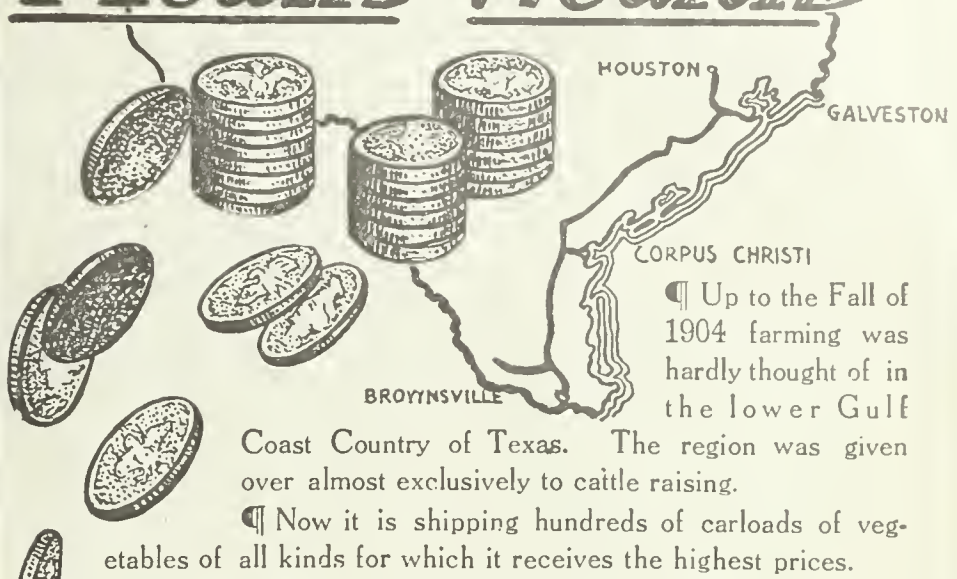
OUR GREAT FREE OFFER

CUT THIS AD. OUT and send to us, or on a postal card or in a letter to us simply say, "Send me your free stove offer," and by return mail you will receive postpaid our very latest Special Stove Catalogue, the new one with the latest prices, steel ranges reduced $5.37 to $7.17, reductions in everything, offers never known before. It's the largest and most attractive Stove Catalogue ever issued. We have new propositions never heard of before, we have stove offers to make you that will surprise you, so don't buy a stove at home or elsewhere until you get our latest Free Stove Catalogue, and please tell your friends about our Free Stove Catalogue and the wonderful price reductions we have just made and are just now appearing in the Big Book. Remember the Special Stove Catalogue is free to anyone.

REMEMBER if you buy stoves from us you can share in the profits of our business. There are no end of valuable articles which we will send you free, and, by the way, they are all shown bigger, handsomer and more liberal than ever before, given in exchange for a less number of Profit Sharing Certificates, given free to our customers who buy stoves or other goods from us. These are all shown in our free Stove Book. You can learn all about the valuable articles we send you free, you can learn all about it if you send for our Stove Catalogue. Address,

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Southern Texas Means Wealth



¶ Up to the Fall of 1904 farming was hardly thought of in the lower Gulf Coast Country of Texas. The region was given over almost exclusively to cattle raising.

¶ Now it is shipping hundreds of carloads of vegetables of all kinds for which it receives the highest prices.

¶ In another five years it will be storing up millions of dollars annually from its agricultural products alone, equaling California in many of its fruits, and surpassing every other region of the United States in Winter and early Spring vegetables.

¶ It is a land where it is a delight to live and breathe—where surf bathing and the salt sea air are but a few miles away.

¶ Are **YOU** interested in such a country? If you knew Southern Texas you would certainly be interested in it and would want to share in its tremendous wealth.

¶ The Rock Island-Frisco Lines, looking at this section as very promising for railroad traffic, and desirous of having you locate there to aid in its development (as well as for your own good), have published an eighty-page illustrated book telling of the country, the people who are already there, why it is desirable, and **just what is actually being realized in the way of results right now,** young as the region is.

Fill out and send in this coupon **to-day.** I will forward the book and advise regarding the low semi-monthly excursion rates.

By special arrangement you will be personally introduced, if you desire, to **farmers who are now there** — to whom you can talk and of whom you can learn all about that new, marvelous country — the Gulf Coast of Texas.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Pass'r Traffic Mgr. Rock Island-Frisco Lines, CHICAGO or ST. LOUIS.

Send me "The Gulf Coast of Texas" book and particulars as to semi-monthly excursion rates. Within ten days after receipt I will notify you if I intend to go, so that you can furnish me with introductory letter as per your offer.

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Who Dress for Style Neatness, and Comfort Wear the Improved

BOSTON GARTER

The Recognized Standard

The Name is stamped on every loop—

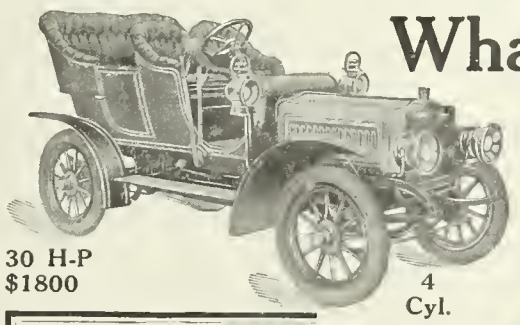
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LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Always Easy



What Practical Test will you have to Prove that the Mitchell is the Car you want?

THIS is the way we sell Mitchell cars—

Go into any Mitchell agency and tell the man what your *ideal* is. Everybody has one when he starts to buy a car.

Is there some particularly vicious hill you have in mind that a car at *twice the price* has balked on?

All right—we'll go out and "show you" how The Mitchell will "eat it up."

Or perhaps there's a particularly bad strip of sand that you'd like to have *your* car go through on the high.

Get right in and we'll go out and "show you."

Or maybe you'd like to go 40 or 45 miles an hour for a while.

Perfectly agreeable—the car will do it *easy*, and we can stand it as long as you can.

Want to know about durability and up-keep cost?

Here's a list of users. Call them up on the 'phone or write them (enclosing stamp). We'll go by their statements and we haven't nor won't attempt to influence them in any way.

Theories are all right, and "estimated" horse power sounds fine, but practical, homely "show-me" is the only thing that will banish doubt and silence argument.

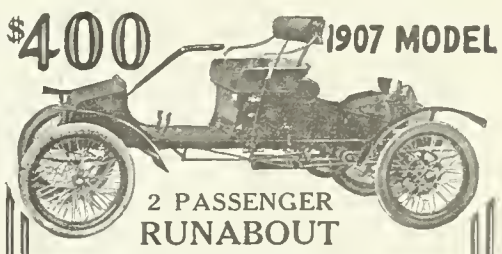
After you have seen with your own eyes what *The Mitchell* will do, the high-priced cars won't look nearly so good as they did before.

And when these high-priced fellows contemptuously refer to The Mitchell as a "low-priced car," it won't mean much to you, particularly when you remember that anything under $135 used to be a "low-priced bicycle."

Write us for catalogue which will take you through our modern perfectly organized factory. It will show you how skill, mechanical knowledge and system cuts down price without in the slightest degree lowering QUALITY, the prime essential in any car.

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$400 1907 MODEL



2 PASSENGER RUNABOUT

The car of smallest cost and greatest accomplishment. Holds world's record for efficiency, economy and endurance. Smart to look at. Simple to operate. Economical to maintain. 4 H. P. air-cooled. Reliable under all conditions, all roads. Speed 30 miles an hour. Forward and reverse. Catalog free.

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MOISTEN YOUR BEARD WITH THE WET BRUSH



RUB THE STICK OVER YOUR WET FACE



WORK UP THE LATHER ON THE FACE WITH THE BRUSH



REMAINS MOIST WITHOUT RELATHERING



LEAVES THAT COOL COMFORTABLE FEELING

Not One Man in Twenty Uses Shaving Soap Correctly

Even Razor Manufacturers admit, that half the success of shaving consists in properly using a good soap to soften the beard.

We make the good soap and in each box are directions for its proper use.

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Established
100 Years



SEND 4 CTS. FOR TRIAL STICK WITH DIRECTIONS IN NICKELED BOX

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VOL XXXVIII NO 3 OCTOBER 13 1906 PRICE 10 CENTS

Williams' Shaving Stick



The Thoughtful Man

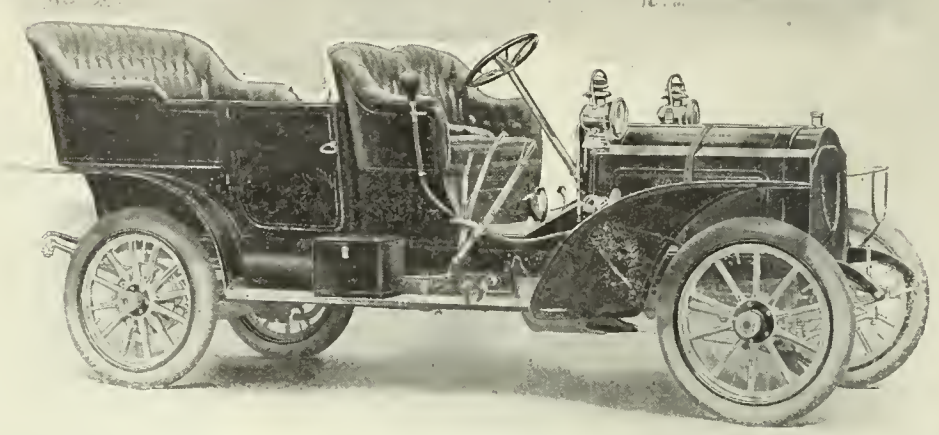
who carefully considers the comfort and health of his face always insists on getting Williams' Shaving Soap. Its pure, creamy, emollient lather assures a degree of satisfaction and healthfulness afforded by no other shaving soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A
GLASTONBURY, CONN.

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Packard



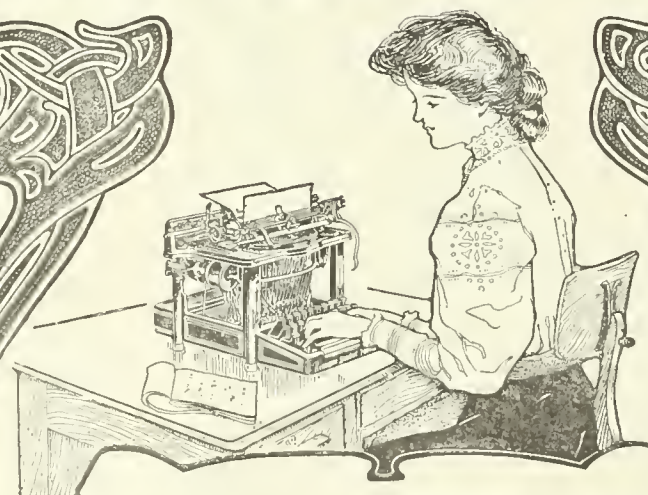
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A "Packard 30" acted as patrol car in the Glidden Tour and each day covered more than twice the mileage of the regular contestants under exactly the same road conditions but carrying from five to eight people.

Price (in standard colors and equipment) - - $4,200 f. o. b. Factory
Special colors, Upholstery and Equipment, Extra

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Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers
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New Remington Models are now on the market—that's all that most typewriter users ask to know.
They know that a new Remington model means and always has meant a new standard of typewriter efficiency.

New Escapement, new variable line spacer and other vital improvements insure better work and more of it on these new Remingtons than any typewriter has ever done before.

Remington Typewriter Company
New York and Everywhere

TYPEWRITER

Book on Household Health sent free, if you mention the name of your Plumber.

What Your Closet Should Be TO BE SAFE

Book on Household Health sent free, if you mention the name of your Plumber.



A closet should be first of all, free from the odors caused by imperfect cleansing or shallow water seal, permitting escape of sewer gas.

It should be of perfect construction, and not of material subject to rust, corrosion, undersurface discoloration, or cracked and chipped surface enamel, such as porcelain enameled iron.

If your closet shows any one of the faults mentioned, you are exposed to a direct and dangerous menace to health. If examination or past experience shows your closet to be defective, replace it with the perfect sanitation embodied in

Sy-Clo
TRADE MARK

The Closet of Health

Unlike the ordinary closet, the "Sy-Clo" has a double cleansing action, a combination of flush from above and a powerful pump like *pull* from below. The downward rush of water creates a vacuum into which the entire contents of the bowl is drawn with irresistible syphonic force.

The material of the Sy-Clo Closet is heavy white *china*, hand moulded into a single piece without joint or seam; its surface cannot chip off nor crack, and is unaffected by acid, water or wear.

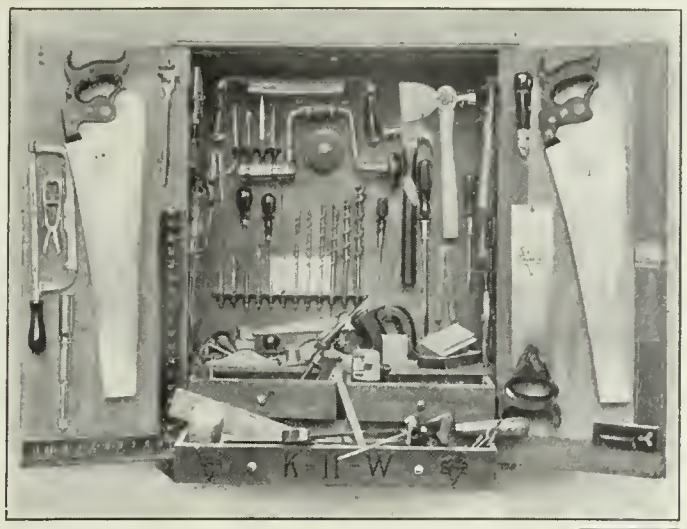
The name "Sy-Clo" on a closet guarantees that it is made under the direction and supervision of the Potteries Selling Company, of the best materials, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, and has the united endorsement of eighteen of the leading potteries of America.

Booklet on "Household Health" sent free if you mention the name of your plumber.

Lavatories of every design made of the same material as the Sy-Clo Closets.

POTTERIES SELLING COMPANY,
Trenton, N. J.

The Right Tool in The Right Place



What do you do when a door sticks, or when you want a shelf put up, or a curtain pole sawed off?

Have you all tools necessary for the numberless jobs about the house, and are they all keen, sharp and always in perfect condition?

KEEN KUTTER
TOOL CABINETS

are made of handsomely finished natural oak, hand rubbed and contain just the selection of tools for practical purposes. Every tool is a KEEN KUTTER and fully guaranteed. Each tool has its own place so that it is always where you can lay your hand on it and is easily kept in perfect condition.

Ask us to send you handsomely illustrated Catalogue showing our complete line of KEEN KUTTER Cabinets, then select the Cabinet containing the assortment of tools you want and your dealer will supply you. If not, write us and give us your dealer's name.

This booklet contains Cabinets from $8.50 to $50.00, according to assortment of tools. *A postal will bring it.*

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK U.S.A.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS and NEW YORK, U. S. A.

The Doctor Says:



No. 10125
10 Kt.
Gold Filled
Price
$9.00

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10 Kt. Gold Filled
Price, **$7.50**
Sterling Silver
$5.50

"I never feel the need of a jewelled case for the certified thermometer I carry; why should I for my watch? To me my watch is simply one of my instruments that records time.

"I selected my watch as I would select any other instrument. I weighed its price against its real service-giving qualities.

"I did not buy a 'jewelry' watch for the same reason I would not buy a jewelled lancet or jewelled case for my thermometer—because its high cost would not bring me its equal in service-giving value.

"My watch is a *New England*, and like my thermometer it is certified—guaranteed. It is medium priced, but every penny I paid for it went to buy honest time-keeping value. In appearance it is up to the standard of everything I buy. It meets all my requirements and saved me half the cost of the average watch."

New England
"THE WATCH FOR THE GREAT AMERICAN PEOPLE."

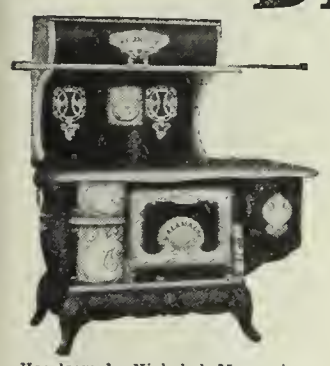
$5 to $36

Every penny a *New England* Watch costs is *there* in time keeping qualities and real service. *New England* Watches have unusual value at their low prices, because for 28 years we have been figuring down watch-cost. Because a large output itself means a low cost for each individual watch. Because we are specialists—our every energy—every facility going exclusively into the economical building of real watch service.

Ask your jeweler to show you *New England* Watches. If he doesn't keep them just give us his name and address and we will send you a free copy of a handsome and instructive book—the Blue Book of Watches for ladies, or Red Book of Watches for men. Write us today for the book you want and we will make it easy for you to examine, test and if pleased to buy a *New England* Watch. Don't forget to give us your jeweler's name.

NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO., 31 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"



Handsomely Nickeled Monarch Cast Iron Range. For All Kinds of Fuel

You save from $5. to $40.
You get a 30 days free trial.
You buy at first hand, direct from the manufacturer.
You get a guarantee, under a $20,000 Bank Bond.
You get a stove or range of the highest quality.
You get your money back if every thing is not exactly as represented.
You buy at actual factory prices.
You save all dealers', jobbers' and middlemen's profits.



RADIANT BASE BURNER
High Grade Parlor Heater for Hard Coal

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

Are you willing to test a Kalamazoo in your own home for 360 days with the distinct agreement that if you do not find it in every way exactly as represented you get back every cent you paid for it?

That's the way we sell it.

The Kalamazoo-Direct-to-You plan means a saving to you of from 20% to 40% and the positive assurance of a stove or range of the very highest quality.

Please do not confuse us with cheap "Mail Order Houses." We are **actual manufacturers**, with one of the best equipped stove factories in the world, and sell to you at actual factory prices.

Send Postal for Catalogue No. 176

(Showing 267 Styles and Sizes.)

Compare the quality and prices of the Kalamazoo line with others, and then decide to save all middlemen's profits.

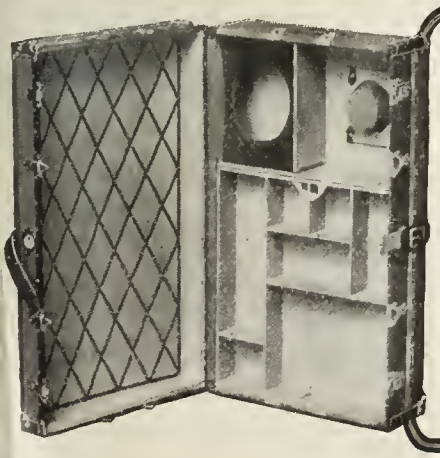
Remember, we guarantee that you cannot secure a better stove or range at any price than the Kalamazoo.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Mich.

All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are fitted with patent oven thermometer which makes baking and roasting easy. All stoves blacked, polished and ready for immediate use upon shipment.



Oven Thermometer



The A. B. C. of Comfort

is the kind that comes from the right kind of traveling equipment. It will add to your away-from-home enjoyment, for it is the product of the world's largest manufacturer of Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, etc.

Cut shows our No. 255, a combination Ladies' and Gentleman's Steamer Trunk. Has ladies' bonnet stand, gentlemen's hat box and tray, with 7 compartments in body of trunk. Top tray for ladies' dresses and space in bottom for gentleman's clothes.

For prices and complete description, write for our free book, "Tips to Travelers." It shows you many new and novel articles manufactured exclusively by us.

Abel & Bach Company

Largest manufacturers of traveling equipment in the world.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

Chicago Salesroom, 46 to 48 Adams St.

ABC TRUNKS and BAGS

Look for this mark on any Trunk, Suit Case or Bag. It guarantees you the quality you pay for.

WATERPORT

Permit until first evening gunfire.

CHIEF OF POLICE

SO READS the traveler's permit when he lands at Gibraltar. With the sound of the sunset gun he passes out. He knows the hour, and he prepares to go.

When the sunset gun sounds for you, at an hour that you cannot know, what preparation will you have made to protect your family?

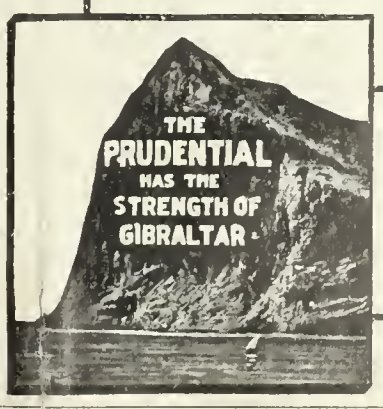
A sinister note is in the sound of the sunset gun for the man who has thought his life permit would not be retired so soon,—and who has waited for the time when he could "afford" life insurance.

To-day is that time. We would like to tell you how little it costs—what liberal terms are offered by this life insurance company. Send in coupon.

The PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President
Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.



Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of Policies.

For $ . . . . . Age . . . . . .
Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
Occupation . . . . . Dept. Y

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Cigar men preferred. Double your income
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By the Brooks System of full size patterns and instructions. Anyone can do the work and get boat at ¼ regular price. We also furnish complete boats—knocked down—ready to put together. Send for free catalog describing boat patterns and K. D. frames. Nearly 100 models. Note change of address.
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Originators of the pattern system of boat building
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Buy from the maker. Write for Hallet & Davis special offer to direct buyers. Also for complete bargain list including many leading makes. Pianos sold everywhere on easy payments. Eliminate selling expenses. Write today. Hallet & Davis, 147 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. Est. 1839.

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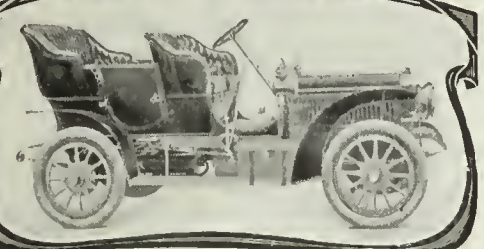
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1907



All motordom is agog over the advent of Model H, the brand new four-cylinder Cadillac for 1907, now ready for instant delivery.

In every particular this car is not only up to the minute, but is really *two years* ahead of any other machine on the market. Its many improvements, its mechanical completeness, its superior finish and design, make it imperative for you not to take another step in the purchase of a car until you have learned all about this wonderful

CADILLAC

—an automobile whose smooth and well-balanced action is almost marvelous when compared with that in what has heretofore been accepted as the highest type of motor car. The new and exclusive double acting steering gear greatly increases safety of riding; surprising ease of control is gained through the perfect planetary transmission; a new marine type governor regulates the speed of the engine under all conditions, minimizing vibration and fuel consumption; the independent steel suspension for engine saves wear and strain.

These and a dozen other reasons why you ought to choose the Cadillac will be explained by your nearest dealer. His address, also finely illustrated booklet L, will be sent on request.

Model H will accommodate five persons; **30 horse power;** capable of 50 miles an hour. Price, $2,500.

Other Cadillac models are: MODEL K; RUNABOUT, $750; MODEL M, LIGHT TOURING CAR, $950. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, and do not include lamps.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1906

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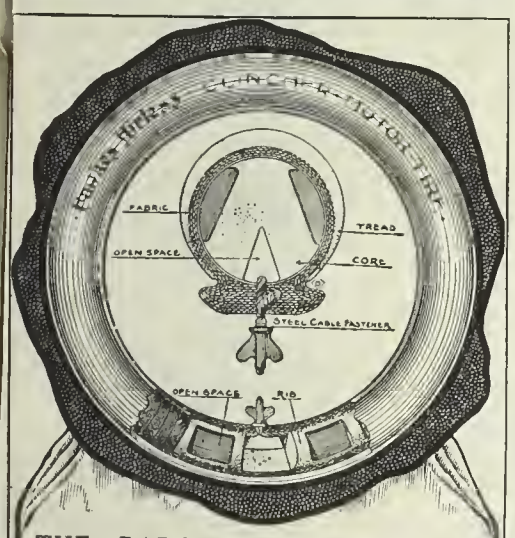
have an enormous sale, because they are the easiest and strongest brace made.

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If in doubt **get a pair**—test them severely, and if they do not stand up, we will make them good. Most dealers have them; if your dealer does not, we will send them by mail postpaid for **50 cents.**

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To the LAME

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Readymade shoes worn without changing upper; on and off from back—no lacing. Other important changes. **Made only by us.** We make our 1884 patent, **correctly**, for $10. Write **today**; you can get an Extension free.

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Wash-Day Troubles Ended by a "Self-Working" Washer



Anything familiar about this picture?

Pleasant sight—isn't it?

Cook going on "short notice"—housemaid refusing to stay "another minute," or, perhaps it's "the wash-lady," getting out in a hurry and leaving part of the clothes in the tub and the rest on the floor.

Do you find it hard to keep good servants because of the troubles of wash-day?

Do you have to put your washing out, or have a washwoman in, because your girl will not do such work?

Do you have to keep a girl for no other reason than that you are not strong enough to do your own washings?

Do you depend on laundries?

If so, glance at the picture on the right, where the turning of a water faucet is the hardest work connected with the week's washing.

The "1900 Self-Working Washer" does all the drudgery.

50 lbs. water pressure, or an ordinary electric light current (alternating or direct), will work this washer and do a big week's washing at a cost of 2 to 4 cents for the work.

All that is necessary to start the work is to turn a water faucet or an electric light key. Then you do nothing more.

Send no Money
Use It a Month
FREE
We Pay the Freight



And, as soon as a tubful of clothes is washed, a twist of your fingers switches power to the wringer to wring the clothes out.

You don't have to tend this washer.

It doesn't need anything but mere watching.

It works itself.

No rubbing—no drudgery—no work for you.

Only a twist of your fingers to start or stop the washer, or switch the power to the wringer.

All the rest is done by the water, or the electricity and the "Self-Working Washer."

And the "Self-Working Washer" saves its cost over, and over, and over again in washwomen's wages, lowered laundry bills and lessened wear and tear on all your washables.

The "Self-Working Washer" is as great an innovation to washing as automobiles are to locomotion—making mechanical power do the work human or animal force had to do before.

For the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash the finest linens, lawns and laces and get them spotlessly clean, without breaking a thread.

There is nothing about this washer that can wear out your clothes, nor tear them; rip seams nor fray edges; pull off buttons nor break them.

And the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash bed blankets, comfortables, carpets, rugs and get them as clean as clean can be.

To prove this, use a "1900 Self-Working Washer" **one full month FREE.**

We will send one to any responsible party and prepay all freight. Send us no money.

You can use it for four weeks' washings, and then, if you don't find it all we claim—if you don't see how it will save its own cost—save wear and tear on all your house linen and washable clothes—save time and trouble and servant worries—just return the washer at my expense and the matter will be closed.

The trial costs you not a penny.

We make this offer because we know the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will do all we say—and save all we say.

And, if you keep the washer, you can, if you wish, pay for it out of what it saves for you. Pay us by the week or by the month (suit yourself) until the washer is paid for.

Write for our catalog today.

Your request will bring you our illustrated washer book by return mail.

Let a "1900 Self-Working Washer" solve your Wash-Day Troubles—keep your servants contented—save your laundry bills—and save your clothes. Address, 1900 Washer Company, 3008 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Why not Home Comfort, too?



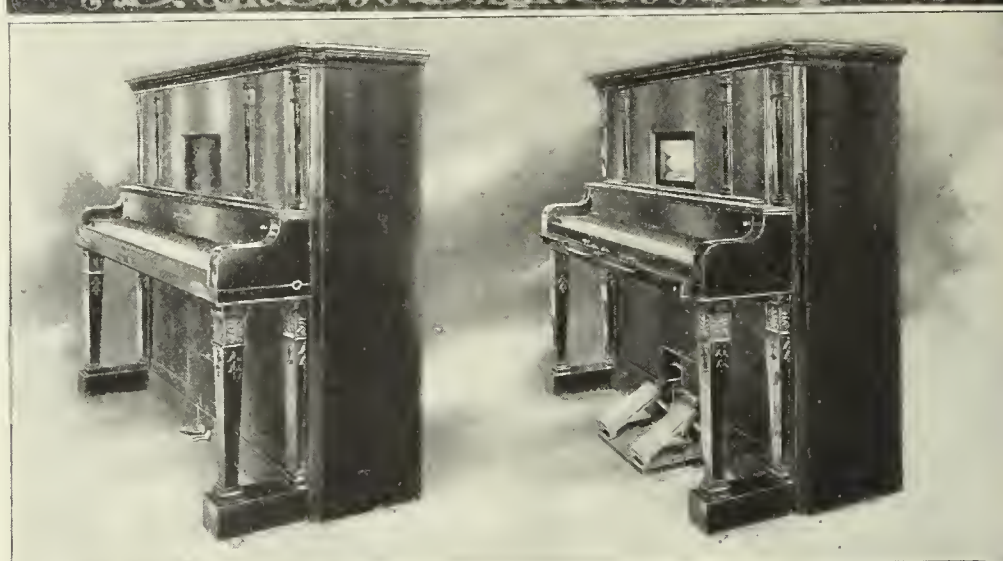
The largest and most modern of office, store and factory buildings in the world are warmed by our Low Pressure Steam and Hot Water outfits. It is because the genial warmth yielded puts every bread-winner therein at ease and comfort for best work. The home can be made equally delightful for the loved ones by use of smaller sized outfits of

AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

The bread-winner thus gets a right start for the day's work by rising, bathing, dressing and breakfasting in a cozily warmed house. So, too, an evening in a cold house—no matter how brightly lighted or richly furnished—is a sad climax to the day's efforts. Then, there are the vacant chairs in a cheerless room—the genial, cozy warmth of "other places" often lure family members away from what should be the place of all places—*home*.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators soon repay their cost in fuel, labor and repair savings—and thereafter pay dividends. Their cleanliness halves household drudgery and saves furnishings. Made in sizes to fit all classes of buildings—OLD or new—FARM or city. A child can operate the outfit—which never wears out. True investments for prudent bread-winners. Sales Branches and Warehouses throughout America and Europe. Write to-day for catalogue (free).

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The Emerson=Angelus

Perfect Playing with the Touch of Human Feeling

To many, music is a pleasure, the source of which must always be in the hands of another.

The **Emerson=Angelus,** however, brings to unskilled fingers the power to give perfect technical rendering of simple or complicated music. More than this—by its sympathetic, sensitive touch it allows the player to put into the music his own feeling. This elusive personal element need not be sought by the player, for unconsciously, as the music becomes familiar, he finds himself "shading" it in the way it appeals to him.

Here is a quality which has made the **Emerson=Angelus** so highly valued by those who have had long training—they can play perfectly and yet without a noticeably mechanical effect.

Have you appreciated how much pleasure this **Emerson Piano,** so rich in its tone, combined with the **Angelus,** with its great possibilities, would bring to your home?

We will send, upon request, a copy of our new free catalog, and the name of a dealer at whose store you can try the **Angelus.**

Purchased by Royalty and the World's Greatest Musicians. Descriptive literature upon request.

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

Established 1876



IF YOU COULD SEE US

make Shredded Wheat you would eat no other cereal food

Government Inspection is Good, But Public Inspection is Better We Invite Both

WHY DO WE SHRED THE COOKED WHEAT? Of course "there's a reason." The countless shreds expose a vast surface to the action of the saliva and the gastric juices of the stomach, and, being very porous, they are quickly permeated by the digestive fluids, and thus easily and quickly digested.

WHY DO WE USE THE WHOLE WHEAT? Because the outer coats of the wheat berry (usually discarded by the white flour miller) are rich in the elements that make brain, bone and muscle. We make them digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

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ADLER'S COLLEGIAN Clothes



You must demand the garments that bear this label if you really

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want College character to your clothes. Granting that you are willing to pay $15.00, $18.00, $20.00 or as much as $30.00 for your suit or overcoat this Fall, you can serve your own interests in no more certain manner than by asking some clothier to show you the Fall **Collegian Fashions**—and try on your size. These are the "Typical College Clothes" of America—there's **snap** and **style** to them and they really are the only clothes we know of so decidedly for young men. **Our book of styles** mailed free on application. You ought to read this book before you buy your clothes this season. We will tell you where to get Collegian clothes in your vicinity if you'll write to us.

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Makers of Nobby Clothes **MILWAUKEE**

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY," says a Texas journal, "is a great fake. It is a Socialist without the nerve to own it." Political labels are nothing. Although not the whole theory, many Socialist positions seem sound to us, and the frequency with which our radicalism is denounced is proof enough that we desire fundamental changes in the relation between corrupt business and government. It is unfortunate when a shallow agitator, like MORAN in Massachusetts, has a monopoly of radicalism, so that people are forced to choose between a conservatism of which they are weary and a ferocious barking set up to catch the unwary and gain political position. New York, in the approaching election, is more fortunate. There both candidates are identified with the movement to check the abuse of money. One is the professional agitator; attacking MURPHY, then combining with him; attacking men with money, because it is a popular thing to do, and using his own money to buy delegates; scolding at every corporation, and using the corporate form to dodge the just responsibilities of his own papers; printing the word TRUTH in big capitals, and forging interviews, distorting news, and reeking with cynical and hardened mendacity; pretending belief in Democracy and self-government, and yet loudly proclaiming that the Governor of a State should remove MCCLELLAN, JEROME, and presumably every other Mayor and District Attorney who refuses to take orders from the papers of Mr. HEARST.

SHARP LINES

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE in New York is the lawyer who, by powerful work against the Coal Trust, first gave the spectacle of a New York lawyer of high rank actually using his talents for the people. He is the man who won the admiration of the whole world by his calm, sure, just, and relentless probing of insurance evils; who won that admiration again when he refused Mr. JEROME'S request to assume prosecution, since he was engaged in impartial investigation; who has kept that admiration steadily with everything he has said, since the people first began to demand his nomination. His nomination could not be prevented by the politicians, because the people were aroused, the Republican bosses enfeebled and defeated, and the President of the United States excited over a situation which foreshadowed a desperate struggle about to rend his native State; a struggle in which both men stood for reform, and one for honesty; in which both men stood for improvement in the laws, and one for MURPHY; in which both men have sought change, one quietly, with devotion, and with no wish for office; the other with noise, personal ambition, dickers with delegates, and appeals to hatred. The whole world admires the one. Those who best understand journalism and politics distrust the other. The standards are the same. Under which standard-bearer will the people march?

MR. HUGHES

THE VALUE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT is something which no American should lightly forget. To deprive the Cubans of responsibility for themselves, of freedom to choose, and of the discipline of experience, is a grave deed, to be taken only under compulsion, and with a warm desire to limit our interference as strictly as may be. Happily Mr. TAFT has shown in the Philippines that he is free of the intellectual narrowness that despises any civilization in a different state, or of a different kind, from one's own. JOHN FISKE pointed out, when writing of Cuba, that the British generally deemed the French fickle and incapable of self-government, whereas a century before it was the French who had the reputation of being steady and conservative, and the English were thought to be dangerous and subversive. Said he: "For the sake of Cuba's best interests, it is to be hoped that she will win her independence without receiving from any quarter, and especially from the United States, any such favors as might hereafter put her in a position of tutelage or in any wise hamper her freedom of action. All people liberated from the blight of Spanish dominion need to learn the alphabet of free government. Cuba will have to learn it, as all the rest of Spanish America has had to learn it, and the fewer the impediments in her way the better. Undue influence on the part of powerful neighbors is an impediment." Secretary ROOT has spoken with strength and generosity of South American progress. Neither he nor Secretary TAFT would wish to prevent similar independent progress in the island toward which our obligations are so great.

LIBERTY

IN NEW JERSEY, COLBY and the New Idea movement went down in emphatic defeat. Where COLBY had twelve associates in the New Jersey Legislature last year, next year he will have none. He will stand alone as the representative of the New Idea movement. For this *débâcle* there are several reasons, none of them necessarily very discouraging to those who have faith in the ultimate triumph of the New Idea principles. The most potent cause was a very stringent excise law which was passed last year, but went into effect only a few weeks ago, at the very height of the campaign. The "Bishops' law," as it was called, was not the work of COLBY. He and his associates were no more responsible for it than were the regular Republicans. But those who were indignant at the cutting off of their Sunday beer reasoned thus: "This is a reform law; COLBY and the New Idea outfit are reformers; let's vote against them." This manner of cerebration is not logical, but it is one of the chances which politicians must take.

COLBY DEFEATED

DRYDEN'S SEAT IN THE SENATE is, by the defeat of the New Idea movement, rendered reasonably safe, except for the rather remote possibility of a Democratic majority in the next New Jersey Legislature. Here, too, was one of the reasons for the defeat of COLBY'S party. The New Idea fight was really made on a double issue. One was the defeat of Mr. DRYDEN as Senator; the other, a body of principles. As an issue of personality appeals more directly to the understanding of men than an issue of principles, it was really for and against DRYDEN that most of the votes were cast. And it is now quite openly confessed, as it was tacitly admitted long before the election, that the New Idea party made an unhappy choice in picking a man to oppose Mr. DRYDEN. Whatever Mr. RECORD'S political virtues, he did not achieve personal popularity. However, even in defeat, COLBY will undoubtedly achieve some portion of victory. The regulars announce that, as hostages to the sentiment Mr. COLBY represents, they will themselves carry out some of the reforms the New Idea party advocated. And Mr. COLBY cheerfully announces that he will fight again another day.

DRYDEN SAFE

NOVELTY APPALS MINDS of a certain structure and attracts those of a different bent. "It is new—let us try it." "No one ever heard of it before—throw it out." Between these two the world is divided. "The People's Lobby" describes nothing that ever existed. Disregarding those judgments which are more prompt than lasting, such an institution might commend itself to the enthusiasm of reflective minds. The packers

have their Washington lobby, the liquor interests their HOUGH, the patent medicine crew their BEARDSLEY; the railroads maintain their Washington bureau with its elaborate organization both for whispering in the ear of individual Congressmen on the back stairs, and for corrupting public opinion by means of a venal or guileless press. And so it would be an excellent thing to have a vigilant organization keeping an eye on things in behalf of the people of the United States.

THE PEOPLE'S LOBBY

MAKING LAWS AT WASHINGTON, under the modern rules of committees and sub-committees, is a complicated business, not easily understood by him who runs; the People's Lobby could find, and name, the man who, in the obscure shadows of committee chambers, was blocking this bill or fathering that. It could act as attorney for the people, and present the people's argument at the committee hearings which have become so important a part of Washington law-making. In so far as the operations of private lobbies are legitimate, the People's Lobby could meet them on their own ground. But even more effective would be its function as a concentrator and distributer of white light. Perhaps a hundred newspapers maintain correspondents at Washington; the majority of these, for reasons of party or otherwise, do not attempt to give an impartial account of what goes on. The People's Lobby would serve those not now supplied with Washington news, and aid those already served. So strong a strategic point is this sending of Washington news to papers throughout the country that some corporations have long maintained bureaus for sending out to purchasable or mercenary papers news tainted and biased in the interest of those who maintain the bureaus. The People's Lobby could keep and make public in his own district the record of the votes of every Congressman, both on the floor and in committee; and it may be that a People's Lobby will have the happy destiny to create, in the people of the United States, an interest in Congressional records of votes on important measures as widespread and ardent as, let us say, the public interest in the records of prize-fighters and baseball players. A People's Lobby has possibilities of usefulness just as great as the capacity of its promoters to make it useful.

LIGHT ON LAW-MAKING

A TERRIBLE JUSTIFICATION has been given to our expressed fear that the Atlanta "News," in its attempt to increase violence in Georgia, would have a dreadful and injurious success. To create an atmosphere of excitement and fury is exactly the way to make the most dangerous and beast-like negroes worse and to increase the crime which is the cause of all the horrors. The best negroes and the best whites are endeavoring to reduce the number of criminal blacks, and to educate the whole black race to the absolute necessity of freeing itself from this dark stain and menace. Their efforts are frustrated, and progress is retarded, new black criminals are made, and whites are brutalized, when yellow agitation and demagogic playing with passion take the place of judgment and unselfishness. It is the difference between what the editor of the Atlanta "News" is doing, on the one hand, and, on the other, what ROBERT E. LEE or ABRAHAM LINCOLN, in similar circumstances, would have done.

ATLANTA RIOTS

ALTHOUGH WE SPEAK LOOSELY of sweet sounds as musical, music proper exists in nature not at all. It belongs utterly to art. When Lorenzo said to Jessica: "There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st but in his motion like an angel sings," he spoke beautifully, but in metaphor. Music is the most artificial of the arts, and therefore to some minds, like that of PATER, the purest, since form and meaning are identical. It has also been generally accepted as the most religious. BEETHOVEN exclaimed "I know that GOD is nearer to me in my music than to others." And LUTHER said: "Next to theology I give to music the highest place and honor; and we see how DAVID and all the Saints have wrought their godly thoughts into verse, rime, and song." It seems rather strange, therefore, that this art, being the most ethereal, should be the one which promises to be most

SCIENCE AND MUSIC

mechanically produced. Its progress has been dependent upon mechanical invention, until the orchestra reached its present state, and now every effort of inventive science is turned on the elimination of the human player. Whether or not this effort shall succeed entirely in giving the very best, it is certain to result in giving music of considerable quality a larger place in the lives of millions, and therefore it ought to be one of the most spiritually valuable directions of modern scientific progress.

SPEAKING OF MECHANICS, invention, and the results on intellectual life, much might be said of newspapers. With the old methods of reproducing the editor's or reporter's words, the hand that rocks the fountain pen could never have become, in Mr. Dooley's image, the hand that rules the world. To "The American Magazine" for October, by the way, we cheerfully give a free and we hope useful advertisement, by observing that it contains the best exposition of the power of the press that has ever come our way. Then, reverting to our subject, we add that if type were still set by hand, and presses operated by hand, and paper cost twenty-five instead of two cents a pound, the newspapers could not, for better or worse, have so large a part in expounding destiny. Mr. GEORGE W. OCHS sums up the changes which made possible one-cent newspapers and large circulations thus: (1) The development of the rotary press to its present state of high efficiency, (2) the improvements in stereotyping, with the attendant multiplication of plates by quick processes, (3) the typesetting machine—all three mechanical triumphs belonging to the last quarter century.

TYPE AND SENSE

A FAVORITE PHRASE, among politicians, when anybody strikes out for himself along lines different from those honored by the professionals, is that he is a joke. When Mr. CHURCHILL began his campaign he was emphatically treated as a joke. When Mr. JEROME, on seeking reelection as District Attorney, started out without a regular nomination, those on the inside, who know everything about politics, contemptuously described his attempt as ridiculous. Whether in Missouri, Pennsylvania, or Ohio, when a man undertook to work without all the recognized procedure, he became something ridiculous to those who march in the organized battalions. But those days are passing. Respect for the inner mysteries of politics is wellnigh dead, and to think for one's self, and act accordingly, is ceasing to be a joke.

JOKES

THERE IS IN CONGRESS one Honorable SPENCER BLACKBURN, hailing from North Carolina, who, in a newspaper, observes: "I cheerfully join my friend, Senator PRITCHARD, in commending Pe-ru-na as a very efficient remedy for coughs, colds, and catarrhal troubles. Many of my friends have used it with excellent results." The PRITCHARD referred to was for years in the United States Senate from North Carolina, and is at present filling the office of Judge in Washington, by President ROOSEVELT's appointment, but Mr. BLACKBURN is before the people now for reelection, so that his situation in life is not quite so stable. Perhaps he would be surer of reelection if the Peruna Company would furnish him ten thousand bottles for distribution on election day.

POLITICS AND PERUNA

OF ALL MEALS the first, in ideal possibilities, deserves preeminence. Lunch, it will freely be conceded, is of the three usual repasts the most consistently banal. Dinner is festive, but rather gross. Late supper, often gay, is likely to be theatrical, hectic, forced. The early morning meal is free of every oversophisticated and effete interest. Its charm is stronger in proportion as the eater is more normal and as his life is more in accord with health and reason. To the man in absolute condition breakfast offers sensations unsurpassed. It was a thinker as well as a wit who said he found breakfasts so pleasant, because no one is conceited before one o'clock. It is the least affected meal. It alone is taken solely to satisfy inevitable demands. The dissipated man abhors it. The boy, the laborer, and the hunter relish it. It has been often said that a little in the morning is enough, but in that speech no natural northern stomach spoke.

BREAKFAST

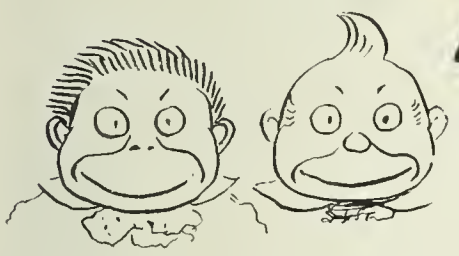
Comic Section of the NEW YOIK CHOINAL Sunday, Sept. 1906



For Lieutenant Governor.
Foxy Grandpa.



For State Treasurer.
Leander



For State Engineer and Surveyor.
The Katzenjammer Kids

Kemble





For Secretary of State.
Happy Hooligan



For Comptroller.
Der Cap



For Attorney General.
Maud.

FOR GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

CIVIL STRIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD







1. The quiet of Atlanta's streets on Sunday was broken on the last day of September when the State Militia were halted on the city's thoroughfares awaiting orders to quell the race riots. 2. At Brownsville, a suburb of Atlanta, the negroes used as a meeting-place an abandoned store and loft. During the riots the building was searched by a posse of whites. 3. On the outskirts of Havana the Stars and Stripes is as conspicuous on every landscape as on the Fourth of July in the States. All who can do so are claiming the protection of the American flag in Cuba. 4. Brigadier-General Gores of the insurgent forces and his staff in the field

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

SOME INTERESTING THINGS IN POLITICS

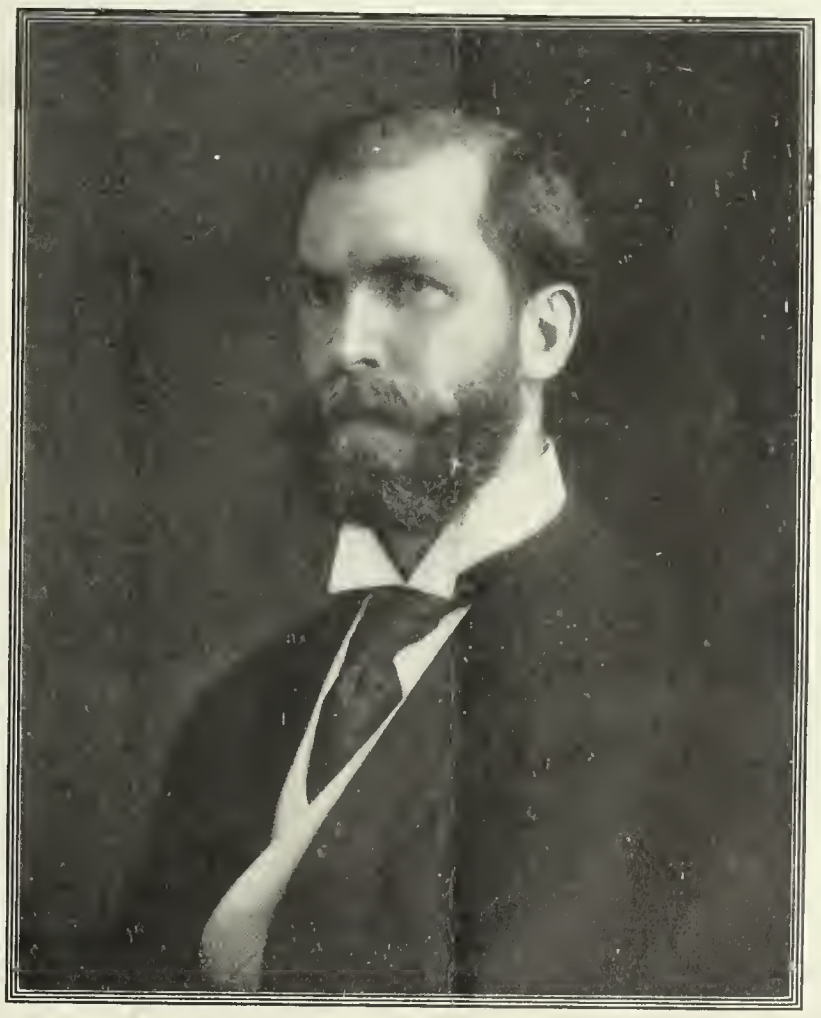
BY far the most interesting and important of the State contests in progress this year is that in New York. It is only nominally one between parties. On one side Mr. Hearst has captured the Democratic nomination, but the methods by which the feat was accomplished leave him merely in the most narrowly technical sense a Democratic candidate. On the other side, Mr. Hughes stands as the nominee of the Republican Convention, but he is really a Citizens' candidate, appealing for support to members of both parties. Probably a third of Mr. Hearst's followers are Republicans, and the extent to which he values their adhesion was shown by his speech at Syracuse, in which he renounced the convictions of a lifetime by accepting the principle of a protective tariff. How many Democrats will vote for Mr. Hughes can not be estimated, but the number will certainly be enormous.

Mr. Hearst enters the campaign under the handicap of a total lack of metropolitan newspaper support. He has to face the opposition of every paper of any importance in New York City except his own, and, of course, modesty will restrain his own papers from saying much in his favor. But it has often been shown in the past that newspapers, especially of the so-called "respectable" type, have little direct influence when the people are deeply moved. There can be no doubt that the line of attack chosen by some of the New York journalistic advocates of financial interests has strengthened the Hearst movement, and its continuance is now the chief danger that threatens Mr. Hughes. Instead of confining themselves to the question of character and the undesirability of having a yellow and boss-ridden government at Albany, they call for a war upon "semi-Socialism," which is the current cant for anything the corporations do not like. In this way they try to force Mr. Hughes into the fatal position of a champion of vested privileges and things as they are—a position, however, which he is much too shrewd to accept. He put himself upon the strongest available ground in this telegram acknowledging the nomination:

"The Republican Party has been called to defend the honor of the State and to represent the common sense of the people and the cause of decent government. I shall accept the nomination without pledge other than to do my duty according to my conscience. If elected, it will be my ambition to give the State the same efficient and honorable administration, free from taint of bossism or of servitude to any private interest. A united party making an appeal to good citizenship must win."

If party lines were drawn with any distinctness Mr. Hearst would have one advantage that would go far toward insuring his election. For the first time in a dozen years there will be a real campaign in every county of the State. Beyond a doubt such a campaign, bringing out the full Democratic vote, would have elected Van Wyck over Roosevelt in 1898 and Coler over Odell in 1902. But this year nobody can tell how the Democratic vote will go after it has been brought out. Much of it is already pledged to Hughes.

The Presidential aspirants of both parties have a deep interest in the result of the New York election. On the Republican side the success of Hughes might help to relieve President Roosevelt of the embarrassing necessity of taking an undesired nomination after emphatically declaring that he never would accept it. What the effect of Hearst's election would have on the ambition of Democratic aspirants would depend on what followed. The Hearst devil has been painted in such tones of midnight blackness by his opponents that if he should prove in office to be of a little lighter tint, there would inevitably be a reaction in his favor. If his administration failed to drag the State of New York through the deepest depths of disgrace, prostrate its industries, and plunder its treasury, the reputation of his enemies as prophets would be hopelessly discredited. If by any chance he should "make good," Mr. Bryan's patiently and ingeniously built structure of card-index popularity would be in grave danger. But, of course, if Hearst in office justified the predictions of his adversaries, he would eliminate himself as a Presidential candidate, and Mr. Bryan could gather the fruits of his industry in peace. At present the Hearst candidacy for Governor of New York creates no enthusiasm among the friends of Bryan, and the Bryan siege of the Presidency has had no encouragement from the Hearst Convention, which praised the returning voyager as a citizen, but had nothing to say about him as a candidate.



CHARLES E. HUGHES

Republican candidate for Governor of New York. Mr. Hughes is no politician, but has become a popular hero by his work in the gas and insurance investigations

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In a general way Mr. Hughes is expected to get the conservative, and Mr. Hearst the radical, voters of both parties. If this line were strictly followed Mr. Hearst would be elected, for there are more radicals than conservatives. But Mr. Hearst will not have them all. Some of them will support Mr. Hughes on the issue of character. Some of them will vote for him on his record in the gas and insurance investigations. The Republican platform made a bid for some by demanding the regulation of corporations. Others, to the number of a good many thousands, will vote the Socialist ticket. The election returns will have to determine how many that will leave for Mr. Hearst.

The popular unrest that has made the Hearst movement so formidable in New York is perhaps even more strikingly illustrated in the success of District Attorney John B. Moran of Boston in capturing the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Moran, it will be remembered, secured his present position last year by an unaided campaign of self-advertising, beating the joint candidate of both political organizations at the polls. His success was more remarkable than the simultaneous triumph of Mr. Jerome, for it was won without the help of newspapers or civic associations or any record of achievement. This year Mr. Moran extended his agitation throughout the State, with the aid of Mr. Hearst's Boston paper, and he swept the Democratic primaries, carrying every city in Massachusetts, and securing three-fourths of the delegates to the State Convention. The Moran movement in Massachusetts has been a duplicate of the Hearst movement in New York. There, as in New York, the old line Democrats have retired to the background, leaving the party in the hands of the new powers.

The Republican primaries in New Jersey gave new evidence that politics could not be kept clean indefinitely by a single scrubbing. Reform was routed throughout the State, Colby lost his own county of Essex, which was also Dryden's, Dickinson won Hudson, the other old bosses came back to their own, and Senator Dryden's reelection, in the event of Republican success at the polls, appeared assured. The discredit for this result is attributed partly to the thorough and efficient organization of the machine forces and partly to the unpopularity shed upon reformers in general by the particular brand of reform embodied in the "Bishops law" suppressing the sale of liquor on Sundays.

The committee of seven, composed of friends of both candidates, appointed by the City Party Convention of Philadelphia to investigate Mayor Weaver's charge that D. Clarence Gibboney's nomination over Frederick J. Shoyer for District Attorney had been secured by bribery, reported unanimously on September 27, that there was "no evidence that any votes were changed by bribery," and that the nomination was "the honest conclusion of an honest convention." Thereupon Mr. Gibboney was enthusiastically renominated, with his original majority of 29 increased to 202, and the break between Weaver and his former associates was complete. Some reformers believe that the cause will be helped by the divorce.



IN A POLITICAL CORNER AT SARATOGA

New York County Chairman Parsons and Secretary of State O'Brien



HEARST GIVES ADVICE FREELY

A long frock coat is always worn by the frenzied journalist



Jerome

MR. JEROME DISCUSSES THE SITUATION

He deserted his party's ticket without any pang of conscience

PENSIONS EBBING

THE pension roll, which swelled for so many years and then remained stationary for so many more, seems at last to have taken definitely the downward turn. The annual report just issued shows that at the end of the fiscal year 1906 there were 985,971 names on the list, a decrease of 12,470 in twelve months. There have never been as many as a million pensioners on the roll at the date of making the final reports for any fiscal year, but that number was exceeded on July 31, 1902, when there were 1,001,494 pensioners, and in nine months of the fiscal year 1904–1905. Our high-water mark was reached on January 31, 1905, when our army of pensioners numbered 1,004,196—about twenty times the number of our present army of soldiers in active service.

In 1866 we had 126,722 pensioners. This number grew until 1877, when there were 232,104. It was about that time that Garfield said that the roll had reached its maximum, and would gradually decline. For a moment the prediction seemed to be justified. The number fell off in 1878 to 223,998. But Congress took a hand and began passing new laws and stretching old ones. In 1879 there were 242,755 persons drawing pensions. From that time the course was steadily upward. As the number of living veterans declined, the number of people on the pay-rolls increased. In 1880 for the first time it passed a quarter of a million. In 1885 it went above a third of a million. In 1890 it left the half million mark behind. In 1891 it surpassed two-thirds of a million. The next year it jumped beyond seven-eighths, and the year following beyond nineteen-twentieths of a million.

For the past fourteen years the pension roll, as recorded at the end of each year, has held from 966,000 to a million names. For the eight years from 1898 to 1905 inclusive it was almost stationary, between 991,000 and a million. Now for the first time it has experienced a substantial decline. The reduction by 12,470 names is the greatest in any year since the Civil War.

The decrease in the number of pensioners is not yet reflected to any extent in the expense account. The annual value of the roll in 1906 was $136,237,749, which was only half a million less than in 1905. This is accounted for by the fact that as the pensioners grow older they become entitled to higher rates. There is no chance of much further increase, however, for even a general service pension law would hardly put many new names on the roll. But the cost of pensioning the comparatively small class of veterans and their dependents gives us an inkling of the budget we might expect to carry if we adopted the plan of old-age civilian pensions for everybody.



THE TORNADO'S WORK AT MOBILE

One of the worst storms known on the north coast of the Gulf of Mexico raged from September 26 to 28. The wind reached a velocity of ninety miles an hour, and all the cities on the coast of Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida were badly damaged. A tidal wave followed up the mouth of the Mississippi River, filling the New Orleans streets with seven feet of water. The storm reached its greatest fury around Pensacola and Mobile. This picture shows how a river packet on the Mobile River was thrown against the wrecked debris of houses, warerooms, and wharfs that lined the river bank. In the city of Mobile over fifty lives were lost, and it is estimated that the property losses in this Alabama port will be found to exceed five millions of dollars

SANITY IN ATLANTA

SHAMED by the excesses of the week of riot, the good citizens of Atlanta of both races have combined to restore the supremacy of law and order. The white and negro ministers of the city held a conference on September 25, and while the whites pledged protection to all law-abiding negroes, the negroes promised to form a Law and Order League to suppress crime among themselves. A mass meeting of a thousand citizens at the court-house adopted resolutions reported by Clark Howell, editor of the "Constitution," deploring "the crimes of both races which have been committed by their worst elements," denouncing the "cowardly and brutal murder of innocent people and the wounding of others," and protesting against mob rule as "the worst evil that can afflict society." The Grand Jury severely censured the Atlanta "News" for inciting the riots.

An interesting result of the riots and the subsequent sobering off was the decision that Mr. Thomas Dixon's mischief-making play, "The Clansman," which had been booked for the end of October, should not come to Atlanta. Governor Terrill issued a proclamation offering rewards for the arrest with proof leading to conviction of the persons who took part in the outbreaks. This was in addition to equal rewards offered by the city. The inquiries of the "Constitution" among the best citizens of Atlanta disclosed a unanimous sentiment in favor of the absolute prevention of lawlessness, "the punishment of the guilty who have brought this disgrace to the city, and the making of every preparation looking to the protection of all lives, both black and white, and the maintenance of and full respect for the law at whatever cost."

CUBA EX LIBRE



E. V. MORGAN

United States Minister to Cuba

THE Cuban Republic is temporarily out of commission. Whether it is merely to be laid up for repairs or to be permanently dismantled will depend upon the amount of patriotism and political sense disclosed by Acting Governor Taft's inspection. The situation is surely something new in history. There have been plenty of cases in which the people of a weak country, protesting their ability to govern themselves, have been overcome by a strong one which has insisted that it could do the work better. There have been plenty of cases in which the earth-hunger of a strong country has led it to snatch at any pretext for usurping the control of a weak one. But here is a strong country resorting to every device to avoid the necessity of ruling a weaker one, and the weak one persistently rebuffing all efforts to make it stand alone.

The Cuban Congress met in extra session on September 28 with a quorum, representing both parties, in attendance. The resignations of the members of the Cabinet, which had already been accepted by President Palma, were read. The resignations of Vice-President Mendez Capote and of the President followed, leaving Cuba without a government. The reasons assigned by President Palma for his action were that the Executive had practically lost all authority, and that the terms of peace proposed by the American Commissioners were such as it was "absolutely impossible to accept."

At this point Congress made one last effort to save the Republic. It appealed to Palma to reconsider his resignation, and this appeal was carried to the palace by a deputation which begged him to heed it "for the salvation of the country and its independence." But the President, although moved to tears, firmly refused to continue to exercise an authority curtailed by armed force. "Cuba is in the hands of God," he said, "and perhaps for her better destiny."

Congress was to have heard the President's reply at an adjourned session in the evening, but when the time came no quorum appeared, and the independent government of Cuba Libre noiselessly evaporated.

That night a guard of American marines was landed to guard the derelict Cuban Treasury, and the next morning Secretary Taft issued a proclamation assuming charge of the Republic as Provisional Governor. He explained that the failure of Congress to act on President Palma's resignation or to elect a successor had left the republic without a government in a time of great disorder, and thereby made it necessary for the United States to take steps for the restoration of order and the protection of life and property. He promised that the provisional government to be established for that purpose would be maintained "only long enough to restore peace, order, and public confidence, and then to hold such elections as may be necessary to determine on those persons upon whom the permanent government of the republic should be devolved." He added:

"In so far as is consistent with the nature of a provisional government established under the authority of the United States, this will be a Cuban government, conforming with the constitution of Cuba. The Cuban flag will be hoisted as usual over the government buildings of the island; all the executive departments and provincial and municipal governments, including that of the city of Havana, will continue to be administered as under the Cuban Republic; the courts will continue to administer justice, and all the laws not in their nature inapplicable by reason of the temporary and emergent character of the government will be in force."

Governor Taft's announcement was received with general approval by the Cubans of all factions. The assurance that the Cuban flag would continue to fly was especially welcome, for with all the feeling that American intervention would be the best thing for the interests of the island, there had been a drop of bitterness in the thought that the emblem for which so many Cubans had given their lives must come down. Although there was no disorder, and the Rural Guards and police cooperated loyally with the new régime, Mr. Taft thought it best to have a show of American force on hand, and sent a requisition to Washington for a contingent of troops. The President immediately issued orders to despatch the necessary military force. In sending soldiers of the United States on to Cuban soil, and in distributing them to various strategic points about the island, the careful and explicit note of reluctance set forth in Secretary Taft's speech was carried out.



GEN. FREDERICK FUNSTON

In charge of disarming the insurgents

COPYRIGHT BY HARR EW



THE FIRST UNITED STATES TROOPS TO EMBARK FOR CUBA

Second Battalion of Engineers going aboard the transport "Sumner" at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, October 1



A WOUNDED INSURGENT CHIEF

General Loynaz del Castillo, whose views on insurrection problems had weight in the negotiations with Secretary Taft



A GLIMPSE OF THE IRON WITHIN TAFT'S VELVET GLOVE

Captain Albert R. Couden, of the United States battleship "Louisiana," and Commander John C. Colwell, of the cruiser "Denver," leaving the Quinta Hidalgo, the residence of American Minister Morgan, at Havana. It was Commander Colwell who first landed American soldiers and sailors in Cuba after the insurrection outbreak to protect our interests in Havana during the present trouble



AN AMBASSADOR OF INSURRECTION

Senator Alfredo Zayas, who has opposed Palma and represents the interests of the insurgents before Secretary Taft



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SPEED

DRAWN BY WALTE



HOSTS

PPLETON CLARK



HEARST AND HEARSTISM

This is the last of four articles dealing with William Randolph Hearst, his personality, his newspapers, and his politics. In these articles, impartiality has been the first consideration. They were designed, not to influence any one who favors or opposes Hearst's propaganda, but rather to make Hearst, his methods and character, clear to the average man

By FREDERICK PALMER

SHALL we judge Hearst the office-seeker by Hearst the office-holder? For four years he has been in Congress. No member has been less often in his seat. In extenuation, his official staff point contemptuously to the low intellectual standards of the Lower House. They say that as a regular attendant at the working sessions he would have descended to mere clerical routine for which, with his varied interests and his vast plans for the public good, he had neither the time nor the patience. But that excuse puts Hearst in the position of ignorance of legislative methods at the time he sought an election to the Representatives or of wanting to be a member for the sake of self-advertisement.

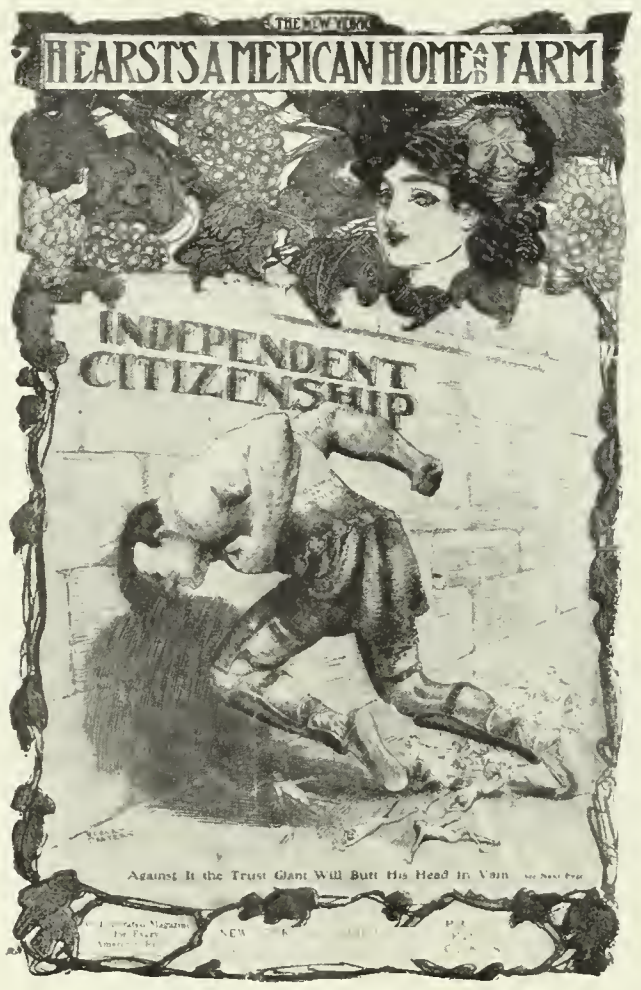
His fellow Democrats in Washington say that the new member expected the old ones to take his orders. In the leadership of the Democratic minority was John Sharp Williams, the object of many slurs from the Hearst editors. But against him even yellow propriety could bring none of the accusations which have been leveled against Senator Bailey. Williams is an old-fashioned Southern planter. Money to him means food and shelter; and ideas are wealth. His record on corporate questions is as clean as a hound's tooth. He is a debater and a parliamentary leader who has worked his way up to his present position through long service.

He Keeps Out of Debate

Although elected as a Democrat, Hearst showed no particular inclination to work with the Democrats. Another excuse of his apologists for his inactivity was that he was helpless because he was not a member of any important committees. The only committee he asked for was that of labor, and out of this membership through his newspapers he has made much journalistic and political capital. When he did no active work in his first term it was scarcely to be expected that he would be promoted to the most important committee places in his second term when the most brilliant and indefatigable members of the minority, especially, do not receive important places until their third or fourth terms.

His most notable appearance as a speaker in the House was in defense of his newspapers in a heated personal colloquy with Sullivan of Massachusetts, who, in the words of Hearst, "emitted chewed wind." It is clear enough to any tyro that lack of experience and lack of knowledge of laws and how laws are made would have made him unable to cope as a floor leader with the Republican leaders. Wisely he has kept out of debate. He has been the "mystery" of the House, who regarded his fellow members from the viewpoint of contemptuous superiority. His position behind the scenes was that of an employer of men, the proprietor of an interest. There is a small minority of the Democrats of the House who are known as Hearst men before they are known as Democrats. It is they who rebel against the leadership of Williams.

Hearst has accomplished nothing in Congress which he could not have done as an outsider working through a mouthpiece on the floor. His method of working was illustrated when he sought to add an eight-hour law to the Naval Appropriation bill. He had nothing to say himself, but he sat languidly in his seat while he sent orders to certain Congressional lieutenants with a view to putting the Republicans on record as opposed to the eight-hour-a-day system. His activity in his first term was confined entirely to labor measures. When he saw a chance for a "spread" he would descend upon Washington with all his reporters and attorneys, and all that they did was fully published to his glory in his newspapers. In his second term labor interested him less, and his play was on railroad rates, a change of ground which, as we shall see, was in keeping with his political plans.



HEARST'S APPEAL TO FARMERS

He seeks to win their votes by the same class incitement that he used to win his trade-union following. At county fairs in New York State this autumn sample copies of Hearst's "Home and Farm" the latest Hearst paper are to be had for the taking. It is a weekly, selling for only fifty cents a year

His bill enlarging the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission he asserts formed the basis of the Esch-Townsend bills. His Product of Labor bill was designed to relieve the trades unions from the effect of the law against combinations. Other bills were to enable the Government to purchase the telegraph lines; a bill to authorize United States District Attorneys to proceed under the Anti-Trust law without the authorization of the Attorney-General, which would have facilitated his own proceedings against the Coal Trust; a bill for the establishment of a parcels post, which is a subject of many bills and a universal demand in face of the express companies' lobby. All were drawn by his attorney, Clarence Shearn.

A Monopolist of Injunctions

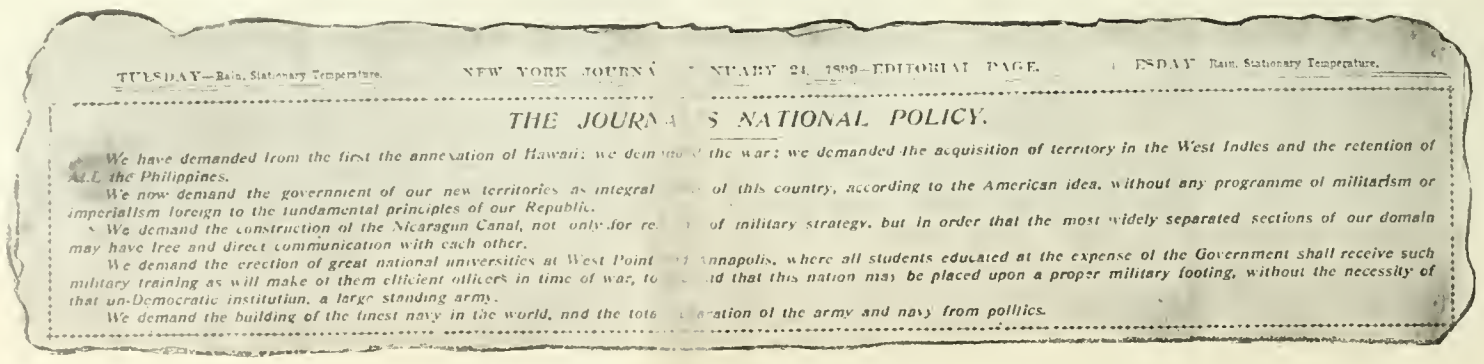
Another bill shows Hearst in a different light than the usual demagogue of Congress who says that double the salary of a member is sufficient for any Judge. He wanted to raise the salaries of Supreme Court Justices from $12,000 to $25,000 a year, which is something approaching suitable income for the supposedly greatest jurists of the land who interpret the Constitution. Another bill appropriating $50,000,000 to build good national roads had about it the true ring of nationalism and progress, while at the same time it was an appeal for the farmers' vote. Without having to undergo any Congressional drudgery, his two terms in Congress have kept him before the public of his editions as a protester against present conditions; as a member who was martyred by red tape and Congressional intrigue.

In a pamphlet entitled "Hearst Acts While Others Talk," issued by the Independence League, while Hearst's Congressional career is lauded it is made subsidiary to his work in killing steals and overcoming wrongs by injunction and exposure. Unquestionably, his valuable and positive work as well as his dangerous and negative work as a public man has been accomplished in the domain of journalism. No man has used government by injunction more. It is a method that the "World" taught him, and he has done it harder and on a more extravagant scale than the originator, of course. Any private citizen who wanted to fight the battles of the public might have recourse to the courts in the same way to restrain a packed city Legislature from granting a franchise worth $10,000,000 to a Fuel Gas Trust, as Hearst did, or from becoming party to a $200,000,000 theft such as that of the Ramapo Water Company, which the New York "World" killed.

Thanks to Hearst, undeniably, we are having eighty-cent gas in New York City to-day. That is the clearest case of his accomplishment of a public benefaction out of the many he has claimed. The determination with which he has carried his Coal Trust war in the courts at vast expense is characteristic of the man with the pugnacious chin who is behind the men with the pugnacious foreheads.

His first injunction, that against the Fuel Gas steal, was of his own initiative. When his lawyers, Einstein and Townsend, demurred against such gallery play, he insisted.

Now he owns an attorney as he owns an


TUESDAY—Rain, Stationary Temperature. NEW YORK JOURNAL, JANUARY 24, 1899—EDITORIAL PAGE. TUESDAY Rain, Stationary Temperature.

THE JOURNAL'S NATIONAL POLICY.

We have demanded from the first the annexation of Hawaii; we demanded the war; we demanded the acquisition of territory in the West Indies and the retention of ALL the Philippines.

We now demand the government of our new territories as integral parts of this country, according to the American idea, without any programme of militarism or imperialism foreign to the fundamental principles of our Republic.

We demand the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, not only for reasons of military strategy, but in order that the most widely separated sections of our domain may have free and direct communication with each other.

We demand the erection of great national universities at West Point and Annapolis, where all students educated at the expense of the Government shall receive such military training as will make of them efficient officers in time of war, to the end that this nation may be placed upon a proper military footing, without the necessity of that un-Democratic institution, a large standing army.

We demand the building of the finest navy in the world, and the total separation of the army and navy from politics.

WHEN HEARST WAS YOUNGER

Hearst's platform in 1899, demanding the retention of all the Philippines, the enlargement of Annapolis and West Point, and the finest navy in the world. In those days he was interested only in big national aggressive ideas and not in municipal ownership

editorial staff. Mr. Shearn never demurs about gallery play. He proceeds at once. To deny that Hearst with his great syndicate of papers has exposed many wrongs would amount to the same kind of injustice and partizan partiality which he practises in his propaganda. The "World" has fought as many "good" fights as he. In the war on the Ice Trust Pulitzer played an equally important part with Hearst in winning the final victory which Hearst claims as all his own.

It was the "World" which first disclosed the fact that the Dock Commissioner, Murphy—the same Murphy who nominated Hearst for Governor—was favoring the Ice Trust in the summer of '99, and its batteries opened fire a week before the Hearst papers fired a gun. Then Hearst found that a law required the publication of the names of all stockholders in a Maine corporation, and his first page bloomed with the fact that Mayor Van Wyck, Murphy, Cram, and a number of other Tammany men were stockholders. But no law permitted any action against the Mayor of New York for being a stockholder in a company. The "World," however, unearthed a statute which was the outcome of the Tweed scandals, allowing any five aldermen and any Justice of the Supreme Court to summon before them any public officer, who must answer all questions asked him about the performance of his duties.

When the officials implicated were brought before Justice Gaynor, in Brooklyn, the New York "American" published the evidence in full under "Regular Proceedings," with *no* reference to the "World" as the author of the action. While Hearst lowered the price of gas to eighty cents, the "World" claims the honor of lowering it from $1.25 to $1.

Making Exposure Pay

When an exposure or an injunction fight ceases to make circulation it is frequently dropped. In the battle of the exposers neither is giving away any points in its own strategy which would injure a "feature" or a "beat." A fellowship of injunctions among newspapers to a good end is out of the question. On occasion, the Hearst papers have barked up the wrong tree. Such was the case when they secured a temporary injunction preventing the surface roads from crossing the Brooklyn Bridge and making a slaughter pit at either end. The installation of the roads has resulted in few accidents and enormous public benefit, and today the suggestion that the tracks be torn up would result in a public uproar.

Hearst is the St. George who killed all the dragons single-handed. He wants no partnership in his journalism or his politics. His Independence League was the product of his newspaper appeals to discontent and the use of money as a proprietor. He has his own chairman, his own organizers, his own headquarters, and his own contention, all paid out of his own pocket. The appeal to his party is in the name of Lincoln Republicanism and Jeffersonian Democracy. Its teaching is the independence of the voter from party bosses. As a politician, Hearst, or Ihmsen, his lieutenant, realizes, however, that bossing your delegates while they think that they are doing the bossing themselves is the high art of politics. Ihmsen is to Hearst politics what Carvalho is to the business office and Brisbane is to the propaganda of discontent. Through him has been carried on the organization which culminated in the convention of sixteen hundred delegates from every county in the State at Carnegie Hall. His paid lieutenants included down-at-the-heel political hacks of the worst order. They started out from the headquarters like so many drummers after fall trade, with a sample line of Brisbane editorials and Hearst speeches and promises. The drummer's argument was in this wise: "Hearst is a comer; he is a winner; the people are aroused, and it is worth while to get on to the band wagon early. Besides, Mr. Hearst is a very rich man and—oh—a *very generous* man." That is an argument that carries weight with a disgruntled politician out of a job in any locality. He foresees, as many workers did in last year's municipal campaign, the opening of a big barrel the day before election. Meanwhile, "here is expense money."

Ihmsen, old political reporter, gifted stage manager, knows how to appeal to this class. With another class he is less at home. For there are thousands of men in the Independence League, sincere and high thinking, who have turned from the other political parties in disgust to Hearst as a deliverer.

When the faithful and the mercenaries met in the same county convention, then, there was an absence of sympathetic harmony which required Ihmsen's diplomacy. Besides these two extremes there is the trades union class which goes where Hearst goes. It was on trades unionism that Hearst has laid his political foundation. He has made himself a class following whose loyalty is bounded by belief in his every utterance and disbelief of all criticism. From this he builds upward.

Aside from his propaganda, we may well ask at this point, what has he actually done for the trades unions as an employer? He is a member of the Newspaper Publishers' Association of New York, the details of whose business policy where it affects their interests as a whole are never published. Other trusts might well be envious of the immunity this one enjoys. In order to prevent any piece of news from reaching the public the members have only to keep the fact out of their own newspapers. No one has profited more by this self-preservative method than Hearst; and not alone in the suppression of the reports of successful libel suits that have been brought against him.

The rate of wages, the hours of work of all classes of union employees of New York newspapers are uniform, and they are generally settled between the Publishers' Association as a body and the union. On this score Hearst has shown absolutely no more unionist sympathy than the owners of certain other papers confessedly open shop in their editorials and ranked as defenders of corporations. Far from leading any movement in the Association for higher wages or shorter hours, Hearst has raised no dissenting voice when the Publishers' Association has resisted the demands of the union. He has yielded to the trades union's demands only when business wisdom dictated retreat. His New York paper and the "World" and the "Herald" pay their printers a little better than the other papers. They have an agreement whereby the printer who is favored works every day instead of only when he pleases. This regular service to these big institutions, which must be made up in a hurry in the late hours of the night and the early hours of the morning, is worth more than the difference in the cost. Neither the "World" nor the "Herald" makes any pose in the matter. They both say it is good business.

Therefore all that Hearst has done for the trades union as an employer has not cost him one cent. Not only this, but Hearst's editions have not raised the rate of wages or lessened the hours of work of the employees of any concern in the United States. He has made himself popular by inflaming sentiment in a quarter where conviction was already complete. The trades union men have bought his newspapers and voted for him. They have served him when they thought that he was serving them. Once he had the trades unions cinched, he could proceed to win other classes. There is no sentiment about his method. It smells of this commercial age of money-making, salary-earning, wage-earning, self-interest. In the cartoons and the editorials of the New York "Evening Journal" of late, the dignity of labor receives only the occasional recognition which will keep it in line with the common people as a victim of the predatory corporations.

Hearst's "Home and Farm," his latest publication, tills one of the new fields. It has part of the Goddard features and the "comic sups"—pastoral Maud, the mule, never being left out, and urban Buster Brown never included—and advice on crop-raising as well as how to vote after the crops are harvested in November. To the initiated it seems too clearly a patchwork of Sunday "stuff" done by the scissors, with agricultural special "stuff" done by a stall-fed rural editor from Avenue A, to carry conviction as a real, sincere, pasture-fed farm paper.

Posters cost little, after all, and William Randolph Hearst—not the Independence League, mind you, but this slogan of individualism which takes all the grist to its own mill—has appeared in as big letters on as large sheets of white bunting at the county fairs of New York State this autumn, as in his personal, undivided relief of the suffering in San Francisco, where he did more for the cotton goods and the printing ink trade than the Red Cross and the Citizens' Committee.

"Take One" was the sign over piles of Hearst's "Home and Farm"—not yours, but Hearst's—in booths under the famous name. The farmer who tried a sample found on the second page a Brisbane sermon on the power of independent citizenship if the citizen would only wake up and use his vote. His exposition in characteristic primer sentences, with the poison features capitalized, of the folly of submitting to a choice between the two candidates of the two political parties, both of which are owned by the trusts, must sink deep (despite the tyro's work of the stall-fed editor from Avenue A) into some minds and lead them, as the result of "taking one," to "vote one" for William Randolph Hearst and his propaganda.

A friend who went with me to the Independence League convention wondered if the Frémont Convention, which gave birth to the Republicanism of Lincoln, was like what he saw at Carnegie Hall. That did not rally around John C. Frémont, particularly, but it was the impersonal, spontaneous uprising of the people from the inspiration of a moral cause. Frémont did not make the Republican party; it made Frémont. Sweaty it was, probably—all great movements are conceived in sweat—but real it was, paying the fares of its delegates and paying for its convention hall.

At Carnegie, there were old men on a junket, and old men who felt deeply; young men on a junket; young men foreseeing a political future; the former Tammany heeler, the mechanic, the small dealer, and the farmer, meeting together for the first time. They had one idea of their own; that they wanted a straight ticket. They had another idea; that they were to shout for William Randolph Hearst, who "paid the freight" for the mercenary, who was the father of the movement to the sincere.

A Proprietor of Men

I studied that convention through its three sittings as a convention and as a psychological phenomenon potent in its interest to us all. Modern conditions have killed the claque in the theatres of France where it longest survived. I saw it fully organized by Max Ihmsen for the first time in America. His owned men who worked on his nod, were distributed about the hall.

Hearst submitted to a straight ticket, and the convention thought for that reason that it was independent. A straight ticket expressed the central mass idea of independence, in the name of which sixteen hundred delegates had been brought together. But the platform they adopted was written by Hearst. When a member offered a plank against government by injunction, which the corporations have used against the trades unions, the claque stopped all suggestions, because one of the grounds of Hearst's appeal for votes is his own injunctions against the trusts.

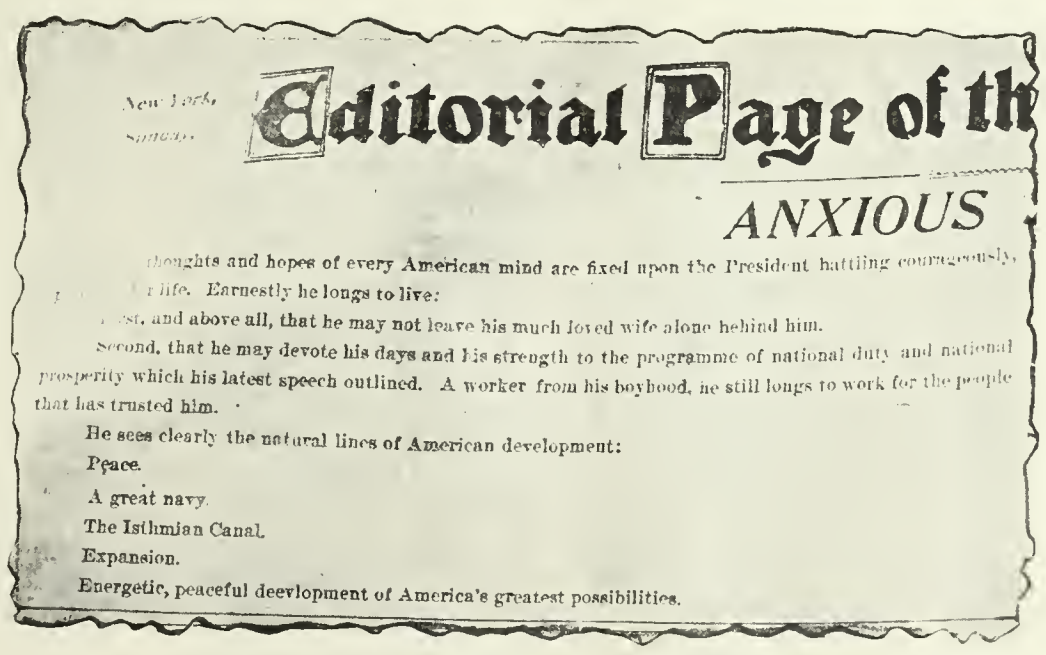
When the convention wanted to enter into discussion, one of the claque offered a motion to adjourn.

That astute chairman, Judge Seabury, allowed a motion to adjourn to be debated, parliamentary rule to the contrary notwithstanding, and he recognized only the members of the claque. The first speaker put up failed to get a hearing from the crowd, which wanted to remain in session and consider motions and resolu-



HOW HEARST APOLOGIZED

A cartoon in the New York "Journal" by the same cartoonist who had pictured McKinley as a man who would sacrifice his country's honor at the pleasure of its enemies



Editorial Page of th

ANXIOUS

thoughts and hopes of every American mind are fixed upon the President battling courageously, life. Earnestly he longs to live:

st, and above all, that he may not leave his much loved wife alone behind him.

Second, that he may devote his days and his strength to the programme of national duty and national prosperity which his latest speech outlined. A worker from his boyhood, he still longs to work for the people that has trusted him.

He sees clearly the natural lines of American development:

Peace.

A great navy.

The Isthmian Canal.

Expansion.

Energetic, peaceful development of America's greatest possibilities.

AN EXAMPLE OF QUICK REPENTANCE

This editorial appeared while McKinley lay dying in Buffalo. In appeal to the emotion of the hour at a moment when the Hearst papers were most unpopular it granted all the virtues of a great and noble ruler to that man whom Hearst had attacked as wanting in every quality which makes a good President

tions offered from the floor. A second speaker was a smarter mob orator.

"You all believe in eight hours a day!" he called.

They yelled back that they did.

"Well, do you want to work twenty-four? If not, let us go home!"

They were tired and they went. An onlooker was reminded of the Thespian mob, swayed first by Brutus and then by Antony. One of the delegates said:

"We are on the way, but we don't know where we're going."

That expressed the situation exactly. However, Ihmsen knew. He let his delegates wear themselves out with shouting for Hearst and sent them home thinking that they themselves had done everything which he had done for them. Ihmsen is a modest man. He blazes Hearst's name abroad, not his own. Of the six hours that the convention was in session it spent one hour and fifty minutes shouting for Hearst alone.

The platform appealed to the trades unions with an eight-hour day; to the police vote with the three-platoon system; to the farmers with a two-cent railroad rate; to teachers by the offer of pensions, and had that strain of conservatism which is valuable to a radical who seeks new fields, and is sure of his radical following. Such, indeed, is the Hearst strategy of the present campaign.

Having named the platform, Hearst named that "full ticket," which was the one thing, with all debate being shut off, on which the convention, being of one clamorous mind, could insist. Even such a boss as Quay or Platt has always allowed the nominations to be made by counties. Hearst has improved on his predecessors. His Committee on Platform and Resolutions, composed of one of Ihmsen's chosen and self-appointed men from each Assembly District, named the slate that Ihmsen wanted.

On the stage were the Hearst-owned chairman and the Hearst-owned speakers. When members of the convention wanted a voice at the final session the claque again became busy. They diverted attention from complaints over the rest of the ticket by applause over the name of the candidate for Governor. They silenced further objections later by the communication that the great man would soon address them, and the delegates rose once more in tumult and clamor. It was all so metropolitan and stagy that I wondered if those "Homes and Farms" at the county fairs, appealing to the sober intelligence of our farming community, could win any votes at all.

Profuse First Person Pronouns

Have you ever been on the "inside" at the production of a comic opera—cost about $25,000 to the producer? Have you ever realized the weeks of work over costumes, chorus, and scenic settings and surprises, or the restless nights that the librettist had spent in planning a fetching entrance for the star who might be chewing gum in the wings the minute before she sprang upon the stage?

But it is not the business of the audience to think of these things. Nor was it the business of a Hearst convention. Stage-manager Ihmsen had done his work well. The cheers for the platform of the movement were feeble beside the cheers for the man—oh, Cæsar!

When Hearst dramatically raised his hands to stay the pandemonium in his praise the workers of the claque started in afresh. They labored well and deserve recognition. At the outset the delegates from Brooklyn had been matter-of-fact. They acted as if they really thought that they had come to the meeting of a deliberative body. In time they caught the infection of hoodlumism. Least of all did the members of that convention themselves know what the statement meant when the newspapers said that they had cheered for thirty-three minutes.

A topping figure of a man Hearst made standing on the platform before the organized disorganization of his following. There was manifest the same joy over the demonstration in his honor as there was over the sudden effect in the morning of his pranks on the college faculty or a rescued Cuban girl on the public. His love of color and of golden Oriental effects with which he likes to surround himself personally made it a pity for harmony's sake that his coming might not have been in a chariot, with Ihmsen, Grand Vizier, in brilliant robes, to receive him on the carpet, and the policemen who escorted him down the aisle in cocked hats and swords. At least, he alone wore a frock coat, which certainly does give a political star some distinction among the sacks of the chorus.

He had unquestionably a striking dignity and force about him—the dignity and force of the proprietor, of the man who is of and for himself, the leader by command, the head of a vast owned enterprise, and the dramatic poise of the demagogue. He threw energy into his words, he bent toward his audience insistently with each short sentence.

With practise on the platform he has steadily improved. When he first appeared before an audience at Cooper Union the man who was a monomaniac on the subject of printed self-advertisement was nervous to the point of trembling. Only with difficulty did he repeat the few memorized lines which he had to speak. His voice is high and not pleasant, but he has trained it to carry far. It is Hearst's voice and it is characteristic.

He always begins a speech with "My friends." His instinct is to start every sentence with an "I." In his Syracuse speech opening his campaign he used "I" almost as frequently as prepositions. His political advisers evidently warned him that fewer personal pronouns were advisable if he wished to convince the public that his one-man movement was a movement of the people. Of late, it is "We" who are and not "I" who am to deliver the people from their wrongs at the hands of the bosses and trusts.

But the "I" is the inborn and dominant quality of Hearst. If you have any doubt of this it will soon be dispelled by association with the men around him. Their attitude is not that of the average man of politics toward his leader; it is not that of the men who were around Lincoln yesterday or around Roosevelt or Folk or Taft to-day, which has the quality of fellowship, spontaneous admiration, and friendship. It is not that of the men around big, bluff "Jim" Hill. Like Rockefeller, the first of the business trust makers, Hearst, the first of the trust makers of publicity, has no intimates. Many men are employed by him. No man is his friend.

Only Wants the Inaugural Show

He is inherently exclusive and self-centred by nature. There are two telephones in his house, but they are not down in the telephone directory. Its windows are barred with grating, and the Oriental idea prevails in Moorish rooms. When the door is closed on you in private conference with him you feel as shut in as in Frederick the Great's famous study at Sans-Souci.

Those mild and blue eyes of his which you can not see into are intent and searching as he listens to you and takes your measure. His manner is a combination of nervousness and languor. When he talks he plays with a paper-knife or any article he may pick up from his table. He rolls his big head which resembles that of Philippe Égalité—who also promised much—and in speaking of his work or himself, as he smiles boyishly, he seems to be searching hard for words. He says that he had no thought of politics when he took charge of the "Examiner." His only interest then was in running a newspaper. He says that he does not want to be Governor. But he has printed a great deal of complaint in his newspapers, and he thought that he would like to "make good." In this connection a man who knows him well says that he would enjoy the glory of being elected President and the Inaugural Show, but would prefer to depute the drudgery of regular hours and serving to a hired man. You feel his lack of definite ideas as to his policy and the means he would use to gain his end, his love of effects and his gift for short appealing sentences which are natural to a mind trained to headlines. You realize how in one of his spasms of energy he could take off that long frock coat and go into the composing room and tear the paper to pieces—at midnight, especially at midnight when he is preparing a surprise for the public in the morning—or how, listening in seminervous languor, he could decide a dozen questions, as a proprietor, in half an hour.



HEARST'S POLITICAL MANAGER

Max F. Ihmsen, the head of Hearst's bureau of political employees, who organized the Independence League and conducted the still hunt for delegates which brought down the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York

Bribes to Beat Poor Hearst

And while he was organizing his League not only in New York, but also in every other State, and running his newspapers, he was conducting a still hunt for the Democratic nomination for the Governorship. The Democrats were disorganized. They had been out of power in the State for twelve years. Blundering leader after blundering leader had led the party up a hill and then down again. Bryan had burned it; Parker had frozen it; Hill had juggled with it. While other leaders talked, Hearst plotted, and quietly, as he always has; for the man who beats the drum with his circulation reports and his Brisbane editorials wears gum-shoes when he goes in search of delegates.

Through the hot summer season the Hearst drummers for the Regular Line were as retiring as the Hearst drummers for the Independent Line were obvious. In the counties of the heavy Republican pluralities the Democrats were hungry. The drummers offered them a crumb buttered with the hope of a feast. Hearst was the best thing they saw in prospect. He alone offered any present tangible return. Had a millionaire candidate who did not preach his goodness in his own papers till he was taken at his word—any average millionaire who wanted power and honor—used such methods, the State would have rung with indignation. Snap county conventions were held. Hot politics were played in the August dog days. The conservative leaders came home from mountain and seashore to find that Hearst had enough delegates from up the State, in addition to Tammany, to name himself as a candidate. Of Tammany he was sure. There the deal was made.

Ihmsen, of the babe-like smile, Ihmsen, who spoke of the wickedness of all parties and the glory of independence to the Independence Leaguers, told the Democrats that Hearst was a good party man. He had not depended on a Clevelandic statement of principles or a Jeromic whirlwind call to arms, but upon human emotion, unsatisfied human ideals, and human discontent, in one case, and human cupidity, in the other.

When Hearst's paid political bureau had done its hired men's work, when Tammany leaders had delivered the goods to the man who had called Murphy thief, one of Hearst's New York editions the day after election, in headlines a foot deep, wept loudly about a $250,000 bribe offered to beat the poor Mr. Hearst, who, without money, with only honor, single-handed was fighting the Plunderbund. In the reading matter underneath there was no proof. Did it matter?

Hanna preceded Hearst as a moneyed campaigner, but Hearst is the first man—in the name of Democracy it is insidiously done—to put Americans by the patronage of the aristocracy of wealth into classes. He goes to bakers as bakers, farmers as farmers, engineers as engineers on questions where we are all involved as Americans regardless of occupation.

On the ladder of the trades unions Hearst stepped into the command of a definite following which he could control. This in turn was the ladder that carried him up to the nomination for Governor of New York State by the Democratic party. In other States he is willing that one of his marshals shall enjoy locally the same princely number of salutes from his cartoonists and his editorial guns which he does in his own. His New York editions rarely say anything good about anybody except himself.

Un-moral, Not Immoral

This is not true in Massachusetts. There Moran, the hero of the "Boston American," has enacted the same part that Hearst has in New York, which means that Hearst through an agent will control the Democracy of Massachusetts. By the same combined methods of beating drums and capitalizing editorials to catch the trades-union and laboring vote and still-hunting for control of the regular Democratic machine which he applied to his home State he aims to control the Democratic National Convention of 1908.

Whether it is an injunction, an office, or a piece of news, when Hearst wants a thing *he wants it hard*. When he wanted the war with Spain he did not hesitate to use any sensation to inflame public opinion. When he wanted to go to Congress his editor stepped aside. When he wanted to be the Democratic candidate for Governor he was as ready to betray his Independence League and its ticket as he was to deal with Murphy.

With him it is a case of Cæsar can do no wrong. When he has an object this headstrong man proceeds ruthlessly regardless of means to an end. Of restraint he has no sense, nor of the ordinary obligations of the individual to society. He is primitive. He is not immoral. He is *un*-moral. In the same way Brisbane is not insincere. He is *un*-sincere. In Brisbane's mind there are no steady watch-fires. There are only rockets, and he wonders why any one should like watch-fires, anyway, when rockets are so easy to send up and they break into such wonderful stars, and you may vary the sensations if you please by having Roman candles and pinwheels, and finally you may have WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST in a set piece go off with a fizz of surprise.

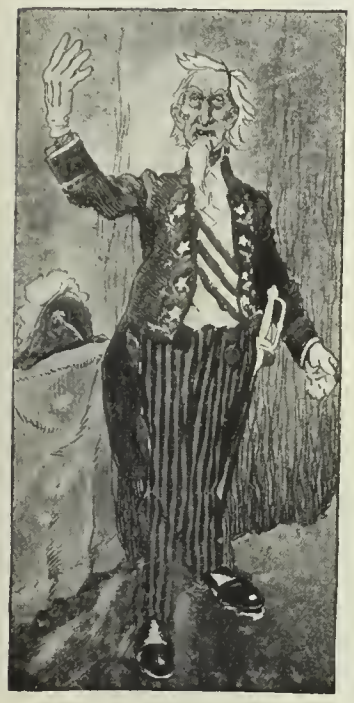
Had the men sworn to public service, had the men honored with office and set to keep the watch-fires of the democracy burning not forgotten their duty, had there been no Platts or Depews or Murphys, only the weak and the fickle would have ever turned to a sky-rocket for guidance.

For ten years he had been crying thief, when suddenly many thieves were discovered. He appeals to the public on the ground of contention verified. He who has been town-crier asks to be made the sheriff and the judge and prosecuting attorney when he has had experience in no one of these capacities. A great employer of men in a certain industry he is in this age of great employers; withal a great business man. For the money he spends on his candidacy will flow back in circulation for his papers. In running for office he has strayed far from the teachings of Joseph Pulitzer, who holds that the moment the owner of a great newspaper craves official position he surrenders the heart of his calling as a publisher of the truth and makes his columns only an organ of personal ambition.

THE SOUTH AMERICANS AND MR. ROOT

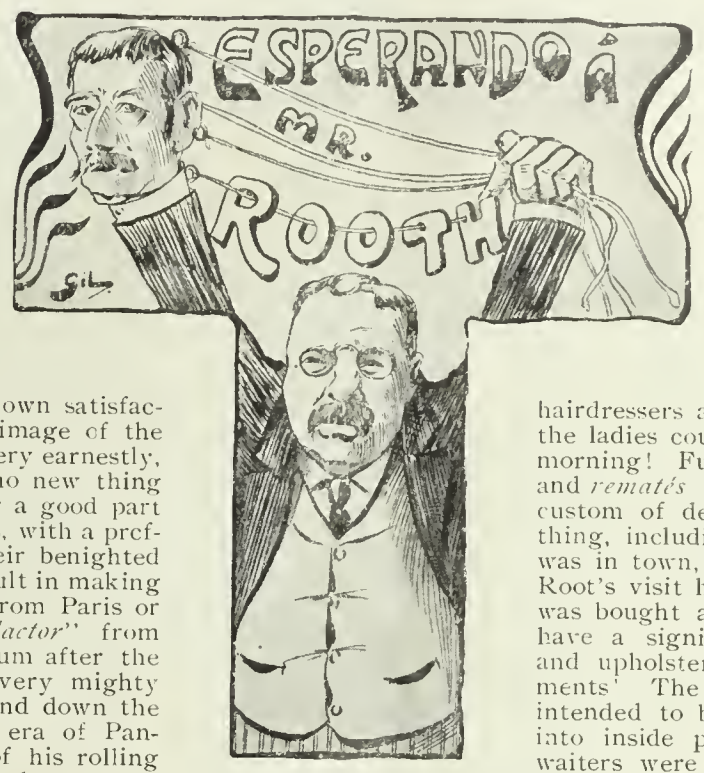
What the memorable visit of the Secretary of State meant to our South American neighbors and how they received him

By ARTHUR RUHL



"HIGH COMEDY"

Under the title of "It's all one and the same," the Buenos Ayres "Caras y Caretas" presented these two portraits of Uncle Sam. This one says: "Gentlemen of the Congress: Economic emancipation, unity of purpose; arbitration as the supreme international law — these are the problems we must solve to make America a paradise on earth"



Mr. Root is characterized by the Buenos Ayres "Gil Blas" as Mr. Roosevelt's right arm

Uncle Sam, the Yankee, on the right exclaims: "Hey there, merchants! Make no mistake, this is the cheapest second-hand shop there is: everything for a little money. One thing I am looking for though; I don't want you to sell *me* anything: so this is the problem—I'll get America and you'll get the "pichinchas," as you say in your country



"LOW COMEDY"

A GOOD many people have worked out to their own satisfaction the real significance of the recent pilgrimage of the Hon. Elihu Root. European leader writers—very earnestly, because taking Latin America seriously was no new thing to them—trained their long-distance guns for a good part of the summer on Rio and the South; our own editors, with a prefatory glance at the atlas, perhaps, have explained to their benighted readers how the tour of our Secretary of State would result in making it as easy to get to Buenos Ayres from New York as from Paris or Southampton; and below the Caribbean every "*redactor*" from Bogota to Punta Arenas—aloof in his cloistered sanctum after the manner of Latin America, where an editor is still a very mighty man indeed—has squandered metaphors, quoted up and down the line from Plato to Washington, and foretold the new era of Pan-American Brotherhood with all the sonorous music of his rolling Castilian. The effect of this splendid junket—on trade, on our relations, commercial and otherwise, with the South American republics—is, therefore, I suppose, pretty well understood.

What it meant to the South Americans themselves—not to nations in the abstract, but the men inside the dress uniforms and under the top hats, and to their wives and sisters and daughters—what a really big and all-pervading thing it was for weeks and weeks—I doubt if even Mr. Root himself could appreciate, wafted as he was from capital to capital, with bands playing, lancers clattering in front and behind, down endless vistas of oratory and champagne. It was those of us who happened to be traveling in the other direction who saw this side of a really historical event, who started where he was to finish, and all the way along saw, so to speak, the furniture being dusted and the pies going into the oven, and heard the rumble of his coming from afar. What streets were paved, buildings and ball dresses rushed to completion, what armies of *modistes* and liverymen and florists and hairdressers and pastry-cooks will date their calendars from the year that *el ministro Norte Americano* came to town! Many weeks before Mr. Root was expected in Peru or Colombia, in the littlest papers of little coast towns where the steamers would stop to lighter a few tons of freight, quaint little sheets with their few sentences of cable news, each artfully distributed under a great black head spelling the name of the country from which it came—*Inglaterra*, *Rusia*, *Estados Unidos*, *Italia* and the rest—you could find each day three things. One was a sentence about the Duma—for all that it gave of the conditions in Russia that ill-starred body might have been some strange bird; then there was always a sentence or two, equally vague, about the *carnes conservadas* and the troubles at home over preserved beef, and then, always, the last word about Mr. Root. Who would accompany him, who would meet him, when he would probably come; new furniture from France had been ordered for his quarters in Rio, the Minister of This-and-That was planning a grand ball in his honor in Santiago—down through Mexico on the Galveston cable, up from Chile and Argentina, half way round the world by way of Europe, these little bits of gossip came in each day, sometimes almost the only whisper from the big outside world. It was almost an introduction down there merely to be a countryman of the great "Meestaire R-r-*roo*"!

In Santiago, more than a month before Mr. Root was expected, one of the afternoon papers bore on its front page this advertisement:

CON OCASIÓN DEL

GRAN BAILE EN HONOR DE MR. ROOT

A las distinguidos señoras y señoritas de Santiago

And the distinguished matrons and young ladies were then advised that at a certain shop in Balmaceda Street were laces — real Brussels, point, duchess, princess, etc., acquired under conditions marvelously advantageous, and now to be disposed of at prices cheap beyond belief—"*inverisímilmente bajos*"! A fortnight later in Buenos Ayres one read in the correspondence from Montevideo that: "All the ladies in town are preparing new gowns for the ball in honor of the distinguished, etc., etc." And that same afternoon I heard two gentlemen of Buenos Ayres discussing what on earth could be done—at the Jockey Club ball the guests were to appear in the costume of the forties, and it had been worked out by close calculation that if all the able hairdressers affected by the *élite* worked all the day preceding, half the ladies could not reach the ballroom before four o'clock in the morning! Furniture and hardware men had their auctions, *reclamos* and *rematés Yankees;* haberdashers, backed by the Latin-American custom of declaring a continuous *fiesta* and shutting up of everything, including laundries and dry-cleaners' shops, while the guest was in town, stripped their shelves of shirts and gloves. If Mr. Root's visit had no other effect on trade than the amount which was bought and sold in the task to entertain him, it would still have a significance almost international. The bills of caterers and upholsterers and liverymen brought into the various governments' The rivers of free champagne, the handfuls of cigars intended to blaze on the altar of international brotherhood slipped into inside pockets in the quiet of the supper-room while the waiters were looking the other way, and the strains of "Quand L'Amour Meurt" sighed through the palms! But enough,—let's away quickly ere we're below stairs with the muck-rakers, who have not yet descended on South America—happy continent!

Montevideo is the capital of Uruguay, and might almost be called the Brooklyn of Buenos Ayres. It lies across the river from the metropolis just as our Brooklyn does—though the Plata, being a South American river, must be crossed by an all-night's journey in a sort of Fall River boat. Its three hundred thousand inhabitants seem few beside Buenos Ayres's million and more, and in spite of its beautiful women—the prettiest probably in all South America—the difference between it and the more modern, sophisticated and showier town across the way answers very well as the Latin-American equivalent for the difference between the City of Churches and baby carriages and Manhattan. Both towns received Mr. Root with that lavish hospitality and exaggerated enthusiasm which the South Americans so instinctively display on such occasions, yet each reception was characteristic of the city from which it came. Taken together, they fairly represented the attitude of South America toward Mr. Root. Montevideo took its distinguished guest very seriously, with that whole-hearted abandonment of the flattered host who has everything to gain and nothing to lose—with indeed an almost touching earnestness and awe. For days before he came you could read, posted by the committee of reception on fences and bare walls, with all the paternal zeal of a monarch exhorting his subjects, the following:

"Exhortacion Al Pueblo

"The Committee of Reception to Mr. Elihu Root exhorts the people of Montevideo to embody in the most solemn and eloquent manner possible their part of the tribute of homage which will be paid to this eminent statesman at the time of his arrival in our country.

"Gracefully to receive such an illustrious guest it is necessary to strike a lofty note of urbanity, for which, the Committee is persuaded, it may safely rely on the people of Montevideo.

"If such behavior constitutes in itself an expressive demonstration of culture, it ought to manifest itself with special force when our guest is one who not only represents a great nation, which," etc., etc.

"If we are not bound by the affinities of race and tradition to the republic of the north," the proclamation continued, in the equivalent of about half a column of one of our newspapers, "if our pasts have not been common nor our traditions and idiosyncrasies the same, the time has now come to join forces for the common good, to make the sentiment of fraternity the *alma mater* of our ideals, to harmonize the national spirit of each of the countries with the American spirit of all, and thus," etc., etc. And at the end the populace was invited to be at the dock when Mr. Root arrived, to help in welcoming him.

"I confess," said the correspondent of "El Dia," writing from Rio the night that Mr. Root made his speech to the conference, "that to-night, for the first time, I have felt germinating in my spirit a new pride: that of being American. And the consciousness of superiority, of dignity and of strength, which comes from this sentiment and which constitutes one of the greatest pleasures ["*una de las mas grandes voluptuosidades*"] that I have ever experienced, is due to the words of Mr. Root. . . ."

(Continued on page 28)



From the Rio de Janeiro "O Malho"

Roosevelt: "How does this happen? Brazil throws flowers at you and Argentina throws stones."
Root (*tranquilly*): "Sir! Each gives what he has."

This cartoon was prompted by the action of some young hoodlums who threw stones at a train in which Mr. Root was riding in the Argentine Republic. There was no political significance in the act whatever, but the Rio papers, always jealous of Buenos Ayres, of course made the most of it

THE DECENT AVERAGE

Winner of the $1000 Prize in COLLIER'S March to June Quarterly Contest



Illustrated by F. C. YOHN

By

Richard Washburn Child

AT three o'clock in the morning a man in a light gray paddock coat turned the corner of the narrow street and approached the unwinking electric sign over the door of Poillon's Turkish Bath. From the brighter and livelier thoroughfare, with its resounding clatter of cab horses' feet and drone of electric cars, there followed a half dozen individuals, some overdressed, others in threadbare, shiny garments; two were dirty; one had a long white beard, which gave him a benevolent appearance; one smoked a cigarette, which drooped from one corner of his mouth as he talked out of the other; another was thick-set and bull-necked like a stunted giant. All of them whined along at his heels, taking turns at hypocritical and shameless solos of pleading. He shook his head doggedly.

Having reached the top step of the flight that led to the entrance to the baths, he turned on them all. "Go to blazes!" he shouted in a thick voice. "You buzzards!"

The old man with the ministerial beard and watery muskrat eyes poked his face up behind the heavy shoulder of the thick-set man and answered for them all. "You're a cheap skate all right," he squealed. "All that money to the good and no hand-out to your friends."

"Friends!" yelled the man. "I've got good and full of friendship—I have!" He coughed drunkenly. "Friends! I've got one for every dollar in my pants. That's the kind of friends I've got!"

He took something from his pocket and tossed it down the steps. The silent half dozen gave vent to animal cries. They pushed, scrambled, fought, dropped to their knees in the gutter with groping, clawing arms, panting, lustful. The youth of the cigarette succeeded in grasping the object; he staggered to his feet. Uncontrolled, the bull-necked individual rushed at him with eyes red with sudden passion, caught him by the two ears, and shook him savagely. "Share up!" he roared with an oath. The youth gave vent to a wail. "Leggo!" he whimpered. "It ain't money." He opened his hand. The object for which they had been struggling was a champagne cork.

"Money," said the man on the steps, philosophically, with alcoholic hoarseness. "Money, money, money, money." He tipped his hat on to the back of his head with the tips of his fingers. "Gee, ain't it a joke?" said he, and opened the door.

The smell of newly laundered towels, steam, and bay rum scented the office, where a clock ticked above a counter on which lay a register with a pen across its autographed leaves. A foreign-looking manager dozed in the enclosure behind, and a yellow-haired girl was reading feverishly from a volume of poetry bound in brown limp leather, which was open on her manicure table. She looked up, noted the stranger contemptuously, and spoke in a shrill voice: "Mr. Sutro!" The manager started up, rubbed each eye with a fat forefinger, and opened first one and then the other to meet the bleary gaze of the man across the counter.

"Gorrect," said he without courtesy. "Sign here."

Taking the pen, the patron of the baths wrote "John Nixon" in a large, untrained scrawl.

"Any valuables, chewels—eh?" asked Mr. Sutro, offering an empty lock-box out of a cabinet.

"Yep," answered Mr. Nixon. He drew a diamond pin from his tie and unscrewed a flashing stud from his shirt. From the side pocket of his trousers he pulled handful after handful of wrinkled, crumpled bills. Their green and yellow backs mingled in a pleasant combination of color. He stuffed them into the box. Mr. Sutro pulled the register toward him quickly and studied the stranger's signature; then he regarded the pile of money with silly, childish envy.

"Perhaps we'd better pud et in de safe for you, Mr. Nixon," said he, deferentially. He pulled open the top of a glass cigar-case. "Chust took a cigar, sir," he went on. "I'll count this over if you don't mind."

"Give me a receipt for it," said Nixon, reaching into the cigar-boxes.

Mr. Sutro counted the bills with a wet thumb; it took him several minutes. "Two thousand eight hundred and thirty-one," he announced. The girl behind the volume of poetry was gazing upon the money with unwinking eyes. As the manager stepped toward the safe, she rose to come forward with an affected little dab of her hand to her stray yellow locks. She leaned her head a little to one side and smiled encouragingly at Nixon. "I'm on duty till seven-thirty," said she, archly. "You'll stop to be manicured as you go out, eh?"

"Oh, sure," said Nixon, poising his cigar to watch the smoke curl upward. The girl looked disappointed. He had spoken so plainly a refusal.

"Garrying quite a little change around?" ventured Mr. Sutro, in an attempt to be amusing.

"Oh, sure," replied Nixon in a tired voice, tossing the cigar to the floor. "Lost two hundred this morning," he explained good-naturedly. "Ten to one picked on the ponies this afternoon, and the rest off the tables this evening." He looked up at the life insurance calendar. "Must be lucky date—October 13." His shaky hand was on the door to the dressing-rooms.

"Let us know if you vant anything, Mr. Nixon," called out Sutro. The girl leaned forward over the counter. "Don't forget, now!" she cautioned, shaking a round, white finger at him.

"Money?" said he half aloud, lapsing into his drunken world under the influence of the warmth of the inner air. "Money? Gosh! What a joke!"

The porcelain-tiled hot-room, with its sheeted reclining chairs about the walls, its red rug and table littered with newspapers, already contained four men when Nixon had undressed and descended to its swinging door. He noted this with satisfaction, for he liked the easy sociability of a hot-room, which, had he been well versed in the analysis of human manners, he would have known proceeded from the instinctive democracy that arises when unclad man meets his naked fellow.

Six months in the great city had made him familiar with metropolitan types, but having only a simple mind he found himself at a loss to quickly classify the clothesless men inside. The lack of raiment swept away distinctions.

He was the only one who showed the enlarged hands, the bent and muscular back, knotted forearms, and undeveloped legs of a man who has been from childhood a manual laborer. The youngest of them all was a square-jawed youth with beautifully proportioned limbs still in the soft molded lines of boyhood; the oldest was a paunched and ponderous gentleman with a fine high forehead, which was distended in symmetrical spots as if it bent outward with the vigor of an internal intellect fretting at its bounds. The corners of his mouth expressed a weakness and his hands a refinement which together explained why he had come to Poillon's instead of going to the bath at his club where others of his own world might be surprised at his flushed skin, his hard breathing, and vibrating fingertips. A third man, who was notably thin, spoke of "making Troy on Thursday," which proclaimed him a commercial traveler. His sparsely clad bones protruded ludicrously at every corner of his frame, but he was not the man to laugh at, since the wrinkles at the

corners of his eyes and the patient droop of his mouth showed that he knew humanity well and loved it much. In the next chair sat a common human being.

John Nixon shuffled across the room leisurely toward another unoccupied chair.

"Well," said the commercial traveler, "here we all are again."

The youth smiled. The oldest man put down his magazine to look solemnly at the speaker. "That's fine cynicism," said he after a moment. "You talk like one corpse addressing another in a graveyard."

"Cheer up," put in the common human being. "We're going to be here for a while together. We might as well make it pleasant. To-morrow we've got to chase the filthy lucre once more."

"Money," mumbled Nixon. "Money, money, money."

The others laughed at the look upon his face.

"Yes, siree—money," rattled the commercial traveler. "I guess I need it as much as anybody. This little racket has brought me down to hard pan. We all need it in our business!"

"And in our play," added the youth assertively.

Nixon snapped his fingers among superior intellects. He had found this the easiest way to attract attention. "That ain't so," said he with conviction. "Money is hell."

"You don't want to give any away, do you?" asked the youth sarcastically. "My desk at college is covered with bills that are yelling for it."

Nixon looked from one to the other of the company. "I've got nearly three thousand in bills upstairs in the safe," said he. "It's what's left of seventy-five thousand that come to me last March. And in this room here—to-night—I'm going to give it away."

For a moment there was a strained silence and four pairs of open eyes; then the commercial traveler laughed.

"Say," he bantered. "What brand of cigarettes do you smoke?"

"Get out!" said Nixon. "I'm sober all right. I mean it."

"Let's hear his story," said the oldest man, smoothing his thin gray hair judiciously. "There'll be plenty of takers if he's in earnest."

"Seven months ago, gents, I ran a cold steel tack machine for eighteen dollars a week in a factory just outside Buffalo," said Nixon, nodding toward the oldest man. "I'll tell this to pass away the time, see?"

"Go ahead," urged the college youth, clasping his bare knees. "This is rich."

"I ain't no hand to tell a yarn," Nixon went on. "But I used to work hard, see? It had been like that for thirty years. I don't look forty, do I? There'd come times when I'd wish I had money a-plenty. I uster look out the factory window onto the lake and wish I had enough so I could live high-stepping and knock off work for a time. Now there was my wife, she was different. She'd sing and rattle dishes in the kitchen and never want any better. It just suited her.

"There come along a feller one day as went into the office and asked to see me. Said how he was a lawyer. And they called me down into the office, and the feller says: 'Is your name John Nixon?' and I says 'Yes,' and he says, 'Do you remember your uncle, Ted Nixon?' Says I, 'I never seen him—he went West when I was a kid.' 'Well,' says he, 'he struck oil in Texas, and I'm sorry to tell you he's passed out of this life,' says he, 'and left you seventy-five thousand dollars of his estate,' he says. 'Holy Smoke,' says I, pulling off my jumper. 'Wait till I get my coat,' I says.

"To get my money I had to come down to the city here. That night we struck town. The next day I had my cash—all good and hunky in the bank, except what I kept out to have a fling. The first thing I did was to get a-talkin' with a cabman. He showed me a saloon where an oil painting hung over the tables. It was an all right picture, too. A feller in there told me it cost a thousand dollars. I was feeling good, and people was looking at me thumbing off bills to treat the crowd. So I bought the picture just to be smart, and paid for it in cash right there. There was hayseed in my hair all right. And Lord, how everybody loved me when they saw my roll."

"Been here ever since?" asked the commercial traveler.

"Ever since," answered Nixon. "Health gone, money going, half a man and half a sport. Gents, let me tell yer—that's the kind of slave I've been. Gee, how I wish I was back at eighteen dollars a week and hearing them tacks snippin' out of that machine and droppin' down into the boxes, pretty, new, and shiny."

He cast a reflective glance at his biceps. An attendant opened the door and deftly swung a tray of metal cups into the room. "Ice water?" he asked, glancing up at the thermometer. The common human being reached for a cup, gulping down its contents, spilled a few drops on his leg and drew it up, shivering. "My stars," said he. "I'd hate the monotony of a machine like that."

"I uster, too," replied Nixon. "I kind of got the idea I was pretty much abused, see? I joined a labor union. We thought we was slaves of the company we worked for. Slaves! Gee. Money beats any company you ever see. I've got all over the notion that I was unhappy then. It's a heap of satisfaction to see something being made—seeing the wire go into one end and the tacks poppin' out at the other and fillin' box after box."

"Poetry?" remarked the commercial traveler with some irony.

"You ain't far wrong," replied Nixon solemnly. "I was a sight happier anyhow. I guess the fun you get out of money fades away pretty dog-gone quick—like the money. I don't wish for nothing better than to get back right where I was. Down here in New York all they want is money. Everybody's a buzzard a-swoopin' around waitin' for another buzzard to get weak so's they can peck his eyes out and eat him. And as for friends—Gosh! I have had experience in them lines. Lord! What they'll tell you about horses and sure things while you treat 'em to champagne and cigars is a caution for snakes. All I want is to get so blamed far away from this city I'll never get back in a lifetime and," here his voice rose to an excited shout, "be poor again, everlastingly, blamed-edged, poor! I don't want to see the darned electric lights on Broadway or smell them Egyptian cigarettes; I don't want to ride in cabs, or see daylight from the wrong end. Gents, I'm through. I want to go broke."

The oldest man laughed. "You seem to have rather a bad impression of New York. Now I take it that the rest of us here are New Yorkers." He looked around, and each man nodded except the college youth who said: "Mine—when I'm at home." The oldest man met Nixon's gaze with a bluffing stare of superiority. "Do you think we are buzzards?" he said impressively.

"Beggin' pardon, gents," said Nixon honestly and without fear. "You can't help it. You've growed right to it. You don't see nothin' but dollar signs. You love money and I hate it, see? I'm going back to the old-time John Nixon on the tack machine. I've got my dose of money—and what you buy with it—good and plenty, and when I go back I'll be satisfied right to the brim—when I go back—busted!"

"Well, I'll be thundered!" exclaimed the college youth.

"It can't very well be the same," remarked the common human being, wiping the glistening perspiration off his face with his towel. "You probably can't go back to your old place. Your wife—"

"God! if I could only go back to her!" cried Nixon, his hardened palms spread out awkwardly. "But the jig is up on that. I'm tainted with the damned money. They've told her how I've done down here. I put off lettin' her hear from me until I was afraid to write to her. Oh, that's all off!"

The oldest man looked in dismay at Nixon's coarse face, which was stretched into a distortion of lines as if he were suffering a terrible physical pain.

"What sort of a woman is she?" asked the oldest man.

"A homely woman," replied Nixon. He said it with such tenderness and love, with such regret and sorrow, that every other man in the room lifted his head as if proud of his sex.

"She was all right," mumbled Nixon. "There ain't no better. Gee—!" He rubbed his spare thighs reflectively. "She didn't use no perfume," he added, as if to give a final touch to his crude picture of her, something which would bestow upon her a rare distinction and dignity.

The commercial traveler saw at once what he meant. "By George!" said he with brisk sympathy, "I for one think she'd be glad to have you come back."

"Me!" cried Nixon in grim derision.

"He deserted her," said the college youth innocently brutal and nodding toward Nixon. "She knows the whole story. But I'm not sure either," he added, as if his knowledge of mankind was profound.

The oldest man made a gesture toward the bony commercial traveler. "I like your faith, sir," he said unaffectedly. "I remember of betting on my college baseball team even when it used to lose. This is like it. You're backing humanity because it belongs to you."

"What was your college, sir?" asked the youth soberly.

The oldest man smiled, but did not answer for reasons of his own.

"Women of the right sort will stand an awful lot,"



Suddenly the commercial traveler gripped the receiver hard and lifted it with shaking fingers

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THE DECENT AVERAGE

(*Continued from page 23*)

announced the common human being, much impressed with the weighty truth of his own words. "I have lots of faith in women. I think she'd be glad."

"See here!" cried Nixon, who had been leaning far forward so that he might, by catching every word, assist his thick intellect. "Ain't it right for her to throw me over? Wouldn't she be a fool to take me back?"

"Bosh!" the oldest man ejaculated. "The Almighty God arranges all that."

"Just the same, my goose is cooked," Nixon said doggedly. "I've chucked all my happiness with her into the river. Do you think I'd ever chance it? Why, I'd bet my last cent she wouldn't even see me."

"If I had any money—" began the commercial traveler.

"Make it a pool," suggested the oldest man with interest. "Her own husband ought to know her best, but he has described her pretty well in a way. He's made her real to all of us. I'm gambling she'll take him back."

"I'll take that side of it," said the common human being.

"Me too," said the college youth.

"I'm afraid I'm out," laughed the commercial traveler. "Unless," he went on, "a watch and a seal ring will go at a valuation. I might as well take a chance."

Nixon stood up before the table. "There's two thousand eight hundred in the safe upstairs," said he with a little twisting smile. "I'd like to see it covered, gents. But I can't take any checks. Watches and rings are all right. Checks don't go."

The oldest man scowled. "Oh, what's the use?" said he, in the manner of one who is accustomed to unlimited credit. "I'll take checks from any of these others and give you one for the whole amount. I'll have the proprietor of the place put his endorsement on mine. You'd take that, wouldn't you?"

"That's good," assented Nixon, "if you want to trust the others. Having money has made me a little dainty about checks, gents."

The oldest man arose and opened the swinging door. "Come here, Hans," he shouted to a sleepy attendant sitting on the platform of the weighing machine. "Go find Mr. Poillon and ask him to give me a check for two thousand eight hundred. Mention my name. If he hasn't got that much in the bank, ask him to get a check from his brother to make up the amount. Wake him up, if it's necessary."

"See here," he went on, addressing the nude figures inside the room. "We're a nice crowd. How are we going to settle this bet before morning?"

The others looked at each other and laughed. "Fun's all over," said the common human being.

"Hold on," the commercial traveler said. "There is a way. Where does she live?"

"Last I heard she'd gone back to Elmira to her aunt—Sadie Dutton," Nixon answered.

"The telephone," suggested the commercial traveler.

The oldest man nodded gravely as if it had been an idea of his own.

"Some difficulty in finding Sadie Dutton of Elmira," the common human being remarked, "to say nothing more."

"I don't believe they've got a 'phone," put in Nixon dully. "I don't know the street either."

"Leave it to me," said the commercial traveler not without conceit. "If I don't do it in an hour bets are off. See, there's a plug hole for a telephone instrument on the wall, there."

"Is that agreeable, gentlemen?" asked the oldest man, with an admiring sweep of his hand toward the commercial traveler. They nodded. "Where are your contributions to the 'she'll be glad to have him back' end of the purse?" he inquired.

"Watch and ring—about a hundred dollars," said the commercial traveler laconically.

"Give you a check for two hundred," said the youth.

"I guess we won't let you in, my son," replied the oldest man in the manner of a careful parent.

"I'm a son—but not yours," growled the young man, flushing angrily. "And besides," he added in an apologetic tone, "I have a ridiculously large allowance from my family."

"Well, go get your check then," said the oldest man.

"Five hundred has to be my limit," the common human being announced. "This is a pretty stiff stake all right!" he added.

"Oh, I forgot to say, gents," Nixon remarked from his chair with some bravado, "I'm going odds of two to one on this."

"That leaves me seven hundred dollars to put in on my own account." The oldest man did not change his expression. "Hans," he cried out the door. "Hold on a minute, I only need fourteen hundred. Get a telephone down here, understand?"

"And tell Mr. What's-his-name in the office to bring down my money," shouted Nixon to the attendant.

"Things are getting interesting," said the common human being, taking a deep breath with his hands pressed against his chest. "There is a decidedly refreshing novelty, eh?"

"Unexpected pleasure," assented the college youth, who had returned. The commercial traveler regarded the muscular grace of the youngster with envious eyes as the latter strolled over to his chair.

"I must take up physical culture," said he.

No one advised against this. The common human being was looking reflectively at the ceiling. Nixon, with his hands gripping the chair, was staring with unseeing eyes at the floor. "We'd better have this room cooled off a little," said the oldest man, kneading the rolls of fat which made his trunk look like a pile of doughnuts. "It'll kill a man to stay in here another hour."

No one answered. The attendant returned after a while with a telephone set with dangling green cords and a brass plug attached; a white slip of paper was held in the fingers of his other hand and a bundle of bills, luxuriously thick and green was pressed beneath his arm.

"Give it to me," said the commercial traveler, reaching for the nickel instrument. The attendant handed the check to the oldest man. "Mr. Poillon says you are very welcome, Mr.—"

"Brown," interrupted the oldest man sharply.

The commercial traveler glanced at the clock. "It's now five minutes of four, gentlemen," said he, retiring with the instrument to his chair. "We can now get down to business."

"Suppose you get her on the 'phone," said the common human being, "what's going to be your form of question?"

Nixon stood up, shifting his feet nervously. He had been counting his money, and now he threw it in a pile on the table. "Just say you are a friend of John Nixon, that all his money has gone, and will she let him come back to her."

"That's fair enough," put in the oldest man.

"Wait!" exclaimed the college youth. "It ain't fair to us to tell her his money is all gone."

"You'll know women better when you're older," snapped the oldest man. "Most of 'em will forgive a man in hard luck when they wouldn't listen to him at all if he was having everything his own way."

The youth reclined once more in his chair, a little conscious that he would know the world better later on. Taking down the receiver with an air of confidence, the commercial traveler waited for an answer. In a moment the earpiece click-clacked with the voice of the operator.

"Elmira Central—What?—Yes, this is 2,102.—All right." He hung up the receiver. "She'll call me," said he. The common human being whistled a rambling tune in an attempt to express his independence of any excitement which might have been in the air of the hot-room. Nixon studied the palms of his hands.

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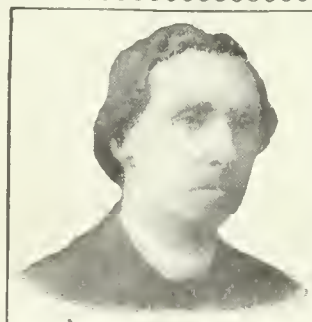
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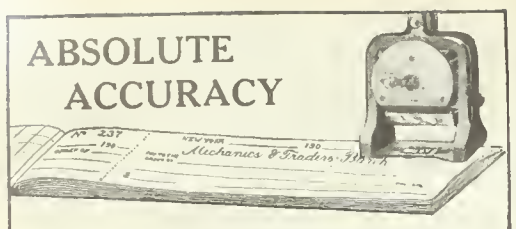
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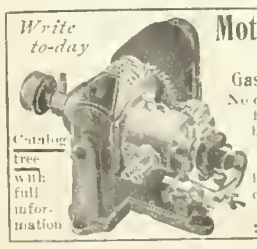
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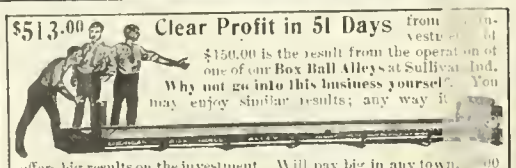
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THE DECENT AVERAGE

(Continued from page 20)

the commercial traveler followed. The oldest man and an attendant roared at them excitedly that the performance might cost them their lives, but they came out pink-fleshed and gasping healthily.

"Good-by, gents," said Nixon, extending a dripping arm.

"Good luck," they answered, one after another, as they shook his hand. Not one of them said more.

The commercial traveler and the oldest man, however, followed him half-way to the stairs. "Oh, I just wanted to say," said the former. "You may be right about money, but that idea of yours about buzzards"—he shook his head vigorously—"it's all wrong. You're off about that. When you go out you'll see blocks and blocks filled with people and people. But, say, old man, it's surprising—on the level—how decent they average up. Good-by!"

Nixon looked at the commercial traveler for a minute. "Oh, sure!" said he.

The oldest man wheeled quickly away. "Here!" he shouted to an attendant. "I want my rub-down," and then he looked back affectionately at the miserably thin body of the commercial traveler and the back of his head with its display of prominent ears, and quoted slowly to himself: "He put his hands again upon his eyes and made him look up, and the other was restored and saw every man clearly."

✣ ✣ ✣

SOUTH AMERICANS AND MR. ROOT

(Continued from page 21)

Already the papers of Montevideo—huge sheets like blankets when unfolded—were filled with stories of Root and Roosevelt and the States. Our politics, the natural history of the trusts, and our literature were described and interpreted. One read with interest of "Enriqueta Beecher Stowe" and "*La cabaña del tio Tom*," of Prescott and Poe and Irving, Enrique Wadsworth Longfellow and Guillermo Cullen *Dregant!* "In contrast to what one meets with in European literature," said the kindly reviewer, "where all is pessimism, disillusionment, and sorrow, the literature of North America is alive with optimism; it views life good-naturedly, tenderly, affectionately, as if it had confidence in the future of humanity. Its authors, with rare exceptions, are not bizarre and violent, they possess the rare virtue of giving delight, of soothing and comforting the mind of the reader—that which is, without doubt, a sign of mental superiority."

The biographies of Mr. Root, *El gran cancillero Americano*, exhibited him and his family on foot and on horseback, even contained those inevitable apocryphal anecdotes generally found in obituaries of the great. One was told how Root had left home for New York to seek his fortune as a lawyer. His father desired to give him letters of introduction to influential friends, but the young man spurned them. "I'll look out for myself," said he. "I'll make my own friends without help from my family. I want to find out whether I'm a man or a mouse!" Editorials headed simply "*Homenaje*" acclaimed *El Ideal Americano*, the President's opinion of "the most skilful man I have known in the affairs of our government" was quoted, and four days later, after a continuous whirl of processions, gala performances, banquets, garden parties, and oratory, he and his party sailed away for Buenos Ayres, loaded down with gifts as though they had been visiting the Sultan of Sulu.

In the height of the festivities a staid old citizen of Montevideo, after explaining that his father was a North American and that he was born in Baltimore, put both hands over his heart and assured me that if I were to perform a surgical operation on that organ, I would find one-half of it beating for Uruguay and the other for the States. At the time it seemed quite a normal and ordinary thing to say. Everybody in Montevideo seemed to feel just that way.

If Montevideo represented, in a way, the old Latin America, and received Mr. Root with all the solemn homage and self-effacement which the master of some antique *hacienda* might show toward the guest who chanced to penetrate to his isolation from the far-away bustle of the world, Buenos Ayres stood for the new South America, modern and sophisticated, and welcomed Mr. Root as any great city might—splendidly and lavishly, of course, but at the same time with cheerful self-confidence, not untinged here and there with good-natured raillery and fun. The only thing that Buenos Ayres worried about was to make Rio's celebration look like thirty cents, and once the plans were made and appropriations arranged, the city—which is vividly convinced that it is exactly like Paris, only a bit livelier—awaited complacently to see and be seen There was no solicitude about "*una nota elevada de urbanidad*," nor "*una expresiva demostracion de cultura*"; that was left to the bigwigs on the reception committees, who were expected to look out for all such things. The populace looked on, commenting good-humoredly. "Within a few days," said "Gil Blas," "we shall have among us the right arm of Mr. Roosevelt"—alongside was a cartoon of the President, waving his arm in a speech, while from the right cuff, instead of a clenched fist, protruded the compact head and dispassionate eye of our Secretary of State—"none other than Mr. Root, Minister of State, in the formidable land of trusts, multi-millionaires, and sausages. The illustrious minister will be banqueted, acclaimed, orated at and tired out, all in four days. In four days the most fruitless of diplomacies will cost us thousands of pesos with which we might do many fine things, as, for example, pay the county school-teachers, build lodging houses for working men, pave streets, make sanitary the lands along the harbor."

There were burlesque accounts of the reception of Mr. Root, in which the vanities of the local celebrities, and Mr. Root's own reputation as a man of few words and intense practicality were smiled at.

"When they presented Belisario Roldan they told Mr. Root that he was the best orator in the Republic.

"'Words,' replied Root. 'Breath of the wind—*pampero*.'

"'He has the voice of gold,' added the introducer.

"'Gold?' said Root. 'Gold? Good metal! Good value, but then, paper money is all right, too.'

"And he remained quite tranquil until Diaz Romero was presented.

"'The Mercury of America,' said the Master of Ceremonics.

"'Thank you,' said Root.

"'Don't mention it,' replied the other.

". . . At three minutes after eleven the Minister of Marine and Foreign Relations arrived. He saluted and said: 'God save Mr. Roosevelt.' Mr. Root answered: 'Thank you.' The Minister continued: 'Have you my book?' and Mr. Root responded: '*Si, señor, tengo su libro de usted*' ["Yes, sir, I have your book"]. The Minister then asked: 'Have you your table?' '*Tengo mi mesa*' ["I have my table"]. And everybody was quite contented at having been able to address him in English."

It rained the night before Mr. Root was expected and when the morning crept in it was still raining, the cold gusty *temporal* of the Argentine winter. The blue and white of the Argentine and our own colors had run together, the banners whipped and dripped like washing on the line. It took one back to New York to see the crowd go down the bay: a white Coney Island excursion steamer bearing what passed for the American colony; another, a free lance, careening in its wake; a launch filled with young men in oilskins and flying the flags of all the American colleges—young Argentines, who had been educated in the States. They looked exactly as though they had just come up the Sound to New London. There was even a newspaper tug puffing about importantly with a big red banner, "La Razon—Diario de la Tarde"—which, as "La Razon" was one of the littlest papers in town, seemed an eminently sporting thing to do.

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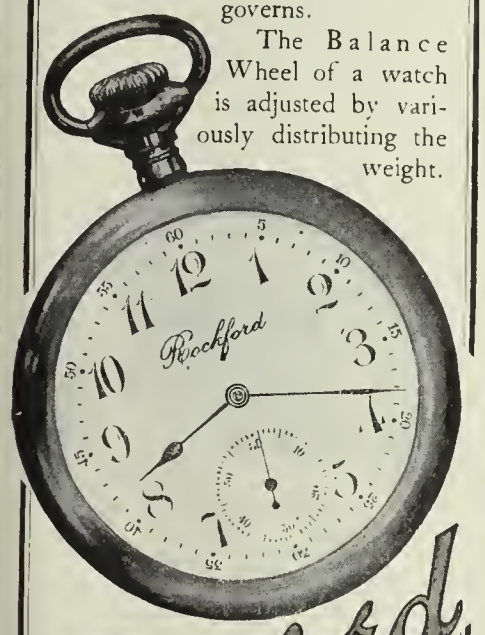
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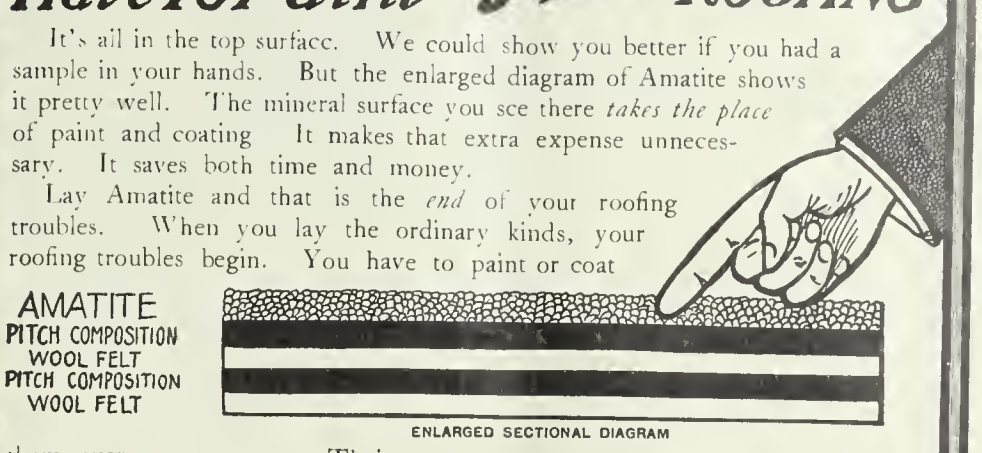
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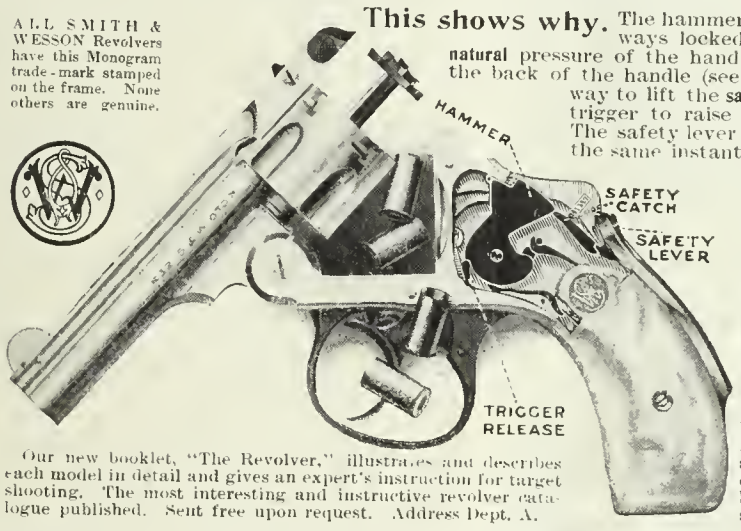
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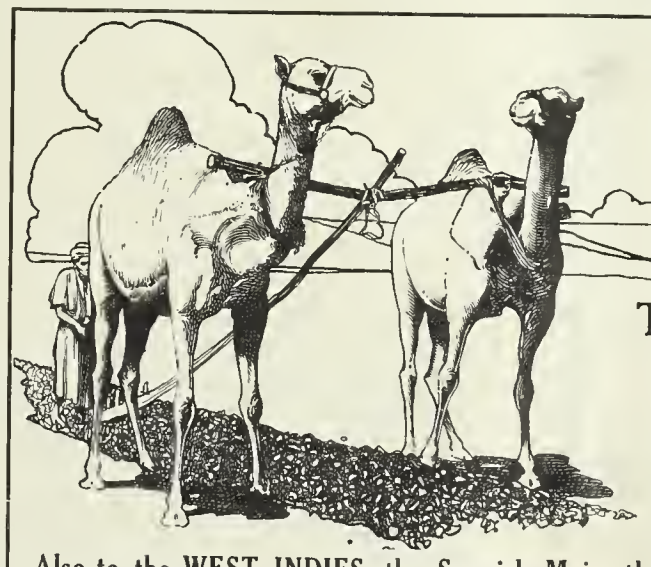
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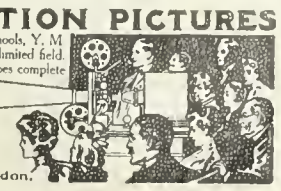


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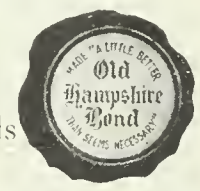
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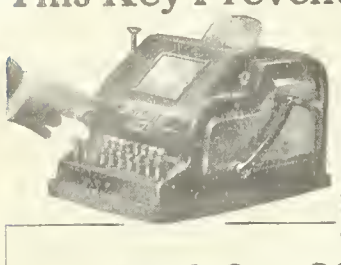
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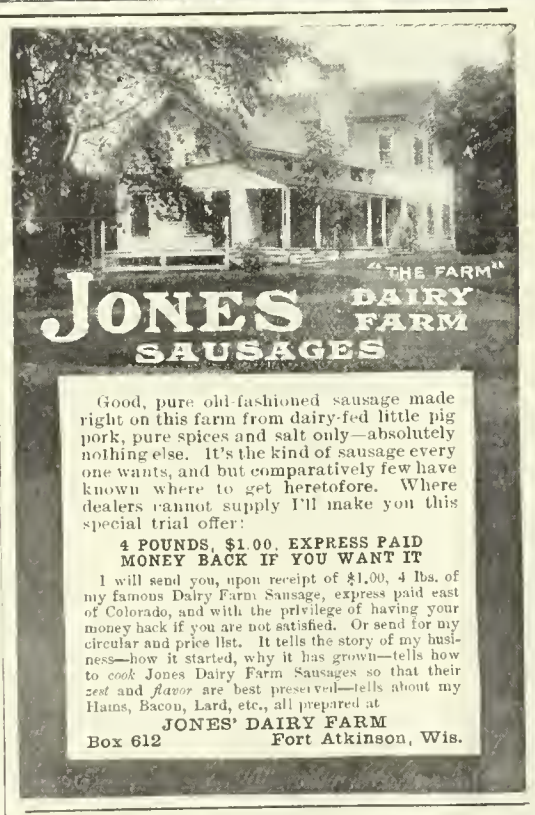
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SOUTH AMERICANS AND MR. ROOT

(Continued from page 28)

The Argentine cruiser which brought Mr. Root across from Montevideo appeared presently through the mist, moving slowly and solidly as warships do, and the fleet of welcomers drew near till we could see Mr. Root and hear the constant banging of the cruiser's band coming across the water. Then our band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner"—only one who had had some experience with that curious national air as played by a picked-up Latin-American band would have recognized it, but Mr. Root had had that experience, and he stepped close to the rail and stood straight and still with his hat over his heart until the song was done. Then there was a rather awkward pause. There was Mr. Root; here was a boatful of English-speaking people; only a stone's throw of water between, yet what to do? Meanwhile, the Argentine Alumnæ's launch was getting all the attention by steaming close to the cruiser and playing Mr. Root's college hymn. It was at this crucial juncture that the Impossible Person in the shabby top hat perched up somewhere near the walking-beam roared out "What's the matter with Root?" Every one—though extremely embarrassed at this very fresh behavior—gave the usual reply and the Impossible Person, receiving some encouragement at last, at once demanded who was all right, and without waiting for a reply spelled out the words at the top of his lungs—"R-O-O-T—*Root!*" Something like the shadow of a smile was seen to flicker across the face of the Secretary of State, and it suddenly occurred to every one that, possibly, after weeks of rhetorical compliments and elaborate hot air, which he could not understand, this unmistakably American greeting—the first greeting he had received from the city he was about to enter—was the finest and most eloquent thing that could have been done. The I. P. seeing these feelings betrayed even in the eyes of those who had glowered upon him before, felt himself coming into his own. "He saw me," he remarked out of the side of his mouth, taking off his top hat and mopping his florid brow.

The cruiser steamed slowly into the docks where, one behind the other, as far as you could see, ships from all the world lay moored, covered with display flags. There were cheers, the crowd swarmed toward the landing-place, and the lancers and cuirassiers cleared the way. Followed the official greetings, then the carriages formed, and with the escort—pennants fluttering and sabres drawn—they galloped up the dripping asphalt, the crowds running along behind, cheering in the rain.

It was diverting that afternoon—while the lancers and cuirassiers were clattering here and there through the streets accompanying the great folks on their official visits, and everywhere buzzed the name of Mr. Root—to pick up an afternoon paper, still damp from the press, and to read things like these:

"Mr. Root, an intelligent observer of political and social phenomena, will not search for the basis of his judgment in the . . . honors, exaggerated or not, which our Government bestows upon him. . . . A politician as eminent and as keen as he knows very well that these international alliances are formed solely under the pressure of the needs of commerce and by the stimulus of selfish interests. . . . If he will consult our statistics he will perceive that it is with the European nations that we maintain an interchange of products, the United States being our strong rival. Our cereals and our beef, our hides and wool, have no place in the United States—a country which produces and exports these same articles. . . . Let us receive most kindly, then, our illustrious traveler. But if we resist certain tendencies of the Pan-American Congress, and President Roosevelt and his illustrious Minister, let him understand that we do so inspired only by the purest patriotism and the highest interests in our country. . . . Our statesmen no longer can shut up in a box, so to speak, the collective thought . . . and interests of the nation. . . . modern means of communication often give greater efficiency to an experienced and practical commercial agent than to a polished ambassador, master of all the arts of Metternich. . . . Let us be sincere; let us be of our own time; let us make a diplomacy of real interests, living real life with open lungs." To meet opposition so intelligent and unemotional as this, was one of the most instructive experiences which his journey brought to Mr. Root.

Toward sunset the skies cleared, and all Buenos Ayres poured into the streets, with the vivacious good humor which might be expected to accompany the prospect of a three days' *fiesta* and a splendid free show. Everywhere there were lights. Florida, a street corresponding in a way to our Broadway, was festooned with incandescent lamps, in the Argentine and American colors, as though she had hung herself with many necklaces, like a beauty dressed for a ball. Beneath this blaze trooped a crowd much like—except that it mostly spoke Spanish or Italian or French—a Broadway crowd on New Year's or Election Night. Mr. Root was being banqueted in the Government House on the plaza, and the great show of the evening was set for 10:30 o'clock, when the banqueting party were to emerge upon a balcony and watch the firemen march by in a torchlight parade. For hours the populace surged in the plaza below, proud to be ridden back into line by their splendid cuirassiers, shouting out Latin jests to the pastry-cook's men from the Café de Paris who pattered through on their way to the banquet hall balancing trays of wonderful quaking jellies on their heads.

At last there was a great shout. On the balcony of the palace could be discerned a lot of white shirtfronts framed in a blaze of light, the bugles screamed, and round the plaza and past the reviewing balcony the firemen came. They marched like infantry, carrying torches and axes instead of guns. At the head of the line was a bugle corps which countermarched and drew up in front of the balcony, where, all during the procession, it blared in shrill unison a curious wild march. Presently there came a call, one of those wailing, eery calls peculiar to South America. Those who had passed the reviewing stand continued their march on out of the plaza and up into the Avenida's blaze of lights. There was a rumble and rattle in the distance, and all at once into the glare in front of the reviewing balcony swept the engines—steam up and smoking—the hook-and-ladder and hose carts, pell-mell, on the dead run. The searchlight from the top of the *Prensa* building, which had been swooping back and forth over the crowd, swung down with a fine Latin appreciation of the spectacular, so that it shone down on one side of the square and directly on the turn just beyond the reviewing stand. Into this shaft of naked light the horses swept as they rounded the turn, every movement thrown out sharply as were those of the white horse which used to perform in the glare of the spotlight at the Hippodrome. Not one of the drivers could see an inch beyond his horse's nose, but with a typically South American determination to do the thing as picturesquely as it could be done, every man of them sent his team down into that shaft of blinding light with as little hesitancy over the reason why as if he had been a trooper at Balaklava.

The crowd went wild. The moment the last cart was past the crowd broke, and as if by prearrangement surged over to the balcony, roaring for "Meestaire R-r-*roo!*" "Viva Meestaire R-r-*roo*." Those on the balcony waved their arms and said "Ssh! Ssh!" Mr. Root stood still, waiting, and feeling, one would think, pretty pleased with himself. The noise was so great when he at last started to speak that about all that one could hear was the conclusion of his half-dozen sentences: "With all my heart I say 'Viva the Republic of the United States! Viva the Republic of Argentina!'" The crowd caught nothing but the "Vivas" and the word "Argentina," but they understood that all right and fairly exploded with delight. "*Que dice Meestaire R-r-roo! Que dice Meestaire R-roo!*" a lot of them demanded, crowding about as they heard our English, and when we translated what little we had heard they went galloping away, repeating it to each other like happy children. And if our taciturn and impenetrable Secretary may have seemed to be losing his equilibrium, thus to shout out such emotional things as "Vivas!" in plain sight to such a crowd, one did not blame him. The sight of the blazing plaza and those people—strange to him, unable to speak his language—roaring for him as they did, was enough to agitate a monument. They could not have done more for him had he been one of their own, the commander of their country's army, returning from a victorious war.

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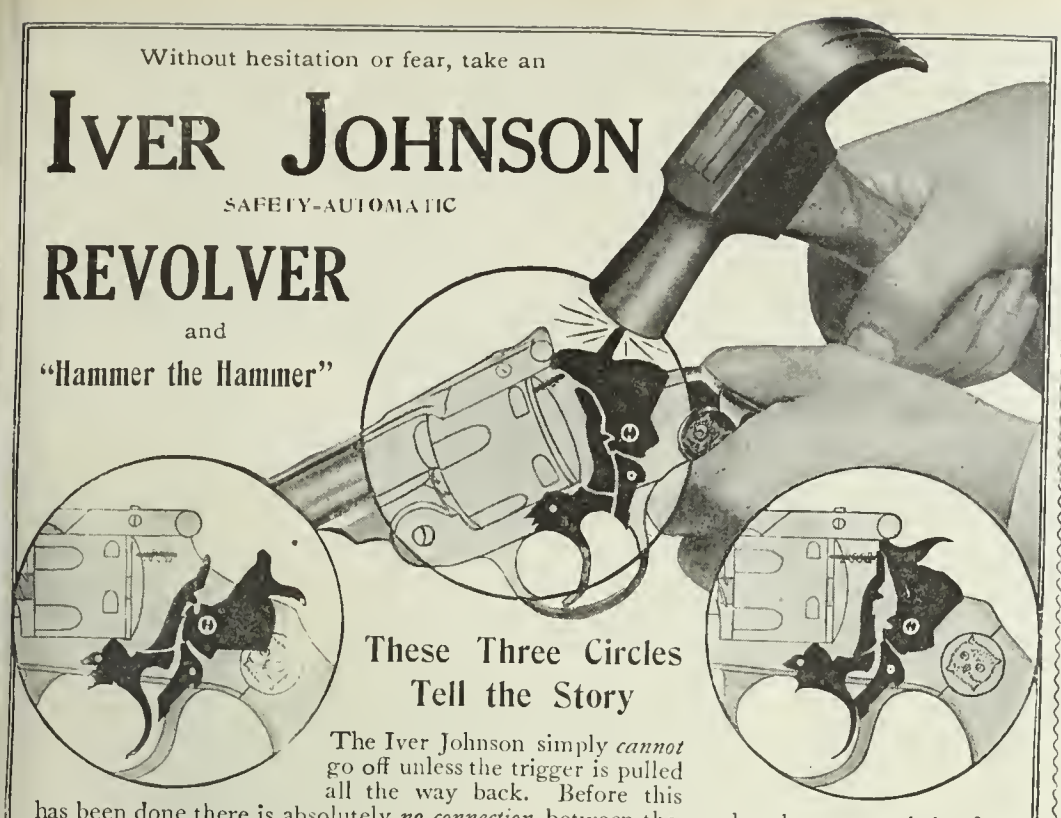
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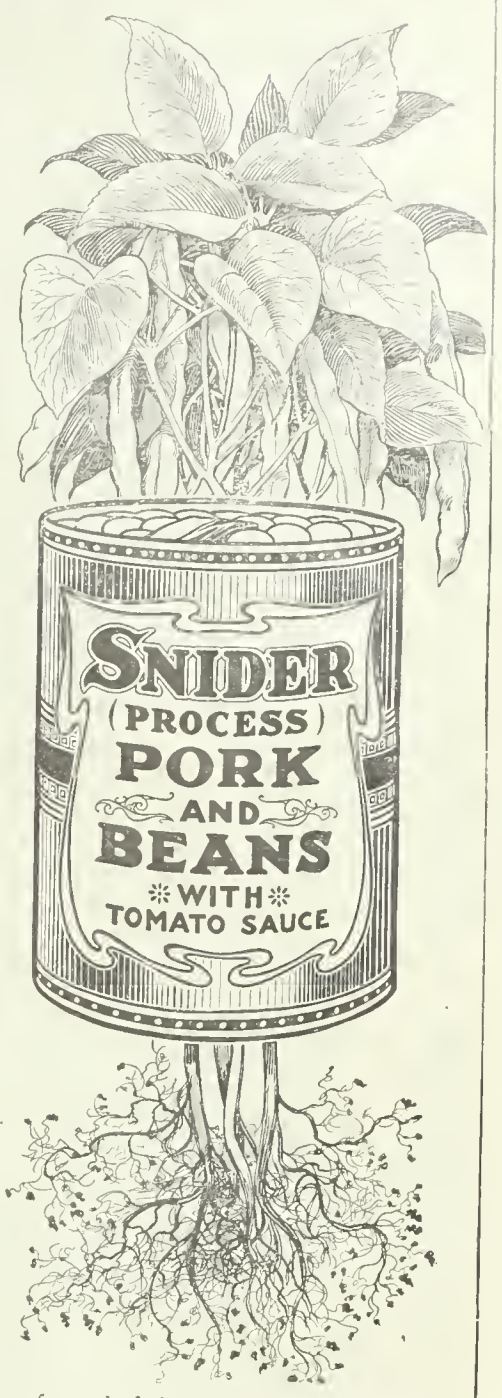
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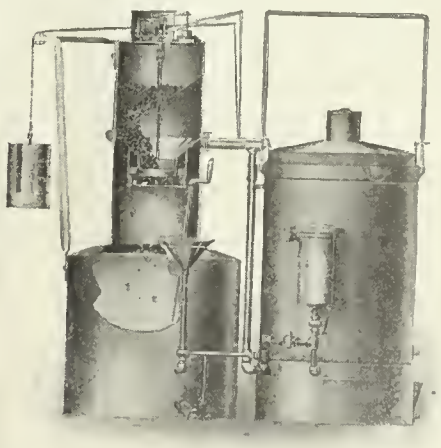
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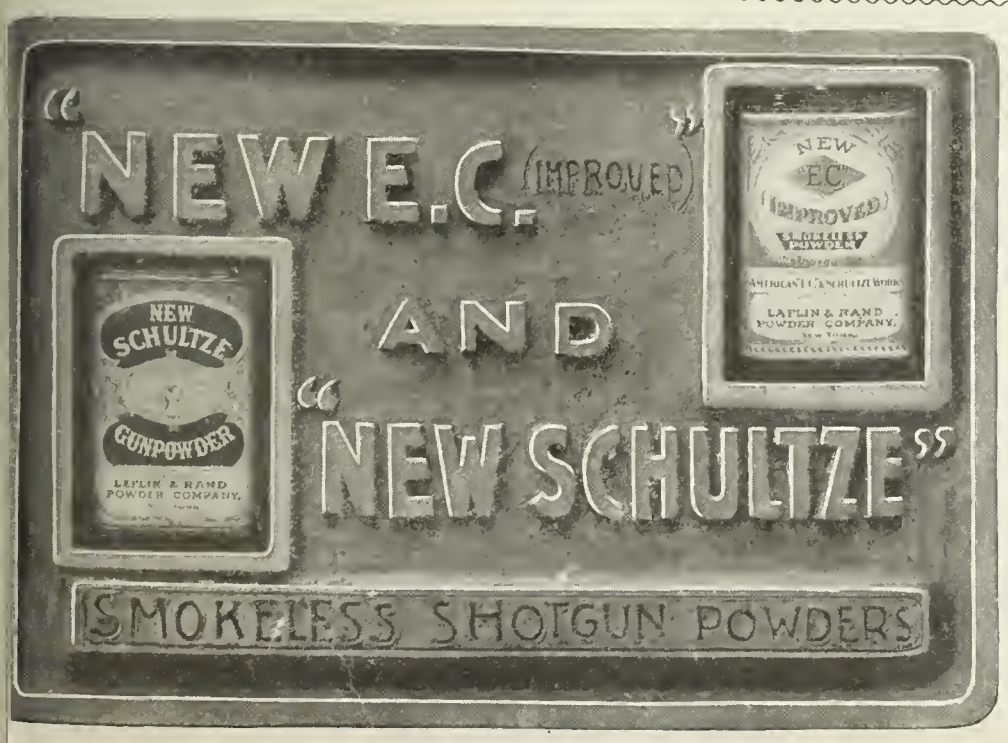
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STOCKTON & CO., 56 FIFTH AVE., CHICAGO, ILLS.

AUTOMOBILES

New and second hand cars of nearly every make; Foreign and American, $150. to $3000. List on request. Times Square Automobile Co., Largest Automobile Dealers and Brokers in the World, 215-217 W. 48th St., N. Y. City.

Automobile Blacksmith Hardware Dealers. Time saving tools, ratchet wrenches for tire lugs, carriage tire bolts and neverslip horseshoes, quick acting clamps and monkey wrenches. Write us. Bay State Tool Co., Worcester, Mass.

FOR SALE.—BARGAIN: 1905 WINTON MODEL C TOURING CAR; SPLENDID CONDITION; 4-CYLINDER SIDE ENTRANCE. FULL EQUIPMENT, INCLUDING TOP, HAMPER, SPEEDOMETER, LAMPS, ETC. JOHN HOWARD, Beacon Road, SUMMIT, N. J.

TOURMALINES. Thousands bought yearly by Tourists to San Diego, to wear alongside of its rival in brilliancy the Diamond. Most popular Gem today. We mine them. We cut them. Write us. Naylor Gem Co., San Diego, Cal.

¶ The Naylor Gem Company took us at our word and ran the little four line announcement printed above.

¶ On September 25th they wrote to us that they had run out of printed matter, and would have to stop advertising until they could catch up.

¶ Although their advertisement was very nearly three weeks old at the time they wrote, it was still bringing in from one to six replies a day.

¶ Twenty-nine States were represented in these replies, which the Naylor Gem Company say cost them only a quarter of what their replies heretofore have cost them.

¶ Why wouldn't *your* announcement meet with equal success?

¶ Write plainly in few words a description of what you want or have to sell. (Or send us a fuller description and we will have an experienced man write your advertisement without charge.) Then clip the order blank below, fill it out, and mail it with your copy.

¶ The rate is $2.50 an agate line (one-fourteenth of an inch). Count 8½ words to the line; most of the last line for name and address. Not less than four, nor more than twelve, lines will be accepted.

(Clip along dotted line)

COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED SERVICE ——— 1906
416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City
Kindly run the attached copy (__ lines) ——— times. $ ———
enclosed in payment. Very truly yours,
8 ———

REAL ESTATE

INVEST YOUR MONEY NEAR A GREAT and GROWING METROPOLIS. Building lots in Boston's suburbs at $10 each to introduce. On new electric car line. Boston Suburban Land Co.; 28 School St., Boston, Mass.

MORTGAGE BONDS on N. Y. City Real Estate netting 6%. Title Guarantee and Trust Co. of New York Trustee for investors. Dept. M., McLaughlin R. E. Co., 178 Remsen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

OVER A MILLION ACRES at $5 and up in Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas. Branch Agencies in principal towns. SOUTHWESTERN LAND CO., 401 Junction Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SAYS: "Texas is the Garden of the Lord." We say: "Amen." After having seen the lands of 14 agricultural states and 4 provinces of Canada, we think the lands south of San Antonio are the Center of the Lord's Garden. They are our specialty for homeseekers and investors. For free information write or call on INVESTORS & HOMESEEKERS REALTY CO., 519-21 Hall Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

CASH for your farm, home, or property of any kind, no matter where located. If you desire a quick sale send us description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, 368 Bank of Commerce Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

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"Advertisers Magazine"—*The Western Monthly* should be read by every advertiser and Mail-Order dealer. Best "School of Advertising" in existence. Trial Sub. 10c. Sample copy free. Address. 807 Grand Av., Kansas City, Mo.

10 CENTS for 3 months' trial subscription to a dollar magazine. The great Southern Commercial and Industrial publication. Covers the whole field of business. Address THE BUSINESS MAGAZINE, Knoxville, Tenn.

For live advertising novelties, specialties, business souvenirs, calendars, signs, read THE NOVELTY NEWS, official organ of the manufacturers. Full of suggestions. Illustrated. 50c. a year. 171-2 Washington St., Chicago.

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THE ENVELO plate exposing and developing method is a radical improvement in plate photography. One plate holder. Unlimited plates. Daylight changing. Economical and convenient. Fits almost any camera. Try it at our expense. Write for description and trial offer. LYON CAMERA SPECIALTY CO., 1021 Fulton Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SEND YOUR FILMS to Percival Carmichael, Inc., 13 Bromfield St., Boston, to be developed. Any size film 6 exposures developed for 5c., postage extra, printing, enlarging low prices. Camera lenses, kodaks, bought, sold, exchanged.

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES

PORTABLE LAMPS. Buy direct and save money. Large line of very artistic designs to choose from. Write today for illustrated catalog. Aiken & Co., 503 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SIX NEW DOILIES. THREE EYELET COLLARS. 18 in. Mountmellick Centerpiece. Two complete Alphabets and Two Years' Subscription to Ingalls Fancy Work Book. All for 25 cents. J. F. Ingalls, Lynn, Mass. Box C.

The Minneapolis Heat Regulator. Sold on 60 days' free trial. Guarantees a uniform temperature and saves coal. Used with furnace, steam or hot water. Write for booklet. Wm. R. Sweatt, Pres., 1st Ave., & F St., Minneapolis, Minn.

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FREE 400 PAGE CATALOGUE
VEHICLES, HARNESS, HOUSEHOLD GOODS, FURNITURE, FARM SUPPLIES. KALAMAZOO SUPPLY HOUSE, 151 Lawrence Square, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WILL YOU JOIN SMALL SELECT CLUB to purchase desirable building lots on easy terms at special club rates? Their close proximity to Atlantic City (8 minutes ride) insure their being a safe and profitable investment. State amount you can invest and I will send photographic views of property. Address "Seashore Real Estate," Room 1048, Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

THERE IS BIG MONEY IN ASPARAGUS
Greater profits from its culture than any other product. Write for free booklet. Napa Improvement Co., San Francisco, Cal.

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IT'S BETTER to buy a used piano of a good make than a cheap new one: Our specialty—slightly used pianos at low prices—full guarantee, easy terms, delivery free: Pease Pianos established 1844, over 75,000 sold. Write for Catalog and list. Pease Co., 128 West 42d St., New York.

BANKING

5 PER CENT ON SAVINGS with security absolutely assured. The assets of this company are guaranteed by first mortgages on improved Real Estate deposited with one of the biggest trust companies in Baltimore. Money withdrawable at any time without loss of interest. Write for booklet. CALVERT MORTGAGE & DEPOSIT CO., 1052 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.



As delightfully refreshing as the glorious vision of Psyche's purity and loveliness—

White Rock

the sparkling crystal mineral water. Its extraordinary blending properties, absolute purity and invigorating effervescence have given it first place on the dining tables of the world.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

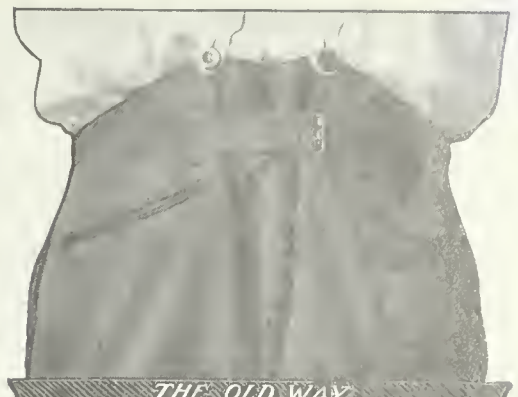
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THE OLD WAY

Wear Trousers That Fit

Don't wear a pair that wrinkles and folds in the back—that kind is out of date. Buy a pair of

The Present

"Nufangl"

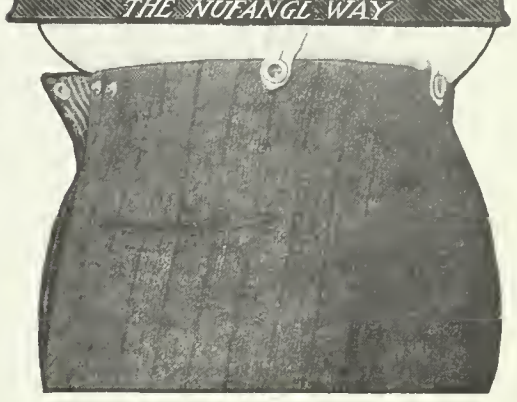
Trousers

—the unusual kind—unusual because they fit perfectly. The vents at the side seams keep the wrinkles out.

Leading clothiers have "NUFANGL" Trousers in all seasonable weights and weaves at the same price as ordinary trousers. Remember the name "NUFANGL."

PRESENT & COMPANY
594 Broadway - - New York City

THE NUFANGL WAY



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Reference, by permission, our two local banks, The First National and The Blairsville National

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OUR GUARANTEE: If the Regno Cigars are not as represented, return them and we will refund your money.

SIZE FIVE INCHES

STRICTLY HAND MADE

NATURALLY CURED TOBACCO **REGNO** NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING

SUMATRA WRAPPER LONG HAVANA FILLER

PRICE
BOX OF 50 - $2.00
CHARGES PREPAID
State Shade desired—Light, Dark or Medium

Sent on receipt of price by the makers
CHAS. RUGG AND SON
40 Market Street
Blairsville Penna.

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Club, Hockey, Racing, Figure and Rink Skates. Your next pair should be **Winslow's.** All models, all sizes.

A full line at dealers. If not, we will supply direct. Write for free illustrated catalogues.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.
N. Y. Office, 84-86 Chambers St. Worcester, Mass.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Gordon

TRADE MARK REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.

GARTER

STANDS FOR COMFORT AND FASHION



Here's just what you've been looking for—a simple garter which is neat, high class, and one which can be adjusted to the sock in a moment without fumbling or unnecessary trouble. The *open grip* makes garter-wearing a comfort. They are the most attractive and satisfactory garter produced. "Gordon" Garters have "Gordon" Adjustable Buckles, to match "Gordon" Suspenders.

OPEN GRIP

If you wear 'Gordon' Suspenders you should wear 'Gordon' Garters, as you will be more than pleased with their neat simplicity. *'They hold the socks but do not tear them. All good dressers love to wear them.'* Ask your dealer to get you 'Gordon' Garters if he does not carry them, or, we will send you a pair on approval.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR

THE S. H. & M. CO.
295 MERCER ST. NEW YORK SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR GORDON MFG. CO.

MARINE ENGINEERING

offers an exceptional field for the ambitious young man. Let us tell you—at our expense not yours—how to sell your services at the highest price. Merely mention this advertisement and send your name and address **now** and receive our 200 page hand-book absolutely **free** describing our

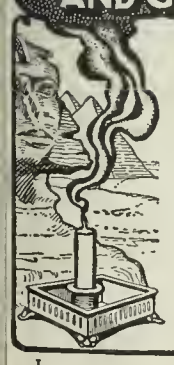
MARINE ENGINEERING COURSE

and 60 others including **Mechanical, Civil, Electrical Engineering** and every phase of engineering work. Write us now.

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, Ill.

Mention Collier's 10-20-'06

EGYPTIAN DEODORIZER AND GERM KILLER



burns with pleasant odor. It cleanses and

PURIFIES

the atmosphere, eliminating the uncomfortable feeling of dampness, prevalent at this season. *A million people use it.*

WE WILL SEND YOU A BOX OF 16 PASTILES WITH METAL HOLDER

Mail us ***25c*** *To-day*

Paul Manufacturing Co.
36 Fulton St. Boston, Mass.

What You See From This Car—

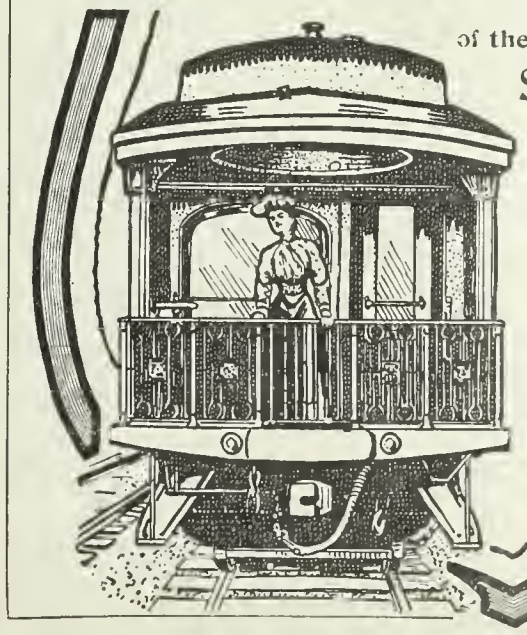
While whirling through wonderful country of the West, toward

California

is surely worth the trouble of packing and the price of the ticket.

THE OVERLAND LIMITED

of the **Union Pacific—Southern Pacific**

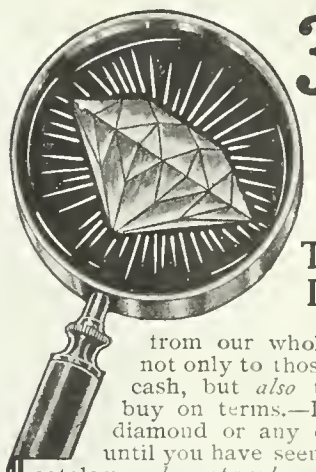


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The Trade Discounts

from our wholesale catalog not only to those who buy for cash, but *also* to those who buy on terms.—Do not buy a diamond or any other jewelry until you have seen the Marshall catalog *and compared values.*

Special



Here is one of several special offers—a pure white diamond in Belcher setting. This **is a Marshall "F" grade** diamond, the finest grade of diamond known in the world, absolutely perfect in cut and color, of unsurpassed brilliancy, and far superior to the so-called highest grade carried by the majority of jewelers.

$6.30 a Month buys this beautiful ring. Price $63.00. For all cash in 10 days **$57.96**

Comparisons PROVE; and we will send you this ring *on approval prepaid, no money down,* no obligations, not a cent to be paid by you to anybody unless you choose to buy *after* thorough examination.

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You need not bother with a letter; just send the coupon in an envelope. Our 108-page wholesale catalog lists over 1100 articles in diamonds, jewelry, watches, cut glass, silver, etc., and quotes the trade discounts to YOU. Do not fail to see this catalog and figure the discount. Write now.

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Chicago, Ill.

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Address .....

American Gentleman

TRADE MARK REG U.S PAT. OFF.



$3.50 SHOE $4.00



Three New Fall Styles

There's a ***combination*** of good qualities in American Gentleman Shoes pretty hard to equal at any price:

There's style—you're always sure of it, because our designers spend months studying the trend of fashion. What they say each year is authoritative—a standard of good taste.

There's workmanship—the shoemakers in the American Gentleman factory are selected men—they turn out one grade of work only.

There's good material—our buying capacity is unequalled in all the world. We get the best at the lowest prices.

The man at the left is wearing our No. 1086.
A Velour Calf, Button Shoe, Empire Last.

The man in the center is wearing our No. 1023.
A Glazed Kangaroo, Blucher, Corliss Last.

The man at the right is wearing our No. 1080.
A Patent Colt, Blucher, Tribune Last.

If they look good to you, ask a dealer to show you a pair. There are now more than 16,000 stores selling Hamilton Brown shoes.

"Shoelight" for Fall

The famous style-book, Fall and Winter edition, will soon be off the press. Your name and address will bring you a copy. You can't know all about good shoes until you've seen it.

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Co. **St. Louis**

HAMILTON BROWN LARGEST IN THE WORLD SHOE CO.

Locomobile

THE GREATEST AMERICAN CAR

The first and only American car to gain a place in an International Race. The Locomobile finished third in 1905 Vanderbilt Cup Race, defeating 12 out of 14 foreign racers and placing America second by countries. This performance, through the default of France, kept the Vanderbilt Cup in this country and enabled Americans to again compete for it on their own soil.

Wins Elimination Race 1906

The greatest trial of speed and endurance of American cars ever held

Locomobile **started** 12th, **finished** first.
Nearly one-half hour ahead of next car.
A clean-cut, decisive victory.
Only one Locomobile entered.
300 miles in 5 hours and 27 minutes.
Best and most consistent performance.
Car in perfect condition at finish.
Fastest rounds in race made by Locomobile.

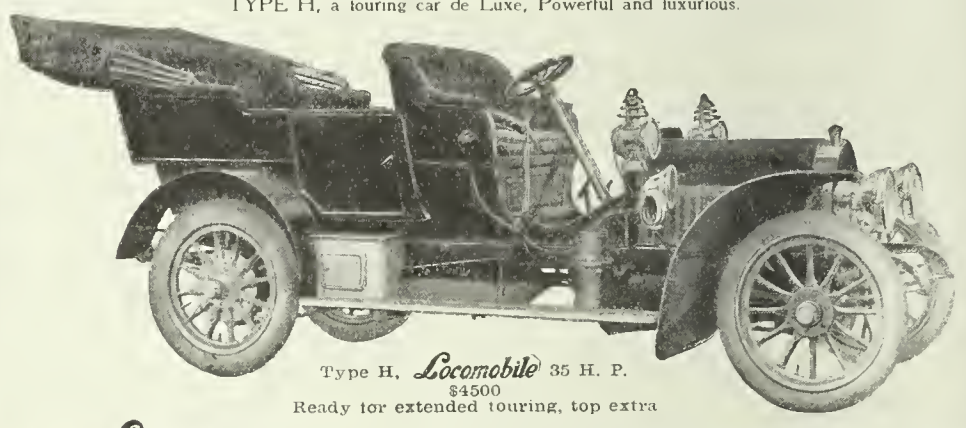
IN VANDERBILT CUP RACE OF 1906

Despite almost incessant tire trouble (8 tires replaced) the Locomobile again upheld America's honor in long distance racing by circling the difficult course of **29.71 MILES IN 26.21 MINUTES, THUS PROVING ITSELF THE FASTEST CAR IN THE RACE.**

1907 Models

Type E 20 H. P., $2,800
Type H 35 H. P., $4,500

For 1907 we will build two models, both thoroughly tested and highly developed touring cars: TYPE E, a most convenient size to drive and maintain, and can keep up with the fastest touring cars in a day's run. TYPE H, a touring car de Luxe, Powerful and luxurious.



Type H, *Locomobile* 35 H. P.
$4500
Ready for extended touring, top extra

The *Locomobile* Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

NEW YORK, Broadway and 76th St. —BRANCHES— BOSTON, 15 Berkeley St.
PHILADELPHIA, 245 N. Broad St. CHICAGO, 1354 Michigan Ave.

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

10 CENTS A COPY 1.00 A YEAR

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



THE THANKSGIVING NUMBER

is a splendid example of the great magazine the Woman's Home Companion now is—something for all the family, and for the woman—everything.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale

now one of the regular editors of the Woman's Home Companion, contributes his first editorial talk to this great Thanksgiving number, and there are also rattling good stories and articles by:

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN — MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN
JACK LONDON — ANNE O'HAGAN
MARGARET E. SANGSTER — JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

and the authors of "A Japanese Nightingale," "The Lightning Conductor" and "When Patty Went to College." Christmas Suggestions, House Plans, news of the Child Slavery fight, over a hundred illustrations and an artistic cover design round out a notable magazine.

Buy this great November number from your newsdealer, or, if you have not seen the Woman's Home Companion recently, allow us to send you a sample copy.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

"The old KIPLING has come back"

KIPLING'S "Puck of Pook's Hill"

The New York Tribune says:

"It is a sterling book. It seems to have been written out of a full heart, as though the author had kindled to his subject and had enjoyed every instant of his task. His powers have been revived in full force."



Illustrated in Color by Arthur Rackham. *$1.50*

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA — THE WORLD'S WORK FARMING — THE GARDEN MAGAZINE

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO. NEW YORK.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

TO THE THOUSANDS who are fed daily on Hearst papers, and draw their whole intellectual fodder from that source, we suggest that they remember, if possible, what Mr. HEARST said of Mr. HUGHES a year, and less, ago. Remember, and compare it with the relentless abuse piled upon him since he crossed the track of Mr. HEARST'S ambition. On October 16, 1905, Mr. HEARST'S "American" spoke earnestly of "the brilliant and uncompromising investigator who is following the path of financial perfidy and crime." The "American" described the machinations of the politicians, and said: "It is to the everlasting honor of CHARLES EVANS HUGHES that he saw through this intrigue and refused to be the dupe of RYAN and ODELL." On December 30, when the investigation was at an end, Mr. HEARST'S views were thus declared:

HONESTY

"No one in New York State will question the excellence of the work done by the counsel for the people, Mr. CHARLES E. HUGHES. He has drawn from the management of the companies under litigation admissions which have damned them in the eyes of the public. He has done perhaps everything that could be done during the time at his disposal. If there should be no extension of time, Mr. HUGHES can retire with the perfect certainty that his work has had the approval and aroused the commendation of the people." Friends and readers, many of you will vote for HEARST. Many of you read his flaring and able arguments. Many of you listen seriously to the attacks he began to make on Mr. HUGHES as soon as Mr. HUGHES was in his way. Consider the extracts we have given. Is that the man you want for Governor? Is the venomous turn on HUGHES not worse than the about-face to MURPHY?

"THERE IS NO DOUBT," says Mr. ARTHUR BRISBANE, the most gifted of HEARST'S exponents, "that HEARST will be elected President of the United States if he lives." The openness and energy of his struggle for the Presidency received scarcely an instant's dimness from his recent allegation that he was "not a candidate." Everybody knows he was a candidate then, now, and always, playing for power and excitement as he ever has played, from the moment he received into his hands the first instalments of his father's millions. Further information that we receive from perusing Mr. BRISBANE'S writings is that his chief, if elected, most earnestly intends to push his powers of removal and appointment to the uttermost, reducing New York to a one-man government—that one man an avowed gamester for the Presidency, who, in order to strengthen his hold on his party—on any party—in the State, would do to any town what in New York City would be represented by the removal of MCCLELLAN and JEROME.

LIGHT FROM WITHIN

LEST THE TRIBUTES above quoted from the organ of his opponent seem unconvincing about the services of Mr. HUGHES, we proceed to explain that Mr. HUGHES was employed, as a lawyer, by the Armstrong Committee, and that if the scope of the insurance investigations should have been broadened the matter was entirely in the hands of that committee. Because, when campaign contributions were proved beyond a doubt, the method in which they were spent by the politicians was not also investigated, there was some objection, especially by the yellow papers, which always long for the most dramatic personal touches. Whether they were right or wrong in this case we do not say. Our point is that the decision that insurance was being investigated, and not politics, was made by the Armstrong Committee, and could not possibly be altered by its counsel, Mr. HUGHES.

HUGHES

SPEAKING OF INSURANCE, we take this opportunity to explain that we were pleased decidedly by the fact that the opposing candidate to Mr. HEARST did not turn out to be WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME. As between the two men, had the choice been offered, we could not have for a moment hesitated. We are glad, nevertheless, and emphatically, that Mr. JEROME is to complete his work as District Attorney instead of leaving it unfinished to occupy another office. What is most essential—the daily, human routine work—has been admirable. Its excellence was celebrated by his reelection. But he recognized in his campaign that other duties were added to his burdens for his second term. It was not his duty to yield to excitement, or persecute individuals for effect, or become a servant of the yellow journals, but it was, and is, his duty to digest the insurance evidence with such absolute thoroughness that he can, in the face of the best lawyers in America, declare, from a most thorough mastery of the evidence, by himself or some very able special counsel, that every instance in which moral and legal wrong-doing were combined has resulted in an effort at indictment. It is because we wish to see Mr. JEROME'S record at the end of his second term undoubtedly as thorough and relentless as it was at the end of his first, that we rejoice in a turn of the wheel which leaves his work to be finished by himself.

JEROME

VOLUNTARY CONFESSIONS of crime, especially when they come long after the deed, always have a deep spiritual interest, as showing the power of conscience to overcome difficulties of the most formidable appearance. An instance in point is that of W. H. RITTER, former member of the House of Delegates of St. Louis, who has written to the Governor of Missouri a letter stating that he handled money in the House of Delegates for the Central Traction bill, and obtained the money from one SNYDER. In some papers it was stated that Mr. RITTER confessed that he distributed $250,000 in the House of Delegates. That is not exactly correct. RITTER did not say in his letter of confession how much money he distributed, but it was proved long ago by members of the House of Delegates who received the money that he handled $75,000. There was, however, about $250,000 paid to the Municipal Assembly in bribes on that bill by SNYDER. The bribery took place in 1898, and was one of the many boodle deals uncovered in 1902. At that time the offense as to all except SNYDER was barred by the statute of limitations. As to him, by reason of his residence in New York for a year, it was maintained that the statute had not run. He was indicted, tried, and convicted, and received five years in the penitentiary. The case was reversed by the Supreme Court on the ground of error in the court's instructions concerning the question of residence, and that is why it has now come up again in the courts. "Conscience," said VICTOR HUGO, "is a spectacle grander than the ocean." The most interesting thing about the trial is this voluntary confession.

CONSCIENCE AT WORK

WHO COULD WITHHOLD the tear of pity from the Pittsburg "Dispatch"? Not we. One of the strongholds and chief supporters of the Great American Fraud, it has yet fallen short of its own deserts in the matter of spoils. Hence the following frenzied whoop in a publication read chiefly by advertisers: "The Pittsburg 'Dispatch' extends greetings to proprietary medicine advertisers and begs to suggest that the time for taking up a vigorous advertising campaign is NOW. The claims of the calamity howlers have not been endorsed by the public. . . . For goodness' sake, get busy!" (This last spasm of appeal in

type of the deepest mourning.) "Calamity howlers," meaning possibly COLLIER'S? One detects, without straining the ear, a note of calamity howling in the "Dispatch's" advertisement: the wail of one who needs the money, oh, so sorely! Taking away a stick of candy from a child for the child's own good is a sorry discipline; nevertheless, it may save the esteemed Pittsburg paper money and chagrin to be informed that the sky is not all sunny for the business which has been aptly described as "half poison, half profit." Some forty States, so the Proprietary Association of America shakingly believes, will consider patent medicine bills next year. With the backing of the National Pure Food law, many of these measures will be formidable. What with the salaries of its lobbyists, the expenses of its Press Bureau, the cost of buying up corruptible medical publications of the St. Louis "Medical and Surgical Journal" ilk, and its telegraph tolls for wiring peremptory instructions to newspapers (destined mainly to pass direct to the waste-basket), the fraud-medicines are likely to have a lean year of it. For good and honest patent medicines the outlook has never been so bright. But this is not the class of business the Pittsburg "Dispatch" has prospered on. Its former clientele will hardly put much faith in its argument, or much money in its coffers while there is such pressing need of it elsewhere. For once our enterprising contemporary might satisfactorily combine decency with policy by directing its endeavors to the securing of a more reputable class of patronage.

HELP!

THE HIGH MORTALITY among children less than a year old is the most potent factor in swelling the death-rates of our cities. An overwhelming majority of the infants who are sacrificed to their surroundings wilt before mal-digestion and malnutrition due to the substitution of unclean cow's milk for the mother's milk, which is a baby's best food, and in most diseases his safest and surest medicine. Bovine milk is four times as rich in highly stimulating, and rather indigestible, curd elements as human milk. It is only half as rich in the bland whey elements. In the struggle of infantile human stomachs with a food adapted to the weed-like growth of calves, and in filth, have lain the causes of many deaths. The Boston Floating Hospital was established to give a fairer chance of life to the children of the crowded North and West Ends, and the past summer the chemists of the Pure Food Laboratory, which is its kitchen, brought the methods of milk-modification to a pitch of precision and economy which places within reach of the poorest a food which till now only the very rich have been able to obtain, and that with difficulty. And by epoch-marking methods of handling, these chemists have been able to keep their bacterial count to less than two hundred (the most rigid Board of Health standards permit a count of five hundred thousand micro-organisms to the cubic centimeter), and this without the modifying heat required in "Pasteurization." For one summer, at least, some fortunate sons of poverty have been enjoying a better food, thanks to emotionless science, than many of their richer brothers.

MOTHER CHEMISTRY

"IF," SAID PRESIDENT ELIOT to the Newsboys' Union, "there is a characteristic passion of the American people, it is for education." And he gave some of the deepest justifications of this passion, in his usual manner, which is one springing from thought so simplified as to seem ultimate. Education increases the joy of work and the joy of life. It adds to the sense of beauty. It brings the sense of dignity, of exaltation, of worth. "It teaches men what the great, ever-advancing moral conceptions of men have been. It makes better, greater, larger human beings." What was the occasion for expressing these convictions? It was the first award of the Newsboy Scholarship, founded to help, at first, one newsboy every year through Harvard, though some time, as the boy who presided said, "instead of having only one boy at Harvard each year we propose to send one hundred." Of President ELIOT this young lad observed: "He is honored here and abroad, the public and college respect him, and the newsboys love him." He also loves them. In them he sees as vital and cheering a sight as this earth affords. We have called this editorial "Young America," but the names prominent in descriptions of the meeting are SODEKSON, LANDERSMAN, MULKERN, and MEYER HELLER; and we might have called it "Youth," or "Hope." What better use for their money can our citizens find than support of efforts such as this? "The Mayor," said President ELIOT, "exhorted you to be worthy of your predecessors. To do so you will have to perpetuate the habit of giving from private means to public uses."

YOUNG AMERICA

COAL-TAR CHEMISTRY is a fascinating example of the unsought, practical results which have often sprung from a research in pure science. As a boy of seventeen, WILLIAM PERKIN had attacked a problem which is still unsolved, the building of synthetic or artificial quinine, and from a black mass of residue in a test-tube he isolated the first of the aniline dyes, mauve. Since then the most abstract and the most practical developments have gone on side by side. Synthetic chemistry, whereby a scientist in his laboratory reproduces natural substances, and comes close to the most marvelous secret of Nature by creating organic from inorganic matter without the intervention of animal or vegetable forms of life, finds in tar its richest source of material. On the practical side we have not only the series of aniline dyes which have revolutionized the arts of dyeing and decoration, but extensive factories for the production of saccharin, photographic developers, and pharmaceutical preparations. Not least interesting to readers of COLLIER'S, perhaps, is a long list of the most potent drugs known to medicine, which under our lax laws have been lavishly administered to us by irresponsible laymen. All these results, good and bad alike, have come from that one youthful discovery of WILLIAM PERKIN'S.

FRUITS OF SCIENCE

SIR WILLIAM PERKIN has visited America this October with no blare of trumpets. A few hundred smoky scientists gathered in black and white to honor his anniversary at a banquet. All about were streets brighter and more smiling because of his discovery. Before pterodactyl and dinosaur had wandered darkly in this world, and before the image of God had cowered before his inheritance, the dull, acrid stuff which distils from melted coal was in the earth, ready for the event of fifty years ago. Until that discovery what the dyers knew of soluble colors was extremely little. The virile imagination of an obscure British chemist touched coal-tar with life, and colors were born, mauves and violets and lilacs, straws and golds and bronzes and olives, tans and pinks, ethereal greens and liquid blues, a thousand shades and hues of which dyer and dressmaker had never dreamed until that fruitful union of coal-tar and Sir WILLIAM PERKIN'S mind.

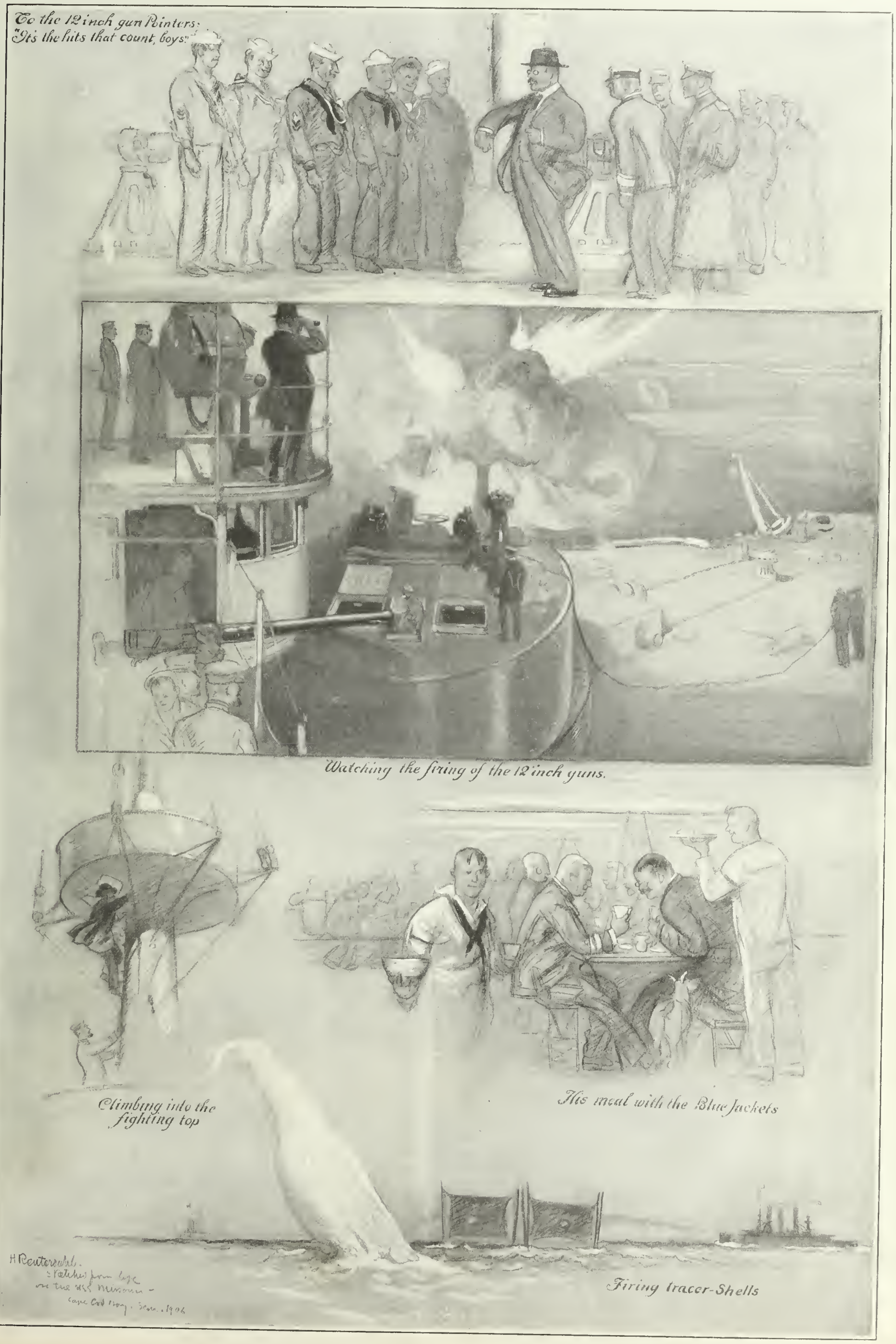
COAL-TAR

GROVER CLEVELAND'S VOLUME of fishing and hunting sketches, just published, has had a number of predecessors. None, of course, has ever succeeded in diminishing IZAAK WALTON'S preeminence by becoming a classic, and it must also be confessed that the zeal of literary fishermen has made them include among the results of their sport some masterpieces, like DANIEL WEBSTER'S welcome to LAFAYETTE, where the connection between eloquence and angling is remote. WEBSTER was standing in a brook during part of the composition period of that address, and is supposed to have landed a fish just as he exclaimed: "Welcome, thrice welcome, citizen of two hemispheres," but there is no real evidence connecting causally the rhetoric with the bite. Not that we would in any way depreciate the intellectual and artistic influence of this pastime. In spite of its involving the infliction of pain on the victims, it does undoubtedly encourage or increase in the performer such virtues as tact, patience, observation, and the love of nature. It encourages philosophy. "A man," observed Hamlet, "may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm." "Fishes," said one of the fishermen in "Pericles," "live in the sea . . . as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones." Literature is full of analogies and metaphors showing how constantly fishing leads to the contemplative and reflective view of human life. It is, in fact, difficult to continue that sport with satisfaction and success unless one be highly seasoned with philosophy.

LITERATURE AND FISH

THE PRESIDENT SEES THE NAVY AT REAL WORK

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL, COLLIER'S SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD ADMIRAL EVANS'S FLAGSHIP "MISSOURI"



Watching the firing of the 12 inch guns.

Climbing into the fighting top

His meal with the Blue Jackets

Firing tracer-Shells

H Reuterdahl.
Patches from Log
on the USS Missouri -
Cape Cod Bay - Sept. 1906

THE PEACEFUL INVASION OF CUBA

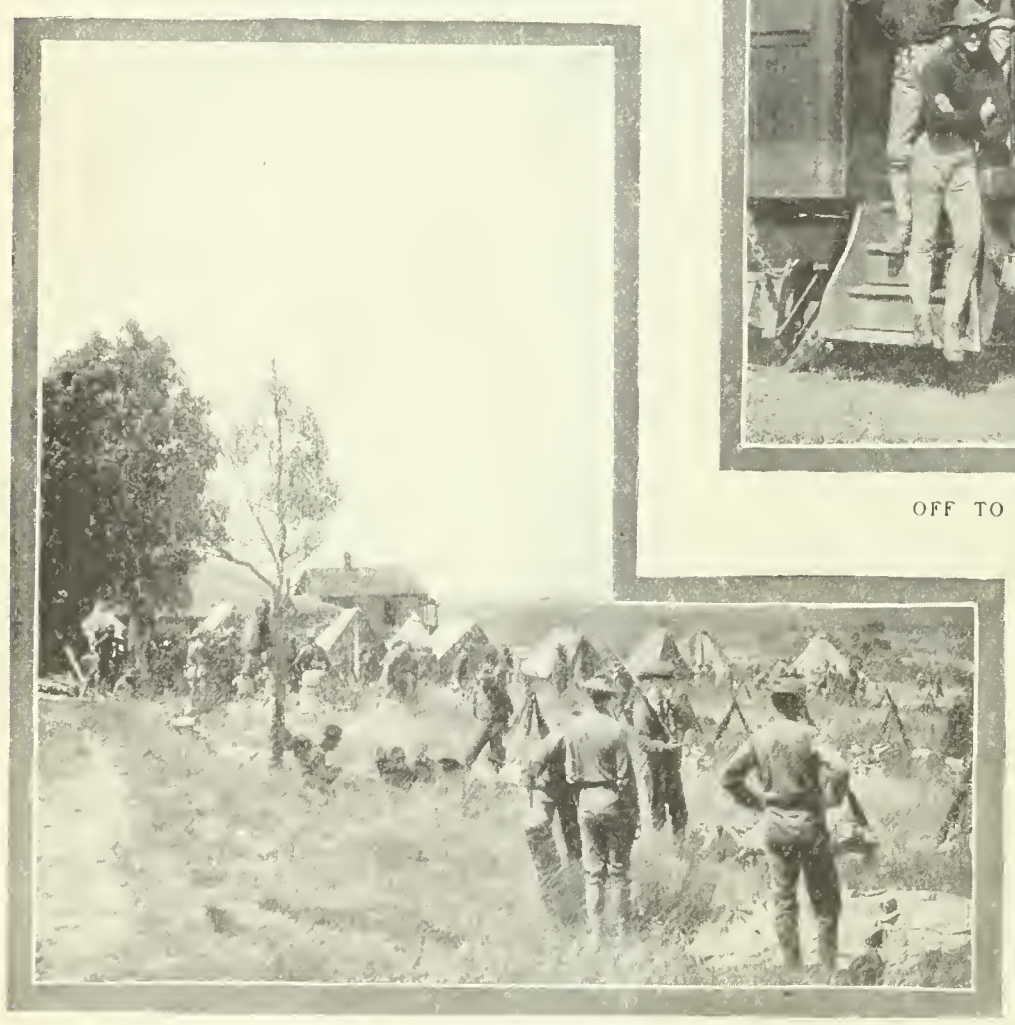


DETACHMENT OF THE 17TH U. S. INFANTRY ARRIVING AT NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA, WHENCE THE MILITARY TRANSPORTS SAILED FOR CUBA

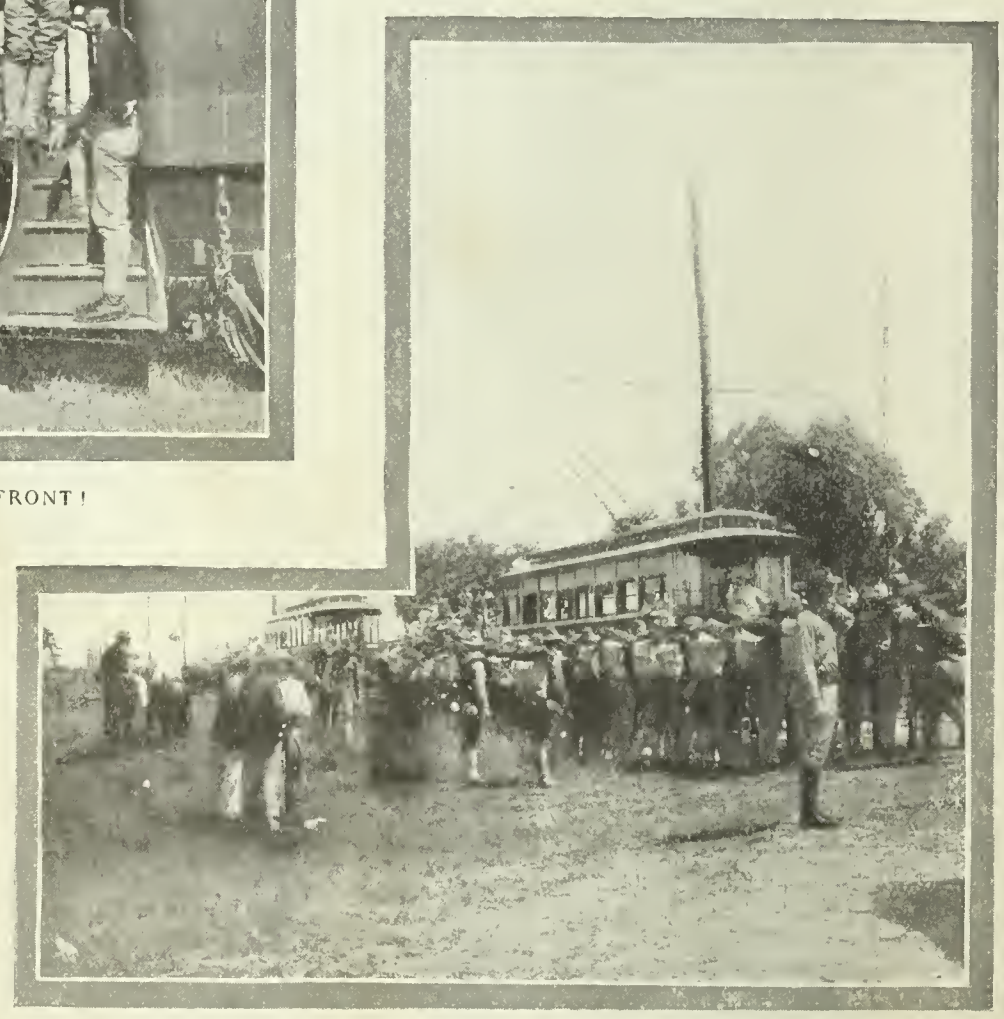
ORDERS for the first military expedition for the new occupation of Cuba were issued on the night of September 29, by wireless telegraphy from the President's yacht "Mayflower." The troops, to the number of 5,652, were assembled by train at Newport News, converging there from Plattsburg Barracks, New York; Fort Russell, Wyoming; Fort McPherson, Georgia; Fort Sheridan, Illinois; Fort Snelling, Minnesota; Fort Des Moines, Iowa; Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont; Vancouver Barracks, Washington; Washington Barracks, D. C., and Fort Omaha, Nebraska. Thence they were to be embarked on transports for Cuba. One of these, the "Sumner," belonged to the Government and twelve were chartered from private owners, the latter including the United Fruit Company's four modern liners of the "Admiral" class



OFF TO THE FRONT!



MARINES PITCHING THEIR TENTS AT CAMP COLUMBIA, NEAR HAVANA



MARINES LEAVING HAVANA BY TROLLEY FOR CAMP COLUMBIA

The wreck of the Maine U. S. S. Tacoma U. S. S. Denver U. S. S. Des Moines



AMERICAN WARSHIPS IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE CUBAN RECEIVERSHIP

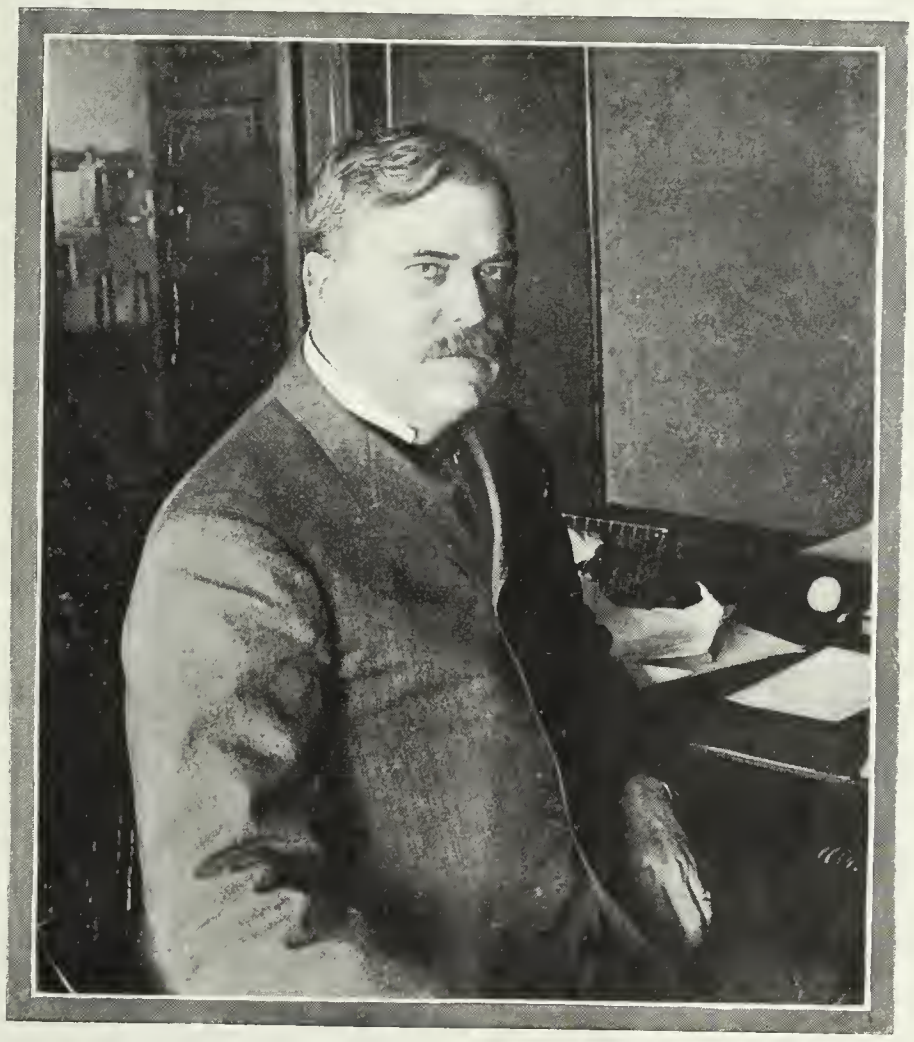
THOSE critics in Europe and South America who are obsessed with the notion that the United States is consuming the midnight electric light in devising deep and guileful schemes for subjugating its Latin neighbors will continue to see such a plot in our intervention in Cuba, but any mind open to conviction must be satisfied of our innocence by the publication of the correspondence that led up to President Roosevelt's action. It appears that as early as the 5th of September Consul-General Steinhardt, at Havana, wrote to the State Department that the Cuban Government wanted intervention. On the 8th he cabled that the Cuban Secretary of State, in the name of President Palma, had asked the American Government to send immediately two war vessels, one to Havana and one to Cienfuegos, on the ground that the Cuban forces were unable to quell the rebellion or protect life and property. The request was to be kept strictly confidential. Two days later Mr. Steinhardt cabled again: "President here worried because no reply received my message and asks war vessels be sent immediately."

To this Acting Secretary Bacon answered that two ships had been sent. "The President," he added, "directs me to state that perhaps you do not yourself appreciate the reluctance with which this country would intervene. President Palma should be informed that in the public opinion here it would have a most damaging effect for intervention to be taken until the Cuban Government has exhausted every effort in a serious attempt to put down the insurrection, and has made this fact evident to the world." The next day Mr. Bacon wrote that President Roosevelt had carefully considered the matter and believed actual, immediate intervention to be out of the question. He asked the Consul-General what he thought of the advisability of a word of emphatic warning to the people of Cuba on the necessity of settling their difficulties. Mr. Steinhardt advised a notification that a failure to suppress the rebellion would bring intervention. He objected to any suggestion of compromise, as impairing the dignity of the Cuban Government. Meanwhile he had transmitted a memorandum, dated September 12, in which the Cuban Secretary of State said in his own handwriting:

"The rebellion has increased in the Provinces of Santa Clara, Havana, and Pinar del Rio, and the Cuban Government has no elements to contend it, to defend the towns, and prevent the rebels from destroying property. President Estrada Palma asks for American intervention, and begs that President Roosevelt send to Havana with the greatest secrecy and rapidity two or three thousand men to avoid any catastrophe in the capital. The intervention asked for should not be made public until the administration (American?) troops are in Havana. The situation is grave, and any delay may produce a massacre of citizens in Havana."

On the 13th Mr. Steinhardt repeated President Palma's official request for American intervention, and said that the President had irrevocably determined to resign and deliver the government to the representative of the President of the United States as soon as sufficient American troops should be landed in Cuba. All this had been resolved in the palace at a meeting at which the President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and the American Consul-General were present. The next day the Consul-General announced the program of governmental suicide which was later carried out. It was on that same day that President Roosevelt wrote his letter of friendly warning to Minister Quesada and announced his purpose of sending Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon to Cuba to try to restore peace.

The publication of these documents destroyed the last vestiges of Palma's popularity in Cuba, where all factions, including his own former supporters, united in denouncing him as a traitor. But the American occupation continues to win approval on all sides, heightened by the tact of Acting Governor Taft, who has sought in every way to emphasize the idea that the Cuban Republic is not dead, but only taking a rest cure under faithful nurses. He has asked all the Cuban diplomatic and consular representatives to retain their offices, so that the American Governor is in the curious situation of being represented by a Minister at the capital of his own chief. As Mr. Taft is needed at home, Mr. Charles E. Magoon, late Governor of the Canal Zone, left Washington on October 6 to succeed him. Mr. Magoon resembles Mr. Taft in his ability to make friends with tropical peoples, a quality in which most Americans are so lamentably deficient. The work of disarming the insurgent forces has gone on smoothly but slowly, but many of the rifles turned in are old ones, believed not to be those depended on for real fighting. Most of the surrendered arms are described as a remarkable collection of antiques. The majority of them are old Remingtons, sawed off short, and, as a rule, without sights. It is alleged that many of them came from the Government storerooms for condemned weapons. What little friction there has been has developed between the insurgents and the Cuban Government militia. Both sides have professed the utmost friendliness for the Americans.



CHARLES E. MAGOON, PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR OF CUBA

Mr. Magoon ranks with Secretary Taft as a pacificator and diplomat. As Governor of the Canal Zone and Minister to Panama he won and kept the good will of the touchy Isthmian people. He was appointed a member of the Philippine Commission, and was about to start for Manila when the Cuban crisis created a more urgent need for his services in Havana

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Although American authority had been entirely unchallenged, the landing of troops began on October 7, when two battalions of the Fifth Infantry and one of Engineers went ashore at Havana from the transport *Sumner*, and were quartered at Camp Columbia. All the soldiers and marines were put under the command of General Funston, pending the arrival of General Bell, Chief of Staff. General Funston's first hurry call was to protect a detachment of disarmed Cuban volunteers at Guînes against a force of General Asbert's insurgents. The insurgents had been in a bellicose mood, and when they saw their late enemies without arms could not resist the temptation of an attack that would yield so much glory with so little risk. They wounded four of the volunteers and the rest ran away to the protection of a body of American marines. The news brought General Funston and Colonel Estrampes of the volunteers to the spot with three hundred more American sea soldiers.

As a means of allaying animosities Governor Taft resolved to proclaim an amnesty for all persons concerned in the recent troubles, including those accused of murder and other crimes.

THE NEW POLITICS

FOR the present campaign the national parties in New York, which cast nearly one-eighth of all the votes in the United States at the last Presidential election, have ceased to exist. The Democratic opponents of Mr. Hearst feared that the Republican politicians might make it hard for them to vote for Mr. Hughes by dragging in partizan issues, but the candidate dispelled that fear in his speech of acceptance, in which he defined his own issues and laid down the lines of his own campaign. In the whole speech there was no reference to any subject that divides the two great parties. The administration of President Roosevelt was praised for certain great achievements in the way of restraining lawless combinations of capital. Congress was praised for the passage of the Railroad Rate act, the Meat Inspection act, the Pure Food act, and the Employers' Liability act. But all these were matters in which Democrats were at least as much interested as Republicans. "No one," said Mr. Hughes, "can deny us the right to pay just tribute to 'Jeffersonian Democrats' or to 'Lincoln Republicans.' Our contest is not with them, and the candidates opposed to us are not of them." The supreme issue of the campaign Mr. Hughes declared to be not one of Republican principles or of Democratic principles, but "the vital issue of decent government." "It is an issue which shall array on one side all lovers of truth, of sobriety, and of honest reform, be they Republicans, Democrats, or Independents."

In his letter accepting the nomination of the Independence League Mr. Hearst also emphasized the non-partizan character of the campaign. He told the League that it represented "the determination of the people, irrespective of party, to restore the American system of government in this country." He held "the great problem of the hour, the problem that the people must solve with their ballots and in legislation," was "to do away with corporation control of the Government." That control, he asserted, "is now practically absolute. It rests mainly upon our system of partizan politics, directed by boss rule and subject to trust ownership." The practical solution of the boss question he saw in the Independence League's demand for "direct nomination of men to fill every public office from Assemblymen to Judges and Senators of the United States. With the installation of the direct nomination system the people will choose their representatives, the boss will be without power, and he will disappear."

With the issues so formulated, all calculations based on the old party divisions become worthless. Not only is there no issue between the parties—there is not even any direct issue between the candidates. Mr. Hughes takes his stand on the principle of decent government, but Mr. Hearst does not offer to meet him there as the champion of indecent government. Mr. Hearst says that the supreme issue is the destruction of corporation rule, but Mr. Hughes does not present himself as the defender of corporation rule. Each attempts to make his own issue, and the question is which the people will accept as the real one. On this question former election returns afford no guide. It is not inconceivable that Republican majorities up the State and Democratic majorities in New York City may both melt away. Mr. Hearst is in partnership with Boss Murphy in Manhattan and fighting Boss McCarren in Brooklyn. One boss is as bad as the other. Will Hearst be helped by Murphy's alliance and hurt by McCarren's opposition, or *vice versa!* His enemies say that he will be hurt by both, but that seems hardly logical. Association with a boss is either helpful or noxious to a candidate, and a comparison of next month's voting in Manhattan and in Brooklyn will show which. Mr. Hearst has displayed considerable restiveness under his association with Murphy, and has allowed his Independence League to play havoc with the Tammany local, Legislative, and Congressional tickets.

WITHOUT PARTIES



IN the presence of a crowd of a hundred thousand people, mostly carrying umbrellas, President Roosevelt delivered the address of honor at the dedication ceremonies of the gorgeous new Capitol building at Harrisburg. This opulent structure suggests the ancient conundrum: "Why is a ship like a woman? Because the rigging costs more than the hull." The building, presumably complete, cost about four million dollars, the amount allowed by the appropriation, and the "trimmings" nine millions. The original contracts included mural paintings and sculpture by Edwin A. Abbey, George Grey Barnard, and Violet Oakley. The nine million dollars' worth of trimmings came outside of that, and have made the Pennsylvania Capitol the most expensively furnished building ever fitted out in America since Tweed stocked his twelve-million-dollar courthouse with two-thousand-dollar chairs

PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW CAPITOL, DEDICATED OCTOBER 4, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SPEAKING



THE BEGINNING OF AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP'S CAREER

With appropriate exercises the "Connecticut" was commissioned on Sept. 29 at the Brooklyn Navy Yard



LAUNCHING OF THE ARMORED CRUISER "NORTH CAROLINA"

Sister ship to the "Montana," christened at Newport News, Oct. 6. Her displacement is 16,000 tons

THE VANDERBILT CUP RACE



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1.—Wagner, the winner, in a 100 horse-power Darracq crossing the finishing line of the 297 mile course in 290 minutes 10 2-5 seconds. 2.—The crowd swarming into the course in front of the grand stand before the race was finished, endangering their own lives as well as those of the contestants. Over 300,000 people gathered along the course to witness the contest. 3.—Lancia, winner of second place, in a 120 horse-power Fiat, rounding the "hairpin" turn. 4.—Duray, in a 120 horse-power Lorraine-Dietrich, who came in third. 5.—Tracy, in a 90 horse-power Locomobile, making the record lap of the race in 26 minutes 21 seconds, at the rate of 67.63 miles an hour

TURNING IRON INTO GOLD

WHEN Mr. James J. Hill recently issued his solemn warning of the approaching exhaustion of our supplies of iron ore, one gleam of hope remained visible on the horizon. It was known that Mr. Hill controlled large deposits of this indispensable mineral, and that he was willing to part with them for a sufficient consideration. On October 5 it was announced that Mr. Hill's Great Northern Railroad had sold its ore beds to the United States Steel Corporation on a royalty basis. The Steel Corporation was to pay $1.65 per ton in 1907 for at least 750,000 tons of ore delivered at the upper lake docks, and the quantity was to be increased thereafter at the rate of 750,000 tons a year until it reached 8,250,000 tons, the price going up at the same time by 3.4 cents per ton every year. On these terms the Steel Corporation's payments will amount to at least $1,237,500 the first year, and to $16,417,500 in 1916. It is estimated that the total payments will reach $400,000,000, which will enable Mr. Hill's family to face the prospect of an ironless continent with tolerable equanimity.

THE SUFFERING SEA-TURTLE

"GENTLE woman" has a hard time in keeping that title, and at the same time achieving the more important object of being well dressed. If she wears aigrets she is responsible for starving broods of young herons to death. Ostriches are subjected to keen discomfort when their feathers are pulled out. The process of obtaining sealskins is brutal, and the Persian-lamb industry is most revolting. Now a report from Consul James C. Kellogg, of Colon, describes the atrocious way in which much of the material for tortoise-shell combs is obtained. The San Blas Indians of the Isthmus of Panama catch the hawkbill turtles which have the misfortune to be the original wearers of the shells and roast them alive. Under the application of intense heat the shells peel off in thin plates. Apparently this does not kill the turtles, which are thrown back into the sea. Whether they raise new shells for another roasting is not stated. Fortunately, not all the tortoise-shell of commerce comes in this way.

CHAMPION MARKSMEN

GOOD SHOTS FROM BIG AND LITTLE GUNS



THE PRESIDENT AND THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS

Mr. Roosevelt's visit to the "Missouri" was the first instance of a President going on board any United States ship to observe actual gun-firing at sea. During this practise the "Missouri," which is the champion hitter of the Atlantic Fleet, fired eight 12-inch shots while moving at 10 knots at a target 1,600 yards away, making eight bull's-eyes in less than three minutes and forty seconds. The sailors grouped about the President are the gun pointers—the men who scored the bull's-eyes



THE ENGLISH RIFLE TEAM WHICH FAILED TO "LIFT THE CUP"



THE WINNING TEAM OF THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT

The Queen's Westminster Volunteers, brought over by Sir Howard Vincent to contend for the trophy offered by himself, were defeated by a team from the Seventh Regiment of New York on October 2 and 3 by a score of 1,648 to 1,588, a margin of sixty

THE CANAL BY CONTRACT

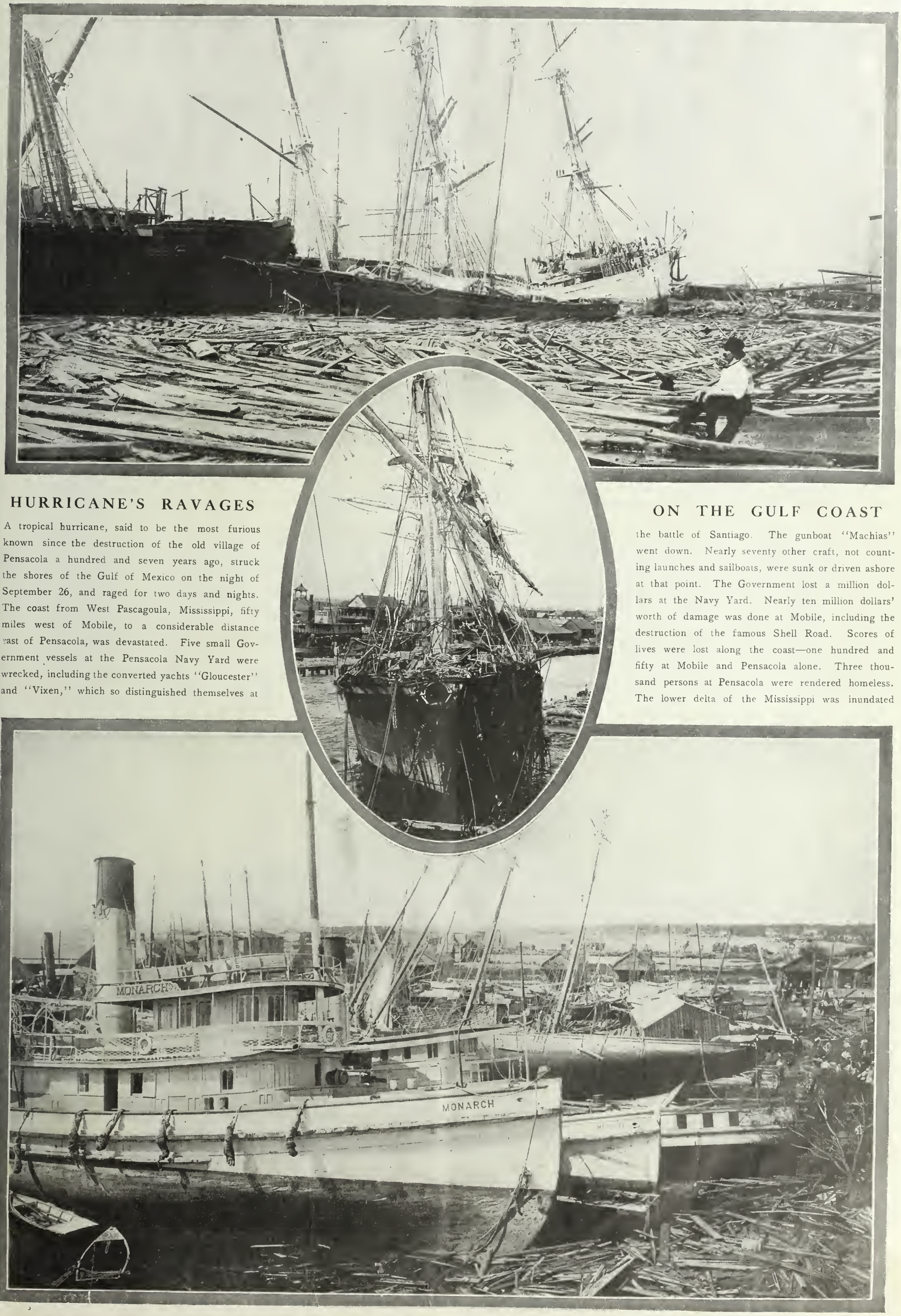
A MOMENTOUS decision has been reached by the Isthmian Canal Commission. The Panama Canal is to be built by contract instead of by day's work. This decision is not to affect the plans for employing Chinese labor. The coolies are to be turned over to the contractors under Government supervision. In river and harbor improvements of importance the contract system has almost entirely superseded that of carrying on work directly by the Government. It has been found that enormous economies have been effected in this way, and that undertakings that had previously bid fair to drag on indefinitely have been completed in a reasonable time. No doubt this experience has influenced the Administration's decision. If satisfactory bids can be obtained there will be a possibility of knowing when the canal will be finished and how much it will cost. At present both those points are buried in profound obscurity. Most of the work accomplished thus far has been in the direction of getting ready for the work to begin.

LOSSES MUST BE PAID

THE first decision rendered in the Superior Court at San Francisco on the subject of fire losses has gone, as was to be expected, against the contesting insurance company. The Transatlantic Company, which had no earthquake clause in its policies, resisted payment on the ground of the general exemptions covering invasions, insurrections, the acts of God, and the like. Judge Carroll Cook decided that the case did not come within any of the exceptions of the policy. "Even if the earthquake caused the fire," he said, "the defendant would still be liable under the policy, but there is no evidence that would justify a finding that the fire was caused by the earthquake."

Of course, this is only a first step. The higher courts remain to be heard from, and the whole question of the scope of earthquake clauses is still to be thrashed out. Meanwhile the majority of the companies are displaying a commendable readiness to settle without the compulsion of a judgment. They expect to continue in business, and have a lively consciousness of a hereafter.

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HURRICANE'S RAVAGES

A tropical hurricane, said to be the most furious known since the destruction of the old village of Pensacola a hundred and seven years ago, struck the shores of the Gulf of Mexico on the night of September 26, and raged for two days and nights. The coast from West Pascagoula, Mississippi, fifty miles west of Mobile, to a considerable distance east of Pensacola, was devastated. Five small Government vessels at the Pensacola Navy Yard were wrecked, including the converted yachts "Gloucester" and "Vixen," which so distinguished themselves at

ON THE GULF COAST

the battle of Santiago. The gunboat "Machias" went down. Nearly seventy other craft, not counting launches and sailboats, were sunk or driven ashore at that point. The Government lost a million dollars at the Navy Yard. Nearly ten million dollars' worth of damage was done at Mobile, including the destruction of the famous Shell Road. Scores of lives were lost along the coast—one hundred and fifty at Mobile and Pensacola alone. Three thousand persons at Pensacola were rendered homeless. The lower delta of the Mississippi was inundated

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICA



By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

This is the first of a series of three articles which diagnose our civic ills. The two papers which will follow treat of the State and Nation. Mr. White interprets our political future with a wholesome optimism. He believes our public sentiment is far ahead of our public service and that our intelligent and honest voters are entangled in and exasperated with an antiquated system of politics which they are sure to overthrow

I THE COUNTY

GROWTH, as the word is applied to those human institutions called governments, has many definitions. Grossly a nation may be said to be growing when it waxes rich, or when it is spreading over new lands. Also a people may be said to be growing when from their needs they evolve new institutions. And certainly a government is growing, when it arbitrates the game of life between citizens more fairly to-day than yesterday; when it guarantees the fruits of his labor more and more fully to the man who honestly and intelligently works, and removes more and more completely from his view the inequities and injustices of life, so that his mental and moral vision, unblinded by malicious envy toward the unworthy rich, may see that kindness and courage and honesty will yield a fair return when they are sown in any field of human endeavor. Judged from any of these outlooks, our nation has grown in the quarter of a century now passing. Moreover, we are still growing. And the truth about our national growth is found between the flamboyant optimism of a Republican campaign handbook and the acute melancholia of Mr. Debs. It is a simple matter to add up the obvious figures in the prosperity column and hurrah for the Star-Spangled Banner, and similarly it has become an easy task to subtract political corruption, business malice, and civic lethargy from an ideal government, and find with reasonable accuracy just how much the devil is to pay with no pitch hot. But these two columns are related to each other only in a balance, and to strike a balance it is necessary first to audit the accounts, and, if possible, to cut down the totals.



WITH that end in view let us look briefly at the small figures in our problem. At the base of our American government is the county. The telephone and rural free delivery are rapidly wiping out township interests, and township governments, which now chiefly concern roads and schools, are rapidly giving up even road-making to the county, and the county school system is so general that the district is becoming of small importance. The county and the county-seat town form the base of our government. Only a score or two of our cities present problems of distinctly municipal life, and the conditions in those cities affect our national political life only slightly. For America is managed by the county politician, and as he is the reflection of the political morals of the American county and county town, it may be well to consider him and his ways. No matter how vicious may be the boss of New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, or New Orleans, he can only make his viciousness felt on our national life in just so far as he can find a response to his immoral yearnings in the heart of the county boss. And the county boss may thrive only as he represents the average morals of the political system which makes him. For he has a precarious hold upon his power.



IN the American county every voter is a watchdog of the county treasury. The mass of the population can read and write. Half a dozen local newspapers discuss the disbursement of the local taxes with a candor that sometimes merges into libel. It costs on an average ten dollars a head to run the local and State governments in this country, and as the schools and State governments get five dollars of the ten collected, the county politician has small chance to steal his way into an opulence that commands lasting respect. Every two years the local politician has to go to the people on his record; he has no corruption fund worth considering, for even in the county town of fifty or one hundred thousand inhabitants few "interests" can afford to spend as much as a thousand dollars for politics, and if a politician appears to have too much money it becomes noised abroad in the town and county; every one knows where it came from, and the ends of the contributors are defeated. So the official life of the county politician is short and full of trouble.



Pleasant View township comes down with Simon B. Tracey for County Treasurer.



IT is proverbial in these American communities that politics does not pay. The sheriff's office is a good office for a young politician from one of the lower wards of the American county-seat town; and the treasurer's office is the haven of the rich old farmer. They are the best offices in the county, but they do not make men rich. Assuming that the handy young man from the Fifth Ward puts in bills for constructive mileage, and supposing that he cheats the prisoners out of more or less of the food the county pays for—and often he does both of these things—and suppose he has an outside man who is the joint agent of the sheriff and the county prosecutor, and levies tribute on the powers that prey—and sometimes county sheriffs do these things—at the worst it is all petty larceny. His constructive mileage can bring him only a few hundred dollars a year without exciting suspicion and courting sure detection; the office changes so frequently that no system of blackmail may be established, even could the miserable half-starved alley cats of vice afford to pay any considerable tribute. So that the average American county sheriff is a reasonably honest officer. So is the county prosecutor. The county clerk—saving what small change he may slip in his pocket buying supplies or discounting county warrants—is virtuous from necessity, and the only way the county treasurer may be dishonest is by crass, raw, uncoated stealing, and as a nation we have passed the point where men steal that way, so that not one county treasurer in a thousand, the country over, ever is short in his accounts for a criminal cause. The other county officers have fewer opportunities for making illicit money than the sheriff, the prosecutor, and the treasurer, and so of the two hundred thousand dollars which the taxpayers raise every year to run the average American county, probably not half a thousand dollars goes out of its appointed channels. The public money of this country is handled honestly and, in the main, wisely, so long as it is handled by men who spend it near the taxpayers who contribute it.



AND now we come to consider the other column in the local political problem. All these stories of political dishonesty current in the country must have some truth in them, and being more or less true, these stories indicate a fundamental fault in American character—perhaps human character would be a better way to put it; for our faults are in no wise provincial. The reason why the thing modernly called graft is found in Americans is that they have the world-old faults that rise from a clouded moral perception. Only a few men in this world steal and murder and lie with malice prepense. Most of the stealing and murdering and lying is done by people who do not realize what they are doing; they do not see the actual thing that they are stealing; they do not have before them the actual body of their



The Gentleman in a Frock Coat was no better than the fourth ward Statesman of to day

victim; they do not perceive exactly how they are lying, and so in the subcellar of American political life the farmer who works a few desultory hours on the road in front of his farm, and swears that he has performed his obligation to the State as prescribed by law, does not see clearly that he has stolen money from the State, has made or left unremoved some man's death-trap, and has lied into the bargain. The same man is honest enough in a business transaction at the bank; he is kind enough to his family and to his live stock; he is truthful in court and out. But in his simple first-hand relations with his unseen and unknown neighbors through the medium of the government, this man, whose name is legion, is crooked and unreliable. And the attitude of the farmer toward his road-tax in so far as it epitomizes the attitude of the average voter toward his unseen and unknown neighbors, who meet him through the agency of government, is at the root of all our troubles in this government—and in all governments under the sun. Yet there is much hope in the situation. For even though the road represents the State—a thing to be cheated—the district school, which sits alongside the road, is treated as a friend and a brother by the farmer. And though he be childless, the farmer willingly gives the school the best he has. The moral vision of the people can see their neighbors' interests as well as their own good in the school. And so all over the land district schools are as honestly and intelligently managed as the farms and the stores of the communities wherein the schools are found. But after one goes beyond the school district into the county, the attitude of the citizen toward the county government often is so careless that one is surprised at the honesty of those who serve the county as public officials. When the taxpayer goes to court as a witness it is not infrequent to find him charging the last penny that the law allows, even though he has not earned it morally. When he pays his taxes he is prone to gloat at his ability to cheat the county. When a public road is laid out across his field the difference between his valuation to the appraisers and his returns to the assessors is a "source of innocent merriment" to those who are inclined to think an oath is binding on an honest man. For both statements are sworn to in all solemnity. Yet the man who does these things is honest in his relations with his visible neighbor. This man would give his neighbors full measure; he would tell them the truth in a horse-trade. He would mow their fields if they were sick, and harvest the crops for their widows without money and without price. He would go to war to die for a cause or a principle and come home and swindle the county out of a day's jury service without feeling a flutter of conscience. When he dies from a cold contracted while out campaigning for the law and order ticket, the local papers truthfully say of him that he was "a kind husband, an indulgent father, and a patriotic citizen." For the area of honesty in a man is only the small spot covered by his moral vision. And, perhaps, after all, it is better to teach men what honesty really is, and what dishonesty really is, than to put them in jail for doing things that do not seem wrong to them until it has all been spelled out. So little attention is paid to teaching morals, and so much to arithmetic with its percentage and interest tables, that it is not surprising that our criminal courts are becoming crowded. Perhaps when the laws we now have are enforced, our great universities may have to establish alumni associations in the penitentiaries. But those who are taken from the high places and so proudly put into jail by a virtuously indignant public are only doing on a large scale what the honest son of toil is doing on a small scale when he scours his plow in the public road and hinders traffic thereby. If we send the rich man to jail for his greedy carelessness of others' rights, the poor man should go also. But better than new jails for both would be improved schools for the children of both to teach them that our government and our civilization are based upon the law of brotherhood, and that one may live honestly under our government and in our civilization only in so much as he keeps the law, not merely with the brothers and neighbors he sees and knows, but with those unseen and unknown who deal with him through the vast invisible compact which we call life.

IF there is much in the doings of the rich and powerful men in this country that is mean and sordid and ugly, as our national critics say there is, it must be that this miserable attitude toward the good, the true, and the beautiful is a development of the small vices of the people. For our successful persons all spring from the ranks of the poor and the mediocre. Our great men may have peculiar virtues—though probably they have not—but they surely have the common vices. For if one would see all the viciousness of a national central committee of either party, all the selfish deviltry of a Stock Exchange, all the conscienceless logrolling and raw venality of the worst day of the worst session of the American Congress, he has but to spend a day with a county convention of the dominant party in the Opera House in the average county town. Pleasant View Township comes down with Simon B. Tracey for County Treasurer. Mr. Tracey having gone into the township primaries and defeated John R. Hughes, he has named his delegates, and a more relentless set of political pirates never assembled under the black flag than the Pleasant View delegation, unless



the County Attorney who is able to get Rail Road Passes for his Friends

it is the gang from the Sixth Ward behind Jimmy Coburn for County Attorney, or the Park City delegation backing "Honest" Joe Busch for Sheriff, or the "Bloody Third," who propose to vote as a unit in any combination that will land the Hon. Mortimer Simcoe, candidate for the Legislature. In the convention are two or three hundred patriots inspired by ideals as high as those of the delegations above mentioned. Sim Tracey may be a convicted thief, whose defeat at the polls is certain, Jack Hughes may be a moral leper, and Jimmy Coburn a ward heeler of the most obvious type; while "Honest" Joe Busch may be a law-defying brewer, but the friends of the Hon. Mortimer Simcoe, Sunday-school teachers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, and preachers, will tie up with the "combine" for the "larger good" as readily as they would sell a spool of thread, defend a horse thief, sniff at an osteopath, denounce Christian Science, or do any one of the conventional things demanded by their professional codes. In the convention these estimable gentlemen forget the rules of every game but the one they are playing, and trade and bicker and swap among themselves and make the interests of the people mere counters in their games. And yet let a moral issue be set squarely before that sweaty game-mad crew, and in a flash the man rises strong and indomitable, the interests of mere politics pale into nothing, and the subconscious elemental race-decency of the mob moves through the convention with a fine strong unanimity. The same thing happens in a Congress sometimes, and no American assemblage is

(Continued on page 28)



A "Combine" for the "Larger Good"

THE NEW FOOTBALL



Unfair locking of legs by the tackle and end. The guard only has a right to out his foot behind the centre's

What differences the new ten-yard rule, the separation of the opposing lines by a "neutral zone," and the other changes in the rules will make in the appearance and the playing of the game

By WALTER CAMP



Shows the signal for a fair catch. A man must raise his arm fairly above his head when advancing to catch the ball, otherwise he has no right to a fair catch

NEVER before has there been such a quantity of radical changes in the wording of football rules in any one season. And these changes in the wording involve an almost equal amount of alteration in the play itself, so that the man who has been accustomed to play the game, the man who has coached it, and finally the man who has comfortably looked on from the stand will each be somewhat at a loss to adjust himself to the altered conditions.

It is enough in this article merely to take up the changes in the appearance of the play. Most marked and most important of all is the ten-yard rule. This rule compels a team to gain twice the distance in three downs that was required by the old rules. This in itself will strongly militate against mass plays, and will force more open playing because it is very difficult for any team against fairly matched opponents to make that distance without open play. The players will find this a fact, and the speetators will have more opportunity to see the ball. It will thus be seen that the measuring chain instead of being five yards as formerly will now be ten, and that space will look long to the team trying to make the distanee. The next most noticeable thing will be the separation of the two lines by what is called a neutral zone equivalent to the length of the ball. The centre-rush or snapper-back is obliged, when he puts the ball in play, to place it flat upon the ground with its long axis parallel to the side line. Thus the line of scrimmage for each side is an imaginary line passing through the end of the ball parallel to the goal line. It will be seen that each side has a distinct line of scrimmage of its own, and that these lines are separated by about nine or ten inches. Instead, therefore, of the lines impinging upon each other, as formerly, and there being more or less pushing back and forth, the lines will be separated, and for this very reason will be more nearly motionless at the time when the ball is put in play. The illustration gives an idea of how these lines will look.

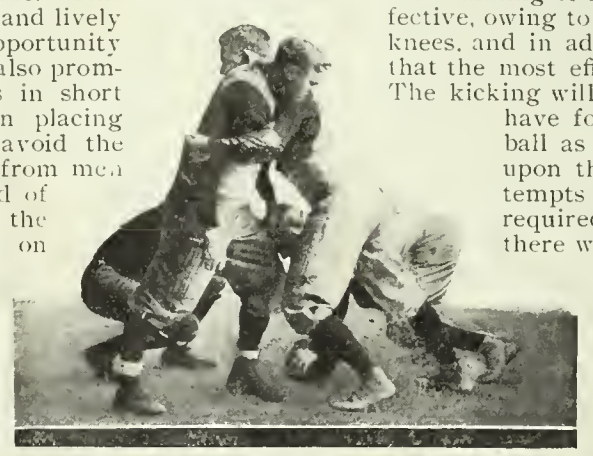
Another thing which will strike the spectator as rather remarkable is the introduction of the signal for a fair catch, whereby a man desiring to make a fair catch now must signify his intention by raising his hand clearly above his head previous to making the catch, and when he does this he is entitled to a fair catch so long as he holds the ball and does not take more than two steps after catching it. Moreover, he may not run with the ball in any event after having made this signal for a fair catch. If he should start to run he would be brought back and the ball put in play at the point where he made the catch.



This shows the modern scrimmage according to the new rules by which the two lines will be separated by a distance equivalent to the length of the ball

Any player behind the line of scrimmage, at the time when the ball is put in play, may make a forward pass, it being provided, however, that there can be but one forward pass made on a down. The player who makes this forward pass, however, may not pass it to any one in the line except the men on the ends. His privilege, therefore, is to pass it to any man in the back field or to either one of the ends. He may make this pass at any time during his run—that is, so long as he makes but one forward pass he may make it either before he starts behind the line or after he has broken through the line and has run down the field. He may not, however, pass the ball forward so that it goes over the line of scrimmage within five yards of the spot from which it was snapped back. That is, practical forward passes over the line of scrimmage must be made outside of tackle. Still more handicapping the forward pass is the rule that if a forward pass strikes the ground without being touched by a player of either side, it should go to the opponents at the point from which the ball was passed. This last provision is going to offer difficulties to passing the ball forward, but the play may develop somewhat into a sort of basketball batting of the leather egg by the ends and passing forward from the backs diagonally, so that the forward pass, while of doubtful accuracy, will pretty certainly force back the defense.

Another rule which will make a startling innovation in the appearance of the play is that providing that when a kieked ball strikes the ground it puts on side all members of the kicker's side. This promises to give the ends and lively men in the forward line opportunity for brilliant play, and it also promises to perfect the backs in short kicks, and particularly in placing the kicks. In order to avoid the danger which might arise from men kicking at the ball instead of endeavoring to pick it up, the rule has been made that on such a kicked ball as described above it shall be unlawful after it strikes the ground to kick it or kick at it.



Unfair tactics on the line. The side having the ball must not use their arms and must block their opponents with their bodies only

Two umpires have been provided, although one of these may be dispensed with by mutual agreement between the teams.

Intentional roughness and brutality under certain specified terms will receive disqualification as formerly and, in addition, the side which has a player disqualified will lose half the distance from the point where the foul occurred to its own goal line.

To sum up, therefore, we shall see more severe penalties inflicted; we shall probably see the ball change hands more often on account of the ten-yard rule; the game will be more active and harder for backs and ends on account of the rule putting men on side by a kicked ball and also the forward pass. The two rush lines will be more nearly fixed before the ball is put in play, but the impact between them may be somewhat greater on account of the longer time for the play to get in motion before it strikes. In the big games probably an extra official will be on the field.

The game will begin as of old with a kick-off, the side which has that privilege endeavoring to send the ball as far down into the opponents' territory as possible, even, if the kick is powerful enough, to cross the goal line, as that will force the opponents to kick out. As the kick-off is generally against the wind, however, it is not usual to see the ball kicked so far that the opponents may not run it out and thus avoid kicking it. As soon as the first line-up or scrimmage comes, every one, both players and spectators, will be on the *qui vive* for tricks, for a cleverly executed forward pass or a short kick similar to a quarter-back kick, may under the new rules give an opening for a long run or even a touchdown from almost any point in the field of play. It is



The rules provide that there shall always be six men of the side having the ball on the line of scrimmage, and if there are not more than six then one of those behind the line must be outside the man on the end of the line

true that by attempting such a trick a side runs the risk of losing possession of the ball, but, as already stated, the value of possession is lessened so that it will be well worth while to try these more spectacular plays. End running or runs just outside tackle will be more effective, owing to the rule forbidding tackling below the knees, and in addition to this it is on runs of this kind that the most effective forward passing can be made. The kicking will be of several kinds, one of which we have formerly seen where a back kicked the ball as far down the field as possible, usually upon the third down—that is, when two attempts have been made to advance and the required distance has not been secured. Then there will be the other kind of kicking—kicking with the intention of having the ball fall short of the man guarding the back field and yet over the heads of the defensive backs who are close to the line. If the ball thus falls, and on touching the ground puts the kieker's side on side, it is easy to see that they may have an opportunity of securing the ball on a run, and perhaps even evade the full-back and make a touchdown. These kicks will look not unlike the quarter-back kicks of old, as they will be short and, as a rule, diagonally placed over the rush line. The fear of this kind of kick will probably cause the side on the defense to take one more man back about halfway between the rush line and the back who receives long kicks. Even then there will be a good deal of doubt as to whether the opponents can not place the ball by a kick so as to make it possible for their own ends to stand a better chance of recovering the ball than do their opponents.

Forward passing is not likely to prove quite as dangerous as the kicking, because if a forward pass strikes the ground before being touched by a player of either side, the ball belongs to the opponents at the place from which the pass was made. As can be readily seen, the forward pass may not therefore be thrown out into space, but must be thrown directly to the player who is going to get it, and he must be sure at least to touch the ball or it is lost, and that, too, at the point from which it was passed. It was necessary to make some such provision as this in order to prevent what would have changed the entire character of the game, namely, throwing the ball as far as possible directly down the field, or continually lobbing it just over the line. It is safe to say, however, that the forward pass

has been so well hedged about with restrictions as to make it a play that must be thoroughly practised and well executed to be of use.

It promises to be very difficult to teach backs to tackle above the knees, and that will be somewhat trying during the early part of the season. The same is true about hurdling. If a man sees another standing directly in front of him he inevitably endeavors to jump over him, but the infliction of the penalty will bar out anything no matter how old and set the habits are.

These various innovations are likely to change the football map considerably, but at any rate they promise improvement in the lessening of roughness and brutality, more open play, and a much clearer vision of what is going on both for officials and spectators.

There have been a few other changes made which, while not perhaps markedly affecting the character of the play itself, will be welcomed as good features by the majority of those who witness these annual contests. One of these is that the continual taking out of time has been effectively dealt with. The captain will be allowed to call for time but three times during a half. If thereafter he makes a request for time his side is penalized two yards for every such request, provided of course the player is not removed from the game. If, therefore, a man has a serious injury so that he must discontinue playing, no penalty will be exacted from his side. In addition to this the time of the game, which not so very long ago consisted of two forty-five-minute halves, and which last year was two thirty-five-minute halves, has now been shortened to two thirty-minute halves, so that there will be but one hour of actual play.

This will work in two ways. One, that it will in a measure prevent the piling up of a score against a thoroughly beaten team. Another, that it will make two equally matched teams endeavor to execute their plays with more rapidity. There is another added advantage in that by shortening the game only ten minutes—together with the rule about taking out time—games will probably not be drawn out into the dusk.

There are other points in the rules more interesting probably in their detail to the player than the spectator—as, for instance, the greater distinctness with which holding in the line is described and dealt with, as well as the position a man assumes in the line of scrimmage. To put it briefly, the only allowable use of the arms of the men on the attacking side—that is, the side which has the ball in its possession—is with the arms close to the body. The men on the line of scrimmage may not lock legs with each other save that the guard may cross his leg with that of the centre, but this side of the rules appeals more to the official and players than to the ordinary spectator.

SISSIE JOHNNIE

THE STORY OF TWO SUCCESSFUL RAILROAD MEN

By JENNETTE LEE

IT was turning dusk in the office, though it was scarcely three o'clock and outside the sun was still shining, beyond the busy streets. The two men sitting on opposite sides of the small room bent closer to their desks. The younger glanced up and got up to turn on the electric light. The little scowl that had begun to form itself on the face of the older man changed to a look of relief. His pen moved faster over the paper.

The older man was Simeon Tetlow, President of the "R and Q" Railroad. It might almost be said that he *was* the road. Its minute ramifications and its great divisions were hardly more than the nerves and arteries that threaded Simeon Tetlow's thin frame. And the orders that went out from the tiny office, high up in the big block, were the play of his flitting finger-tips upon the keyboard of the whole clanking system. The tiny, shriveled figure gave no hint of the power that ticked carloads of live stock and human beings to their destination and laid its hand upon roads half dead, or dying, or alive and kicking, sweeping them gently into the system, with hardly a gulp.

Simeon Tetlow was an iron man, wiry and keen—an intellect without heart or soul or conscience, his coworkers would have told you. Each new road absorbed, each influx of power, seemed only to tighten a spring somewhere inside that shot the bolt. He could work day and night without tiring; and that was the reason, in part, why at forty-two he was president of the "R and Q" road; and the reason why at forty-two his hand when it reached out for its abstemious glass of water trembled so that it was quickly withdrawn. No one knew the man. No one guessed the nervous horror that often racked the small frame driven relentlessly by its big brain.

He reached out for a slip of paper that lay at hand and ran his eye over it, jotting down a few figures. Then he pushed it to one side and went on writing. The younger man came across the office and laid another slip of paper on the desk. He took the one that had been pushed aside, made a memorandum on it, and filed it in a pigeon-hole at the right. He was a short, young man, with broad shoulders and a round face. The face as it bent above the slip of paper had a dull look. There was a kind of patience in it not usual in so young a man, and when he turned his eyes to his employer they glowed with a clear light, as if something were shining behind them.

"What is it, John?" The man reached out a nervous, groping hand. His gaze had not left the page before him.

"This one next, sir." The young man touched the outstretched hand with the slip of paper.

"Yes, yes." It was almost testy.

The other returned to his desk and the scratching pens raced with the minutes.

A call-boy entered with a handful of letters. The young man took them and ran them through his fingers. He arranged them in piles, reserving a part for himself. These he read, making notes and filing them rapidly. One letter, the one at the bottom of the pack, was not addressed to the great Amorporation, but—in a fine, small hand to "John Bennett." He read this e last, looking thoughtfully at the lines and folding it with slow fingers. The patient look was still in his face, but the light of the eyes was gone. It seemed to have sunk back, leaving the flesh dull and heavy.

His employer glanced up suddenly. His quick eye sought the electric bulb, with a flash of impatience, and returned to its work.

The young man rose and turned on more lights. He moved about the room, putting things away for the night.

Simeon Tetlow finished his letters and pushed them from him. The young man came across and began to gather them up. His dull face came in range of his employer's eye.

"Give those I've marked to Hanscom. Have the rest ready in the morning. I shall dictate."

"Yes, sir." The young man finished gathering them up. Then he brought a hat and coat and laid them beside his employer. "May I speak to you a minute, sir?" he asked as he put them down.

The other glanced again, sharply, at his face. "Go ahead." His hand was reaching for the hat.

"I shall have to hand in my resignation, sir." The young man said it slowly, as if repeating something he had learned by heart.

The hand on the hat drew back. "What's that?" He laughed curtly and shot a look of suspicion at the impassive face. "More money?"

The face flushed. "No, sir." He hesitated a little. "My mother is sick."

"Umph!" The man's face cleared. "You don't need to resign for *that*." He did not ask what was the matter with the mother. He had not known that John had a mother. She seemed to be springing into existence very inconveniently. "Get a nurse," he said.

"She has had a nurse. But she needs me, I think." He did not offer more details.

The older man shrugged his shoulders a little—a quick shrug. He pushed forward a chair with his foot. "Sit down. Your father dead?" quickly.

"No, sir. But—father is—father." He said it with a little smile. "She's never had anybody but me," he went on quickly. "She's been sick ever since I was a little thing, and I've taken care of her. It frets her to have a woman around. She doesn't wash the dishes clean, and her cooking isn't really very good." He was smiling a little as he said it.

The man shot a quick look at him. "You're going home to wash dishes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Um-m. The fingers played a little tune on the desk. "I'll raise you twenty-five a month. Get a better nurse."

The boy shook his head. "I'm afraid it wouldn't do." He was hesitating—"I think she misses me."

"Umph! Very likely!" The man glanced at him over quick spectacles. "What's the matter with her? Sit down." He touched the chair again with his foot.

The young man sat down. "We don't know what it is. She can not walk—can not stand—a good deal of the time—and sometimes she suffers. But it is a kind of nervousness that is hardest to bear. She can not lie quiet. Something seems to drive her."

The man nodded. His fingers opened and closed. "What else?" he said bruskly.

"That's all—except that it quiets her to have me around. I can get work in Bridgewater and do the housework nights and mornings."

The man was scowling at him intently.

"It's what I've always done, till I came here," he said quickly.

"Washed dishes and cooked and made beds?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's no work for a *man*."

"I know." The dull face smiled a little. "The boys always called me 'Sissie Johnnie.'"

"Umph! I'm glad they did! . . . 'Sissie Johnnie'!" He smiled grimly and took a card from the desk before him, holding it a minute in his fingers, snapping it back and forth. "Has she ever seen a specialist?"



It was one of the worst wrecks the road had known

The young man shook his head. "No, sir."

The man wrote a few words on the card and blotted it quickly. "Take her to see Dr. Blake. He is the best nerve specialist in five hundred miles. If she isn't well enough to go to him, have him come to her. I'll pay the bill." He thrust himself into his hat and coat and got himself out of the room, shrugging nervously.

The young man stood with the card in his hand, looking down at it, a little smile on his lips. Then he went about, turning out all the bulbs but one and putting away papers and arranging the room for the night.

It was a small, rough room—hardly more than a corner cut off from the top floor by board partitions. The rest of the floor, outside, was used only for storage. Simeon Tetlow had achieved here what he wanted—complete solitude. There was, on the first floor, a magnificent apartment with lordly mahogany chairs, a baize-covered table and oil paintings, where twice a year he met his directors; and on the floor above it was a spacious room bearing on its panel the bronze token, "President's Office." It was occupied at present by three young lady typewriters who clacked their machines and arranged their hair and adjusted the shades on the plate-glass windows to suit their convenience, while in the little room at the top of the building the president of the corporation hunched himself over a four-dollar desk and scowled at the dim light that came through the half-sized windows. For three days after it was finished, Simeon Tetlow occupied the spacious room below designed for the president of the corporation. Then he gathered together his few belongings and fled to the top. His gigantic brain could only work when free from distraction. The mere sense that some one might rap, even on the outer door of the stately office, paralyzed him, and his nervous frame, once set a-jangle, trembled, and palpitated for hours. The mere forbidding of intrusion was not sufficient. Some well-meaning idiot, laden with news of importance, would break over the command, and hours of careful thought would be whirled aloft in the smoke of Simeon's wrath. He fled to the loft, dropping, as it were, a trapdoor behind him. No one was to follow—unless summoned. No literary man was ever more jealous of solitude. But no mere literary man could think a railroad into existence or quench a wheat crop with a nod. If Simeon Tetlow's body had matched his brain, there would have been no limit to his power. As it was, he remained a mighty general without an army, a head without hands and feet. The details of life frustrated him at every point. He could meet his directors, serene in the knowledge that the road was prospering beyond all bounds. He could carry to them the facts and figures and proofs of prosperity—in his head. But the papers that recorded these facts, the proofs in black and white, were never forthcoming at the right moment. They took to themselves wings—of paper; they flitted and skulked and hid; they lay on the top of the pile before him and grinned at him, their very faces changed to a diabolic scorn that he should not know them.



His glance fell upon John mopping his brow

This was the Simeon Tetlow of three years ago. Then there entered, one morning, in response to his summons for a call boy, a short, square youth with a dull face. Simeon did not note him as he came in. He forgot that he had called for a boy. His mind was busy with projects of import. When it came back, with a start, he recognized that some one had been with him, for ten minutes or more, who had not worried and irritated him by merely being alive. He shot a keen glance at the dull face. The light of the eyes was turned to him, waiting to serve him.

After that Simeon summoned the boy again and again, on one pretext or another. He made excuses to see him. He advanced him from post to post.

At last, about a year ago, he nodded at a desk that had been installed, overnight, across the room: "You are to work there and your pay will be raised a hundred."

The boy took possession of the desk with as little stir as if he had received some casual order. He did not ask what his work was to be, and Simeon Tetlow did not tell him. The big brain found hands and feet—almost, it might seem, lungs and a few other useful, vital organs—and it used them, as it had used the nervous, shaking body before—relentlessly. For the first time in his life Simeon found his papers ready to his hand. He attended his first directors' meeting, sitting at the head of the green baize table, like a man in a dream. The right paper slipped to his finger-tips and lingered there; the figures formed themselves in seemly ranks and marched up and down the green baize parade in orderly file. The effect upon the directors was, at first, a little startling. They had become wonted to Simeon—hurried, gasping, and impatient—and to dividends. They were almost afraid of these cold facts and figures. They looked at them cautiously, through gold-rimmed glasses, received their dividends—and took heart.

Each day some new comfort found its way to Simeon's desk. The morning that the box of elastic bands appeared there was a holocaust of joy among the papers. He used nearly the whole box the first day. He had never owned an elastic band before. He was president of the great corporation, but it had not occurred to him that he had a right to elastic bands. He slid them up and down his nervous fingers in sheer energy of delight. But he did not mention them to John, nor John to him. It was John who provided the new letter-file that cut the work in half, and had the grimy windows washed till they shone like plate, and arranged the desk 'phone so that Simeon could dictate to the stenographer, three floors below. Other letters were written in John's round, conscientious-looking hand. If there were anything that one human being could do for another that was not done in the office, Simeon did not know what it was—nor did John. A clothes-brush that brushed them twice a day hung by Simeon's hat and coat; and if Simeon's neckties were still shabby and his collars a little frayed, it was because John had not yet discovered the remedy.

Some days a luncheon appeared on Simeon's desk, and some days he went out to luncheon; and he could not have told which, except that it was always the thing that he would have done had he devoted hours of thought to it all.

He did not give thanks to John, and John did not expect them. The lamps in his eyes had not been lighted for that—nor for money. . . .

He went about the room now in his slow, considerate way, attending to each detail of locking up, as carefully as if he were not to be first on the ground in the morning. . . . He would return to start the day. Later—perhaps at noon—he would slip away. That would make least trouble. . . . To come in the morning and find him gone!—John felt, through all his short, square figure, the shock to the nervous, quivering one. He did not need to reason it out. He did not even know that he thought it. It was an instinct—born the first day he came into Simeon Tetlow's office and saw the thin figure seated before its chaotic desk wrestling its way through mighty things. . . . He had thought of his mother as he stood there waiting for orders. She had fairly driven him away. "Go and be a *man*," she had said, "I shall ruin you." And she had smiled at him courageously. . . . And he had come away, and had taken the first thing at hand—a call boy, kicking his heels against a bench with a dozen others. And this was his employer. . . . So he had stood waiting when Simeon Tetlow had looked up and seen the lamps aglow.

That was three years ago. And to-night Simeon, plodding home through the foggy gloom, was swearing a little under his breath.

"It's the weak spot in the boy," he said testily; "I believe he's soft at the core."

He inserted his latchkey, grumbling still. "Wash dishes, is he?—Damn him!—Umph!—Damn him!" And yet it was as if he had said: "Bless him!" The great door swung noiselessly open, and he went in.

II

THE woman was looking into the dusk. Her hair, short like a boy's, curled a little about the ears. She pushed it back as she looked, her eyes deepening and widening. It was a gentle face, with a sharp line between the eyes, that broke its quiet. She sank back with a little sigh. Foolish to look. . . . He could not come. She must think of something. . . . The twilights were long and heavy. . . . What was it he had written? . . . Hollyhocks? yes; that was it!—in the garden. He had said she should have them—next summer. She leaned back with closed eyes and folded hands, watching them—pink and rose and crimson, white with flushing red, standing stiff and straight against the wall. They were so cool and sturdy, and they brought the sunshine. . . . The dark floated wide and lost itself in a sky of light. The smile crept back to her lips. She stirred a little. The door opened and closed. . . . His hands scarcely touched her as he bent and kissed her.

"It's you—!" a little cry of doubt and delight.

"It's me, mother." The words laughed to her quietly.

She put out a hand. "How long can you stay?" She was stroking his coat.

"Always."

"What—?" The hand pushed him from her. The eyes scanned his face.

"Always," he repeated cheerfully, "if you want me."

She shook her head. "I don't want you. I wrote you I was—happy."

"Yes. You wrote it too often—and too hard." He was smiling at her. But the lamps were misty. "Did you think I wouldn't see?"

"Oh, dear—oh, dear—dear, dear!" It was a little wail of reproach at his foolishness—and hers. "And you were doing so well!"

"I can do better here. What's burning?" He sniffed a little.

She glanced anxiously toward the kitchen. "Your father put some crusts in the oven to brown. It can't be—"

"It can't be anything else," said John.

When he came back he told her of the great Dr. Blake.

They sat in silence while the room grew dark about them.

Now and then she reached out and touched his coat softly.

"To-morrow then—?" half-doubtfully, when he bade her good-night.

"To-morrow we shall see the great doctor," he assented cheerfully. "Good-night, mother."

"Good-night, my son."

The great doctor looked her over keenly, with eyes that saw everything and saw nothing.

"A little trouble in walking?"

"Yes."

"And nervous sometimes—a little?"

He might have been a neighbor, inquiring after her health. The little woman forgot herself and her fear of him. She told him, very simply, of the long nights—when the walls seemed closing in and there was no air except under the sky, and her feet refused to carry her. The line between her eyes grew deeper as she talked, but the hands in her lap were very quiet. She did not shrink while the doctor's sensitive fingers traveled up and down her spine with almost roseleaf touch. Only once she gave a quick cry of pain.

"I see. I see. A little tender."

"Yes." It was almost a gasp, with a quick drawing in of the lip.

"I see." He nodded. "Yes. That will do—very nicely."

He led her away to another room—to rest a little before the journey. When he returned his glance met the boy's absently.

He arranged trifles on his desk—paper-weight and pens and blotter, as affairs of importance, before he spoke, casually:

"She will always be ill—Yes. It is a hopeless case—Yes." He paused a little between the words, giving the boy time. "She will suffer—more than she has yet. But we can help a little." He had drawn a paper toward him and was writing his hieroglyphics with slow care, not looking up. "We will ease it, all we can. Keep her mind at rest. Make her happy." He turned his spectacles on the young man. "You can make her happy. That will do more for her than I can. . . . Will she live? Yes—yes. Longer than the rest, perhaps. . . . Shall you tell her?—Not to-day, I think—some other time. She is a little tired. She is a brave woman."

III

SIMEON TETLOW glanced up sharply. The door had opened without a sound. "You've come. Umph!" He shoved the pile of letters from him. "Sit down."

The air was full of sunshine. Even in the dingy office it glinted and shone.

Across its radiance Simeon studied the dull face. "Well?"

The eyes of the boy met his, half wistfully it seemed. "She needs me, sir," he said.

Simeon stirred uneasily. "Seen Dr. Blake?"

"Yes, sir. He says he can not help her."

"Umph!" Simeon shifted again in his chair. His eye dropped to the pile of papers beside him.

The boy's hands had reached out to them. Almost instinctively the fingers were threading their way among them, sorting and arranging in neat piles.

Simeon watched the fingers jealously. It was as if he might spring upon them and fasten them there for-

(Continued on page 24)



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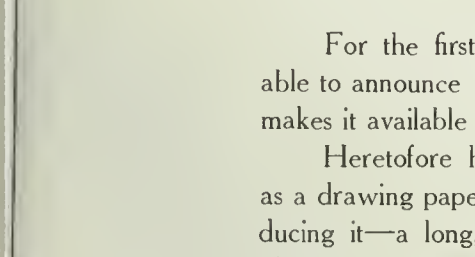
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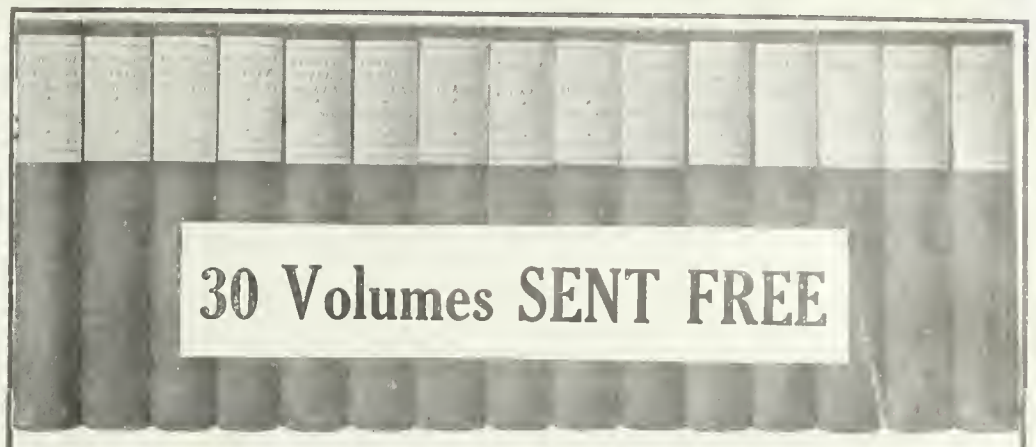
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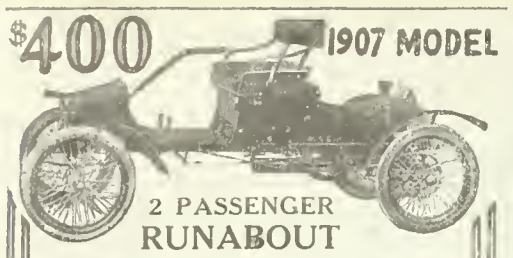
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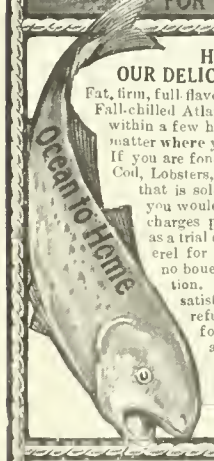
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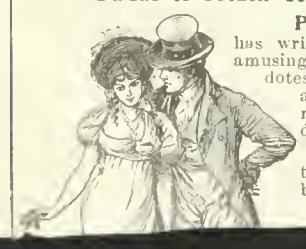
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(Continued from page 22)

ever. The young man's eyes traveled about the room, noting signs of disorder. "I can stay to-day," he said slowly. He hesitated. "I can stay a week, sir, if you want me."

"I don't want you a week." The man was looking at him savagely. "You must bring them here," he said.

"Here?" in doubt.

The man nodded. "They can live here as well as anywhere?"

The boy pondered it a minute. He shook his head slowly.

"They wouldn't be happy," he said. "She has friends there, in Bridgewater—people she's known ever since she was a little girl—and father has his work. He's an old man. It wouldn't be easy for him to get work here. He has an easy job—"

"Work enough here," growled Simeon. He was studying the boy's face keenly. Was it possible the fellow was making capital of all this? He threw off the thought. "Work enough here," he repeated.

John considered it again. He looked up. The lamps threw their clear light into the future. "I'd thought of that, sir," he said slowly, "and I've talked about it—a little. But I saw it hurt them. So I dropped it."

"You're missing the chance of a lifetime," said Simeon. "There are men working below that'd give ten years off their life to get what you've got without trying."

The boy's quiet eye met his. "I know it, sir. I've thought about it a long time. It's hard to do. But, you see, we never have but one father and mother." He was smiling at the crusty man like a comrade.

The other met it, blinking. "Umph!"

"I shall try to get something at the Bridgewater office. I thought perhaps you would recommend me if there was a vacancy."

"There isn't any," said Simeon shortly—almost with relief.

"The second shipping-clerk left week before last."

"You don't want that."

"I think I do."

Simeon turned vaguely toward the pigeon-holes. The boy's quick eye was before him. "This is the one, sir."

Simeon smiled grimly. He drew out a blank from its place and filled it in. "You won't like it," he said, holding the pen in his teeth while he reached for the blotter. "It's heavy lifting, and Simpson's no angel to work under. No chance to rise, either." He was glaring at the boy, a kind of desperate affection growing in his eyes.

The boy returned the look mistily. "You make it a little hard, sir. I wish I could stay." He half held out his hand and drew it back.

Simeon ignored it. He had taken down a ledger and picked a letter from the pile before him. The interview was over. The President of the "R and Q" Railroad was not hanging on anybody's neck.

"It's the other ledger, sir," said John quickly, "the farther one." He reached over and laid it deftly before his employer.

Simeon pushed it from him savagely. "Go to the devil!" he said.

The boy went, shutting the door quietly behind him.

IV

IT was six o'clock—the close of a perfect June day. Not even the freight engines, pulling and hauling up and down the yard, with their puffs of black smoke, could darken the sky. Over in the meadow, beyond the network of tracks, the bobolinks had been tumbling and bubbling all day. It was time to close shop now, and they had subsided into the long grass. In the office the assistant shipping-clerk was finishing the last bill of lading. He put it to one side and looked at his watch. A look of relief crossed his face as he replaced it and climbed down from the high stool. It had been a hard day in the Bridgewater freight-office. News had come, in the early morning, of a wreck, three miles down the track—a sleeper and a freight had collided where the road curves by the stonework of the long bridge, and John had been sent down to help in looking after the freight.

It was one of the worst wrecks the road had known. No one placed the blame. Those on the ground were too busy to have theories; and those at a distance had to change their theories a dozen times during the day. At noon word came that the president of the road was on his way to the scene of the accident. The news reached John as he was getting into the wrecking-car to return to the office. He paused for a flying minute, one foot on the step of the car. Then he swung off, and the car moved on without him. He spent the next half hour going over the ground. He made careful notes of every detail, recalling points from memory, taking measurements, jotting down facts and figures with his swift, short fingers. When he had finished he took the next wrecking-car back, making up for lost time by lunching at his desk while he worked.

All the afternoon he had been doing the work of three men. . . . Six o'clock. He got down from the high stool, stretching himself and rubbing his arms. In ten minutes the special would pass. He glanced out through the office window at the back of the building. High at the top of the sandy bank a bunch of clover bloomed against the sky, huge heads, with pink and white hearts—a kind of alfalfa—perhaps a seed from some passing freight. He had seen them, flaunting there, between hurried snatches of work, all the afternoon. He would pick them and carry them to her. But not now— He looked again at his watch. He wanted to see the special when it passed. It would not stop, probably, but he might catch a glimpse of Simeon Tetlow. He had often wished he might see him, and he had often thought of his face the morning he said good-by. Beneath the anger in it had been something the boy could not fathom—a kind of entreaty. . . . He must find some way to give him the notes he had made of the wreck. He stepped out on the platform, looking up and down the shine on the tracks. The sun, coming low across the meadow beyond the tracks, made everything beautiful. A whistle sounded. The special—at the upper bridge. In five minutes it would pass. A smile curved his lips. The sound of quick bells and puffs and wheels came pleasantly to him from the engines at work in the yard down beyond the freight-house. A long train at the left was backing in slowly. John watched it and jingled some pennies in his pockets. He was thinking of Simeon Tetlow, the smile still on his lips. . . . Suddenly the smile stopped. The fingers gripped the pennies and held them fast. . . . His eye flashed along the top of the slow-moving train.—No one in sight—level tracks—the special two minutes off—the freight taking her track. . . . The switch, if he could make it.—It was not a thought, but a swift turn of the short legs. Never had they seemed to him so fat and heavy beneath him. Yet they went flying over the ties as the wind sweeps a field. The short, strong body dropped itself upon the switch and hung there, gripping—a whirl of cinders and blast and roar. . . . Had he come fast enough? . . . Ages passed. He lifted his head and looked back up the long tracks. The freight was still backing in slowly. The special—like an old lady who has taken the wrong crossing—was emitting a sound of dismay, a quick, high note. The wheels reversed and she came back, puffing and complaining, in little jerks.

When the train halted Simeon Tetlow stepped down from the platform. His hand, as it left the iron rail, trembled a little. He thrust it into the pocket of his light coat, looking up and down the tracks with stern glance. The glance fell upon John mopping his brow.

The President of the road moved toward him slowly. "What's up?" It was short and sharp.

John waited a minute while he mopped his brow again and replaced the handkerchief. He was thinking fast—for two. "I—I wanted to see you, sir." One glance at the man had told him everything—the shaking hand clinched in the



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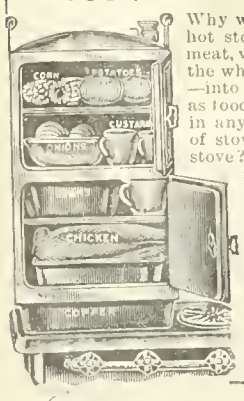
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SISSIE JOHNNIE

Continued from page 24)

pocket, the quivering nerves, the dusty journey, the anxiety and fierce need of help. One more shock and the tension would give way. "I wanted to see you, sir," he repeated quietly.

Simeon was looking at him keenly, up and down. "So you stopped my special?"

John nodded. "Yes, I stopped it—I guess I stopped it." His voice almost laughed at the words. He was tugging at something in his pocket. "I wanted to give you these, sir." He had fished out the handful of papers—old envelopes, scraps, bits of newspaper margins—covered with writing and figures. "I was down there this morning—to the wreck," he said quickly. "Things were pretty well mixed up—I thought you might like to see how they lay. I made some notes."

"Ah-h!" It was a long-drawn breath—something between a snarl and a laugh. "Come inside."

They went into the special, with her hideous decorations of plush and imitation leather. The President nodded to the seat beside a table covered with telegrams and newspapers and memoranda: "Sit down."

He seated himself opposite the boy, his elbow on the table and his head resting on the hand. Beneath its shelter his swift eyes looked out, scanning the boy's face.

"Well?" It was sharp and quick.

The boy smiled at the familiar note. He ran over the papers in his fingers, selecting one near the bottom. "This is the way things lay when we got there. We were first on the ground. I had a good chance to see," he said simply.

"I'll warrant." Simeon growled a little, leaning toward it.

The boy moved nearer to him. "These are the sleepers— The freight lay this way, over to the lift. They must have struck just as the last car left the bridge."

"I see." Simeon reached out a hand for the paper. It trembled mistily as he bent above it. "I see." The tone held a note of satisfaction. "What else?" He looked up quickly.

John was sorting the papers, a half-smile on his slow lips. A sense of happiness held his stubby fingers.

The President's eyes rested on the dull face for a long minute. His hand, holding the paper, had ceased to tremble. He was resting in the strength of this body, short and sturdy and full of willing life. No one knew what that stubby-fingered boy had meant to him—what plans for the future had been cut off. The boy was to have been closer than a partner for him, closer than his own body, through the years. He was to have lived with him—shared his fortune, good and bad. . . . No one had guessed. He himself had not quite known—until, one day, the door closed behind the boy and he found himself sitting before a desk, trying with trembling fingers to make an entry in the ledger. . . . He had worried along since then as best he could. . . . And now he was sitting in the quiet car with the boy opposite him. The freight outside was pulling away with slow, disturbed puffs. The low sun shone through the car, and a glow of red plush lifted itself about them and filled the car with clear, rosy light.

The boy looked up. His eyes met the watching ones, and a quick light flashed into them, touching the lamps of service to flame. "This is the next one, sir." He looked down again at the papers and held one out.

The President pushed it aside with a touch. His eyes searched the boy's face. "Tell me what happened—just now?"

"Just now—?" The boy looked up, waiting, his lips half apart.

The President nodded. "You know— When we stopped— What was wrong?"

The boy waited a minute. "No. 39 had your track," he said at last, quietly: "She's gone now. That's her whistle—up the yard." He turned his head a little.

The President's eyes still scanned the dull face. "And you changed the switch?"

"Yes, sir."

The President pushed the papers farther from him, making a place for both arms on the table. He leaned forward a little. "So that's what you left me for?"

The boy looked up, startled. "What, sir?"

The President nodded slowly. "To turn a switch, I suppose—" The thin hand lifted to his lips was trembling now as a leaf quivers at a sudden wind.

"Some one else would have seen," said the boy quickly.

"Nobody sees—but you." He crunched out the words. "When are you coming back?"

"Back?"

"To the office—I need you." He gulped a little over the words. He had never said as much to any one.

The lamps, with their still glow, were turned toward him. "I want to come, sir."

"Well?"

"We talked it over last night— She wants me to do it— She will come with me— But—"

The President of the road was looking down now—waiting.

The boy's eyes studied the worn face with its wrinkles, the thin, hard lips and stern lines. Something in it made his heart suddenly go from him. "I think I'm coming, sir," he said simply.

The face did not look up. It worked strangely for a moment.

Then it dropped in the folded arms on the table and rested there.

The boy fell to sorting the telegrams.

When the man looked up the face was quiet. But something had gone from it—a kind of hard selfishness. The gentleness that touched the lines had left them free. He smiled a little wistfully as he held out his hand for the papers. "I'm ready now. Go ahead."

In ten minutes the papers were all in his hands, and the special was on her way to the wreck. The boy watched it out of sight. Then he turned away and crossed the tracks to the sandy bank, whistling softly—little breaths of sound that broke into lightest bubbles of joy as he climbed the bank. He was going to gather the clover blossoms, with the pink and white hearts, to carry home to her.

✣ ✣ ✣

OCTOBER VERSES

By GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

I

THE wind's afraid of something.
It whimpers all the day
And scares the little leaves
Till they fall and run away,
Whispering, "Never, never
Grow again in the sun;
All our long dance ended,
All our green joy done."

II

Up one tree and down another
Harvesting's an awful bother;
Skip from one branch to the next,
Never worried or perplexed,
Merely very avaricious,
Possibly a little vicious;
Really if we don't work harder
Some nuts may not reach our larder.

Important Shorthand Work

Reporting of Speeches at Reception to W. J. Bryan and New York State Convention most exacting in Shorthand Business

WHEN Hon. William J. Bryan returned from his globe-encircling trip, on his arrival in New York he was given the greatest reception ever accorded a private citizen on his home-coming from foreign lands. In New York City a great gathering assembled to welcome the one who, without much doubt, will be the next nominee for the presidency of one of the great political parties. Addresses of welcome were made by the leading statesmen of the country, and Mr. Bryan, in his response, set forth in detail his views on what should be the principles to be embodied in the platform of his party two years hence.



C. H. MARSHALL

The importance of this speech and its correct preservation by means of shorthand, can hardly be over-estimated. True it is that Mr. Bryan had prepared his address for this occasion, but a verbatim report of his speech showed many deviations from his manuscript. This necessitated the reporting of the entire speech in shorthand, and for this class of work the very best shorthand men in the country are employed.

It was to the ability of Mr. Clyde H. Marshall, an expert criminal court reporter in District Attorney Jerome's office, that Mr. Bryan today owes his possession of the exact report of the entire meeting held in New York. Mr. Marshall reported all the speeches of those who welcomed the distinguished guest, as well as the important address of Mr. Bryan himself. His work on this meeting stamped Mr. Marshall as being one of the best young shorthand experts in this country.

The recent New York state convention of the Independence League, at which William R. Hearst received the nomination for governor of that state, was also reported in shorthand by Mr. Marshall. Convention reporting of this kind calls for the very highest ability in shorthand work. Within a few minutes after the convention adjourned, Mr. Marshall had delivered a verbatim report of the speeches to the newspapers, and the addresses printed therein were his work.

In order to qualify himself for this work, a few months ago Mr. Marshall enrolled in the correspondence course of the Success Shorthand School, of Chicago, an institution presided over by the most successful expert court and convention reporters in the world. He was taught the expert shorthand with which these men had built up a business of $100,000 a year as expert shorthand reporters, and with which the graduates of this school have become the most expert.

Mr. Marshall is but one of hundreds of successful expert shorthand writers this school has educated. Throughout the United States, Mexico and Canada, there are successful stenographers holding important commercial positions, private secretaries to statesmen, bankers, railroad magnates and captains of industry, as well as the well-paid court reporters, who owed their ability to this expert instruction. Among these are:

C. W. Pitts, Alton, Ia.—Knew nothing of shorthand when he enrolled; seven months thereafter appointed official reporter of Fourth Judicial District of Iowa, worth $3,000 a year.

J. M. McLaughlin, Care Court House, Burlington, Ia.—Official Court Reporter Twentieth Judicial District of Iowa.

C. E. Pickle, Care Court House, Austin, Tex.—Official Court Reporter.

William F. Cooper, Care Court House, Tucson, Ariz.—Official Court Reporter.

W. J. Morey, 81 Clark Street, Chicago.—Private secretary to Joseph Leiter, Chicago millionaire.

George F. Larbee. Criminal Court Building, Chicago.—Member of official court reporting staff of Criminal Court of Cook County.

Carrie A. Hyde, 7 Erwin Block, Terre Haute, Ind.—Official Court Reporter at Terre Haute.

F. D. Kellogg, 1676 Pemberton Avenue, Chicago.—Private secretary to John R. Walsh, Chicago millionaire.

Dudley M. Kent, Colorado, Tex.—Official Reporter of Thirty-Second Judicial District of Texas. In a single month Mr. Kent did a business of $650.25.

Eva C. Erb, Ogden City, Utah.—Official Reporter Second Judicial District of Utah.

Roy Bolton, Twelfth Street Depot, Chicago.—Private secretary to Comptroller of Illinois Central Ry.

Gordon L. Elliott, Mason City, Ia.—Official Reporter of Twelfth Judicial District of Iowa.

Ray Nyemaster. Atalissa, Ia.—Private secretary to Congressman Dawson, after seven months' study.

Mary E. Black, Ashland Block, Chicago.—Court reporter with lucrative business.

Edwin A. Ecke, private secretary to John R. Wallace, former chief engineer of Panama Canal.

Sigmund M. Majewski, Journal Building, Chicago.—Expert Court Reporter.

James A. Newkirk, 607 American Trust Building, Cleveland, O.—Court reporter, worked on famous Ice Trust cases and investigation of Standard Oil Company by Inter State Commerce Commission.

E. C. Winger, Point Pleasant, W. Va.—Official Court Reporter.

The above are but a few of the experts this school has graduated. Their addresses are given in order that the reader may communicate with them. Names of other experts will be furnished those who inquire.

If you know nothing of shorthand, and desire an expert training, these past masters of shorthand will teach you from the beginning in the highest branches of the shorthand art. If you are now a stenographer, you can be perfected by this school so that you will be capable of performing this expert work, with which the princely salaries are made. A written guaranty is given each accepted pupil to return all money paid in case of dissatisfaction. Write today for the handsome forty-eight page catalogue, giving full information. Address SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL, Suite 1210, 79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. If now a stenographer, state system and experience.

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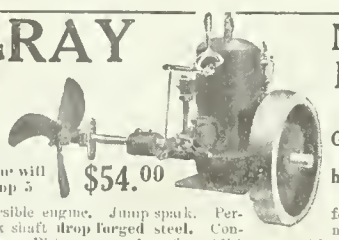
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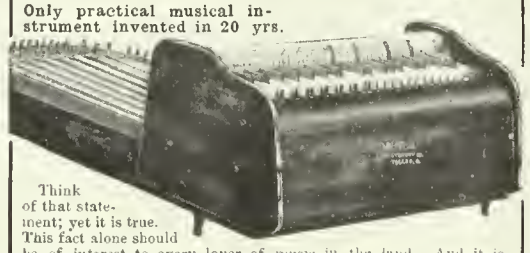
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Only practical musical instrument invented in 20 yrs.



Think of that statement; yet it is true. This fact alone should be of interest to every lover of music in the land. And it is.

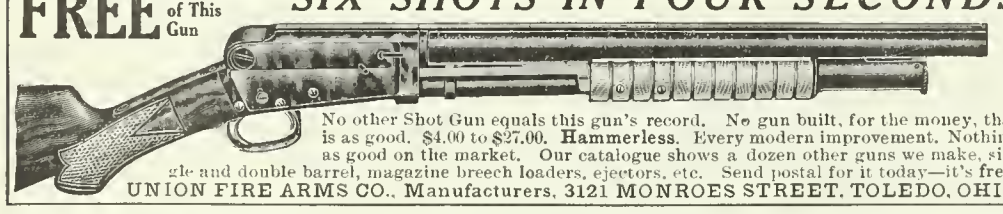
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Suits **made to measure** by **experienced tailors, durably trimmed, for $7.85,** equal to any tailor's $15.00 suit—

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THE COUNTY

(*Continued from page 19*)

immune to this spontaneous stampede to sheer morality. Always in our race the moral courage is there; only the moral conviction is needed to arouse the moral enthusiasm, and it becomes the strongest thing in our national life.



BUT unfortunately in the lower levels of politics moral stampedes are unusual. The ordinary delegate to the ordinary political convention plays the game of politics according to the rules of that particular sport. He despises downright lying. He scorns crude bribery with money as the consideration. He is a stickler for public economy. But, on the other hand, promises to friends need not be kept if they endanger the interests of his ward or his township in a contest before the convention; and, though Bob Saunders be a cripple and unable to earn his salary, if Henry Thomas will make Bob Saunders Deputy Sheriff, all of Bob Saunders's friends are in honor bound to support Henry Thomas; though if Henry should offer Bob for his support the sum of money in cash that he would draw as Deputy Sheriff, the very hint of it would defeat Mr. Thomas. For these are the rules of the game. A county commissioner who trades a bridge for the vote of a township in the election, loses little caste by the bargain. And the county attorney who is able to get railroad passes for his friends has friends in the convention who admit they are voting for him in spite of his record, though the sum of money they save in railroad fare by his kindness is so small that it would insult them if it were offered as a bribe. The present convention system of county politics makes it inconvenient for a majority of the citizens actively to engage in the political game. Usually the conventions of a given party in any county are composed of the same men year after year. The list for the convention ten years ago or twenty years ago would do for the convention to-day, if death might help to answer the roll-call. So the local politicians form a caste in the county. Two or three Republicans control the delegation to the Republican Convention from any township; five or six Republicans control each ward—unless there is a factional contest, when the first five or six men contest with five or six others. When the county delegates are all elected, a dozen men self-selected from the different wards and townships gather with more or less secrecy the day or the night before the convention meets and map out its work; unless, of course, there is a factional fight in the county, when two such groups of highbinders meet. From the day when the delegates are selected until the county ticket is named, the people are outcasts. All the rites and ceremonies, all the candle-burning and bell-ringing, is done by the high-caste devotees of the order of politics, and finally when the tickets of all the parties are named, the people at best have but a choice between evils, and as a result county officers are entirely honest so far as till-tapping goes. They are entirely efficient so far as the routine clerical work of the county is concerned, and are kind-hearted, shrewd, quick-witted Americans, whose chief interest in political life is to see that their friends get every dollar of the county's money that the letter of the law will give them, and that their enemies keep well within the spirit of the statute. Men of this mold and timber form the blue lodge of politics. From them we recruit our knights and nobles and most worshipful ones. If this country is to be improved politically, it will do little permanent good to begin reforming Presidents and Senators and Congressmen and Governors and Judges. If there is anything so excitable as "treason" in the Senate, it is the same kind of treason that is found among the people, and it will do no good to show the people what kind of rascals they have hired, unless we show the people what kind of rascals they are who hired them. And it will accomplish little toward the real betterment of the national life, if we keep scolding the people and calling them names without pointing the way to some real exit from the dark tower, if dark tower we are in. But a close view of the situation compels one to conclude that we are not in a dark tower at all. We are merely in a hallway—to continue the architectural figure—a hallway which soon must open into a wider field. Politics are no worse than they were a generation ago. The gentleman in a frock coat, with one of his hands thrust complacently between the buttons in front, and the other displaying his high hat, was no more honest than is the Fourth Ward statesman of the country town of to-day, and the two are equally stupid.



GRAFT—as we call special privilege—was as prevalent in Washington's time and in Jackson's time and in Lincoln's time and in Garfield's and Cleveland's times as it is to-day. A few persons raged about it in other days, but the people as a nation didn't care. Look back twenty years. Could a Presidential candidate to-day carry the load that Blaine carried and come within a few thousand votes of an election? Mr. Elkins is a survival of the Blaine days of American politics—how would he run as a Presidential candidate against either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Bryan? Ben Butler was Governor of Massachusetts once; would Massachusetts elect Ben Butler to-day? In the campaign of 1884 "Harper's Weekly" stood almost alone as the type of literary weekly with real political independence; now that sort of weekly is the prevailing type. The great mass of the American people in that day regarded George William Curtis and Carl Schurz and James Russell Lowell as political freaks. The Republicans despised them, and the Democrats mistrusted them. But the term Mugwump has lost its opprobrium. It has become almost an obsolete word in the political dictionary. And the reason of it all is found in the people themselves. A new generation is on the stage of life. It is a generation that has been educated in the American public schools as they have existed since the Civil War. It is preeminently a reading generation. The "Harper's Weekly" of 1884 had less than one hundred thousand subscribers. Perhaps half a million people read it. To-day the actual subscribers to the best known of a score of papers, monthlies and weeklies, and three or four dailies of that character, number many millions, and when one considers how many of these subscribers are public libraries and reading-rooms in country towns and villages, the number of readers of first-rate well-made, independent unpurchasable periodicals runs into a figure that is so large a percentage of the American public that one easily accounts for the fact that the public sentiment of America is far ahead of the public service. One of our chief troubles in politics to-day is that the intelligently honest voter is tied up and tangled and exasperated with an antiquated system of politics. It was made for a day when the people as a mass were not quite ready for direct participation in the affairs of government. In those days we called our Government a government of the people, but it was in fact a government of the politicians for the people. Hence the convention system in our politics. And from that has grown the caste of politics, that has its foundation in the county and the county town, and extends through the Judicial and Congressional Districts to the State and to the nation. Under the convention system the people find it difficult to express themselves. They find it difficult to get results. In the sixties and seventies the convention system was probably the best system. For partizanship and patriotism had been sadly confused by the Civil War and its issues. If the population could have voted directly for its party candidates, the old soldier would have been named for sheriff from one end of the land to the other without any regard to the issues. But now the American schools are turning out millions who can read, and American civilization has shortened the hours of labor for those millions, and has put attractive, well-made, well-written, and honestly edited periodicals into the hands of those reading millions at a price so small that every one is a reader, and the people are demanding a change in their system of politics. This fall the movement for direct primaries is engaging the people of the whole Mississippi Valley with varying activity in the several States. It is one of the great movements of American politics. The stupid politicians and the forces of corruption are fighting against the direct primary. But it is coming, and when it is established it will take the American people one step—and that a long step—nearer to the real government of the people by the people, that the people may not perish from the earth.

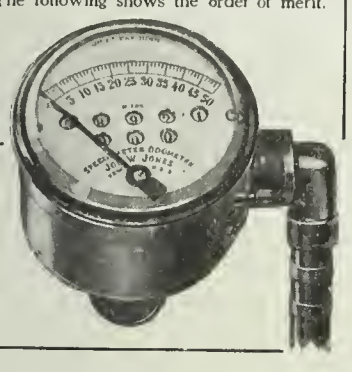


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The Jones Speedometer

The Judges in awarding the club's **Gold Medal** ruled that the Jones was the most reliable speed indicating device in the world. The following shows the order of merit.

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2. Elliott
3. Cowey Ind.
4. Gratze
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With spring motive power and oscillating rotary action, working on roller bearings, my "1900 Home" Washer runs easier and gives better satisfaction than washers made by any other concern. My washers force twice as much water through the clothes—do the work twice as fast—do twice as much work—and in just half the time it takes to wash with other washers.

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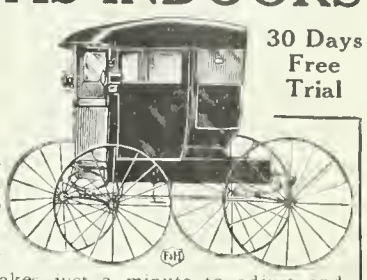
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This is a finely made coat, 1907 style, equal to any fur coat you ever saw offered for $25.00 or more. Sent on receipt of price with the understanding that **your money will be returned if you want it.** If you would like to see this coat before paying for it, write us. As an extra inducement to those who order from this ad. we will give a pair of

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(either ladies or men's) unlined, with first order. Give complete measures for coat and gloves.

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Twelve ____ 50/100 Dollars

If a suit made by me is not custom made

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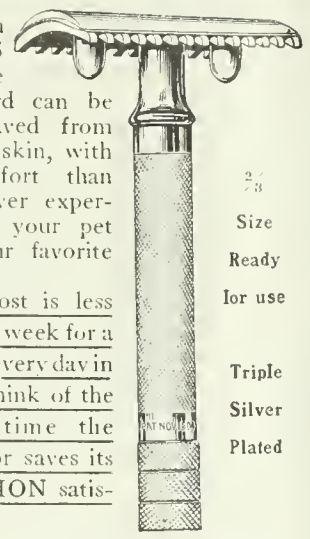
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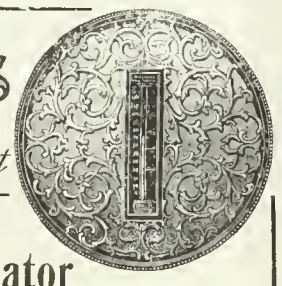


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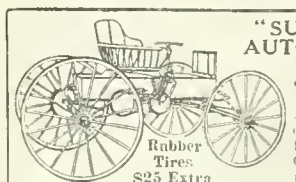
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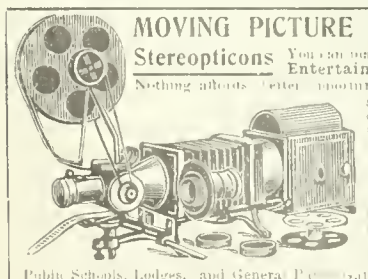
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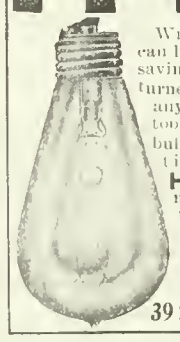
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THE PEOPLE AND THE BUTCHER

By William M. Stewart

Senator Stewart, who represented Nevada, a ranching State, in the United States Senate for thirty years, is an authority on the economics of animal food industries

THE country is indebted to President Roosevelt for attacking the railroad oligarchy and the numerous brood of trusts it has created. But nothing he has said or done is of more immediate importance to the country than his partial exposure of the wholesale poisoning combination commonly called the meat trust. That trust is destroying the health of all the people and depriving them of the mental and physical vigor necessary to resist the revolution which the usurpation of the power by railroads to regulate commerce has inaugurated. A thorough investigation of the meat trust will do something more than exhibit to the people the filthy and villainous practises of the combine. It will show that the business of slaughtering animals must be restored to local butchers throughout the country.

The railroad discriminations in favor of the meat trust enabled that poisoning organization to deprive every locality of an independent butcher by establishing a market in every neighborhood and furnishing meat products for less than cost.

The investigation will show that the meat trust is not only an organization deleterious to health, but that its operation is destroying competition and violating the anti-trust law. It will also appear on investigation that if the meat trust really intended to furnish the country with wholesome animal food—free from ptomaines or other poisons—the slaughtering of such a vast number of animals at points selected by the trust makes the distribution of wholesome meat products throughout the country impossible. The hundreds of millions already acquired by the trust in controlling the price of meats, and consequently of live stock, makes that grasping and murderous institution a formidable enemy; but its millions and its far-reaching influence will soon vanish before the blazing light of a thorough exposure, and the right to obtain wholesome food will be restored to the people.

THE DUTY OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN POLITICALLY

By John F. Finerty

Mr. Finerty is the author of the most authentic history of Ireland, and was for years President of the United Irish League of America and Congressman from Illinois

THE duty of the Irish-American politically is to act like all other Americans, and take sides in politics according to his conscientious convictions. This he has done since the beginning of his citizenship; but before the Presidential candidacy of the late Mr. Blaine he was to be found, in general, on the Democratic side of almost every question. In 1884 the Irishmen rallied to Mr. Blaine, to be honest in the matter, chiefly because Mr. Cleveland, owing to his "tariff for revenue only" views, and reputed conservatism in foreign policy, was supposed to be the candidate of what are called "British interests" in this country. The average Irish-American—by which is meant an American born in Ireland—is suspicious of British policy—a result of his undeniably unfortunate experience with English rule in his native land. This suspicion, more even than traditional hostility to most things British, makes him a stubborn opponent of anything approaching an alliance, even under the name of "arbitration," between the United States and Great Britain. And his feeling is generally shared by his sons and daughters born under the American flag. This feeling is by no means strange; for the Irish-American has been educated, politically, in the sturdy school of Thomas Jefferson, and has for his gospel of statesmanship the words of that great exemplar of American doctrine in his first inaugural address: "Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none." In brief, the Irish-American is against all coquetting with monarchical forms of government.

It is estimated that about 20,000,000 of our inhabitants are of Irish birth or descent. What should be their conduct in American causes or controversies? They should, as sworn citizens of the Republic, be Americans first; but, in order to be so, it is not a necessity of American patriotism that they should forget all about Ireland, and withdraw their sympathy from her just struggle for equal laws and national autonomy. It is not within the realm of probability that Ireland, as an independent country, would come in conflict with American interests, although she may as a dependency of Great Britain. In either case the allegiance of the Irish-American citizen should be given to the land and the flag of his adoption.

THE COLOR LINE BELTS THE WORLD

By W. E. B. DuBois

In view of the distressing race riots in Atlanta there is much significance in these prophesies of Professor DuBois of the Atlanta University, who himself is of negro descent

WE have a way in America of wanting to be "rid" of problems. It is not so much a desire to reach the best and largest solution as it is to clean the board and start a new game. For instance, most Americans are simply tired and impatient over our most sinister social problem, the negro. They do not want to solve it, they do not want to understand it, they want simply to be done with it and hear the last of it. Of all possible attitudes this is the most dangerous, because it fails to realize the most significant fact of the opening century, viz.: The negro problem in America is but a local phase of a world problem. "The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the Color Line." Many smile incredulously at such a proposition, but let us see.

The tendency of the great nations of the day is territorial, political, and economic expansion, but in every case this has brought them in contact with darker peoples, so that we have to-day England, France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Portugal, and the United States in close contact with brown and black peoples, and Russia and Austria in contact with the yellow. The older idea was that the whites would eventually displace the native races and inherit their lands, but this idea has been rudely shaken in the increase of American negroes, the experience of the English in Africa, India, and the West Indies, and the development of South America. The policy of expansion, then, simply means world problems of the Color Line. The color question enters into European imperial politics and floods our continents from Alaska to Patagonia.

This is not all. Since 732, when Charles Martel beat back the Saracens at Tours, the white races have had the hegemony of civilization—so far so that "white" and "civilized" have become synonymous in every-day speech; and men have forgotten where civilization started. For the first time in a thousand years a great white nation has measured arms with a colored nation and has been found wanting. The Russo-Japanese War has marked an epoch. The magic of the word "white" is already broken, and the Color Line in civilization has been crossed in modern times as it was in the great past. The awakening of the yellow races is certain. That the awakening of the brown and black races will follow in time, no unprejudiced student of history can doubt. Shall the awakening of these sleepy millions be in accordance with, and aided by, the great ideals of white civilization, or in spite of them and against them? This is the problem of the Color Line. Force and Fear have hitherto marked the white attitude toward darker races; shall this continue or be replaced by Freedom and Friendship?

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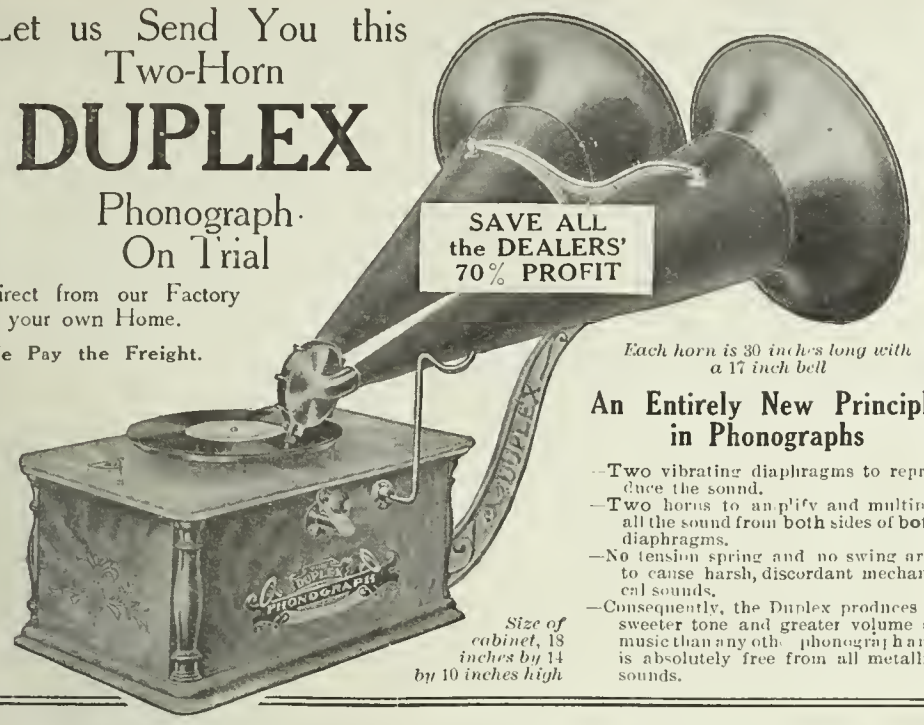
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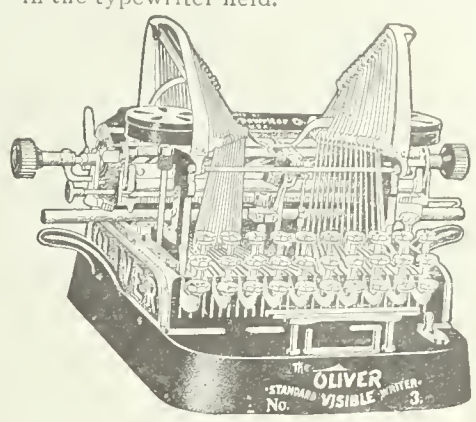
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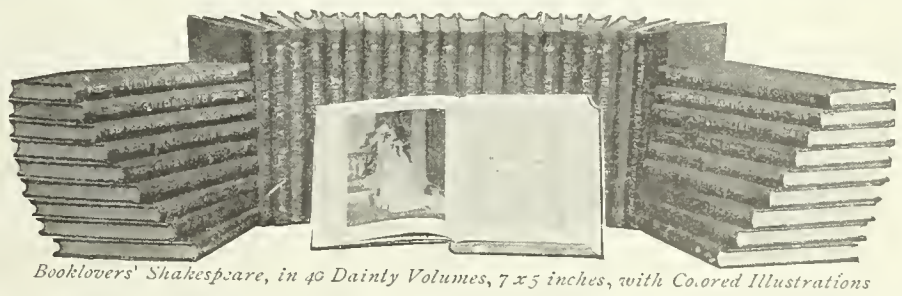
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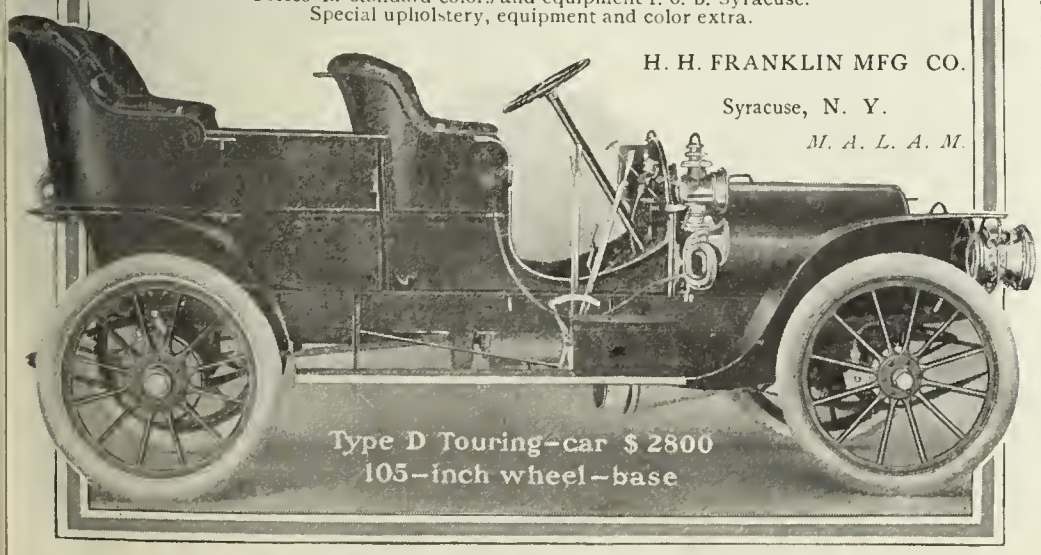
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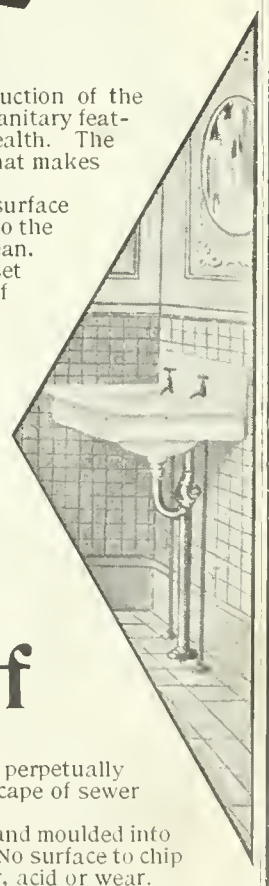


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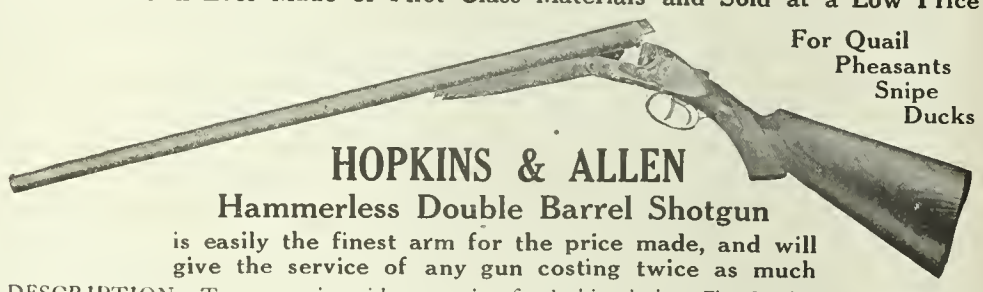
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1906

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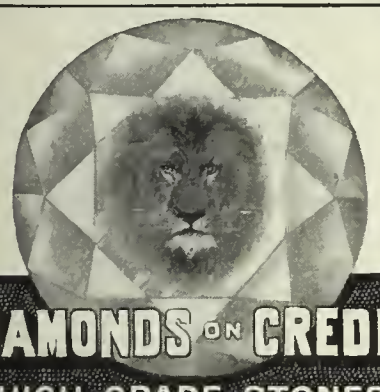
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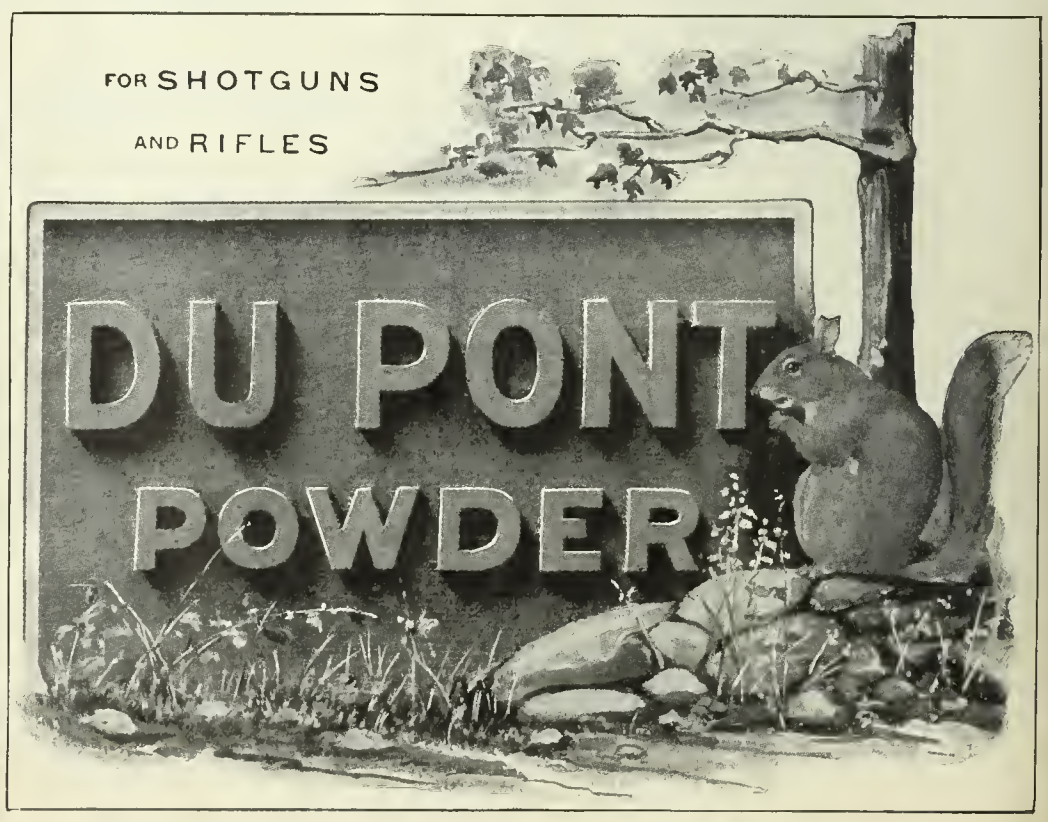
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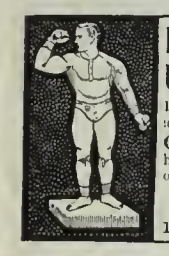
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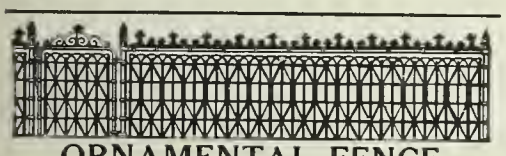
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1906

IN the flood of appreciation of our Maxfield Parrish frontispieces, expressed both in letters to ourselves and in newspaper comment, none has so accurately combined intelligence with sympathy as the Chicago "Evening Post." These splendid color portrayals of incidents in the Arabian Nights prove to the "Post" that "romance, adventurous and single-hearted, is not dead. In our own American pictorial art the touch of magic is not lost."

THAT valiant, buoyant spirit of romantic adventure, which Stevenson, in "Treasure Island," by his admirable and exacting technique, produced in the field of literature, lives again in the pen and imagination of Mr. Parrish. "It matters nothing," concludes the "Post's" critic, "that a native American has sought his latest subjects in the Arabian Nights. He reflects with convincing precision not our grave, prosaic world but the land of sunlight, where nothing has ever been heard of that troublous questioning we accept as so modern. The color which delights this artist is ever glowing, ever serene, and splendid. . . . It shimmers in the oriental sun, that makes so tropical his hot, cloudless country of the imagination."

OF this Arabian Nights series, we have already published three—"The History of the Fisherman and the Genie," "The History of Prince Codadad and His Brothers," and "The Story of the King's Son." Nine more will be published during the coming year. The titles will include the most vivid and dramatic events in this most picturesque of all romances—"The History of Sindbad the Sailor," "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," "The Story of the City of Brass," "The History of the Young King of the Black Isles," and "The Story of the Two Sisters."

IT is now twenty years since Richard Harding Davis first visited Cuba. In the interval he has returned often and remained long. He has admired Cuba in peace and sympathized with her in trouble. His judgment, therefore, framed during his present visit to Havana, and expressed in the present number of COLLIER'S, that Cuba's selfishness and childishness is going to cost the republic her freedom, will have weight with those who wish to know the essence of the truth concerning our island ward.

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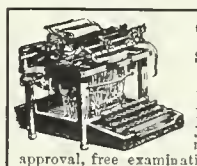
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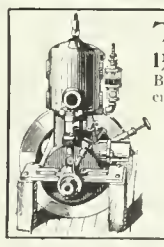
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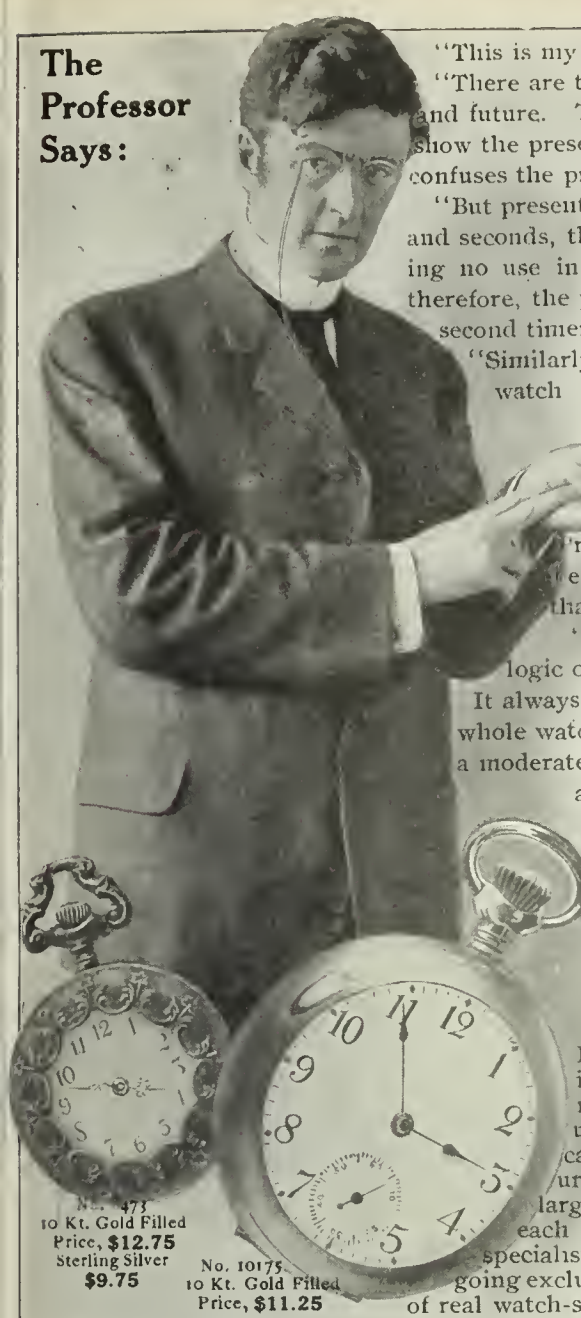
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER, who follows it with any interest and the ordinary allowance of human brains, knows how little attractiveness party labels have for us. Our desire to have Mr. HUGHES the next Governor of New York is not a partizan desire. His nomination was made possible only by an overthrow of his party's local bosses. Every reader, also, to whom destiny has bequeathed the above-mentioned modicum of attention and of insight, will understand that our opposition to Mr. HEARST is not founded, as his more rabid henchmen are fond of yelling, on "jealousy" of his circulation and journalistic triumphs. Personally, we would rather be dead, or live in Labrador, or the torrid depths of Africa, or on cracked wheat in Paris, than earn a salary of a million a day achieving "success" of the kind to which this editor devotes his life. The credulity of some men who read nothing but these papers passes ordinary belief. One of them, with evident sincerity, accuses us of being controlled by a British syndicate. To the thousands of Hearst adherents of that class we address no word, for no word of ours could reach their minds. To men, however, who combine radicalism with intelligence, judgment, and patience, we ask that the largest American State elect as Governor the man whom Mr. HEARST so highly praised a year ago and whom he so vilely slanders now; the man who represents reform steadily, wisely, persistently, and not for his personal advantage; the man who, in the words of the New York "American," uttered before it knew just what complications its proprietor's ambitions would create, is the "brilliant and uncompromising investigator," who accomplished his exacting task "to the everlasting honor of CHARLES EVANS HUGHES."

VOTE!

WE BEAR NO MALICE toward WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. Observing the use he puts his talents to, we merely ask how any of our friends could put on him the stamp of their approval. He is one in whom the lust for power and excitement, qualities harmless enough in some, are unrestrained by any barriers of conscience, loyalty, or self-respect. As, to serve his ends, he blackguards HUGHES, whom a few short months ago he covered with rainbow praise, so he dickers about offices with MURPHY, who, also a few short months ago, he declared should be in jail. Tactful now about this ally of his, he confines his punishment of bosses to scolding at MURPHY'S enemy, Mr. PATRICK MCCARREN. He helped elect Judge DUNNE Mayor of Chicago, and threw him over for refusing to reward Mr. HEARST with entire submission. He has praised or attacked the President according to the exigencies of personal politics in New York. His papers, of which the keynote is mendacity, in describing the recent Massachusetts convention, did not mention the fact that BRYAN was endorsed as the candidate of 1908. Why? Because Mr. HEARST desires the office. Naturally they lied about the attitude of that convention toward Mr. HEARST, because his ambitions would have been hurt by the story truly told. "It has become notorious," says a very radical journal, the Chicago "Public," "that he never works faithfully for a cause, whether philanthropic or political, unless his own portrait is stamped upon it." Toward other radicals, like TOM JOHNSON and HENRY GEORGE, as toward BRYAN, jealousy has often made him cold. His papers are devoted to eulogy of himself and abuse of his rivals. He attacks wealth, and his papers make a million a year from abetting fraud. He attacks corporations, and uses nearly half a dozen of them for swindling purposes in publishing his "American." It is the corporation plan perfected by ROCKEFELLER, used by HEARST to avoid responsibility and cheat people with honest claims, like the claim of the poor woman recklessly run down and injured by a "Journal" delivery wagon. That he calls Judge PARKER a cockroach and Mr. JEROME a Croton-bug is of no importance. Such language merely shows his taste. The other incidents we have mentioned measure his integrity, his unselfishness, and his honor.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN

ELUCIDATIONS ARE NECESSARY, in addressing the public, where they may seem superfluous to the set-apart. Our cleverest friends will excuse us, therefore, while we explain that the double-page in this issue is not an illustration of our own critical method, but a parody of the papers conducted by Mr. HEARST. The mock-editorial, taken literally, is unfair to that hustling and ambitious editor, and its tone is harsh and cruel —these unattractive qualities being put into it merely because it is a slavish copy of what appears daily in the vast publicity trust conducted by the ROCKEFELLER of the newspaper universe. The pictorial side of the double is an imitation of Mr. POWERS, and has the same end, of showing how easily, by changing the labels, Mr. HEARST'S cartoons and labels can be turned against himself. This is, indeed, easy; as easy as for Mr. HEARST to call Mr. HUGHES a corporation attorney, before that indefatigable investigator turned himself loose on the corporation methods of Mr. HEARST; as easy as for Mr. HEARST, at the beck of his personal political ambition, to call Mr. HUGHES a bought servant of the trusts, soon after he had, when in a freer state of mind, declared that Mr. HUGHES might enjoy "the perfect certainty that his work has the approval and aroused the commendation of the people." We make no prophesies about the outcome of this election. Mr. HEARST is strong because he monopolizes the ears of millions for whom he does the thinking. Mr. HUGHES is stronger with those who do their thinking for themselves. Our hope is that Mr. HUGHES will be elected, but we are not blind to the possibility that the more startling and dramatic program may prove the winner.

FOOT-NOTE

LET NO INJUSTICE be done to Mr. HEARST. He has, Heaven knows, enough to answer for. He did not kill WILLIAM MCKINLEY. CZOLGOSZ would have voted for HEARST as gladly as MCKINLEY would have voted against him, but CZOLGOSZ was never put into his murderous frame of mind by reading print. He was a European brand of hater, of the kind that neither Mr. HEARST nor any other prophet has yet succeeded in creating in this country. What Mr. HEARST said of MCKINLEY was only that he was "an abject, weak, futile, incompetent poltroon," and, next to CLEVELAND, "the most despised and hated creature in the hemisphere," who was "ready to surrender every particle of national honor and integrity." MCKINLEY was praised when HEARST expected something from him, damned when it suited the editor's ambitions; but in this fate he differed little from HUGHES, ROOSEVELT, or Mayor DUNNE. On the subject of assassination Mr. HEARST said that "if bad men can be got rid of only by killing them, then the killing must be done," but such printed principles probably never reached the eye of CZOLGOSZ. He was indoctrinated long before he ever landed in America.

McKINLEY

PAUSE A MOMENT, READER—gentle reader; turn from the sound and fury of politics and battle; remember a woman whose five and eighty years were given to inspiration and ideals. You shall have enough, and for several weeks perhaps more than enough, of the heat of struggle; give a moment to recalling one of the highest and loveliest talents of the passing day. RISTORI

is dead. After her brief and fitful fever on this earth nothing remains to us but her name and that small and evanescent shadow which is memory. Rising before man's gaze when RACHEL had started downward from the zenith, she proved a not unworthy rival of the inspired French Jewess, and never once, through her years of passion and of thought, did she fail to keep before her eyes the uttermost reaches of her art. The drama to her was the material in which she molded into beauty the bravest, tenderest, warmest, most loving materials of our many-colored human soul. A noble woman, nobly dowered, she spent her talents as the Master would have her spend them. Of five she made ten, or a thousand, and all her being was kept afire in the service of the Best. Remembering her, and beacons bright as she, we may now pass on, fellow citizens of the Republic, to investigate the business of our day.

RISTORI

GETTING A REFORM PARTY together is much simpler than holding it in unity. Soon after Mayor WEAVER and his advisers so dramatically overthrew the old machine in Philadelphia, he discovered within his own ranks the beginnings of a machine, not so corrupt, perhaps, as the old one, but equally inconsistent with real government by the people. This element the Mayor promptly cast out. The surgery was probably not done with care, and it made wounds among earnest and sincere men. Then WEAVER attempted to dominate the reform party personally. Nature had not made him for the rôle. He was endowed more with good intentions than with wisdom, more with the desire than the ability to lead. He had come to leadership of the reform party not through the logic of his own personality and of events, but by the accident of occupying a strategic point at an important hour. The consequence has been, quarrels between him and his party. Mayor WEAVER earnestly desired that his organization should nominate for District Attorney FREDERICK J. SHOYER, WEAVER'S fellow-teacher in the Sunday-school, the man who, in the Mayor's private office, knelt with him in the prayer which, the Mayor believes, was the inspiration for the strength which enabled him to make his repudiation of the bosses a little over a year and a half ago. The reform organization, however, preferred a young man conspicuous for volunteer activity in the suppression of gambling, illegal liquor selling, and other city vices. The disappointment was too much for Mayor WEAVER'S temper, and he expressed himself in words which marked alienation from the reform organization. Meanwhile, the old bosses, for a year and a half divorced from the husks, have begun to take heart.

REFORM

MONEY IS THE SOLE FORM of argument with which the Patent Medicine combination is thoroughly conversant. When it essays any other, the result is rather pitiful. Recently it hired a poor creature named OHMANN-DUMESNIL to lend his name, his degree of M.D., and his St. Louis "Medical and Surgical Journal" to "refutation" of COLLIER'S attacks upon dangerous headache powders. This document, reprinted in pamphlet form, has been sent to every physician and nearly every newspaper in the country. The wide circulation thus gained is the one reason (we advance it rather apologetically) for giving any attention to the screed. It selects twenty-nine cases of death or injury from headache powders as quoted by COLLIER'S from various reputable newspapers, and produces "evidence" to show that twenty of them are baseless. We invite every person interested in the honest labeling of dangerous patent medicines to read this precious pamphlet—it may be procured from the Antikamnia Company, St. Louis, Missouri—not once, but twice, for, carefully read, it carries most convincingly its own refutation. Of the cases cited by COLLIER'S, one is an error of the newspaper reporting it; three are doubtful; three are made the subject of direct and deliberate lying on the part of the Proprietary Association's investigator; five give him an opportunity to allege heart-disease or apoplexy as the cause of death, although these fatal ailments followed immediately the taking of the deadly acetanilid, which is the basis of most headache "cures"; and the remaining seventeen instances, though obscured in a haze of words, are unrefuted by the patent medicine writer, a large majority of them being admitted in a species of word-juggling which gives an illusion of denial.

HIRED MENDACITY

TO SHOW HOW FAR hired mendacity will go, one case of death is given in the Patent Medicine pamphlet twice in a weak endeavor to make it appear as two distinct instances; first denied, then admitted. Another instance, a death from Bromo-Seltzer, is declared a lie, because of a slight geographical error, though the Proprietary Association had full and convincing details of the death in its archives. Again, the author substitutes for a certified coroner's verdict a quite different verdict of his own. To bolster his argument he slanders the dead by suggesting suicide in two cases and drunkenness in a third. Finally, for a *reductio ad absurdum*, he reviles COLLIER'S for attempting to convey the impression that a negro named SMITH, who died from headache powders, was a prominent citizen, because we called him Major SMITH. We humbly apologize. Would that we had forestalled this scathing criticism by referring to the late SMITH as "Bill" or "Rastus." But as we had not the pleasure of his acquaintance we ventured to call him MAJOR, which was, by the way, his legal given name. Moreover, we vaguely suspect that the headache powder which would kill a negro miner might have the same effect upon a military major or even major-general. To sum up the argument of the St. Louis "Medical and Surgical Journal," it amounts to this, that not the dose, but the overdose, of acetanilid, in headache powders, is dangerous. That is why we believe that these death-dealing medicines should bear a warning on the label. Does the sponsor for the Proprietary Association's effusion consider the "safe, sure, harmless" of Antikamnia a sufficient warning to the public?

ARGUMENT

THE DESIRE TO DO JUSTICE, even where hatred had been most inflamed, has continued in notable clearness since the acquittal of DREYFUS. It is now difficult to find even an isolated Anti-Dreyfusard. The whole country rejoices in his rehabilitation, even those who were his bitterest persecutors. The readers of the "Libre Parole" even, while bitterly regretting the political advantage the Socialists and Radicals have secured by this triumph, and the advantage to the Jews, applaud with the rest, saving their faces by laying the whole blame on General MERCIER, who has thus become the scapegoat, so essential to the French in time of disappointment or defeat. "*C'est la faute à Pierrot.*" But the necessity of a scapegoat is another story. The point of first importance is the thoroughness with which the whole people have attempted to undo a wrong, and that sense of justice, we earnestly believe, runs through all peoples, everywhere, now and always, however deeply it may be covered, now and then, by temporary hatreds or the wiles of individuals who for insidious purposes, or from blindness in themselves, lead the many away from their moorings of fairness and of truth.

ECHOES OF DREYFUS

WHAT NOBLER PROFESSION can there be than that of passing on to younger human beings the best there is in us? It is rather a strange contradiction that while education is highly valued in our country, teaching on the whole has less honor than it deserves. "It is a pity, that, commonly, more care is had, yea, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children." We do not pay our teachers enough for our own good, since a liberal salary attracts talent not only in itself but because it is a symbol of success. Half a million Americans are now engaged in doing what they can with 20,000,000 younger minds. Surely no half million Americans are employed in more important work.

"Teach self-denial," said WALTER SCOTT (and something might be said of other virtues) "and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer." Teach anything that is good, and you touch the depths. The ablest and truest men and women are required,—those who know life and are not pedants, not machines with notions of suggestion no higher than the ferule and the copy-book. By formal and uninspired instruction, children, to borrow the rich vocabulary of MILTON, are "mocked and deluded . . . with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge." The teacher works with living minds and hearts and souls. On no man or woman rests a higher or more inspiring task.

TEACHERS

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING



The remarkable versatility of Tammany's sentiments is illustrated by these varying displays, one of which adorned the front of the Wigwam a year ago, while the other is there now. The earlier one was accompanied by the inscription under the picture of McKinley's assassination: "The following appeared in the New York 'Journal' February 4, 1901: 'Washington, February 4. The bullet that pierced Goebel's chest can not be found in all the West. Good reason. It is speeding here to stretch McKinley on his bier.' And the publisher of that incitement to assassination, W. R. Hearst, is a candidate for Mayor of New York." Tammany is now supporting Mr. Hearst for Governor

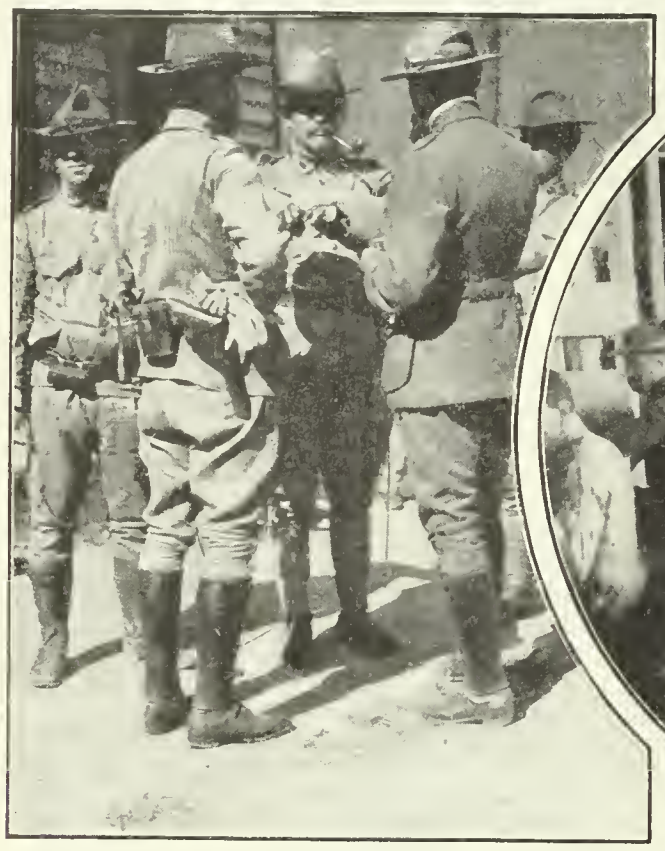


TAMMANY HALL'S FRONT DOOR, 1905 AND 1906

THE ARMY OF PACIFICATION



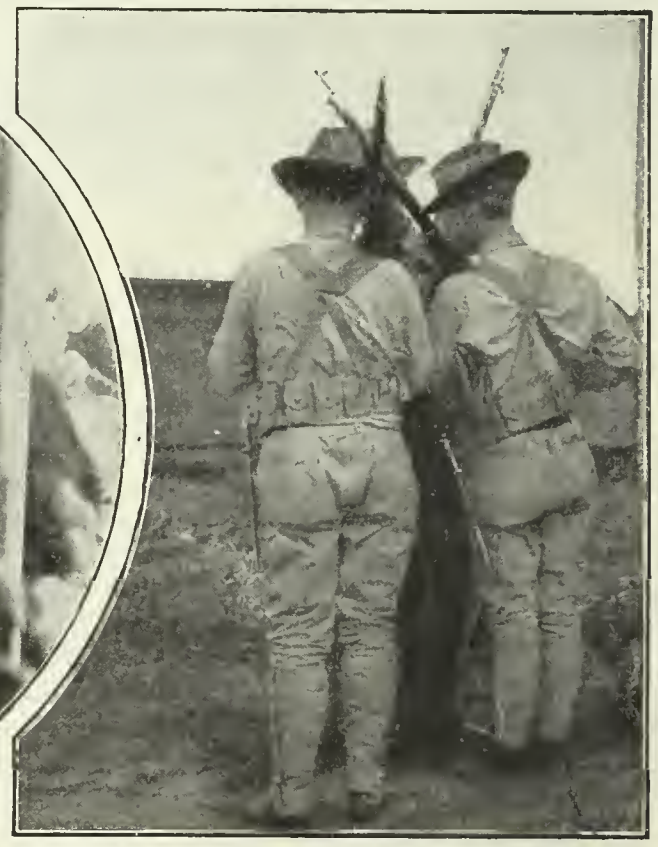
Men of the Hospital Corps putting up hospital tents during a heavy rain-storm



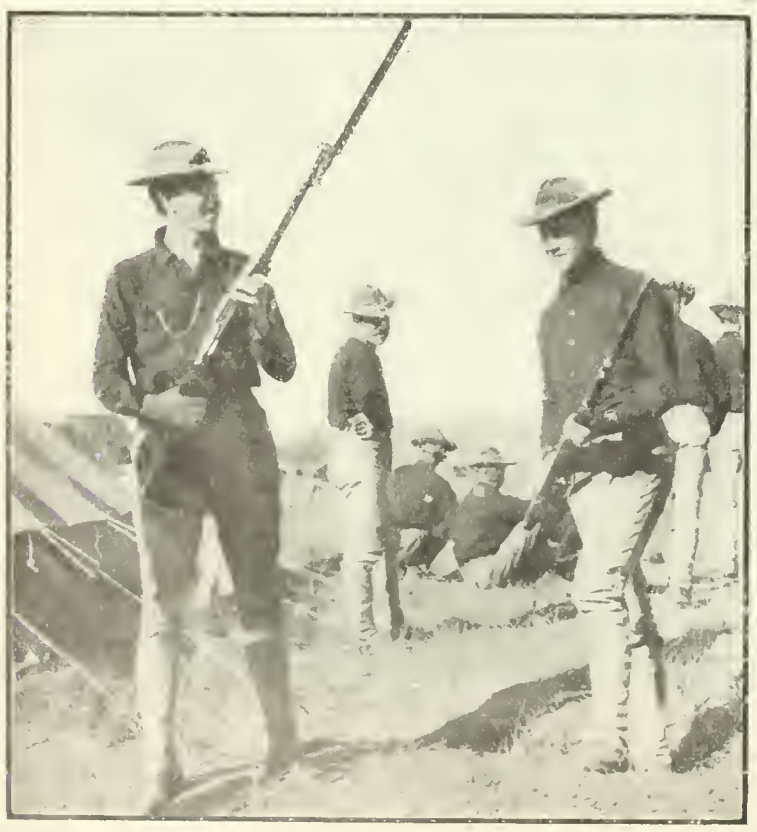
Captain Reichmann, in the centre, who was our attache with the Russians in the late war, tells how they did it in Manchuria



The messroom on hoard the transport "Panama



Men of the Coast Artillery acting as the provost guard changing sentries at the hrigade camp, near Newport News, Virginia



Infantrymen practising the hayonet exercise with the new hayonet, which is much longer and sharper than the old weapon



The chaplain hrings the mail to camp

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE



Giving instructions to an orderly sergeant. The latter wears the new holo-knife, a weapon our army has adopted from the Filipinos

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

HOHENLOHE'S BOMB

EUROPE has been thrown into a ferment of excitement by the publication of the memoirs of the late Prince von Hohenlohe, formerly Chancellor of the German Empire. The disclosures made in the memoirs might not have seemed so sensational if the attention of the world had not been forcibly fixed upon them by the rage of the Emperor, who sent a telegram to Prince Philip von Hohenlohe furiously denouncing the publication of a sovereign's private conversations without his consent. Prince Philip replied that the Kaiser's indignation was quite justified, but laid the blame on his younger brother, Prince Alexander.

There were many things in the memoirs calculated to ruffle the surface of European politics, but what particularly enraged the Kaiser and set all the tongues of gossip buzzing was the account of the dismissal of Bismarck. According to Prince Hohenlohe the Emperor's impatience under Bismarck's domination had been growing until it could no longer be controlled. The Chancellor regarded himself as the real ruler of Germany, and treated the imperial authority as a merely convenient legal fiction to impress the masses. Finally it reached a point, as the Kaiser said, when the question had to be decided "whether the Bismarck dynasty or the Hohenzollern should rule over Germany."

The final break came upon two points, one of foreign and one of domestic policy. Bismarck had always shared the old Emperor's desire for a good understanding with Russia. He had agreed to the Triple Alliance with Austria and Italy, because if Germany should be attacked by Russia and France she would need friends, but his idea of an alliance was something useful to Germany, not by any means something that might get her into trouble. Accordingly he sought to protect German interests by a "reinsurance" arrangement with Russia whose practical effect, taken in connection with the Triple Alliance, would have been to free Germany from any need of fulfilling her obligations to Austria while leaving Austria bound to come to Germany's assistance on demand.

This tortuous policy did not appeal to the straightforward nature of the young Kaiser. Prince Hohenlohe heard at second hand that the Emperor had told the commanding generals that Russia wanted to occupy Bulgaria and to assure herself in advance of Germany's neutrality. The Emperor said that he had promised Francis Joseph of Austria to be a faithful ally and that he would keep his promise. "A Russian occupation of Bulgaria would mean war with Austria, and he could not leave Austria in the lurch." He insisted on a loyal fulfilment of German obligations, even at the risk of driving Russia into an alliance with France. This contingency, which Bismarck had tried to avert, was realized later.

The other point upon which the Emperor and Bismarck clashed was the treatment of the Socialists. The Chancellor urged vigorous measures against that party, with or without the help of the Reichstag, as well as against strikers and tumultuous assemblages in general. The Emperor, as he told Von Hohenlohe, answered that he did not wish to begin his reign by shooting down his subjects, at least not until he could "do it with a good conscience after trying his best to remedy the legitimate grievances of the working classes." Here again a lofty standard of principle seems on the surface to have brought trouble, for the Kaiser has found the Socialists an increasingly formidable enemy in every year of his reign. While these were the substantial causes of the rupture, the immediate occasion seems to have been the refusal of Bismarck to revoke the Cabinet order which compelled Prussian Ministers to obtain his consent before being received in audience.

The Chancellor and his imperial master did not part with icy courtesy. The final interview was so strenuous that the Emperor afterward said, as reported by his uncle, the Grand Duke of Baden: "He was very near throwing the inkpot at my head."

The Hohenlohe memoirs have exploded with equal effect in the two hostile camps of the Kaiser and of the Bismarck family. The Emperor is said to be thinking now of publishing his own version of the events of March, 1890, and a Bismarck family council has been considering the advisability of risking the imperial wrath by making public the carefully guarded volume in which the Chancellor told the story of his fall. A crop of new Bismarck stories has naturally sprung up in the track of the Hohenlohe sensation. One of the most remarkable is told by Mr. George Villiers of London, who says that Bismarck told his friend and biographer Maurice Busch that if King William had resisted his policy of the unification of Germany through universal suffrage and war he would not have hesitated a minute as to his course of action. "Rather Germany than the Hohenzollerns I should have created Germany through a republic."



THE LATE PRINCE VON HOHENLOHE

Formerly German Ambassador to France, Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, and Imperial Chancellor, whose just-published memoirs have created a sensation

WHERE POLITICS BOIL

THE campaign in New York continues to focus the attention of the whole nation, and even of foreign countries. Mr. Hughes has made an excellent impression, and has displayed remarkable skill in avoiding topics calculated to check the drift of Democrats and Independents in his direction. He has devoted himself almost exclusively to the question of the relative safety of the State Government in his hands and in those of his opponent. He has been especially effective in his description of Mr. Hearst, the professional trust-smasher, as himself a trust of the most obnoxious type. He has shown that while Mr. Hearst is in fact and in popular repute the owner of his newspapers, these papers are in law the property of a series of corporations which in turn are owned by a New Jersey holding company, or trust, behind which they hide from process servers and tax collectors. A still more surprising discovery is the fact that Mr. Hearst's personal political party, the Independence League, is itself a corporation, which can take no action without the consent of a board of directors controlled absolutely by Mr. Hearst.

While Mr. Hughes's own speeches have been perfect in temper, in fairness, and in judgment, he has not been so fortunate in the campaigning methods of his associates. Some of them have thought it good politics to try to draw the lines of the campaign in such a way as to drive all the radical voters in the State into the camp of Hearst. Few of them have been able to resist the temptation to hit the enemy below the belt. One of the most intimate attendants of Mr. Hughes on his tour up the State resorted to practical forgery in the effort to give new life to the old slander that Hearst had incited the assassination of McKinley.

Mr. Hearst's unequaled capacity as a trouble-breeder in the Democratic Party is now on exhibition in four States. If there were Hearst papers in another State, there would doubtless be trouble in that. In Massachusetts Mr. Hearst has captured the Democracy, nominated Moran for Governor, and driven the old-line Democrats to the woods. In Illinois he has been beaten in the organization and has opened fire upon it from the outside, turning his batteries upon his former friends, including Mayor Dunne. In California his Independence League has nominated a straight ticket with the apparent purpose of throwing the State to the Republicans. Everywhere his purpose has been made clear to rule the Democracy or wreck it. This gives the Democrats of Colorado a special interest in the indications that Mr. Hearst has obtained a hold upon Senator Patterson's newspapers in Denver.

The scandal of the four-million dollar Capitol with the nine-million dollar trimmings promises to play the same part in Pennsylvanian politics this year that the Enterprise Bank failure played last year. State Treasurer Berry asserts that of the $9,000,000 more than $3,000,000 were illegally expended and two millions and a quarter more squandered in flagrant overcharges. The Republican State Advisory Committee in panic issued an appeal on October 10, begging the public to suspend judgment and promising a thorough investigation.

FIGHTING FOR THE WORLD'S BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP IN CHICAGO

Chicago having won the championships in both the American and the National Leagues, a series for the championship of the world began on October 9 and ended on the 14th when the "White Sox" of the American League had won four games and the "Cubs" of the National League two out of a possible seven. There was a line two blocks long outside the gate three hours and a half before the time to begin the first game

BASEBALL IN 1906

THE most sensational season in the history of baseball came to an end on October 14, when the Chicago "White Stockings," champions of the American League, won the deciding game for the world's championship from the National League champions, the Chicago "Cubs." The supremacy of the "Cubs" in the older league had been established in the very beginning of the season, and they had never lost the lead since May 17. Their roll of one hundred and sixteen games won had broken all records, and they had finished their league season with twenty more games won than their next rivals, the New York "Giants," and a margin of one hundred and thirty-one points in percentage. They were farther ahead of the second team in the National League than the "White Sox" were ahead of the fifth team in the American League.

The "White Sox" had trodden no such primrose path. The contest for the championship in their league had been fought fiercely to the very end. The New York "Highlanders" had been in the lead as late as the 15th of September, and even Cleveland did not lose its chance of winning the championship until the last week of the season. The Chicago Americans were the poorest hitters in their league, and finally won their flag by "inside work" and a sleepless alertness in seizing opportunities.

On these records the "Cubs" were hot favorities for the world's championship series, at odds of two and three to one in the betting. But the Americans astonished the prophets by winning the first game on their opponent's grounds. After that the victories alternated in regular order, each team losing on its own grounds, until five games had been played. Then the "Sox" broke the spell by winning at home, and the world's championship was theirs by four games to two. It was a wonderful series, with every game crackling with fireworks, and while it lasted Chicago was one vast baseball insane asylum.



UNVEILING A STATUE BY BALLOON POWER

The statue erected in Sherman Square, New York, by the Italians of America in honor of Giuseppi Verdi was unveiled October 12 in the presence of Admiral Cali, who had been sent by his Government with the cruiser "Fieramosca" for the occasion, representatives of other countries, of New York City, and of the Italian societies

ON EDGE IN CUBA

MR. TAFT and Mr. Bacon sailed from Havana on October 13, leaving a temporarily pacified island to Provisional Governor Magoon. The last days of the first stage of the intervention were full of anxiety. Some of the Liberal leaders cherished the idea that the Americans had intervened to put them into power, and the logical next step as they saw it was to turn out all the old office-holders and appoint them to their places. When this was not done they became impatient. On the other hand American residents reported that there really was widespread corruption among the officials, and that many changes were needed. Mr. Taft tactfully contrived to shift all this trouble to Mr. Magoon.

Just before the transfer of the government from Mr. Taft to Mr. Magoon, the fabric of confidence in Cuba, political and commercial, was seriously shaken by the sensational failure of the Cuban-American plantation and banking firm of J. M. Ceballos & Co. The immediate cause assigned for the disaster was a defalcation of the Havana representative in the firm, Manuel Silveira, who had fled on the cattle-steamer *Carmelina*, taking with him, it was said, a million dollars belonging to Ceballos & Co. Following the flight of Silveira came the story that his embarrassment had been due largely to his investments in the revolution, and a crop of stories came out throwing light upon the hidden relations between the rising and high finance.

LONDON OIL

THE able attorneys who are maintaining the honor of the legal profession in the pay of the Standard Oil Company have devised a new trick for evading the laws the members of the bar are sworn to sustain. They have created a corporation in London to hold the stock of the Standard's subsidiary corporations in this country. Then when the question comes up whether these subsidiary companies have been conspiring with the Standard the bloodhounds of justice are expected to run their noses into the salt breakers of the Atlantic and bay in baffled rage. The scheme is characteristic both in its strength and in its weakness—in the ingenuity with which an immediate end is attained and the blind stupidity with which ultimate effects are misjudged.

In the trial of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio at Findlay, Mr. F. T. Cuthbert, president of one of the Standard's indicted dummy companies, the Manhattan Oil Company of Ohio, testified on October 11 that his corporation was owned by the General Industrial Development Syndicate, Limited, of London, which held 1495 of the 1500 shares of Manhattan stock. An exploring expedition organized by the New York "Times" discovered the name of the General Industrial Development Syndicate, Limited, on a brass plate fastened to the door of a little room occupied by a firm of accountants. "These accountants," it was said, "seem to be running a lodging-house for syndicates, for at least half a dozen syndicate name-plates were on the door." The General Industrial Development Syndicate, Limited, was not in when the expedition first called. Later the secretary was found, but proved as barren of information as if he had been trained at 26 Broadway. The only other officer was a Sole Director, who never visited the place. He was a barrister, and upon inquiry at his private office the expedition found that he was off with a shooting party, and would not attend to business for some time. Nobody knew anything about the General Industrial Development Syndicate, Limited, but there was a hazy impression that it was backed by Americans.

This is the device by which the lofty minds in control of the Standard Oil Company expect to be able to defy the President and Congress of the United States and the governments of forty-five States.

The Standard's trick has caused some temporary embarrassment to the prosecuting officers. There is a question whether the existing laws provide any way out of the difficulty created by the burial of a link of the chain of evidence of conspiracy on foreign soil. But this example of the determination of the trust magnates not to obey any statutes they do not like will strengthen the popular determination to have "laws with iron teeth," and it is certain that teeth capable of holding the most slippery trust can be found if the lawmakers look for them.

CO-EDUCATION

IT was reported on October 9 that the University of Chicago had substantially abandoned co-education. The men and women students were no longer to meet in the class-rooms, although, it was suggested, they might occasionally see each other on the campus, and also, it might have been added, on the street. The ultimate purpose, it was explained, was to develop two separated but affiliated universities, one for men and one for women.

The idea that the University of Chicago has struck a new and dangerous blow at co-education is unfounded. All that is going on now is merely the gradual approach toward the execution of the policy of segregation instituted five years ago by the late President Harper, who proposed to build separate quadrangles for the men and women students of the first two college years, and to establish something like the English system by which the masses of university students are divided into small college groups. For lack of means to carry it out this plan is still far from realization in its entirety.

The principle of co-education can not be entirely abandoned by the University of Chicago, for it is imbedded in its charter. Elsewhere it is continually gaining ground, and may fairly be considered now the established American policy. In the East a few well-known institutions for men and for women cling to the separate system, but the imposing array of State universities that crowns the educational structure of the West and South is co-educational almost without exception, and the example of the State universities is followed.

In 1900 71.6 per cent of all the colleges and universities of the country were open to both sexes on equal terms, and the proportion is steadily growing. Even those universities which, like Columbia, separate the sexes in their undergraduate years have a tendency to mix them in post-graduate work. And, on the other hand, co-education is the almost universal rule before entering college. Thus the group of separate colleges forms a little island in a sea of co-education, stretching from school to university.







AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AT VALPARAISO

1. Office of the Maritime Governor. 2. Mercedes Church after the shock and before dynamite was used to bring down the tower. 3. Erazures Avenue. While the buildings of any solidity in San Francisco stood with little appearance of injury until attacked by fire, half the buildings in Valparaiso were wrecked and the rest damaged by shock



WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL BALLOON RACE

Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, with his assistant, Major Hersey, before the start from Paris, September 30, in the balloon United States



THE RACING BALLOONS AT THE START

The international race for the Gordon Bennett Cup was won by the American Lieutenant Lahm, who landed in England October 1

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE **EVENING CHOINAL** NEW YORK OCTOBER 32, 1906

NEW YORK EVENING CHOINAL

ANY BABOON CAN DRAW A CROWD.

Simple-minded People Enjoy His Antics — But They Draw the Line at Making him Governor of New York State.

Shakespeare lived in an Unscientific Age.

Darwin, Dowie, and Brisbane had not yet discovered the relation of the APE to HUMANKIND.

Shakespeare hated Baboons — HE WAS NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

The great POET did not like to see an escaped monkey playing "fantastic tricks before high heaven." He said it MADE THE ANGELS SAD.

William R. Hearst is no Angel—not even in the THEATRICAL sense.

But he has certain Simian Talents which have made him a great HIT with judges of ape-flesh.

He climbs the POLE OF PUBLICITY several times each day, and his Monkey-shines seldom fail to DRAW A CROWD.

IS IT NOT CURIOUS THAT A CERTAIN PROPORTION OF HIS AUDIENCE TAKE HIS APINGS SERIOUSLY?

Mr. Hearst is a willing performer. Not satisfied with his own noisy attitude, he is ALWAYS WAVING SOMETHING, in order to make himself more conspicuous.

Sometimes he waves a Scandalous Article, sometimes a Bloody Shirt, sometimes a Racing Extra—but oftenest he WAVES THE AMERICAN FLAG.

If Mr. Hearst were contented with making a monkey of HIMSELF he would not be a dangerous man.

But his instinct is to make a monkey of things MUCH MORE SACRED than himself.

That is the trouble with that POLITICAL APE, the DEMAGOGUE.

He makes a monkey of Law, Morality, Temperance, Patriotism, everything he endorses, BUT—

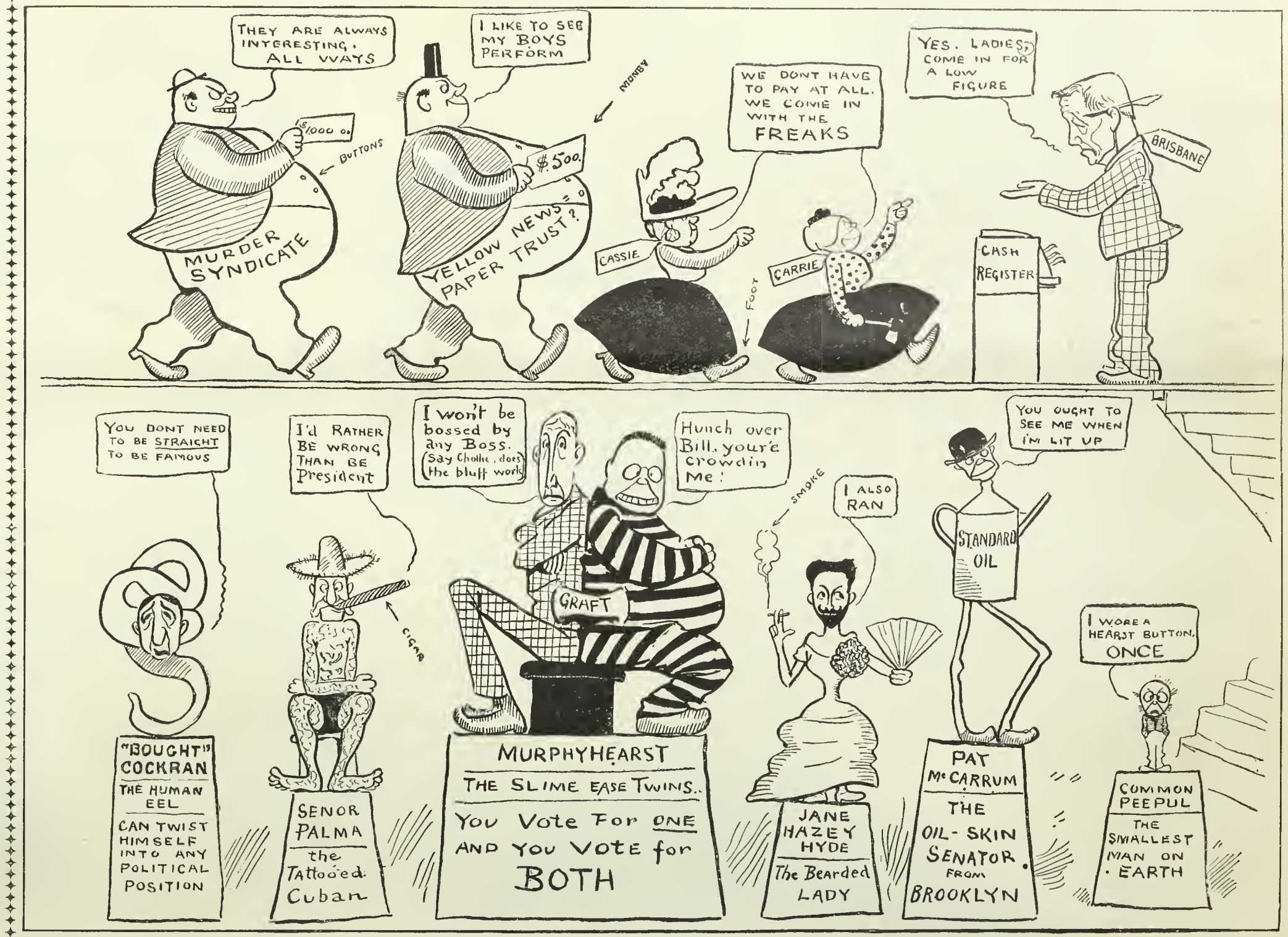
The question is, can he make a monkey of the American people?

Professor Garner, or any other student of monkey-talk, will tell you that the Ape is NOT an exponent of fair-mindedness or magnanimity. He shrieks and bites, and then scampers to the tree-tops. But he is not brave in battle like the LION or even the WILD HOG.

Would you expect a Monkey in a fight to address his foe as

The Clown and Tout Club's Political Side-Show

BY TEEHEE POWDERS



Brisbane's Behemoth Budget of Frolicsome Freaks

You would expect him to ally himself with even less repectable Banderlog, with striped Tammany Gorillas, and Bowery Marmosets.

Ape-alliances are seldom very serious. There is no great honor among Monkeys.

A MAN who fights a MONKEY may expect to be pestered by elfin pranks, to be ear-bitten, finger-tweaked, tricked, and falsified.

HE NEED NOT FEAR AN ARMY IN THE OPEN——BUT LOOK OUT FOR MUD AND COCOANUTS WHEN THE APES BEGIN LURKING IN AMBUSH!

Mr. Hughes, being a MAN-TYPE, is sometimes at a Disadvantage in fighting the APE-TYPE.

Mr. Hearst and his fellow Banderlog will attempt to befoul Mr. Hughes because the warfare of monkeys is largely limited to muck-maneuvres.

Suppose William R. Hearst were running against ABRAHAM LINCOLN for some office. This would be a Frenzied Impertinence on Mr. Hearst's part, BUT FRENZIED IMPERTINENCES ARE NOT UNCOMMON TO THE APE-TYPE.

How would the Journal attack ABRAHAM LINCOLN? Mr. Opper, no doubt, would be instructed to draw a series of cartoons representing "Aby and His Papa."

Thus THE GREATEST AMERICAN would be pictured as the weak-minded child of some fat-bellied Trust.

We do not like the TRUSTS—and it grieves us to see honest men falsely represented as fawning upon them.

Lincoln, however, is too long dead to be of any danger to HEARST, who is satisfied with comparing LINCOLN'S RECORD with HIS OWN. This, he thinks with all the Jungle-Demagogue's conceit, will be very flattering to LINCOLN'S MEMORY.

LINCOLN and Hearst——think of it!!

Were Lincoln alive and fighting to-day, there is no telling what buckets of slime Hearst would not pour over that splendid head.

The question which we put before the AMERICAN VOTER, then, is this:

If you are fond of low comedy there is no reason why you should not enjoy ape-humor, ape-courage, ape-generosity, ape-indignation as exemplified by Mr. Hearst as he climbs the POLE OF PUBLICITY.

But remember:

You should learn to appreciate him as a MONKEY without giving him your vote, or even serious POLITICAL CONSIDERATION.

The Tammany Hall-Room Boys

THEY DO IT ON THEIR NERVE



They couldn't hide that package from General Public

Ella Willer Wheelcox

Should a Nice Girl Poison Her Father?

By Ella Willer Wheelcox



ELLA WILLER WHEELCOX

THE following letter comes to me on the back of a soap-wrapper. It is written in a sweet, servant-girlish hand and seems to me very, very significant.

"DEAR MRS. WHEELCOX—I have just read your 'Sweet Souls' Affinity,' and it seems to me it must be awful elegant and superior to have a job like yours. I should like to go in for Art and face-massage, but Father won't let me. He says it don't pay to have Ideels—he lost his reading the Comic Section. I didn't get my soul-awakening until a lovely young man named Hank got acquainted and began setting up with me nights. He says I ought to fly with him and have a career on the stage. (He plays the chime-bells in a vaudeville company.) I would, but Pa won't let me.

"Pa is an awful stubborn man. I'm sure he'll never consent to my Career—so it seems to me that the only thing to do is to poison him and get him out of the way. My chum Gwendolyn poisoned her Pa and made a real neat job of it. But every time I get the Rough On Rats ready I have a sort of feeling that it ain't right, somehow. I need the advice of some strong, noble person like you. Won't you, won't you help me? Yours real anxious

"VIOLET.

"P. S.—He's only my step-father, anyhow."

THAT is a sweet, sweet story which has caused so many kind, true hearts to bleed! If I were narrowly Puritanical in my views I would be inclined to side with your father and advise you to give up your Ideals. But No!

The world has moved Violet, since your father was a boy. To-day the Sunday edition of the Choinal would make a pattern of Happy Hooligans around the entire equatorial belt. Tell your father to broaden his mind—to read Bernard Shaw, Pierre Loti, Paul Verlaine, D'Annunzio, and Me; tell him to look up the Choinal's account of the Thaw case; tell him to buy a copy of my "Lives of Famous Show Girls" and familiarize himself with the great souls who have been able to suffer yet look beyond the divorce-courts.

If these things don't poison him, go ahead with your Rough On.

If you are going on the stage, it is quite essential to your career that you poison your father. The Choinal will give you a double, freak-illustrated color-page every Sunday during your trial. I will analyze your soul and show that great Artists are great Criminals. Our specially retained attorney for the defense will prove you mentally unbalanced, and this will get you a job as a show girl in almost any musical comedy company.

What is the color of your soul? Is it heliotrope, sweet Violet?

I feel for you, dear, foolish child! I sympathize with any one who is silly enough to increase our circulation. As a rule, I would not counsel a niee girl to poison her father; but the demands of Advertising sometimes ereate desperate necessities. Courage, my little Violet!

GOO, GOO, GOO!

THERE stood a little Urchin
Upon the pave so drear,
His hair was quite untidy
And on his chin a smear.
But as I hurried by him
He raised his eyes of blue;
Yet all the words he uttered
Were: "Goo, Goo, Goo!"

I've talked with all the Thinkers
From Packingtown to Yale,
I've seen the brow of Brisbane,
The cheek of Alan Dale;
But in my foreign travels
I think I never knew
A phrase to strike my fancy
Like "Goo, Goo, Goo!"

O little, smeary Urchin
Upon the wintry pave,
Tho' you may live unheeded
And seek an unknown grave,
Yet joy! for you have taught me
Life's helpful journey through
To preach your gentle lesson
Of "Goo, Goo, Goo."

WHAT HEARST WOULD DO TO THE OTHER FELLOW IF THE OTHER FELLOW WERE HEARST

DISARMING CUBA'S REBEL ARMY



Major Ladd arranging for the return of the rebels to their homes



A boy rebel: the ranks of the insurgent "army" were full of such youths



Types of the Cuban insurgents or "patriots," the majority of whom were negroes and half-breeds



Cars loaded with horses stolen by the rebels, which they were permitted to retain



The negro revolutionist: the man who, in Cuba, holds the balance of power

CUBA'S SUICIDE

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

When the disorders in Cuba had forced the United States to intervene Mr. Davis went to the island for COLLIER'S to discover the absolute rights and wrongs of the case, and to describe them with dispassionate candor. This article contains the first results of his investigations

HAVANA, *October 8, 1906*

IN spite of all it foreshadowed, when it landed in Cuba our army of occupation created as little excitement as did the Westminster Volunteers when, a few weeks ago, they arrived in New York to shoot at targets. As a spectator of both historical events, I must say that the strike last April in Havana of the *motoristas* was a better show.

The withdrawal of his favorite trolley-car cut the Cuban to the quick. The indignity he suffered in being forced to walk to the suburbs insulted his spirit. But the taking over of his government, because he has proved himself incapable of self-government, leaves him indifferent and unashamed.

"I care not who enforces the laws of my country," says the Cuban patriot, "so long as I fill the offices."

On a Saturday the first detachment of our marines was sent ashore, and on Monday I saw more marines still moving toward Camp Columbia, where, four years ago, the United States Regulars had folded their tents, hauled down the American flag, and left Cuba an independent republic.

They return to find her a bankrupt and in the hands of a receiver.

And what is worse, and what makes her state hopeless, is that the men who selfishly brought her to this pass can not see that they have done her any wrong.

Instead, they are patriots.

The Traitor Patriots

IN the small towns, I have been watching General Funston and Major Ladd and the officers of the marines disarming the late rebels, and of the Liberal "patriots" and "generals," whose conduct brought about our intervention, I have seen many. And in none did I find the least trace of regret, the slightest vestige of humiliation. On the contrary, they are buoyant with self-importance, jealous as girls of attention shown a rival patriot; and each is eager to assure you that he, and he alone, led the mutiny; a mutiny that succeeded only in that it wrecked the ship.

Twenty years ago I first came to Cuba, and because it is one of the most beautiful and enchanting of islands in the world I have frequently returned to it. In the first of those twenty years I saw the Cubans harshly oppressed, later saw them strike for their independence; during the days of concentration saw the Cuban children lying in the actual gutters dying of starvation, saw well-bred, delicately reared gentlewomen begging food at the doors of the Consulates, saw Cuban men of education, of refinement, dying of fever in foul prisons, saw them led out to be shot; in the fields saw the bodies of the *pacificos* hacked by machetes, saw the American army come to their aid and the Spanish army depart, and at last saw the Cubans masters of their own island, in free and full possession of the independence for which they had suffered all these things. When the United States turned over the island to the Cubans— and no nation ever performed an act more fine or more unselfish— it bequeathed to them a model constitution, a government in being, a surplus in the treasury, and credit abroad. The Cubans had the good wishes of the entire world. They had not a single enemy. Their future lay absolutely in their own hands. They had only to bear themselves like men, and the Republic, for which they, and their fathers, and their fathers' fathers had offered their lives, was theirs in perpetuity. For four years they kept the island respected and in peace.

Wrecking a Nation's Prosperity

THEY brought it to a state of prosperity greater than it ever had known. And then, after these four short years, all they should have learned was disregarded, all they should have learned from the Spaniards of the evils of war, all they should have learned from the Americans of the dignity and benefits of peace, all was forgotten.

They revived the old, old play, with the same familiar characters. At the polls one set of politicians played the "despot" and the "dictator," and another played the "patriot" and the "rebel."

Both were equally guilty. Neither had a thought higher than office. One, in order to remain in office, revived all the despotic methods of Spain: the other, to gain office, strapped on his machete, and threw the island into civil war. They would not see what must inevitably follow. Even to-day they do not see that by their folly, their selfishness, to gratify their vanity they have deprived themselves and every man, woman, and child on the island of independence. To those who love Cuba the pity of it is very great; the shame of it is lasting and ineradicable. For what has happened within the last two months will again happen. We have arranged a peace, we have installed a provisional government. But we are only postponing the inevitable. Whether or not it pleases the Americans at home who grow beets, and what they are pleased to call tobacco, Cuba will be annexed. The Sugar Trust and the Tobacco Trust may fight against it, the Republican party may be split in two, but if we are to live up to what we promised in the Treaty of Paris and the Platt Amendment we must annex Cuba. But chiefly we will do it because the Cubans will force us to do it. Already they have forced us to do it.

Suppose the present provisional government does arrange for a legal election. Suppose Zayas or Castillo or Guerra or any other one of the three hundred generals who are presidential candidates is elected. There still will be one "General" who is not elected. And as surely as a dipsomaniac takes to drink, he will take to the brush, and we will have the same old comic-opera revolution, with the same properties and "business"—the burning of crops, the destruction of railways, the landing of marines, the establishing of another "provisional" government.

For decency's sake it may be that we are right to give the Cubans another chance, to allow them this second opportunity to prove they are capable of ruling themselves.

But, as the first time they failed, again they will fail.



CAPTAIN MITCHELL AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston was sent to Cuba as the head of a commission to disarm the insurgents. The work was carried out with at least nominal success, although the arms surrendered seemed to have grown noticeably worse since the end of the fighting. On October 11 General Funston was superseded by General Franklin Bell. His recall was said to be due to the resentment of the Cubans because he had abandoned them in the rising against Spain on account of their violation of a flag of truce and their slaughter of prisoners

The Elements of Failure

THERE are three elements that ensure failure: the fact that the great number of Cubans, being unused to self-government, leave it in the hands of professional politicians; the negroes, who are professional rebels and who will follow any politicians against any president (of all the rebels I have seen in the field nine-tenths of them were negroes), and the politicians themselves, who would destroy any existing government of which they are not office-holders. They would sell their birthright for the chance to become anything from a custom-house inspector to a member of the Cabinet, or, especially, one of those high officials whose duties may be carried out only in a red touring car.

The writer is not one of those who from the first clamored for annexation. On the contrary, in twenty years one who always believed that Cuba should be independent. No one who witnessed the struggles of the Cubans for freedom could have thought otherwise. But, in the light of this last exhibition of selfishness and childishness, and since meeting here in Havana and in the "field" the men who in this rebellion were the leaders of their fellow men, it would be foolish and credulous to believe the Cubans capable either of appreciating self-government or of maintaining it.

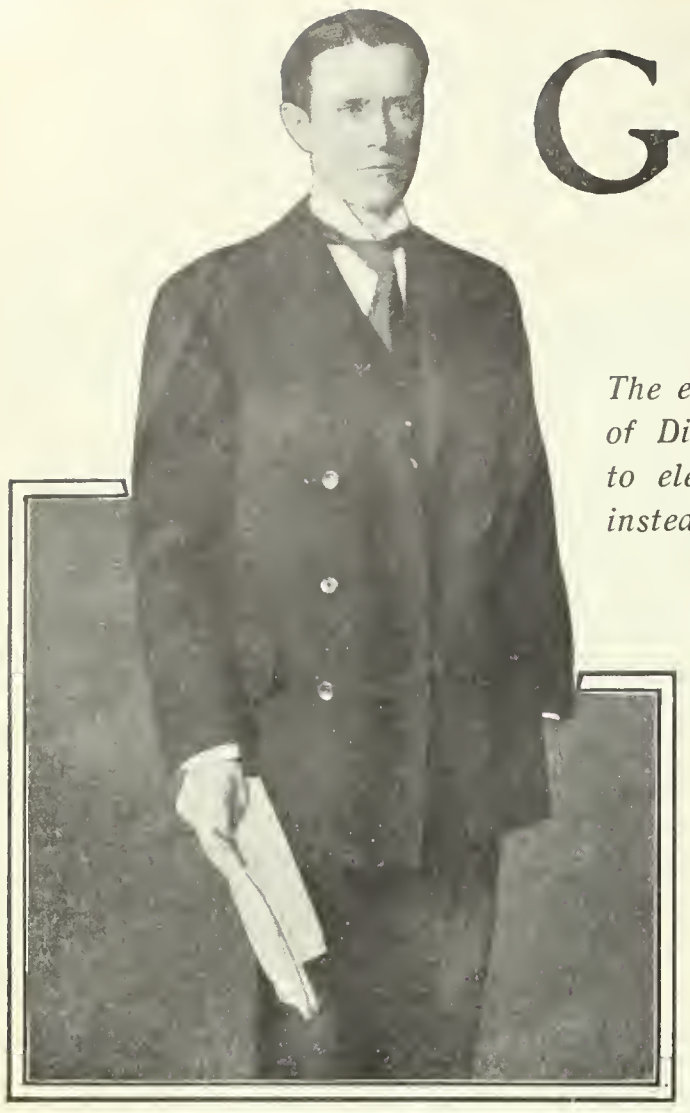
Cuba is going to lose her freedom, and there should be no mistake as to who is responsible for the loss. The foreign press, and at home the anti-imperialist press, will accuse the United States of self-seeking, of aggrandizement, of, by any excuse, depriving Cuba of her rights.

And such a charge will be unfair and untrue. It was the United States gave Cuba her independence. It is the Cubans who have destroyed it.

GIBBONEY

By LOUIS SEABER

The election of November 6 in Philadelphia will, with almost a certainty, make the office of District Attorney of greater significance than that of Mayor. The people propose to elect to that office a young man who came from Iowa to study pharmacy, but who instead cleaned the city of its vicious evils and exposed the source of its political corruption



D. CLARENCE GIBBONEY

PHILADELPHIA is waking up. It is no longer "corrupt and contented." Reform still grows timid as it approaches the shade of Penn's five-hundred-foot pedestal, but the "contentment" is passing away. A year ago last May the press of the nation applauded when Philadelphia's Mayor, John Weaver, defied the Durham-Penrose-McNichol machine that made him, and for a time at least he shattered this legacy of Matthew Stanley Quay by refusing to turn over to a private corporation the gas works that belonged to the city.

It was so uncommon then for a public official in Philadelphia to protect the city's interests that the preachers of the good old pious town held public prayers, calling upon the Almighty to help the Mayor to a clearer vision of his duty. The story went out that the Mayor himself, professing piety, knelt in prayer in the city's executive office, and rose fully equipped to obey his sworn oath to the people. He did his duty. Then the city shouted; the press of the nation heralded the news and the country learned that the public conscience of Philadelphia was not dead. It merely had been sleeping.

It was then that those who love the political traditions of Philadelphia began to build hopes—to wonder why this had not been done before. For years there had been an organization fighting for decency. It was known as the Law and Order Society. Like the acorn and the oak—it began most humbly and it grew. When the town began to wake it found that the young, working, fighting secretary of this society had an accumulation of evidence of graft and official thieving that was convincing and condemning. For years the ballot boxes of the city had been stuffed. Names of dead men and dogs were voted, and the names of men who never lived were registered and counted at the polling places. The addresses affixed to these bogus votes were those of brothels and gambling houses, and the proprietors of these houses of iniquity plied their trade without even a pretext of restraint because they stood for the registration frauds and "delivered the goods." These bullies operated "joints" whose walls were actually mortared to police stations, yet the police never heard of them. All this evidence, which is open to-day, is a terrific arraignment of every District Attorney Philadelphia has had for the last twenty years.

Where is the Mayor? No one Knows

THOSE who now know the evidence held by the Law and Order Society recall that the Mayor, who through divine help a year ago last May found a way to do his duty, was formerly District Attorney, and in charge of the city's legal interests at the time these crimes were ripest; when the very police of the city acquiesced in the city's defeat. To-day the old machine bosses are returning to the corridors of the City Hall. The significance of their presence there is yet unsolved, but the people of Philadelphia don't care. They have found the root of their administrative evils; they have found the man who has shown them how this civic cancer can be cured. They are going to put into the office of District Attorney D. Clarence Gibboney, the secretary of the Law and Order Society, the man who made Philadelphia wake up.

In the course of the political insurrection, which had its beginning eighteen months ago, Philadelphia experienced an actual fight over the District Attorney's office. For the first time in many years a nomination by the Republican organization — Quay's legacy, formerly known as "The Gang"—is a handicap to, rather than the equivalent of an election. Two years ago Gibboney's candidacy would have been regarded as a joke, to-day it is a serious certainty. The Mayor, who a year ago was idolized because, with divine help, he had succeeded in being honest, urged the choice of F. J. Shoyer for District Attorney. Shoyer was known to have joined the Mayor in an appeal to the Almighty to save the city's gas. Shoyer is a Bible-class teacher and wise on the politics of Paul. Philadelphia is a pious town, and for a time this piety had its appeal. But the politics of Paul worried the settlers on the Schuylkill much less than the politics of Philadelphia, and they began to ask, What has Shoyer done? Shoyer had held a ten-thousand-dollar job in the City Hall under Weaver. Gibboney had raided and arrested the gamblers and dive-keepers and burned their paraphernalia. He had helped girls to recover from a life of shame and become wives and mothers in respectable homes. He had built the police force into a self-respecting body; he had made an acorn of earnest sympathy grow into an oak of powerful good.

At the psychological moment a delegation of ministers waited upon Gibboney to say: "We have endorsed you for District Attorney." Before the newspapers could tell of "Gibboney for District Attorney," an organization of liquor dealers had adopted resolutions commending Gibboney's work in the License Court.

Not long after that a City Party ward committee formally endorsed him. Then a prominent Catholic priest announced that Gibboney was the logical candidate for District Attorney if the reform movement were to win the November fight. That inspired the Methodists, and in a few days clergymen of all denominations were running to Gibboney's office, insisting that he be a candidate. But Gibboney refused to become an active seeker after the place.

One day a reporter told Gibboney that he would be opposed by the German-Americans because, it was said, Gibboney did not appreciate the German-American idea of personal liberty. In spite of Gibboney's denial, the rumor was printed, but subsequently the same newspaper was compelled to print the account of a visit to Gibboney of a delegation of the leading German-Americans of the city with a resolution of high commendation.

Gibboney's preliminary campaign was so unusual that a newspaper obtained interviews with men representing the opposing elements interested. A Catholic priest's laudations of the man were sandwiched between those of a saloon-keeper and a Protestant Episcopal bishop. Lawyers, liquor men, merchants, and politicians, Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, and reformers, praised him. Then the Prohibitionists took the initiative by nominating a ticket with Gibboney for District Attorney! In the adjoining column in the newspapers next day appeared the political news of a conference of organization Republicans wherein Gibboney had been discussed as an expedient candidate.

That was two months before election. Various delegations, religious, political, and otherwise, called upon Gibboney, giving assurances of support. When asked under what conditions would he accept the nomination he said: "Only if the people demand it, and give me credit for knowing if a movement represents the people, or only certain interests. If I should accept a proffered nomination it must be distinctly understood that, if elected, I shall be District Attorney absolutely free from obligations of any sort. No question how righteous the cause, there must be no deals. I shall prosecute all criminals, whether they agree with me politically, or religiously, or not."

Nominated by the Town Meeting

SOON after this statement was made a committee of citizens who knew Gibboney in private life was organized to promote his campaign. Indorsements were received by the hundred, and on September 11 a town meeting was held in the largest auditorium in Philadelphia. Its purpose was to give some of Gibboney's friends a public opportunity to tell why he should be the next District Attorney.

Thomas Martindale, one of the most public-spirited merchants of the city, presided, and a Catholic priest followed a prominent Protestant clergyman in the speech-making. Mr. Gibboney was also indorsed by a leading lawyer, and by a politician who announces that he purposes subsequently to return to the Republican organization. That meeting was the most remarkable gathering Philadelphia has known in recent years. The people little realized whither they were drifting. The meeting was a superlative expression of the broadest catholicism of democracy. Every religious creed and every shade of political affiliation or sympathy known to Philadelphia was there noisily participating in the demonstrations of approval. Gibboney was the city's man. Just as the meeting was about to adjourn and the cheers were loudest and longest a man in the pit realized that the City of Brotherly Love had returned to its freedom and to the political rights it possessed before the old Liberty Bell got cracked. This was a town meeting—why not?—it was a meeting and the town was there. The man in the pit jumped to his feet and shouted for the floor. At last it was his.

"I have a resolution to offer," he cried. "I move that it is the sense of this *town meeting* that D. C. Gibboney be, and he hereby is, nominated by the people of Philadelphia for District Attorney."

With every man on his feet, shouting and cheering until the echoes spread beyond the shores of the Delaware, and while the shade of Franklin smiled, Gibboney was declared a candidate for District Attorney — not by a political convention, not by bosses or leaders, or any legacy of Quay, but by the people of Philadelphia.

Fusion between the reform City Party and the Democratic organization was discussed in a conference of the leaders not long after that. The Democrats conceded that the reformers should have the candidate for District Attorney, "but," the Democratic leaders advised, "we suggest the nomination of Gibboney. He will be elected and he'd better be our candidate."

For shallow political reasons, and contrary to a strong sentiment among its own leaders, the Republican organization nominated Gibboney's only rival for



THE WAY GIBBONEY TACKLES CORRUPTION

Mr. Gibboney found that the gambling houses and the illicit slot-machine shops and other resorts of vice were the harbors for ballot-box stuffers and repeaters, so he raided their places, and wrecked their traffic by collecting and burning their paraphernalia

the District Attorneyship on September 19, and half an hour later a potent leader admitted that it meant defeat.

On the day previous Gibboney had been unanimously nominated by the City Party. But not without a fight that was flavored with an exquisite essence of humor. The friends of the Mayor and of "Earnest Worker" Shoyer urged the latter's nomination on the ground that Shoyer was "entitled to the place because he had been an avowed candidate."

Angered by the defeat of his friend, which he publicly proclaimed was intended as a slap in his face, Mayor Weaver published eighteen affidavits alleging that Gibboney's nomination had been accomplished through bribery and attempted bribery. With the Mayor's first accusation, Gibboney promptly declined to accept the nomination. Without waiting for proof of the Mayor's sensational and shrewdly devised charges of fraud, Gibboney rejected the proffer and made necessary another session of the City Party Convention.

In the meantime a committee of seven citizens of high character, four of them being identified with the Shoyer movement, and the other three being Gibboney adherents, investigated the charges of bribery and attempted bribery.

Refuses a Tainted Nomination

EVIDENCE of bribery there was not, although it was shown that an intoxicated delegate had offered four dollars for a vote for Gibboney, and that a chairman of a ward delegation pledged to Shoyer had offered to dispose of his delegates to the Gibboney forces for two hundred dollars! It was the unanimous opinion of the investigating committee that there had not been fraud and that not a single vote had been affected by illegal means, according to the evidence.

Thereby the nomination of Gibboney had been purged even of suspicion of fraud, but Gibboney maintained that he had rejected it, and it remained for the convention to nominate a candidate. They did. The City Party met in a second convention and did over again exactly what they had done before. Gibboney accepted. He put on his armor and at once began his fight. Those who, for a dozen years, have heard of Gibboney only as the fighting secretary of the Law and Order Society, the private prosecutor of protected criminals, now are meeting him on the stump. His platform consists of just three words: "Justice for criminals!"

Who is this man Gibboney?

His life is the story of a young man equipped with brains, energy, and courage. He is for the right, sincerely and boldly. He has not hesitated to invade politically protected retreats; he has sent hundreds of criminals with a "pull" to jail; he has given the lie to Mayor Weaver and to others high in authority who have apologized for protected vice; he has wielded a greater influence upon public sentiment—particularly in the days when there was no reform organization behind him—than any other man in Philadelphia.

A Man with a Pious Fist

GIBBONEY was born on an Iowa farm in 1868. Until he was sixteen years of age he lived in an obscure little village on Iowa's rolling prairies. He was a religious youth—and practised his religion with his fists. He gained a reputation for thrashing the "town bully" because the fellow had pummeled an old man and, upon another occasion, Gibboney walloped his best friend because the boy had offended a schoolgirl. To pay for his tuition while attending Cornell College at Mount Vernon, Iowa, he practised the manly art of pitching hay, plowing, and milking. He worked in a brickyard—he "pulled weeds" in gardens, and he sold books and insurance. Because he debated between the choosing of a career as a criminal lawyer or a preacher, he became an apothecary's clerk in the only drug shop in Lisbon, Iowa. While there a drummer persuaded him to go to Philadelphia to get a pharmaceutical education. Striking the town a stranger, Gibboney associated with half a dozen other students, and the first night was taken "to see the sights." Gibboney admits that he was "green," and that he was horrified. "But," he said, "what I saw that night led me to resolve that if ever I had the opportunity I'd give my energy to help fallen humanity."

After two years in college, Gibboney decided to study medicine. While a student in the medical college he met Arthur M. Burton, the president of the Law and Order Society, and their friendship soon expanded, and Mr. Burton offered the secretaryship of his organization to Gibboney. That was sixteen years ago.

Although hampered by lack of funds, Gibboney made the Law and Order Society a strong ally of the cause of good government. He did not content himself with exposure of the traffic in vice, or the arrest of its helpless victims; he reached after "The System" behind the traffic.

When Gibboney first appeared in the License Court, to file remonstrances against liquor dealers who had violated the law, he was treated, even by the judges, with scant courtesy. He was viewed as a fanatic, but after a few years Gibboney was recognized as an agency for good in the regulation of the traffic. Now he not only directs how remonstrances shall be filed and arranges the evidence against offending licensed liquor dealers, but, if there be any doubt, the judges frequently consult him and take his advice. Among those with whom he enjoys confidential relations are the victims of the white slave traffic; politicians who would be decent if "The System" permitted it; policemen who would be honest if the bosses who direct the city's administration would let them; men who have "done time"; men who have a "grudge"; mothers, fathers, and others interested in the countless thousands who are dragged into the meshes of Philadelphia's evil ways.

That he would be better qualified for his work, Gibboney undertook the study of law. It cost him nights of effort, but he won the admission to all the courts of the State.

Gibboney is not an extravagant theorist. He is rational and practical, but what he has asserted, by word and deed, has been that the alliance of the politicians and the municipal authorities with the promoters of vice of all kinds must end.

His work in the last six years has been in striking contrast with the lack of results on the part of the Philadelphia police authorities. With six or ten agents and detectives, the Law and Order Society accomplished more in one year than the Department of Public Safety and its Police Bureau, in the old days of "The System," did in two administrations with two thousand policemen and detectives and a yearly appropriation of $3,000,000.

It was not surprising that a man of his benignant force should be approached by men who thought he had a price. Gibboney's first offer of a bribe was $100, to withdraw a remonstrance against a liquor dealer who sought a renewal of his license. He has been offered place and money. His largest proffered bribe was $60,000 in monthly instalments if he would agree to overlook a certain evil protected by representatives of the municipal administration as recently as a year ago. Mr. Gibboney was assured that his word would be taken so that there would be no danger of being exposed! But though newspaper men have known of these attempts to bribe Gibboney, no one has ever thought of proclaiming them as sensational news, because rejection, with Gibboney, seemed so matter-of-fact.

The Political Bosses and Crime

SO incensed were the Philadelphia politicians over Gibboney's activity that in the 1905 session of the Pennsylvania Legislature—six months before the beginning of the political upheaval—three bills were introduced to cripple the work of the Law and Order Society. Gibboney conducted his own campaign, and, while one of the bills was passed, it aroused such public protest that the Governor was obliged to veto it, and the other two measures met defeat in the Legislative chamber. Addressing the citizens of Pennsylvania at that time, Gibboney had this to say—and it indicates what manner of man he is:

"White slave dens are places of the lowest type, where ignorant girls are lured to a horrible fate and kept prisoners. They sprang into existence during the previous administration, but they did not gain their greatest power until John Weaver became Mayor.

"These places thrive in the 'Tenderloin,' and the owners, in payment for immunity from police prosecution, agree to register hundreds of bogus names from the houses, promising to see that every name is voted by repeaters in each election. Therefore, the Republican machine is honor-bound to protect them.

"In striking at the white-slave evil, the Law and Order Society struck at the bulwark of the machine's strength. The members of the white-slave syndicate are powerful politically. They are the leaders of election divisions; they serve in ward committees; some of them are on the police force; some are pawnbrokers; but all are politicians.

"The Law and Order Society has sent leaders of the machine to jail and driven them from the city; it has closed resorts of vice, speak-easies, opium joints, and gambling houses, from which hundreds of fraudulent voters were registered and voted; and it has exposed, beyond doubt, the unholy alliance of the machine and the criminals.

An Efficient Attorney, the City's Need

"PROOF is not lacking that Mayor Weaver absolutely refused to close those vicious places, including the white-slave dens, when he was informed of their existence and received sufficient evidence to convict the backers of them. He knew, as well as did the machine which discovered and made him, that to disturb those places would mean to disturb the ward leaders and other politicians. The Mayor would not try to break the bond which exists between dens of vice and the machine."

Philadelphia has discovered that its greatest need to-day is not a Mayor, but a District Attorney. The administration of the District Attorney's office is always the test of the efficiency of the law. The Tweed ring in New York was made possible through controlling the administration of criminal justice. Tweed was possible because he kept in the District Attorney's office one of his notorious colleagues in crime. If the District Attorney is either the active servant or the acquiescent dependent of corrupt bosses and machines, the people will be powerless and almost hopeless victims of their plunderers. But why need Philadelphia be victimized any longer by either an acquiescent piety or by gentlemanly plunderers? It has found a man who has exposed the marriage between the city's administration and the protectors of detestable crime. The people have called that man to do them public service at four different political conventions. He is the District Attorney nominee on every column on the ticket but the Republican. But in spite of this single omission civic virtue is returning to the old Quaker town. The lethargy that has made Philadelphia a butt for ridicule is being thrown off; and a quiet and determined purpose has taken a firm hold upon the city's voters. The city has found its constitutional conscience and its "courage of '76," and the cry of the people is "Gibboney."

WILLIAM H. TAFT

SECRETARY OF PEACE

By WALLACE IRWIN



HE'S the brother of the little brown Malay,
He's the uncle of the Panama Canal,
He's the cousin of the jingo who resides in San Domingo,
And he's grandsire of the Moro canni-bal.
And he has the Porto Ricans on his hands,
And he has the San Domingers on his brain,
While his heart is beating juba to the little woes of Cuba
As his waistcoat cries: "Expansion!"—not in vain.

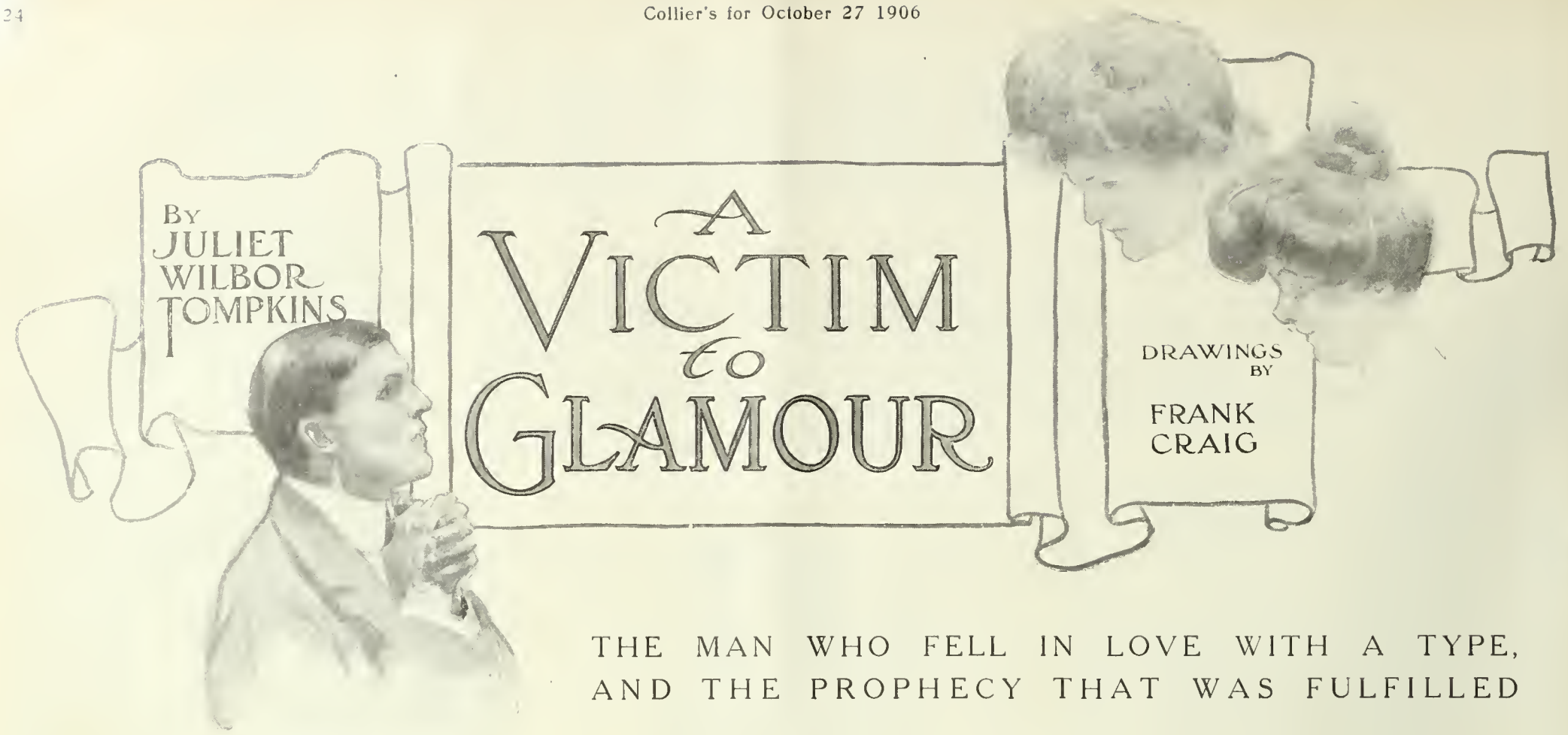
O William, while you labor at your desk,
Your heart is chasing datos in the highlands,
And the east-wind whispers gentle
With an accent oriental:
"Come back, Bill, and run the Filipino Islands!"

WHEN the Cuban junta clamors in his ears
And Poultney from the Zone is yelling: "Graft!"
When the Porto Rican nigger is petitioning for bigger
Voting-powers, where fly the thoughts of Mr. Taft?
Does he think of summer outings in the past
'Midst the Moro and the simple Tagalog?
Where the pleasant anecdote is told by pant-less Igorrotes
Over luncheons of divinely roasted dog?

O William, when your party speaks of you
From the valleys and the rivers and the highlands,
Does the Presidential saddle
Seem a worthy throne to straddle
To the Monarch of the Filipino Islands?

WHEN a dozen brown republics squall for war
And China with a boycott at her beck
Rises up, a mighty stripling; to transpose from Mr. Kipling,
Taft has got the white man's burden on his neck.
Yet a man of weight and substance he remains,
An all-round public figure, never small;
And his tailor cries with pleasure as he takes the statesman's measure:
"Here's the noblest, stoutest Roman of them all!"

O William, don't you hear the gu-gu's call
From the palmy Guam and Ilo-Ilo highlands,
From the scribes of Pingo-Pango
And the tribes of Zamboango:
"Come back, Bill, and take the Filipino Islands!"



A VICTIM to GLAMOUR

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

DRAWINGS BY FRANK CRAIG

THE MAN WHO FELL IN LOVE WITH A TYPE, AND THE PROPHECY THAT WAS FULFILLED

SO Kitty was coming! Justin put down the letter and turned absently to the gray London morning outside. Their dream of years was to come true, after all: they were to explore London together, to find the streets and inns of their favorite biographers, to locate the scenes of the novels they grew up in, to ramble through the great past just as they had eagerly planned in the splendid enthusiasm of the days when they outgrew Rawlins. Kitty had always been not only the nicest cousin he had, but the nicest cousin any one ever had. Their comradeship had been wholly unsentimental, for first cousins were not open to sentimental possibilities in the Rawlins code; yet it had triumphantly survived the evanescent loves of their school and college days, and was their unfailing refuge in the period when they both began to find Rawlins decidedly too small for them. That discovery could not be mentioned aloud in Rawlins society, but they took vast comfort in confiding it to each other and in finding books whereby they might make flying trips into the world without. Their particular treasure was a creased and ragged map of London. They traced their way about it as they might have followed a map of Paradise, devout and wholly unexpectant.

When amazing chance offered London to Justin, Kitty took his going sensibly, as she took everything.

"And it is best for me, too," she concluded. "It is time I married, if I am ever going to. And you know perfectly well, Justin, I shall never fall in love while I have you about—you are too wholly satisfying as a companion. Besides, the Rawlins men suffer by contrast. With you gone, I shall be driven into sentimentality by sheer loneliness."

"Well, if it drives you to some jay like Atkinson—" he protested.

"It won't be Atkinson, but it will very probably be a jay—from the London standpoint," was the tranquil answer. "I can't leave Rawlins, and no inspired being is coming here to look me up." Her pleasant, round, freckled face was lit with the nicest smile in the world. "It won't be bad, really: jays are very good to their wives and children."

"And we should always have each other, no matter how much we married," he admitted.

The first year in London was lonely, not without homesickness. Justin wrote steadily to Kitty, and the burden of his letters was: "If I could only show it to you!" Once he even went so far as to say: "I sometimes think it is better to live in Rawlins and yearn for London than it is to live in London and yearn for Kitty." Then doors opened to him, one by one, friendly individuals began to emerge from the blank mass, gaieties came his way, and pretty, well-dressed women: the home of Carlyle and the haunts of Dr. Johnson suddenly became less vividly interesting than the Savoy after the theatre and the three-twenty golf train. Life swept him up, and the great game of men and women made the pursuits of the intellect seem as remote and charmless as Rawlins itself.

His affectionate letters to Kitty had never flagged: his need of an outlet was often acute in these days, and small brilliancies seemed doubly brilliant because there was some one to whom they could be told. And now a legacy, "too little to save," was sending Kitty joyously across the water to carry out all the darling plans of their youth. Her perfect faith had no need to wait for his answer: she was already on the way. "Find me a little lodging near you, and we will have six glorious weeks together," she had written whole-heartedly, and Justin felt an acute pang of shame that his step was not more buoyant as he went to his day's work. One question persisted, dismally, through all his thoughts: What would Muriel make of Kitty? And under that, unacknowledged, lay the dread: How shall I see enough of Muriel with Kitty here?

The intervening ten days passed somewhat like the final period of bachelorhood. Muriel, learning of the advent of another woman, was pleased to be gracious to him, and he was daily swept farther into the dazzling world where she lived and moved and had her exquisite being. He told her a great deal about Kitty, with his nice, boyish, American enthusiasm.

"Only she isn't pretty, you know," he warned her, loyally eager to get the defects acknowledged, and so minimized, before Kitty should come. "She has little freckles, and she's fat, and she dresses abominably—or at least she always did in Rawlins. But she is such a splendid sort."

"Really!" said Muriel. Her mouth had the mobility of a little red serpent, and could take odd twists and curves that baffled Justin as much as they allured him. His face fell a little now.

"I can't help hoping that you will like her," he said gravely.

"Ah, if she is your cousin—!" And the little serpent glided into a smile that could only be described as "early Eve." "I have some girl cousins myself, but they are quite nasty," she added irrelevantly.

Muriel was in lavender silk, and seemed like an orchid to his male clumsiness. He went straight from her delicate presence to the station where Kitty was to arrive, and waited in dull, cold gloom, ashamed and helpless.

"I must be glad, I must, I must!" he muttered desperately as the train drew in.

He saw her before she saw him—fat and dusty, with her hat slipping back on her head and her ill-cut skirt tipping up in front and her hands full of strange luggage, and it was as though he saw a being of another sex from the woman he had just left. And then suddenly Kitty was smiling at him, that same comprehending smile of frankness and good fellowship and humorous common sense, and he was embracing her publicly and spontaneously with nothing in his heart but the happiness of reunion.

"By Jiminy, Kitty, it is good to see you!" he exclaimed a dozen times before he got her into a cab. Relief at his own affectionate impulses made him positively foolish. Kitty accepted it all beaming, but without surprise; it was evidently just about what she had expected.

"I'm not really here," she said, leaning forward to revel in the dingy streets. "It can't be true, Justin—one of us is asleep and dreaming it. Is it you or I?"

"I shan't wake up to find out," said Justin contentedly. "I suppose you want to rest to-day, but—"

"Rest!" interrupted Kitty. "I want to see the Tower and the Royal Academy."

"They may still be there to-morrow."

"But I may wake up back in Rawlins. Oh, I want to see everything! And especially some of the beautiful ladies you wrote about. One in particular—"

"Oh, yes, you will meet her to-morrow," said Justin, and hastily turned the subject.

He had secured a week off, that he might do justice to Kitty's historical zeal. He followed patiently enough the next day while she gloated over every stone in the Tower and had solemn trances in the Abbey, but his thoughts seldom strayed far from the fact that they were to meet Muriel for tea. He wanted Kitty to go



Justin was depressed to helpless silence by the contrast

home and rest for an hour before the meeting, but she was too infatuated with the London streets, which moved her almost to tears, they were "so natural"; consequently she was red and shiny and not quite tidy when they reached the appointed tea-rooms. She poked at her hair and rubbed her face briskly with her handkerchief—powder was not included in the Rawlins code.

"It doesn't matter: I am not handsome, anyway," she concluded comfortably. But it did matter when Muriel came in, exquisite in embroidered linen, with a hat made of tiny pink roses on her bronze hair. Not a wave was out of place, and the little wisps about Kitty's ears seemed suddenly unpardonable, just as her serge suit seemed stuffy and inappropriate and her tight little black hat the choice of a self-respecting housemaid. Kitty herself was untroubled, but Justin was depressed to helpless silence by the contrast. Not, to do him justice, that he felt any pangs of snobbishness. But it was vital that Muriel should appreciate his Kitty, and he was secretly angry at the latter for allowing unnecessary obstacles to intervene.

Muriel was frostily courteous, and listened without a smile while Kitty told freely and amusingly of her trip over. Kitty was used to being a success in Rawlins, and a general faith that every one felt as kindly as she did relieved her of shyness. She really was exceedingly bright—as Rawlins would have expressed it—about the voyage.

"You came quite by yourself?" was Muriel's only comment. There was a reserve in her tone that Kitty misread as wonder for her courage.

"Oh, dear me, yes. American girls go anywhere alone," she said genially. "There is really nothing to be afraid of."

"Ah—possibly not," murmured Muriel, with the lightest conceivable glance at Kitty's round face. "Shall you be at the Darnleys' to-night?" she added, turning to Justin as though Kitty were a closed subject.

"No, indeed: I want to visit with my cousin," he answered, manfully cheerful outside.

"Well, your cousin is going to tuck herself up at nine o'clock," put in Kitty. "I have to have at least eight hours' sleep, or I am a wreck," she explained to Muriel; "and to-night I want ten."

"Really!" said Muriel.

"We have had a tremendous day," Justin flung himself into the breach. "My cousin knows more about London than most Londoners. There is nothing new left for her here—she simply has to verify what she already knows."

"Indeed!" said Muriel. Kitty's eyes rested serenely on the exquisitely tinted face.

"I think the people will be new to me—quite new," she said, in a voice as calm and kind as her eyes.

"I hope you will like us, I'm sure," said Muriel with the edges of her lips. Then she rose. "So charmed to have met you," she said without a glimmer of expression, holding out three fingers. Kitty did not manage them well, being used to a whole hand in Rawlins. She looked thoughtfully after the retreating figure as they dropped into their seats again.

"I should like some more tea—very hot," she said dryly.

"You know Englishwomen are not warm at first sight, like Americans," Justin reminded her, with an effort. Kitty smiled at him reassuringly.

"Oh, I didn't mind! She's young outside, your pretty lady," she added thoughtfully, after a pause; "but she's a thousand years old inside—so old she has forgotten the warm red earth she started in. Too long a civilization makes people shallow and hard; they have passions, but no warmth."

"Not always! Perhaps it is just that you and I are too near the soil to understand them," he urged. "And then the English really are different from us, Kitty. They have to get used to you."

"I doubt if your lady friend would ever quite get used to me," was the placid answer. "I am middle-class American, my dear, from my accent to my boots. I am big enough not to mind it, but I suspect she isn't. How about you?" she added unexpectedly.

"You're Kitty: that's all I care about," he asserted, and meant it; yet his voice did not ring wholly true in his own ears. "What else am I?" he added hastily.

"An exceedingly good-looking young man," said Kitty smiling. "Besides, there is little or no Rawlins about you. Yes, you really have acquired tone. In Rawlins you would now be described as a 'club man'; and she as a 'society girl.'"

"And we should be credited with going to 'champagne suppers,'" Justin added appreciatively. Analysis of Rawlins was dear to both their hearts.

Kitty turned him out promptly at nine that night, and, after vowing he would do nothing of the sort, Justin weakly dressed and went to the Darnley reception. Muriel was obviously glad to see him: it was hard to fancy any one not glad to see Justin, he was so sunny and good-looking, so full of faith in his fellow creatures.

"I didn't mean to come: I am very cross at you," he said, smiling for sheer pleasure in her loveliness as they promenaded with the crowd.

"Cross at me!" Clear-eyed innocence was lifted to him. "But why?"

"Do you think you were very nice to my cousin this afternoon?"

It was as though she recalled the incident with difficulty. Then the smooth scarlet line of her lips took a delicately derisive twist. "You are so odd and loyal! Why do you take your cousin so hard?"

"If you only knew—"

"Don't assure me she has all the virtues: it is quite obvious. What of it?"

"But, my dear young woman, she is clever and cultivated and wise and well balanced—she is worth six of most women. It hurts me to have you miss her so completely."

They had come to a room where dancing was going on. Muriel slipped her hand into his, and they waltzed in silence for several minutes. Then she murmured to his shoulder: "Are you still cross at me?"

"Yes," said Justin; but he held her a little closer. Three minutes more, then the cool voice inquired:

"And now?"

"No—God forgive me!" said Justin with a laugh, abruptly releasing her. "But I still wish—"

A personage of high degree, stout, and pinkly bald, was bowing before his partner, and she left him with an indifferent nod. Justin presently went home.



All the romance of the world seemed concentrated in her presence

To maintain a vivid interest in the byways frequented by Dickens when paths leading to Muriel were daily available was no light task. The first three days seemed so long to Justin that by the fourth he felt he had fairly earned a half holiday.

"I have an engagement I must keep," he told Kitty, guilty eyes on his watch. "Can you amuse yourself?"

"Of course. I ought to get some letters written, anyway. And I promised Mr. Snead that I would look up something for him in the British Museum."

"Mr. Snead?"

"A widower with five children, my dear."

"Oh!" They both laughed. "I have always been on the lookout for that jay you forewarned me about," Justin added.

"Well, so have I," was the candid answer.

No bird ever flew from a cage door as eagerly as Justin flew to Muriel, when he had made himself sufficiently gorgeous. All the romance of the world seemed to him concentrated in this elaborate, orchid-like presence. Kitty, good old Kitty, appeared very plain prose, indeed, by contrast. Muriel dashed him to earth by showing two engagements for the afternoon, then set him soaring by breaking both for a walk with him. All the sunny beauty of the June day seemed to him concentrated under her parasol as they turned toward the park. Compared with a prospect of penny chairs with Muriel, the British Museum became pitifully tame. Poor Kitty!

Then the doors of the cage seemed to squeak in his ears. For swinging briskly toward them came Kitty herself, Kitty moist and red in her stuffy serge suit, with her hair straying about her collar and her gray cotton gloves dangling from her shopping bag; Kitty with her round face guilelessly uplifted, lost in the intricacies of the London skyline.

Of course, once seen, she must inevitably join them. And then Muriel would grow frosty and slip away, taking all the romance of the world with her. Justin loved Kitty, even at that moment, but he could not lose this precious hour. Muriel had not seen her—she never saw persons of that aspect; and Kitty's eyes were still on the skyline.

"Suppose we cross into the shade," said Justin abruptly, and a moment later they were safe: or would have been if guilt had not driven him to a quick backward glance. His eyes looked straight into Kitty's before either of them could avoid it; and Kitty's seemed to him clouded and bewildered.

In an instant he had wheeled back.

"Here is my cousin," he exclaimed to Muriel, and the heartiness of his voice must surely have cleared him from any suspicion of running away. He took her hand and beamed down at her. "What luck, Kitty! Come and walk with us," he urged: surely she could feel no flaw in his welcome. Kitty's glance, reassuringly bright and serene, rested for an instant on Muriel, who, after a slight backward motion of her head, had transferred her attention to the far distance.

"I wish I could," she said heartily; "but I am dead—I was just looking for a hansom to take me home. Do find me one." Justin protested garrulously, then put her into a hansom and smiled and waved her off. Muriel ignored the incident, except for a mocking lift of her eyebrows, and Justin tried to forget it; but the afternoon was spoiled, after all. He was miserably ashamed.

Kitty accepted his remorseful zeal the next day with her usual clear friendliness, yet about four o'clock she managed to get "tired" and insisted on going home to her lodgings, leaving him free; and this happened so often in the days that followed, there were so many hours that had to be devoted to letters, that he became uncomfortably certain that she had seen more than the skyline that afternoon, and that his beaming cordiality had not deceived her. He would have spent all his money on her, in a shamed attempt to atone, but she quietly put a stop to that.

"The good old Dutch school for me," she insisted, and paid her half like a man. Irritation at this finally made Justin lose his temper.

"Why in thunder you can't take a few meals and cabs from me—!" he burst out. "Kitty, you're mean!"

"Not at all. Besides," she added mischievously, "you are going to need every cent in your new pursuit."

"Pursuit?" he echoed uneasily.

"Of glamour. It comes very high, my dear."

"I don't know what you're talking about." Justin was surly.

"I wish you did," said Kitty impulsively; then, at his stare, she had to go on: "I mean, it would spare you something. You're going to get fearfully hurt, Justin."

"By what, pray?" His aspect was not encouraging, but she bravely persisted.

"By—a type. You may think it is an individual girl, but it won't be. It is the fine-lady type that will do for you."

"Well, I suppose the girl will be somewhere there behind the type," he objected.

"Yes; but not for you," said Kitty gravely. "The girl of that type will play with you, she will even love you"—her eyes rested on him appreciatively—"but—she marries money and position. Inevitably."

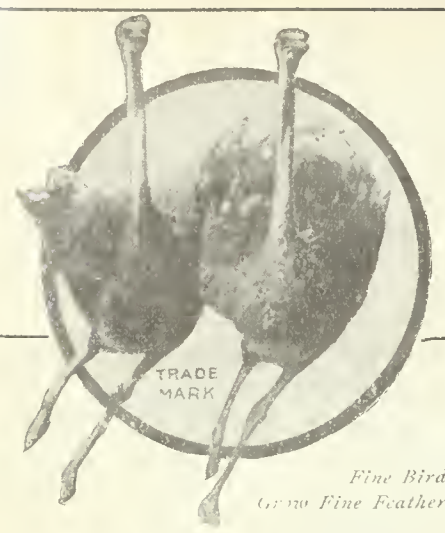
The cold weight of the words was a revelation to Justin of how far his dreams had been carrying him. Then he came back to Kitty with a patronizing smile.

"You have been reading books, Kitty, off in Rawlins: you would see things differently if you had been living here. Even fine ladies are human—thank goodness!" He had worked himself up to cheerfulness again. "Now I invite you to go to the theatre to-night: you may accept or decline, but you may not pay."

"I accept, thank you," said Kitty meekly.

Kitty's words recurred heavily to Justin when he went to bed that night, but he rose up the next morning in fighting mood. He had to recognize a measure of truth in what she had said—that it was infatuation for the Muriel type as much as love of the girl Muriel that held him: certainly he never thought of her apart from her world, from the glamour of roses and silver and lavender silk that seemed to lie about her like a delicate odor. This recognition determined the direction of his aggressiveness. He was going forth to find the girl herself, the human, living-hearted girl back of the trained and ordered personality: he would smash through the artificial wall of caste and of precedent, and the girl should open her eyes to find a living man confronting her. No personage, no bearer of gold, but a man who demanded her attention simply because he could love, honor, and cherish, whose humility before her was born of his tenderness, not at all of his worldly state. His spirit stood in shield and buckler by the time he was dressed. It never occurred to him that his state of mind was romantic: he called it facing the facts.

It was the type, the trained fine-lady, who received him late that afternoon. Several other callers were there, but he doggedly outstayed them, smiling at her triumphantly when they had the room to themselves.



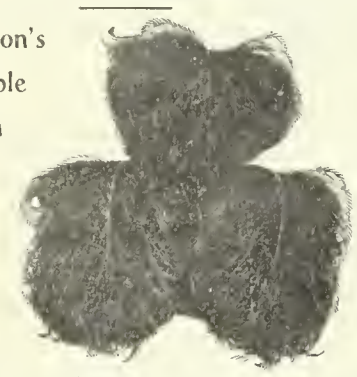
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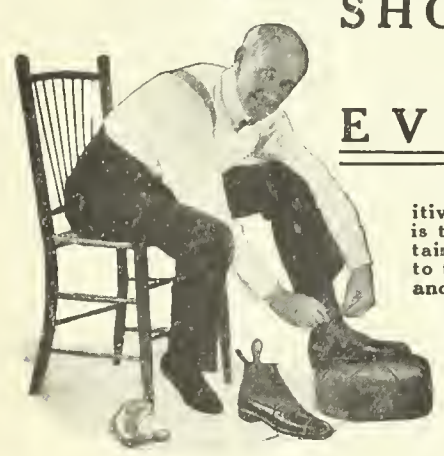
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A VICTIM TO GLAMOUR

(Continued from page 25)

Yet, once alone with her, he was irritated to feel creeping back upon him his usual sense of inadequacy in her presence, inadequacy not to the demands of the woman, but of the woman's setting. He could never scorn into complete denial an unreasoning consciousness of not being her equal in the only sense of the word which Muriel recognized. What was more, he knew that she knew it, and that his determined ease of manner never cheated her as to his own attitude. He drew his chair close to the little couch where she sat, and summoned all his forces, national and political, as well as personal, to prove to her not only that he was conventionally her equal, but that he never doubted his being so.

"I want a talk with you," he said in a tone that nearly satisfied him; if it were not assured, it certainly would pass for such. "I want a real talk with you. I have been talking at you for the last twenty-four hours, but I couldn't fill in your answers, so I have come to get them."

Muriel's blue eyes rested appreciatively on his earnest face.

"Answers? Ah, don't ask answers," she warned him.

"Who's afraid!"

She smiled at him subtly. "Muriel's afraid!"

"Muriel had better be! I am here to find her out!"

"Find me out?" Her look was startled.

"I want to know you, the real you!" he demanded. "Not the self you show to any one, but the real self, the one that cries, and loses its temper, and wants things. I have never known on any point what you really felt. A fit of rage might be illuminating."

Muriel considered him with the little serpent drawn down at one corner.

"I fancied there were other ways of showing feeling," she suggested.

A quiver of excitement ran through him.

"Yes, there are other ways," he assented.

"Better ways, perhaps?" And the serpent tempted him. Magically, they were both on their feet, and his arms were about her. She did not shrink from him.

"Muriel!" he cried. "You do love me!"

"Not in the least," she answered, but her tone did not match her words. She pressed her palm against his cheek. "Kiss me again," she said. The contrast between her denial and her warm self was an enchantment far more bewildering than a mere confession of love. The word "paradox" came into his head as a term of endearment, and he used it so: "You precious paradox, you bewitching paradox," he murmured, and the incongruous word thrilled with a meaning its passionless existence had never before conveyed. A moment later they separated at a sound in the passage outside. Muriel recovered her composure instantly and turned toward the window, which opened on a little balcony screened and made fragrant with blooming plants. The steps passed the door without entering.

"Come and see the geraniums," she said as she stepped out on the balcony.

"It isn't geraniums I want to see," he declared, following. "Muriel, Muriel—" He broke off with an exclamation. Through a gap in the plants the street was visible. "I believe that idiot is coming here," he protested irritably.

Muriel's gaze followed the direction of his own. A short, stout figure was crossing the street, clad in a suit of the palest tan tweeds. Below his pale straw hat extended an ellipse of baldness, emphasized only by its pinkness, for the hair below was paler than itself. A huge baby face suggesting in its hairless rotundity an infant resembling his grandfather was plainly set toward the hall door.

"I guess he is, as Cousin Kitty would say," was Muriel's comment. If she resented the coming interruption, she did not show it.

"I don't see why you let him come all the time. Surely you don't care for importance that has nothing to do with the man himself! One has only to look at him—and he hasn't even wit enough to keep his mouth shut."

"They have always looked like that, all the ones that went before, clever and stupid alike. There are row upon rows at the Castle."

"But why do you?" he persisted.

"It is altruistic of me: people do so enjoy mentioning having met him here."

"I don't, and I am going to outstay him," he declared. "I never have succeeded before, but I will this time." He felt her fingers curl about his for an instant. "You sweetheart!" he murmured, his impatience forgotten.

"Hush!" she said, moving to meet her caller.

Justin started to follow, but, seeing Muriel's handkerchief lying in a corner of the balcony, he stopped to pick it up. It was clasped close in his hand as a talisman when he turned again to the room.

The stab of pain that went through him was not less real because, for the moment, he did not believe what he saw: his mind was already clutching for some explanation even as his gasp of dismay was echoed by one from within.

"You stupid!" Muriel's tone was indifferent now. "Can't you see that we are not alone!" Her companion also gasped as he released her from his arms and stepped back, flushed and awkward.

"I am sorry, Muriel," he protested humbly.

"You might have looked," she scolded. Justin had the sight he had asked for, Muriel in a temper, but there was no satisfaction in it now. She gathered herself together.

"We did not mean to announce our engagement until after we left town," she explained coldly to Justin. The curves of her mouth were now distinctly of the later Eve type—after she had bitten into the apple and found it sour. Their eyes met in a hard, level look: it was not till afterward that he realized that there had been pain in hers as well as defiance. Now all his forces were needed to meet the situation with the right degree of dignity and detachment. He offered his congratulations bravely, then took himself out of Muriel's home and her life with perfect self-possession. The memory of that successful exit was the one comfort to his bruised vanity. The papers the next day were full of the engagement.

It was a week before Kitty saw her cousin again, but he offered no explanation when he did come, and she asked none, after a shrewd glance at his face. She bore his moods in the days that followed with sympathetic serenity, and presently saw him emerge into a semblance of his cheerful self again. For three weeks he gave her every spare moment of his time, and even came to be rather meekly dependent on her. The ending of her visit depressed him visibly.

"Don't go: stay another month," he urged. "I have money enough—why shouldn't you let me?" But Kitty was not to be persuaded. On her last evening Justin tramped restlessly about her room and finally came to a pause behind her chair, his hands on its back.

"Say, Kitty, stay and marry me," he said abruptly. "Will you?"

"No, my dear, I won't," said Kitty in her most sensible tones.

"Oh, come on, Kitty!" He came round in front of her and took away her mending. "We're fond of each other, and you know it. Say yes."

She shook her head, though her frank eyes were regretful.

"Is it because we are cousins? No one minds that any more."

Kitty remained silent a few moments, as though arranging her thoughts.

"No," she said finally, "it isn't because of the cousinship. I think on the whole it is because you are subject to glamour." He reddened.

"Oh, that is all over! Honest, Kitty. I know where I belong now."

"No. You have a reaction against it just this moment in favor of solid worth—which means me. But it will come again, and then I should be just poor old Kitty—very much of a frump. I know! Now Mr. Snead," she colored slightly, but her kind eyes did not fall, "isn't subject to glamour. For him I am the embodiment of social charm as well as solid worth. Even London—which he isn't likely to see, with five children—wouldn't upset him. It looks very comfortable to me. I don't mind telling you," she added, as he remained dejectedly silent, "that I have been a victim to glamour myself in my time. It was partly that that sent me over here—to see if I could really come down to Mr. Snead, after knowing you. Well—" it was her one revenge, and she hesitated over it remorsefully—"I think on the whole I can, my dear!"

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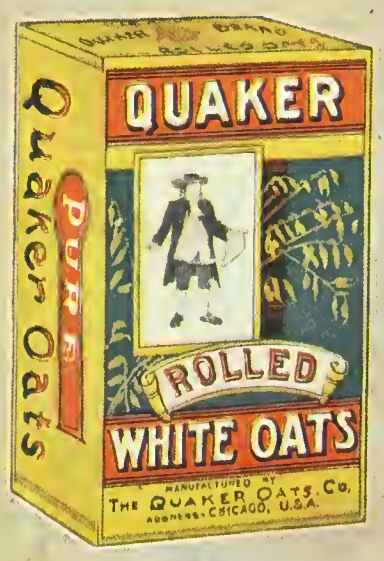
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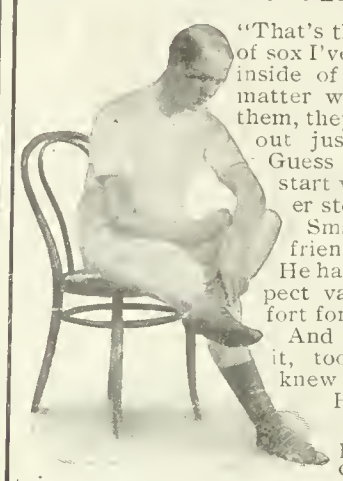
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FOUND IN THE INCUBATOR

By WALLACE IRWIN

I—ARTIFICIAL BOHEMIA

Showing how G. Patrick Grubb formed a stock company of artistic temperament and brought table d'hôte genius within the reach of all

EVERY world-movement has some fine kernel of essential truth hidden in its core. Socrates built a school of philosophy on a sentence which, freely rendered, means: "Get next to yourself!" Tammany Hall was organized on the soapy maxim of Mr. Pears: "He won't be happy till he gets it." The Ku Klux Klan owed much of its spirit to the Elizabethan epigram:

"Ketch a nigger by the toe
And when he hollers—
Lynch him!"

"If you can not be a genius, you may at least copy the vices and un-morals of genius," some one lisped, doddering over a gallon of absinthe, and from that thought sprang Bohemia, an angel of inspiration, unwashed, and unafraid.

Or let us be more scientific and look upon Bohemia in the aspect of a jaunty, temperamental bacillus, a microbe which, in its natural state thrives in cheese, mildew, and stale wine, an organism to which daylight and ventilation are fatal, but which burgeons and blooms in the light of the friendly calcium. Its habitat, we find, is Paris, Budapest, and Grand Rapids, Michigan. Is it not strange, then, that in the quiet, leisurely, devotional atmosphere of Wall Street Bohemia has withered and died, even though nurtured and encouraged by such celebrated art amateurs as Senator Clarke and Thomas F. Ryan?

New York, indeed, might never have known the joys of the life of inspiration and ideals, had not the commercial genius of G. Patrick Grubb discovered Artificial Bohemia and worked it as a profitable speculation. Mr. Grubb was essentially a business man, a daring but unsuccessful promoter of oil wells, patent medicine, and Arizona real estate. When the Great Idea came to him he immediately organized, under a New Jersey charter, The Artificial Bohemia Company, Unlimited, and issued one hundred thousand shares of irrigated stocks. Mr. Grubb, having appointed himself president of the corporation, mailed to over one thousand chorus ladies, traveling gentlemen, ticket speculators, and racing financiers the following printed card:

BOHEMIA! BOHEMIA! BOHEMIA!

Have you an artistic temperament? Are you gifted but unappreciated?
Develop your talents! Come in and have your Genius admired!
Join the Galaxy Club, which will meet every Sunday night
at a Prominent Restaurant.
Refined wit, sentiment, talent will be rife among kindred spirits.
Next Sunday Night will be a Literary Evening

Guest of Honor: EVELYN PRETZEL-JONES (Society Editor of "Tittle Tattle") Table d'Hôte Dinner $1.50

The first Sunday performance was a great success. The choral nymphs of many musical comedies were there gathered in large numbers, a sea of waving plumes. President Grubb had been unable to secure any Real Artists on short notice, but three scene painters, rented for the occasion, came attired in correct Latin Quarter costumes and sipped absinthe at a small table, thus adding a dash of local coloring. During the soup and oysters, the guests, not having yet grasped the general idea of Bohemia, jested with somewhat self-conscious decorum. A hired elocutionist read aloud from the works of Mr. Le Gallienne and a colored banjoist interpreted "My Wife Won't Let Me." But it was not until Mr. Heine Hamm, the marvelous minstrel monologuist, told a few refined but snappy anecdotes on Mr. George Cohan that Bohemia really began to loosen up in all its brilliancy.

The guest of honor, Miss Evelyn Pretzel-Jones, failed to appear, but the literary tone of the evening was maintained by a prominent young advertising poet who read some original lines entitled "Mother's Eyes Are Seldom Dry." President Grubb spoke briefly as follows:

"Dear comrades, we are in Bohemia, and therefore we should know neither class nor caste. Here the beggar may sit down with the prince where they may share their crust and wine in the interest of good fellowship. Here greed and selfishness are forgotten. (*Aside to the waiter.*) Here, you, don't forget to collect from that fat feller over there! He's had four drinks without payin' for 'em. (*Aloud.*) Our fare may be simple, our purses may be light; but we take what the gods provide with a cheerful confidence, knowing that we are all artists together, and that we may know the esthetic spirit of Bohemia without concession to the world's mean and vulgar standards!"

In the ensuing enthusiasm a florid ticket speculator so far forgot himself that he tipped over his glass and cried "Bully for Art!" just as Miss Vera de Vere, who occupies first row third from the end in the Rollicking Rube Company, took the platform and sang "Laust ni-e-ght I was dre-e-eaming" to multiplied enchores.

"Mr. Grubb has got the atmosphere nailed all over the place!" observed a pink soubrette to a short comedian.

"Sure!" replied the short comedian, "I always had a hunch that I was a Genius—waiter, what d' ye do with my change?"

As night waned the devotees of Art rolled home. But President Grubb lingered at the feast to wrangle with the head waiter over the percentage of the profits.

So the enterprise grew and prospered, the club's meeting-place was moved to a gold-leaf dining-saloon, and Artificial Bohemia paraded in dress-suits, which many of the members actually owned. The feasters grew intimate enough to slap each other on the back upon meeting and exclaim: "Hello, Willie! How's every little thing with you this evening?"

Finally Esek W. Firkin, a retired butter manufacturer, joined the Galaxy, became enamored of the esthetic, and led his lovely daughter Margerine to the very portals of Bohemia, where she looked upon G. Patrick Grubb and lost her heart. This reckless reveler, not unfamiliar with Mr. Firkin's commercial rating, returned the affections of the attractive Margerine; their vows were plighted over a bottle of the club's abominable claret, and soon they were married 'midst the hearty acclamations of all Artificial Bohemia.

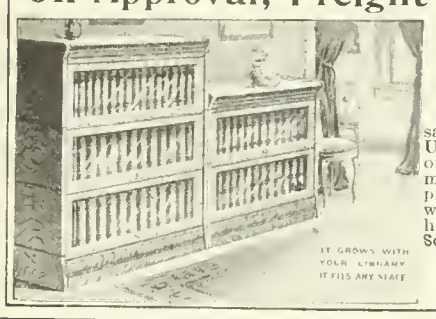
But, as I am informed, Mr. Grubb insisted upon carrying his commercial esthetics into the highly respectable household of the elder Firkin, with whom he chose to abide. He avoided work and worry, took to drink, and, in moments of rare inspiration, roundly abused the trusting Margerine.

One autumn afternoon when the vinous Mr. Grubb was coming down to breakfast the hard-headed butter-millionaire met him in the hall and related:

The Story of the Domesticated Calliope

"Young man, I'm a-going to bounce you out of this here establishment—but before doing so, let me tell you about James P. Howley's musical talent. Howley used to play the church organ when he was a boy; so he run away with a circus

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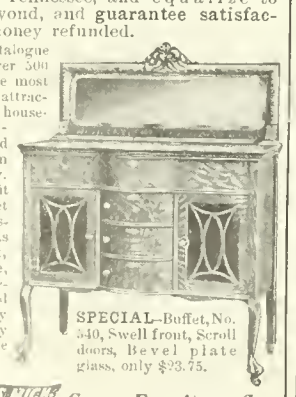


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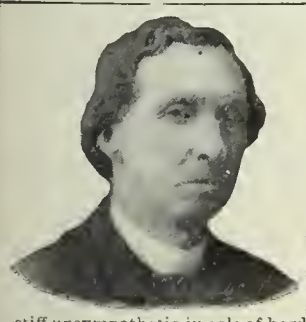
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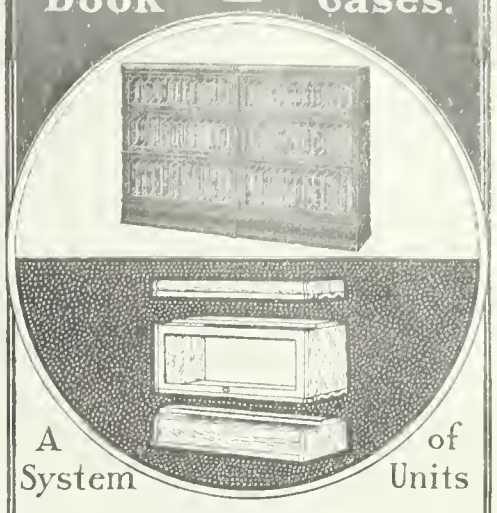


FROM the artistic standpoint, the Chickering Piano occupies the proudest position of all pianos in the world. ¶ BECAUSE of its artistic merit it superseded all others years before any of the American pianos now manufactured were established. ¶ BECAUSE it is the only American piano of its time now living, and BECAUSE it stands to-day the recognized representative of the highest development in artistic and scientific piano-building. ¶ Its position was not gained and is not maintained by purchased influence.

CHICKERING & SONS, 794 Tremont St., BOSTON

Established 1823 Catalogue upon request

Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Book — Cases.



A System of Units

YOU can obtain **Globe-Wernicke** "Elastic" Book Cases fitted with **bevel plate glass, leaded glass or plain glass doors**, and with panel ends or plain ends. There is practically no limit to the varied and artistic arrangements that can be made with these units, which embody the best material, finish and mechanical construction.

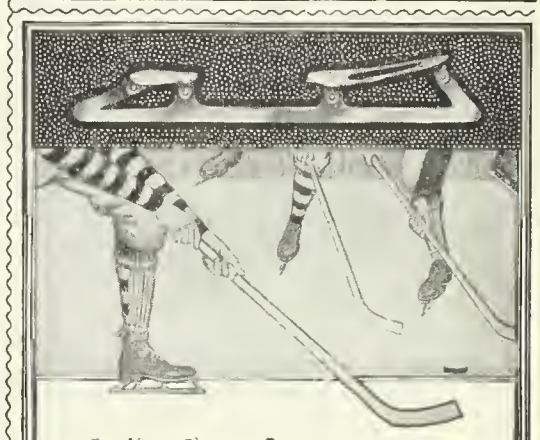
All units controlled by our non-binding door equalizer.

A diagram in colors showing seven different finishes appropriate for a library, mailed on request for Catalogue C 106.

Uniform prices everywhere. Carried in stock by agents in over 1100 cities. Where not represented we ship on approval, freight paid.



The Globe-Wernicke Co.
CINCINNATI.
Branch Stores: NEW YORK, 380-382 Broadway.
BOSTON, 91-93 Federal St.
CHICAGO, 224-228 Wabash Ave.



Made for the Game

For fifty years Winslow's Skates have enjoyed a high reputation for safety, durability, speed, superior material and workmanship.

The ***Winslow College Hockey Skate*** exemplifies the perfection attained by

WINSLOW'S Skates

—made of selected steel, especially hardened and tempered and beautifully finished, it stands as the finest hockey skate ever made—it is in truth—"*made for the game.*"

Winslow Roller Skates are also more popular than ever. Thousands of pairs in daily use—hundreds of rinks will have no other make.

Sold by nearly all dealers. If not at yours, we will supply you direct. Ask for free illustrated catalogues.

The Samuel Winslow Skate Mfg. Co.
Worcester, Mass.
New York Office, 84-86 Chambers Street

STARK FRUIT BOOK

shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution.

We want more salesmen.—Stork Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.



Sure to Win

the approval of all,—that's what a bottle of sparkling **"Londonderry"** will do at the end of a rubber. It is refreshing and delicious by itself. When added to your favorite wine or liquor, **"Londonderry"** enhances the pleasure and lessens the harm of its use. **"Londonderry"** blends perfectly because it is a wonderful absorber.

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Londonderry Lithia Water is served at all first-class hotels and clubs, and is sold by druggists, grocers and wine merchants. The Sparkling comes in quarts, pints and splits; the Still in half gallon bottles.

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FIT ANY FOOT
Fit Every Foot
Fit All Feet

Note the shape of the one per-



fect rubber, the

TRADE MARK
EVERSTICK
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INVISIBLE RUBBER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

It encircles the foot giving perfect protection from cold, wet, slush, snow and mud--stays on till you want it off--gives full flexibility and movement of the feet, does not make them swell, burn and perspire excessively.

It is the one rubber which combines comfort and appearance with safety and health for the feet. Everybody is wearing them. Made for all styles of shoes worn by Men and Women. Try a pair. Take no substitute--insist on having the **Everstick**, the one rubber that is just as good on a dry cold day as it is in wet weather.

The only Rubber recommended by physicians.
Comes for Women in black, white and tan.

Sold by all good Shoemen. If you cannot get them write us. We will tell you how to get a pair and send our free book "Foot Safety."

ADAMS & FORD CO., Manufacturers
65 Bank St., Cleveland, O.



MEN OF JUDGEMENT
WEAR
Bull Dog
SUSPENDERS

50¢ Men of Judgement— 50¢

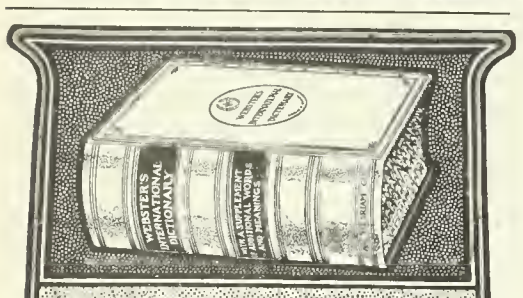
of good judgement—the discriminating man, or, to be more explicit, the average man—the man you touch shoulders with every day—he is the man whose judgement has made possible the great success of these simple, sensible and serviceable suspenders.

For every reason given in favor of other make suspenders at least two logical arguments can be advanced why YOU should wear BULL DOG SUSPENDERS, and the strongest one is

They Outwear Three Pairs of the Other Kinds

They're sold in all the best shops so please *ask your dealer*, but if necessary we will mail them for 50c. the pair postpaid. In regular and extra lengths, light and heavy weights, and youth's sizes.

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Dept. 7 87 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE Booklet—"Correct Dress and Suspender Styles."



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THE ONE GREAT STANDARD AUTHORITY.

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A New Popular Priced Undergarment That is Having a Remarkable Sale

Hygienic underwear at a popular price is something entirely new—heretofore such a garment sold at $1.50 and upwards. Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear is made by a patented machine which makes it possible to sell a high grade underwear at 50 cents. This low price combined with the hygienic value, perfect fit and superior quality of Vellastic Underwear has created such a demand that the mills find it hard to keep pace.

Vellastic Underwear is an elastic ribbed garment with a soft downy fleece next the skin. The elasticity of the rib allows perfect fit and comfort, while the fleece keeps the body warm and allows perfect ventilation. Vellastic Underwear will not shrink, nor will the fleece bunch or mat.

Prices: Men's and women's garments, 50c. Ladies' Union Suits, $1.00 each. Children's union suits at 50c; two piece suits at 25c a garment.

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UTICA
FLEECE
TRADE MARK

The trade mark, Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece, is sewed on every garment. If not at your dealer's, write us, giving us his name. Booklet and sample of fabric free.

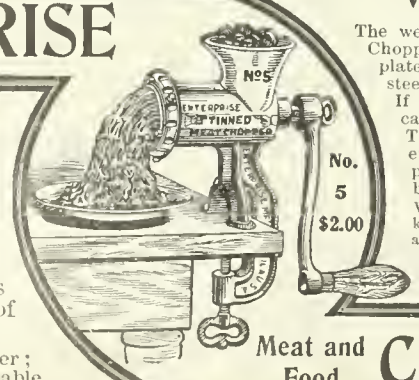
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Utica Knitting Company, Utica, N. Y.

ENTERPRISE

WORKS WELL

Nothing can get by the four bladed, revolving knife and pass through the perforated plate of an Enterprise Chopper without being actually *cut*—the cutting action is as positive as a pair of shears.

Makes tough meat tender; makes all meat more palatable. Useful every day in every kitchen.



No. 5 $2.00

WEARS WELL

The wearing parts of the Enterprise Chopper—the knife and perforated plate—are made of finely tempered steel and are wonderfully durable. If they ever *do* wear out, they can be replaced at trifling cost. The chopper itself will wear forever. Be sure the name "Enterprise" is on the machine you buy. Sold by dealers.

Write for the "Enterprising Housekeeper," a book of 200 choice recipes and kitchen helps. Sent FREE.

The Enterprise Mfg. Co. of Pa.
2205 N. American St., Phila., Pa.

Meat and Food **CHOPPER**

FOUND IN THE INCUBATOR

(*Continued from page 28*)

and got a job tootin' tunes on the cally-ope what went with the procession. James got so good at it that he made quite a hit as a genius. He could play 'Sweet Violets' and 'Blow Gently, Sweet Afton' on that there steam siren serenade, and he done it so pretty that it would bring tears to your eyes, at the same time breakin' all the windows along the line o' march. All the noon whistles in my butter factory blowin' to once couldn't ekal the volume o' that cally-ope. Every time the circus procession went through a town the management would have a dozen suits on for the amount o' glassware what Jim broke when he played 'Our House Is Haunted.' But it payed 'em, because the public jest couldn't git along without Jim's tootin'-machine.

"Well, James he played with that circus for twenty-eight years and finally, when the show busted up, he calculated that he would be pretty lonesome without his cally-ope; so he bought the thing, engines, whistles, and all, for $125, and had it carted over to his house in Cornerville—then what d' ye think he done? Had that there steam-organ set up in the parlor of his house!

"He had to hire a nigger boy to keep the engine stoked up, and every time his soul was possessed with song he'd rush to the parlor and toot out 'Annie Laurie' and 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean' till the bricks shook loose in the chimley.

"The neighbors liked it at first; but when Jim took to playin' the thing nights, mornin's, *and* church-time they begun to grumble. Then Jim got insomnia, and he used to come down at midnight and play himself to sleep—and the neighbors began to agree that Mister Howley's genius was somethin' of a public nuisance. So they mobbed his house and busted up that musical earthquake. And the last I heard of Jim he was engineer in a pickle factory.

"And that's my story, showin' in parables that Bohemia is like a cally-ope all right for circus processions and acre lots; but too harsh and violent-like to be performed upon in parlors next to Dresden china and cut-glass shandeleers what's apt to be jarred out o' existence.

"Now, Mister Grubb, you are invited to do the sum of 3 plus 20 and keep on walkin'."

Progress of the Football Season

By WALTER CAMP

THE development of play thus far under the new rules has opened up extremely wide possibilities. The necessity of gaining ten yards instead of five in three downs has made, as was predicted, mass plays practically useless as a means of steady ground-gaining. Even the most skeptical has been convinced that the steady hammering play of former years is a losing game against the more open play, and hence short dashes when close to the goal line, or an occasional single play when there is only a yard or two to gain, promise to be the limit of anything like the old-fashioned mass play.

But the point of greatest interest in this connection has been the decrease in value of the possession of the ball brought about by the ten-yard rule and the inevitable consequence of this in its invitation to more risky plays. Formerly a team hardly dared to try a long pass or a double outside pass, because the danger of losing the ball was so great and the opponents might then by a succession of mass plays carry it over for a touchdown. Possession of the ball had become so valuable that only the safest plays were tried, and this meant plays where the ball was held by a group of men without giving the opponents a chance to reach it, unless on a fumble. If a team tried a long pass to the end it might be successful once out of three times, but, under the old rules, if the ball were lost the opponents would then take and keep close possession of it for a succession of gains. For this reason long passes, wide end runs, double passes, and trick kicks, all of which were legal enough under the old code, were seldom attempted. These have now become popular, and the crowd has an opportunity of seeing the ball something like four-fifths of the time. This comes from the change in value of possession of the ball.

Spectators Enjoy the New Style of Game

It was only natural that many who knew the old game among the players and coaches felt many qualms about undertaking to learn something so new as the revised rules would probably bring about. For all that, most of them are becoming very much interested in the new developments, and as for the spectators, if one may judge by the earlier games, they are delighted at once more seeing the long runs, passes, and a good deal more freedom of play. It is equally pleasant to note that the players and officials are taking the game in the proper spirit and not only giving the rules a fair trying out, but endeavoring in every possible way to meet the former criticisms both by their ruling and conduct.

To take up the detail of the play, the teams have found that so small is the chance of gaining the required distance by old-fashioned methods, and so much less serious is the losing of the ball in an attempt at something promising a greater gain, that double passing, short kicks, forward passes, and all sorts of tricks are being developed to an extent never before seen in the game.

The plays that are proving the most successful are the short kick over the tackle which strikes the ground, thus putting all players on side, the forward pass to an end who has started immediately the ball is put in play, and has thus run several yards into the opposing territory before the ball is passed to him, and finally the quick handing of the ball from one player to another when tackled.

Add to this the possibilities of the quarter-back kick, which even in the old game, had it not been for the chance of losing possession of the ball being so great a handicap to its use, would have been a most popular play, and it gives one a series of plays which promise to make studies of the defense most interesting and intricate.

In fact, the offense has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, and the defense promises to be put to its limit to meet all varying possibilities of attack that are now offered.

The rush line must be doubly active and alert because it is necessary on account of short kicks and forward passes to take away one or more of the defensive backs from their position just behind the line and place them at a greater interval in the back field. This means that the line of forwards can no longer rely upon the back

Couldn't Dodge Prosperity

This is the story of a man who bought an Ideal Concrete Machine to make Concrete Building Blocks *for his own use*. Before he realized it, a profitable business had been forced upon him. Read what he says:—

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IDEAL CONCRETE MACHINE CO.,
South Bend Indiana.
GENTLEMEN:—Received Ideal Concrete Machine all right. I did not intend to do any work except my own, but as soon as people *saw* the blocks, they wanted them, so I was compelled to go into the business of making them.

Yours truly,
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Mfr. Ideal Hollow Cement Blocks.



IDEAL
Concrete Machines

will bring prosperity to any man in any locality. "*The people want them*" tells the whole story. Any man, without previous experience can make concrete blocks from sand, gravel and cement, that look better, wear better, and are everywhere taking the place of all other building materials. Can be sold to builders far cheaper than brick yet pay a splendid profit to the maker.

The Ideal Concrete Machine is simple, rapid and adaptable, and will never wear out. Low in cost, easily operated by one man, it is the easiest way to prosperity. Write for free catalogue, and the stories of other men who have learned how to turn sand and gravel into good American Dollars.

Ideal Concrete Machinery Co.
Dept. D, South Bend, Ind.



THE friends they make, they keep —that's the predominating characteristic of

MURAD CIGARETTES

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"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD."

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

1907



All motordom is agog over the advent of Model H, the brand new four-cylinder Cadillac for 1907, now ready for instant delivery.

In every particular this car is not only up to the minute, but is really *two years* ahead of any other machine on the market. Its many improvements, its mechanical completeness, its superior finish and design, make it imperative for you not to take another step in the purchase of a car until you have learned all about this wonderful

CADILLAC

—an automobile whose smooth and well-balanced action is almost marvelous when compared with that in what has heretofore been accepted as the highest type of motor car. The new and exclusive double acting steering gear greatly increases safety of riding; surprising ease of control is gained through the perfect planetary transmission; a new marine type governor regulates the speed of the engine under all conditions, minimizing vibration and fuel consumption; the independent steel suspension for engine saves wear and strain.

These and a dozen other reasons why you ought to choose the Cadillac will be explained by your nearest dealer. His address, also finely illustrated booklet L, will be sent on request.

Model H will accommodate five persons; **30 horse power;** capable of 50 miles an hour. Price, $2,500.

Other Cadillac models are: MODEL K; RUNABOUT, $750; MODEL M, LIGHT TOURING CAR, $950. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, and do not include lamps.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
Detroit, Michigan.
Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

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YANKEE—The only "Dollar Watch"—a perfect, practical, guaranteed timekeeper — winds and sets at the stem—**$1.00.**

ECLIPSE—Second in popularity to the famous "Dollar Watch"—hinged back—German-silver, Gun Metal or Gold Plate **$1.50.**

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MIDGET—The "Ladies' model"—looks like a high priced watch and keeps perfect time **$2.**

MIDGET ARTISTIC—Beautifully ornamented case with "Midget" movement and antique bow **$2.50.**

It was the low price of the Ingersoll that sold it first—but the sale has continued and grown up to its present 8,000 a day because of nothing else in the world than the sure timekeeping quality built into it. Signed guarantee in back of every Ingersoll Watch.

Look for "Ingersoll" on the Dial

Sold by 50,000 dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send for our Free Illustrated Booklet.

Ingersoll Dollar Chains—12 patterns—assay more gold than any $2 chain—circular free.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
58 Jewellers Court **New York**

A Strong Appeal



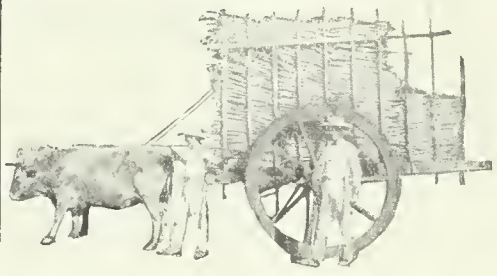
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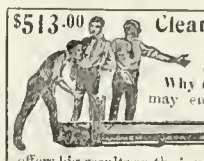
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Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery.

EVERWEAR Hosiery is guaranteed to wear for six months without a hole, rip or tear — guaranteed against everything, even carelessness. There's no string to that guarantee.

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If your dealer doesn't keep them send us his name and $1.50 for six pairs—guaranteed for six months—and you will receive the hose all charges paid. State size and color you wish and whether light or medium weight.

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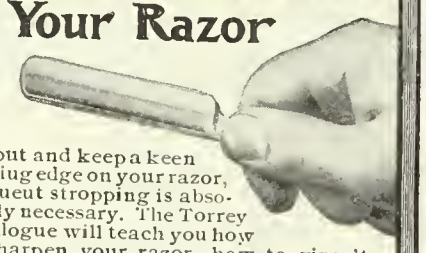
Our plan is fully explained in our free booklet, which every Rent Payer should send for.

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We desire a first-class man to represent us in each community.

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To put and keep a keen cutting edge on your razor, frequent stropping is absolutely necessary. The Torrey catalogue will teach you how to sharpen your razor—how to give it the finest edge, and the **Torrey Strop** will give it that edge.

Torrey Strops

are prepared by our special process, from carefully selected material. A few strokes on a **Torrey Strop** will do more for your razor than any amount of stropping on the ordinary strops.

A **Torrey Strop** produces a microscopically fine edge which no other will do. You can get Torrey Strops, any style, for 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50. Sent postpaid if your dealer cannot supply. Money refunded or a new strop if not satisfactory.

Torrey's **Oil-Edge** Dressing will keep any strop soft and pliable. Price 15c, at dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Catalogue containing valuable information free.

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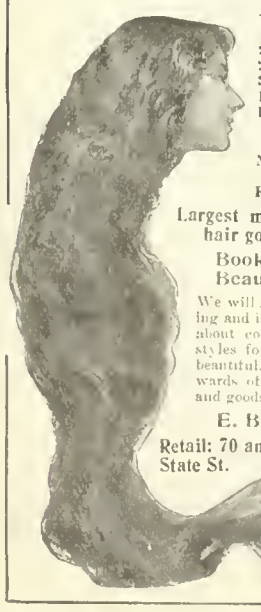
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For sale where the best is sold.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON

1316 Chestnut St., Phila.

Established 1842

PROGRESS OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON

(*Continued from page 30*)

field to do so much of the work in stopping runs at guard or tackle, and the ends are so much exercised over the thought of handling a forward pass by the opponents that they really dare not shoot in as they formerly did.

It has also been already demonstrated that the opportunity for sensational play is multiplied many times, and with it the chances of the smaller team. These smaller teams were formerly practically crushed by the weight of concentrated attack, whereas now they have more opportunities at the ball and hence a better chance to show something of their own play, particularly if they have developed open methods. This opportunity given a smaller team has already been made the most of in several instances, and certainly it is far more entertaining to the spectators to see a smaller team score, and it makes the game more interesting for a team that is inferior, and which, under the old rules, used to get but very little satisfaction out of the contests with the bigger teams.

The New Rules Make for a Better Understanding Among Coaches

Another feature which the new rules have brought about and which promises much for the game comes from the very fact of the changes being so radical. Officials and coaches are naturally very eager to master the rules and learn the possibilities of their interpretation, and this has brought about meetings in various parts of the country, very generally attended, at which these matters have been discussed, and the discussion itself has led to far more acquaintanceship and general friendly intercourse than has been exhibited for a number of years. The good effect of these meetings and the better understanding can hardly be measured, and promises much for the future of the sport.

It is possible that the development which will also take place in the defensive work of teams will render scoring more difficult than it was under the old rules, but a great many coaches and players who are now on the anxious seat worrying over the fear of what the opponents will do, will rest more easily if they find themselves able to solve the problem of defense in such a manner as to feel that scoring is less likely than under the old methods.

Thus far at least the shifting of the ball from point to point on the field, the occasional long gain, and the kaleidoscopic changes in the condition of the field keep the attention riveted on the field as it never has been before in minor games.

At the time of this writing the situation of the big teams may be diagnosed something as follows:

Princeton has made the most pronounced advance, the new rules being apparently especially adapted to the New Jersey institution's particular style of game which has always been one of marked individual brilliancy. Moreover, the rush line is the strongest of any of the teams of the year. One of the ends is especially fast and clever, there is an unusually good general for a quarter-back, and a sturdy experienced back field.

Pennsylvania seems to have been handicapped somewhat by injuries, and rather slow to attempt the greater novelties of the new play, but this was somewhat forced upon her by the absence of several good men in the early part of the season who have later joined the squad. In one respect the Pennsylvanians are far ahead of any of the other teams, and that is in their knowledge and execution of the quarter-back kick, which has always been part of the red and blue's repertoire.

Pennsylvania is naturally bending all her energies to the development of the team for the contest with Michigan, as that is her one game of importance.

Michigan is in a like situation, planning entirely for the Pennsylvania game, and hence taking her time about going into the new varieties of play until some of the fundamentals are more perfected. The quick rush of the University of Chicago into forward passes and trick plays is no more likely to hurry Michigan into an advance exhibition of new methods than the rapid advance of Princeton is to similarly affect Pennsylvania, for Pennsylvania does not care what Princeton does, nor does Michigan care what Chicago does, but as soon as either Michigan or Pennsylvania starts into open plays it is safe to predict that the other will plunge with equal rapidity.

Developments at Yale, Harvard, and Cornell

At Harvard a few simple plays under the new rules have been attempted in the open, although there has been considerable secret practise in which it is probable other plays have been pressed. On the whole, the progress of the Harvard team this year has thus far been more consistent than for several years, the players working together better, and the back-fielders assisting each other more than ever before.

At Cornell the weather has been hard upon the players, first with continued heat and then rain, but for all that a fairly good advance has been made into forward passes and short kicks. Moreover, the tricks that are being developed will be forced in order to bring the team along early.

At New Haven the new rules were more speedily tested and taken advantage of than anywhere else, with the result that the blue team went off with a rush, but are now finding that they must perfect the detail of plays with far more care. The plays which worked almost at once against opponents who had not mastered the new rules were found to have many points that needed touching up when played two or three weeks later against teams that had had an opportunity to perfect defense to the new moves.

The season already begins to seem short to the coaches who are studying how to develop their new plays and perfect them, and at the same time plan such defensive tactics as shall prevent scoring by the opponents.

No sooner does a coach develop a play to something like its possibilities than he begins to see other plays suggested by this one that will be perhaps effective, and that starts him to wondering whether the opponents he is likely to meet will not have developed several plays of a similar nature for which he has not yet perfected a defense.

This is the reason the season begins to look so very short and the time of his big game so nearly at hand.

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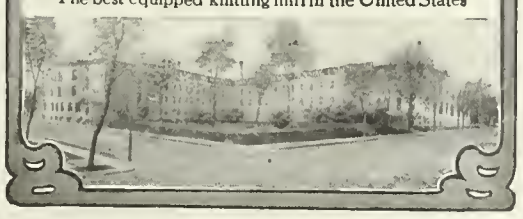
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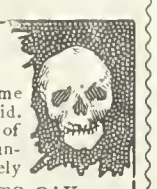
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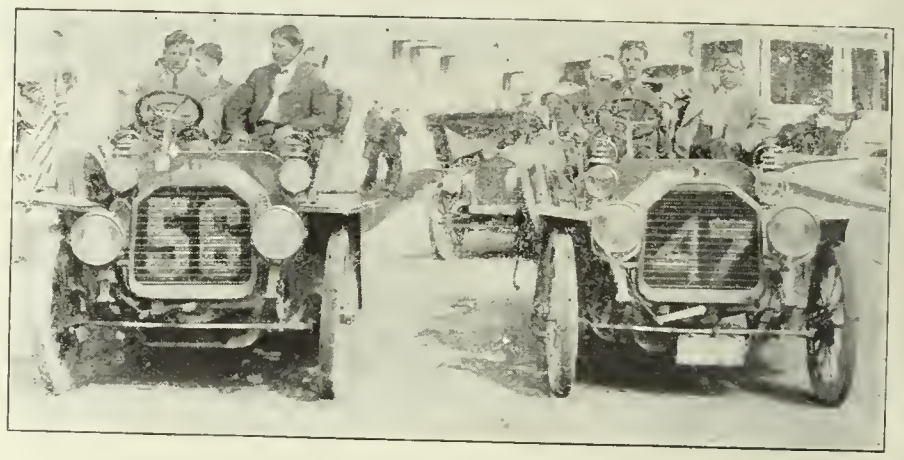
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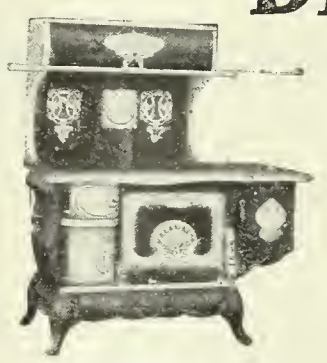
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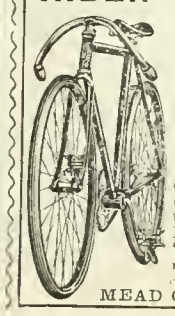
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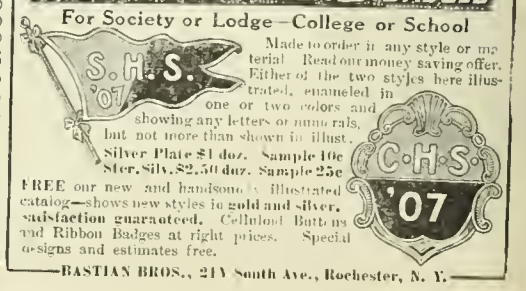


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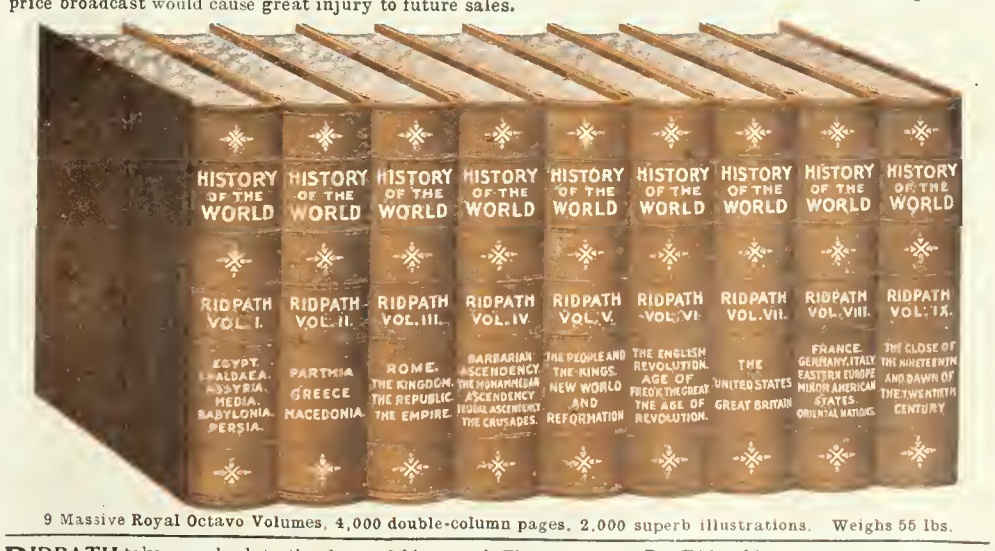
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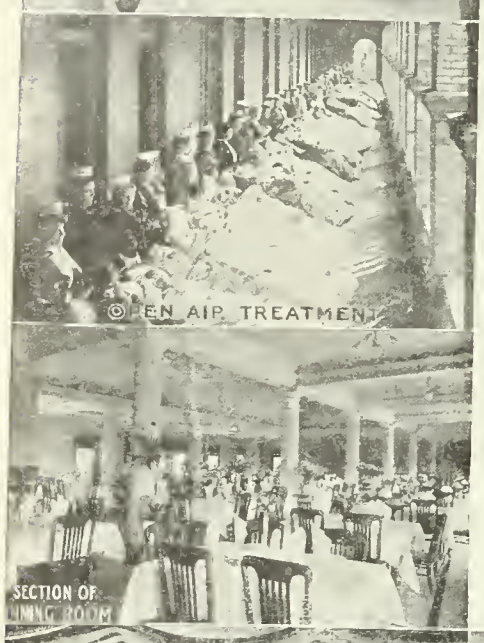
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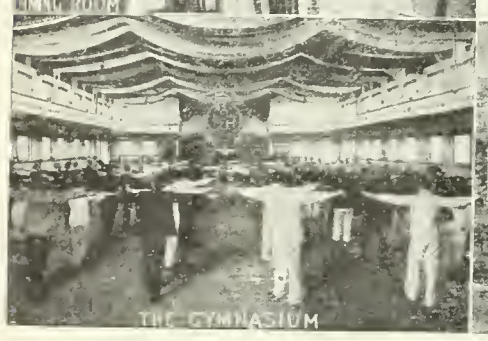














NOVEMBER
At Battle Creek.

THE absorbing outdoor life; the sun parlors, spacious lobbies, tropical covered gardens and inviting foyers, the rest hours; the baths; skilled attendants and trained nurses, the chef with his delicious dietetic food calories; the fascinating dining room overlooking fifty miles of the "Picturesque Peninsula," the gymnasium and swimming pools, with instructors; the medical and surgical equipment with thirty attending physicians, the body culture, massage, Swedish and vibration movements; the pure water, the open air treatment, the entertaining guests; the never-tiring educational, religious and amusement features; the spirit of good cheer and hopefulness that pervades everything.

All these, at The Sanitarium, constitute what has been called a great University of Health, to teach and illustrate the principles of right living, to assist invalids and the physically inefficient in lifting themselves up to normal activity and enjoyment; to correct false habits and teach true food values and to demonstrate that health, like disease, comes gradually by processes of growth and change.

The Sanitarium is incorporated under the statutes of Michigan as an undenominational philanthropic enterprise.

Dispensaries and other medical facilities are provided for the poor

Rates vary to meet practically all conditions.

November is one of the best months to be at the Sanitarium, both for health and enjoyment.

A Book of Views and descriptive literature will be mailed gladly. Address, Box 4

The Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.

EIGHT men chatting in a Pullman smoker, east-bound from Denver; men from New York, New England, Ohio, and the Southeast; returning from the "Elks" convention.

They spoke of business, of course; and of "what business are you in?"

One of the eight, Mr. McCormick, clothing manager for the big house of Gano-Downs, Denver, said: "Clothing business: Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes."

"They're mighty good clothes," said the man next to him; "I wear 'em." "So do I," said another. "And I." "And I." Five out of eight men, caught at random from widely separate localities, wore Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes.

It's the quality of the clothes that does it; all-wool, hand-tailoring, perfect style and fit. Get our Style Book; send six cents.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

WHY?

AUTOMOBILES

FOR SALE—New 1906 24 H. P. Automobile of standard make. Has been run less than 100 miles. Car in as good condition as on day of delivery. Will sell for $400 less than cost. A. D. L. Box 23—M.

¶ Why do advertisements like this appear in the daily papers? Answer one and you'll find the owner made a mistake in buying, and counts himself lucky to lose only $400 in getting off his hands a car that he finds he didn't want; a car that a smooth salesman told him, convincingly, was the best on earth.

¶ It's an old, old story. Man had the price of a car, but didn't know much about automobiles. Hadn't studied mechanical engineering at school, and didn't understand the jargon of mysterious words that everybody threw at him whenever he asked anything about automobiles. So he just went to a dealer's, and—and now he is sorry.

¶ No longer any reason for mistakes like that. For the first time in history, automobile information—complete and reliable—has been put into everyday English words. A book, sensibly written, sensibly illustrated, printed in large type—a book that can be read through in one evening—has been issued.

¶ That book, "Whys and Wherefores of the Automobile," dispels instantly the idea that a sensible man cannot understand the automobile. So simple and logical that any 14-year old school boy can read it intelligibly and thereby know the difference between a good car and the other kind—and give the reasons.

¶ Your money back if you find "Whys and Wherefores of the Automobile" anything but the best and most easily understood presentation of the automobile ever issued from the press.

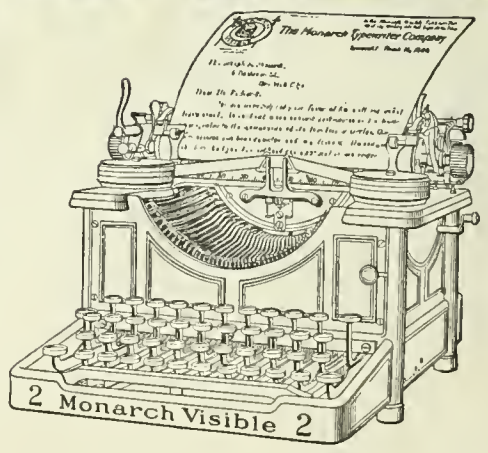
Leather Binding $1.00. Cloth 50c. Paper 35c. 102 Illustrations
Edition limited. Better write today

The Automobile Institute

11 Prescott Street, Cleveland, Ohio

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MONARCH VISIBLE



Elasticity is the word which best expresses the notable features of the Monarch Typewriter touch. Why, the very recoil seems to encourage the operator to do swifter and better work, so responsive are the keys to the slightest touch.

THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES AND FACTORY

SYRACUSE NEW YORK

SALES OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES



discovers the secret of the Happy Home —

COLUMBIA Graphophone

"I WHO teach the music have had always much sympathy for those many others who cannot have the music in the home—those who know not to play one single instrument.

"Now I have no more regrets. Every home can have the music—**The Columbia Graphophone** has arrived. I salute him, me:

"I am a music master, Truly. But he is the **Master of Music.** Me, I play but three instruments only. He plays ***all*** the instruments, ***all*** the music. I sing nothing. He sings all the songs in all the languages.

"I am astounded, I am charmed. For he makes the real music.

"The sounds of the mouth organ, the jew's harp—I call not that music. And I find these other machines only make a sound like many mouth organs—many jew's harps.

"Listen! I am a critic of the music. I say to those who possess any make of talking machine, use only the Columbia Records—they are the best—they have the soul. They have the real music, of a sound sweet, of a tone pure, of an execution brilliant, that is alone of the Columbia."

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COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Gen'l
90 and 92 West Broadway, New York

Grand Prix, Paris, 1900 **Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904**

C O. 12

WOMAN

"Woman" is the name of a new magazine for women. The first number is just issued. Your newsdealer has it. You can get it from him, and it is worth your while getting it. There is nothing startling about this magazine. There should be nothing startling about a decent magazine for women and the home. But this particular magazine is unique among all the so-called publications for women. You might not like it a little bit, and then, again, it might hit your fancy good and hard.

If you like fiction—good, wide-awake, snappy stories—both serials and short stories—you will like "Woman." In fact, fiction is the big feature of the magazine.

All the other magazines for women are cast on the same model—a little bit of fiction, a few articles, more or less chit chat, some wise advice, a fashion department and a smattering of general miscellany. "WOMAN" doesn't look any more like this conventional model than a yellow dog looks like a race horse. It is built on new lines for a strictly woman's publication. To know what it is like you will have to get a copy of it. It would cost too much to tell you all about it in this advertisement.

Now On Sale At All News-stands

10 Cents A Copy *$1.00 A Year*

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, New York

A Symphony in Steel

Scientific Construction of the Oliver Typewriter Gives Accuracy and Speed.

THE invention of the Oliver Typewriter marked a great advance in mechanical writing. Up to that time, the various typewriting machines in use represented simply additions to the first crude ideas. The machines became more complicated with each improvement that was patched on.

But the Oliver sprung, fully perfected, from the brain of a mechanical genius. Every part of the Oliver Typewriter embodies a correct scientific principle. It is a perfect symphony in steel.

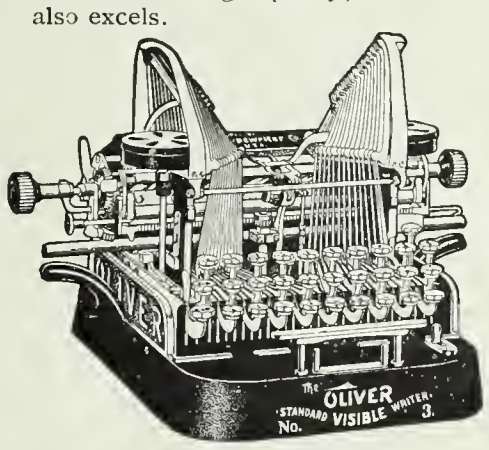
The visible writing of the Oliver is a feature of paramount importance. It at once gave the Oliver the unquestioned lead both as to convenience and speed. Think what an achievement to invent a writing machine that excels all others in *speed*, the supreme requirement of this tremendously busy age. The extreme *simplicity* of the Oliver has much to do with its efficiency and unlimited capacity for speed. It has a great many less parts than the old-style writing machines. That means less liability to get out of order, less wear and tear, greater compactness, greater durability.

The Oliver type-bar is U-shaped and *insures absolutely perfect alignment*. It cannot get "wobbly."

It has a *condensed keyboard*, saving mental effort and encouraging *speed*.

The *Oliver Rapid Escapement* is a factor that makes for speed.

In *manifolding capacity*, the Oliver also excels.



Its clean-cut, beautiful type makes the finest *mimeograph* stencils.

The Oliver is the most *versatile* writing machine on the market.

It is a billing machine. It will do vertical or horizontal line ruling. It will write in two colors without changing ribbons. It will print on the stiffest record cards.

Year in and year out you will find the Oliver Typewriter reliable, efficient, versatile and speedy.

Let us send you the Oliver Book. It gets right down to scientific principles. You will find it mighty good reading.

Young Men Wanted to Fill Vacancies in Our Sales Force

On account of numerous promotions and the rapid extension of our business, we can place several bright, active young men of good character in desirable positions. This offer carries with it a full course in the Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship.

The Oliver Typewriter Co., 149 Wabash Ave., Chicago

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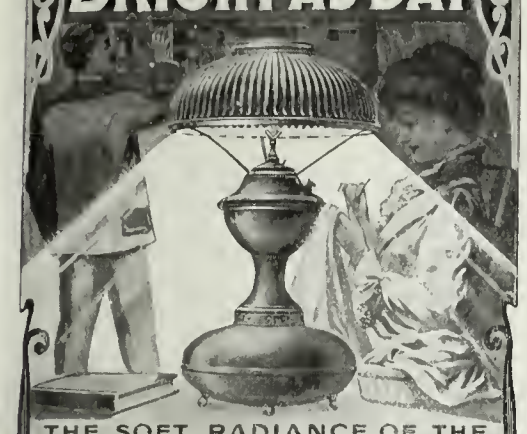
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1906

COVER DESIGN . . . . Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

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Volume XXXVIII · Number 6 10 Cents per Copy $5.20 per Year

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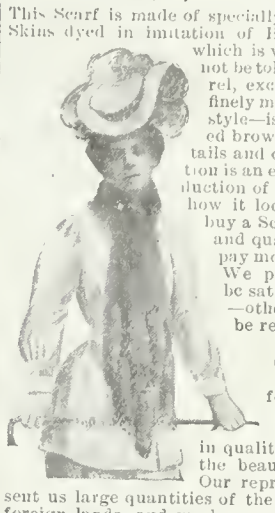
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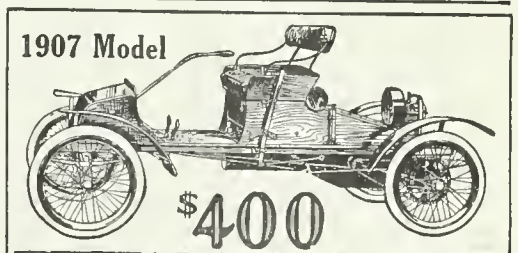
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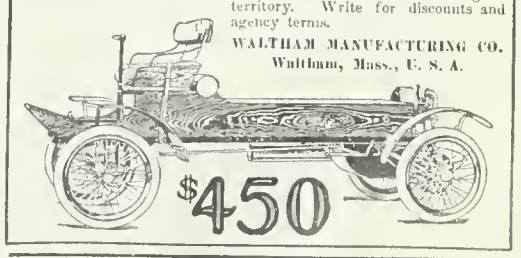
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1906

The Other Americans

IF you will read the opening sentences of Mr. Ruhl's article in this number, you will get one of the prevailing notes of his South American articles of which this is the first. There *are* other "Americans" than those who arrogantly appropriate this word as the exclusive property of those who live between Maine and California. Mr. Ruhl has gone among them with a very human curiosity, and he has come back with a deeply genuine respect for them, their achievements, and their ambitions.

IF you have got your ideas of Latin America from comic operas and grotesque fiction, there will be a pleasant surprise for you in Mr. Ruhl's articles. And whether or not you happen to be directly interested in South America, you will find this series compellingly readable for its sympathy and its humor. The present article deals with the nearest of the South American capitals; future ones will tell of Lima, Valparaiso and Santiago, Buenos Ayres and other cities visited by Mr. Ruhl.

THESE cities and their people Mr. Ruhl will describe as he describes Caracas in our present number. Not in terms of thousands of population and miles of streets; but in the things that touch intimately the daily life of a people among whom "the real world's manners are, but none of its problems"—their newspapers, which reflect their mixture of frivolousness and sentimental melancholy; their theatres and their ways of travel.

ANOTHER of our quarterly fiction contests closed on September first. The manuscripts have all been read and the winners decided on. This will be the basis of an article in our next issue by Mr. Hapgood in which he will comment on the fiction received. The names of the winners will be announced; and a list of the stories purchased by us will be given.

THE public impression of Mr. Frederic Remington is almost wholly identified with frontier life—Indians, cowboys, and soldiers of the plains. In our next number, however, we shall print the first of a series of colored frontispieces which, while retaining a touch of frontier types, will mark a departure toward a very different theatre of life. The series will be entitled "The Tragedy of the Trees."

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WITH THE PRIDE of an honest man Mr. HUGHES declares that he will promise nothing that he is unable or unwilling to perform. What he does promise is to be read in the light of what he has done. Although, unlike his opponent, he has no taste for boastful words, he has felt compelled to point out that President ROOSEVELT, looking about for an eminent lawyer on whom no man and no corporation had a hold, chose Mr. HUGHES to investigate the Coal Trust. The world knows how that brilliant and unbiased work led to the selection of Mr. HUGHES for the insurance task; and how his vigor, skill, and impartiality led the President, and a few other exceptional Republicans, to force his nomination, in spite of the machine, in response to demands of the people and press. All whose memory is a year long know how Mr. HEARST praised Mr. HUGHES for his bold and able stand against HARRIMAN, RYAN, and ODELL, although now that noble-minded editor, wishing to be Governor, uses his vast newspaper power to instil into the people's mind the belief that Mr. HUGHES is owned. Honorable feeling demands that a man whose deeds have spoken for his character should be defended from the Star Publishing Company's organized calumny.

WHAT IS HUGHES?

Mr. HUGHES declares that no money organizations should seize the Government of New York, and that no organized calumny should seize it. He says that he will use his best endeavor to end any existing corporate abuses. He promises specifically an investigation of banking. He has requested that lobbying be stamped out. He has expressed his belief in labor unions. Working men have everything to gain from true business reform, as they have everything to lose from demoralizing and insincere agitation. Mr. HUGHES pays his taxes. He does not swear them off. He has never formed himself into a corporation for the purpose of cheating creditors. He has, as the "American" a year ago so loudly proclaimed, refused every deal with bosses. Largely through his ability political contributions by corporations have been made a statutory crime; the law of perjury has been strengthened; policy-holders have been given freer access to the courts; the system of deferred dividends has been overturned; it has been made illegal for directors to take the advantages of their position to which they have been addicted. He promises to be at Albany the same man he has been in the work to which he has heretofore been called. Will not this man, if elected Governor, fulfil his promises? Shall such a man be killed with slander?

"HOW," ASKED EMERSON, "can I hear what you say, when what you are keeps thundering in my ears?" There are some who think any man, whatever his method, is to be supported because he bears the name of Democrat. Others support any creature, whatever his integrity, who calls himself Republican. Still others support Mr. HEARST because they believe in the principles which he professes. Our friends, however, who have never known us to recommend the election of any man solely on account of his professions, or the party to which he belongs, or the platform on which he runs, can scarcely wonder that we treat the reformer HEARST as we treat the Republican Coxes, Quays, or Aldriches, or the Democratic Murphys, Crokers, or Gormans. One man like Mr. HITCHCOCK is worth a million noisy agitators. The spectacle of one United States Senator, paying, like BURTON, the penalty of wrong-doing, is worth an avalanche of talk, shot off indiscriminately whenever there is a chance of riding through hatred into some place of power. Work like Mr. HITCHCOCK's, where justice is made relentless, while remaining just, means true progress. What a contrast to the introduction of European class hatred, coldly played upon for gain! Mr. HUGHES belongs to the class of Mr. HITCHCOCK—strong, quiet men who act, fearless alike of money and of crowds. Mr. HEARST's whole mind and character have been devoted to his papers. The following is a resolution passed by the Grand Army of the Republic on September 19, 1901:

SLAVERY TO WORDS

"*Resolved*—That every member of the Grand Army of the Republic exelude from his household 'The New York Journal,' a teacher of anarchism and a vile sheet, unfit for perusal by any one who is a respecter of morality and good government."

WE CAN NOT ESCAPE from the prejudice that it would be a cheap and unworthy expression of American character to give high power and honor to the chief of the Slanderbund, who is also the leader of false journalism. He denounces bosses, but he and MURPHY fight for the lion's share of judges, to say nothing of other officials. Only fright at the last moment keeps Mr. HEARST from putting on the bench the creature who invents the corporation tricks by which Mr. HEARST avoids the payment of his debts. He objects to rich men escaping their just share of taxation, and throwing the burden on the poor; but in 1903 he swears his taxes down from $200,000 to $40,000, in 1905 from $60,000 to $30,000, and in 1906 from $100,000 to $35,000. Mr. HUGHES pays his taxes, as he meets all of his other honorable obligations. Mr. HEARST's name is in big letters on his "Morgen Journal," but he can not be held for its obligations. If it wrongs you, or owes you money, you must go to a corporation called the Morning Journal Association, with debts about three times as great as its assets. The "Evening Journal," decorated flaringly with Mr. HEARST's name, is also published by a corporation, with more debts than assets. "The American," with "WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST" in fierce letters, is published by the "Star Company," with its address in a lawyer's office, containing no one connected with the company, and even the Sheriff has been unable to find anybody representing that company. What if he had? It has, according to its own statements, no accounts receivable, no goods, wares, or merchandise, no machinery or plant, no cash on hand or in the bank. The Star Company of New Jersey has its dummy offices in the same building with the Standard Oil Company, the Ice Trust, the Lighting Trust, the Book Trust, the Armour companies, Mr. HARRIMAN's Securities Company, various sugar and coal companies, and the rest of the corporation trickeries. Mr. HEARST appeals to laboring men by quoting as from LINCOLN words that LINCOLN never spoke. He gives accounts of RYAN's acquisition of power in the Equitable that are, as he knows, from top to bottom false. He promises, if elected, to do things which by law are far beyond the Governor's rights. He uses dummy directors and other tricks of incorporation, not only in his business but in securing absolute control of his Independence League. Worst and meanest, he turns the immense reach of his many papers toward poisoning the name of an honorable opponent, for whose victorious fights against the trusts Mr. HEARST himself has heretofore been loud in praise.

TRUTH

JOHN MORAN HAS MEGALOMANIA. He can not help it, for he is not master of his fate. The disease is less fatal than hanging by the neck, but more contagious. It is almost epidemic among popular politicians at this moment. The swelling of the skull is thought by physicians to be injurious to the righteous functioning of the brain. In JOHN's case the swelling causes him to mistake noise for power, insolence for courage, and what his friend calls chewed wind for philosophic depth. He

sulked because the Massachusetts Democrats endorsed BRYAN for 1908, when the proper ticket for that year is WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST and JOHN BROWN MORAN. He is one of three; he recognizes no equals but said WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST and one THOMAS WILLIAM LAWSON. He thinks he is Atlas, but there is evidence that he is not. He is hysterical, inclined to frequent attacks of what might be called siroccos in the cerebellum, and is an almost idiotic worshiper of himself. Apart from these shortcomings, JOHN'S qualifications for Governorship of the old Bay State are very high indeed.

EGOMANIA

FIRE-EATERS WILL NEVER solve the most depressing problem which Americans face to-day. Prophesies of wars of extermination are shallow folly, which result only in other imbecilities, in long lines of sequence, such as the resolution of the Massachusetts Republicans, who tried to make up for empty verbiage in their own affairs by warning distinctness about something which they would better let alone. Their impertinence stirs up the South; the harsher Southern expressions stir up everybody. Meantime, a large number of self-controlled and high-minded Southerners are making a settled effort to cure the evil by the principles of Christianity, while their inferior compatriots rely upon barbaric hate. Senator TILLMAN, violent as he is, and often injudicious, declares that lynching has proved that as a preventive it is a failure. It is more. It is an impediment to the working out of fundamental improvement. The Southern patriot to-day is the man who helps the South to raise the whole standard of order, for when that is raised, and not before, crime will decrease. The progress of industry will do much, as industry requires regularity. In industrial progress, in regulating liquor and cocaine, in improvement in the courts and police, in improved and fitting education for both races, and in a pride turned toward the triumph of law rather than toward the expression of hate, lies hope for the future. We find all through the South condemnation of the Atlanta "News" and the element which it represents. The Columbia "State" points out how wise it would be to make use of trustworthy negro detectives. The Memphis "Commercial-Appeal" shows how necessary it is to retain the confidence which the innocent negro has in his white neighbors. No part of the world has greater courage, and we believe the South ultimately will triumph.

WAYS OUT

THE NEGRO HAS HIS HOPE. He has the opportunity for inspiration. He has the privilege of aspiration. He has the realities of religion, which are those of spiritual life, of industrial service, of the calls of every day. He is led, in his journey forward, by a preacher of rare devotion, insight, and unswerving straightness. To all young negroes we recommend BOOKER WASHINGTON'S latest volume, which he calls "Putting the Most into Life." Spoken first in evening talks at Tuskegee, these little sermons are now given to the world. Addressed primarily to negroes, and focusing on their circumstances and problems, they are nevertheless so broad and deep that any open mind may well be fed by them. They are addressed to a race "whose mortality from pulmonary diseases is alarming," and, therefore, what is said about plowing, and deep breathing, and Wordsworthian strength and inspiration from country life, has a double force, but it is true and beautiful for any reader of any color. "He who lives outside the law is a slave. The freeman is the man who lives within the law, whether that law be the physical or the divine." "Our ability to make the world better depends entirely upon our ability to use every opportunity to make ourselves better." "Any education is to my mind 'high' which enables the individual to do the very best work for those by whom he is surrounded." The tributes to industrial work, and to existence near the soil, are full of understanding and inspired conviction, of simplicity, comprehension of the present, and faith in man. "No one," says Mr. WASHINGTON, "can degrade a single member of any race." The only person who can degrade you is yourself. To any negro, or any white man, who will read receptively the thirty-six pages of this tiny book, these large truths will become nearer and more woven in his daily life.

LIVING FAITH

A. H. OHMANN-DUMESNIL, A.M., M.D., editor and proprietor of the St. Louis "Medical and Surgical Journal," need not answer our animadversions of a week ago. Probably he can not. His organ of editorial utterance has departed this troubled life. The patent medicine manifesto was its swan-song. Few will regret its demise. An old and once a representative publication, it gradually deteriorated until, under its latest owner, it became frankly the purchased mouthpiece of quackery. Nor does OHMANN-DUMESNIL rank higher, professionally, than his prostituted publication. Even as a journalist he is a fraud. He lends his name to matter not his own. The patent medicine matter he took as it was given to him from a morally decrepit Chicago journalist who collects data for the Proprietary Association of America, and, sedulously sifting out the truth from the lies, publishes the lies. Dr. A. H. OHMANN-DUMESNIL announces his "absorption" by another St. Louis publication, the "Medical Mirror." In one of his articles Mr. ADAMS has noted the "Mirror's" willingness to sell its editorial space to its proprietary advertisers. Perhaps it too were better dead. It has met a worse fate in OHMANN-DUMESNIL.

BETTER DEAD

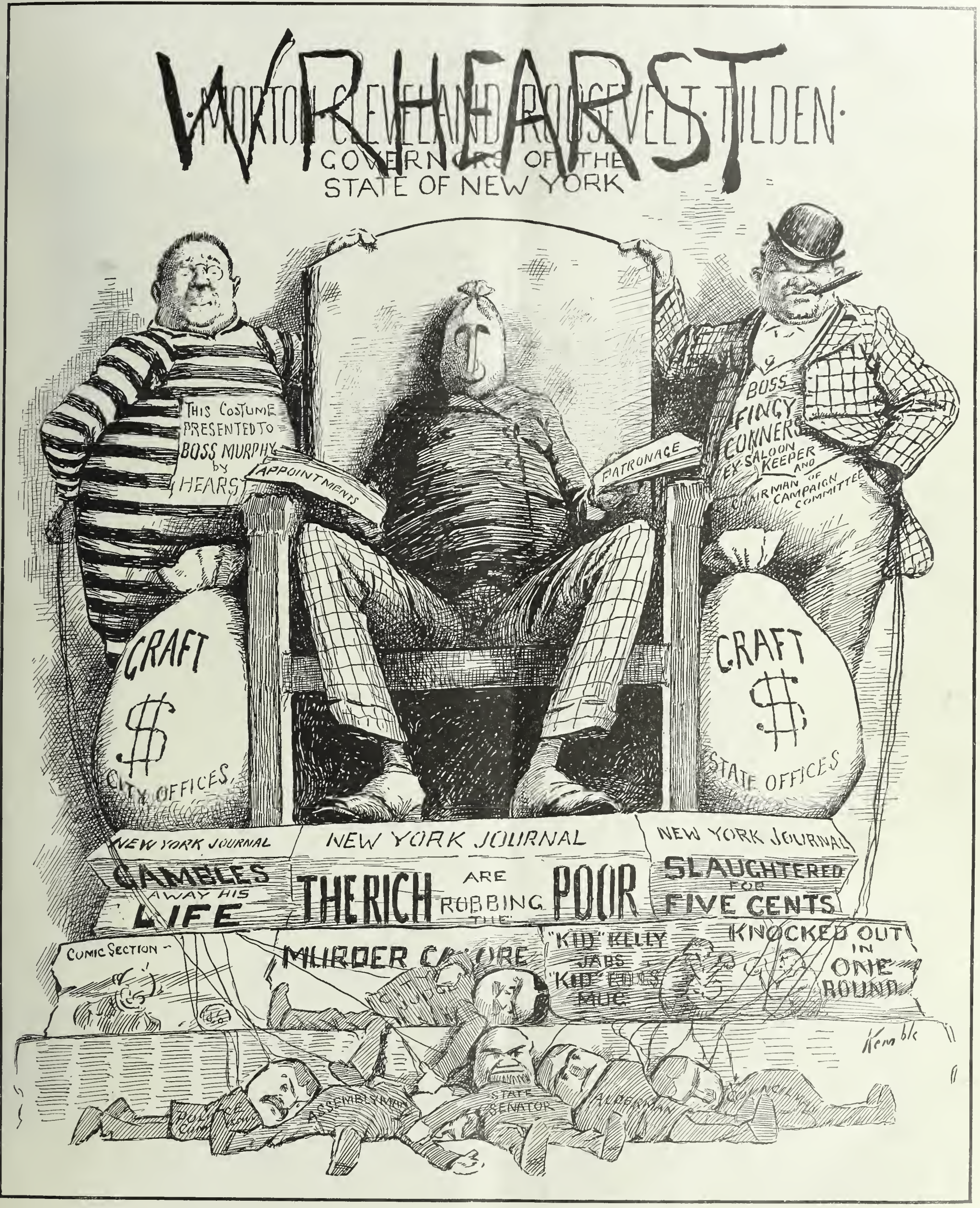
THE DISCOVERY of bacterial life, and the reduction of its activity to order and a place in our industrial systems, is a romantic chapter in Applied Science. One of the tasks to which these hard-working little cells have been most lately set is connected with that urgent problem of urban life, the disposal of sewage. Sewage not only teems with disease-producing germs, but its solid part is composed largely of organic matter The "natural" breaking down of organic matter is through putrefaction, a process both disagreeable and dangerous to health. By the aid of bacteria this process of organic chemistry is now replaced by a process of inorganic chemistry. In loose terms, the sewage rusts instead of rotting, is nitrified instead of putrefied. The existence of bacteria which have the power of converting organic matter into inorganic nitrates has been known for some time, and within a few years they have been used to revolutionize one side of the science of sanitary engineering. The modern sewage-disposal plant consists, essentially, of a heap of rocks covered with a film of these bacteria. The sewage flows on to it a stream of unimaginable impurity. The bacteria seize upon the filth and cleanse the liquid, and from beneath the heap flows pure water laden with harmless salts.

BACTERIA

OSCAR S. STRAUS is one of the most conspicuous Jews in America. ABRAHAM HUMMEL is about equally conspicuous. These two, presumably, are among the first men heard about and talked about by the hundred and fifty thousand Jews who annually come to America. Educated Jews, of course, distinguish between them; but many immigrants lately come from Russia, as well as many young American-born Hebrews, groping blindly out of the Yiddish language and away from the ignorance of oppression, toward American ideals, may fail to see that one is a creditable, the other a thoroughly discreditable, leader of his race. Putting Mr. STRAUS in the Cabinet will enforce the distinction. Mr. STRAUS becomes, by his position, the foremost American member of his race. Young Jews, ambitious to get forward in the world, will emulate the Cabinet member, not the sordid type of unscrupulous success. Likewise it is harmful that to a large number of recent Americans, CROKER and MURPHY stand for racial success—are the men for loyal Irishmen to look up to with pride, and for ambitious Irish youths to emulate. To help forward as racial leaders men of the character of Mr. STRAUS is probably the longest step toward the Americanizing of our immigrants that could be taken by a single act. There are ten thousand men in the United States whom Mr. ROOSEVELT might have put in his Cabinet. In so far as his singling out of Mr. STRAUS had for its motive the furnishing of an ideal to a million Jews already here, and another million coming, it was an act of far-seeing statesmanship. And the appointment is all the more to the President's credit since he must have foreseen the resentment of many powerful old-line Republicans at the appointment to a Cabinet office of a man who was a Cleveland favorite and voted the Democratic ticket as late as nine years ago.

BOLD AND RIGHT

IS THIS WHAT NEW YORK WANTS?



And if New York wants this at Albany now, why not in the White House two years hence?

THE TYPHOON AT HONGKONG



WRECK OF THE BRITISH GUNBOAT "PHOENIX." SHE WAS BUILT AT A COST OF $340,000 AND IS A TOTAL LOSS

THE island of Hongkong and the neighboring seas were swept on the morning of September 18 by a typhoon which for destructiveness and appalling power has hardly been surpassed in the whole history of atmospheric riots. The hurricane struck without warning, and in two hours it had killed five thousand people and destroyed property valued at ten million dollars in gold. Some four thousand craft, large and small, were in the harbor at the time, and about half of them were sunk or wrecked on the shore. Every steamer that escaped total loss was more or less damaged, eight large vessels, a British gunboat, and two French torpedo boats were wrecked, twenty steamers were driven ashore, and over forty were seriously injured. The Standard Oil Company's plant was wrecked, and the force of the wind was so great that three electric cars were telescoped by it in that vicinity. A hurricane of similar force struck Cuba, Florida, and the adjacent islands on October 17. An island off the Florida coast was overwhelmed by a wave and all its two hundred and fifty people were drowned. The losses in Cuba were estimated at two millions



THE "PHOENIX" AND THE STRANDED C. P. R. STEAMSHIP "MONTEAGLE"



THE FRENCH TORPEDO BOAT "FRANCISQUE," COMPLETELY DESTROYED



FRENCH TORPEDO BOAT "FRONDE," FIVE OF WHOSE SAILORS WERE KILLED.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE LAST WEEK OF THE CAMPAIGN

THE political campaign that ends next week has taken a most extraordinary course. Although a new Congress is to be elected, and President Roosevelt has urged the importance of electing Republican members, national issues almost everywhere have dropped completely out of sight. Secretary Shaw flits about like an uneasy ghost, warning the voters against the perils of cheap goods, but he might as well be whispering in a vacuum. Everywhere the people are thinking about local matters. They do not seem to consider national party names as having any further meaning.

In New York the ill-assorted elements that profess to follow Hearst have displayed some of the most startling novelties of behavior ever exhibited on a political counter. Mr. Hearst's Independence League has been making independent local nominations. Murphy, the Tammany boss who commands the strongest corps in the Hearst army, accused the League of holding up Tammany candidates for money. District Attorney Jerome promptly brought Murphy before the Grand Jury to substantiate his charges, but he said that he had merely been talking from hearsay. Meanwhile he professed unchanging loyalty to Hearst, but the candidate did not attend the Tammany ratification meeting, nor did Murphy occupy the box set apart for him at the great Hearst gathering of October 22 at Madison Square Garden. Every division of the Hearst army has seemed ready to turn its guns on every other. On the other hand, the Hughes campaign has suffered from apathetic and incompetent management. The whole burden has rested upon Mr. Hughes himself, and his support has been largely of a character that has done him more harm than good.

With any other Republican candidate than Hughes the condition of the State departments would have been a fatal weakness. The reputation of Mr. Hughes as a prober made it reasonable to suppose that he would get to the bottom of any rottenness that might exist in those quarters, and he has confirmed that presumption by the explicit promise that if elected he will make an examination to ascertain whether there has been any wrong-doing and fix the responsibility, no matter who may stand in the way. The Banking Department, the Insurance Department, and the Railroad Commission are assured of particular attention. In the matter of insurance Mr. Hughes promises to have the department so run as to make effective the reforms embodied in the Armstrong laws, and if any improvements in the laws are needed to protect the interests of the policyholders, the amendments will have his support.

In Massachusetts the Moran frog has suddenly swelled from the dimensions of a freak aspirant for a District Attorneyship a year ago to those of a full-grown Presidential candidate. When Mr. Moran secured the Democratic nomination for Governor with the help of the Hearst brass bands and red fire it was understood that his candidacy was in the interest of Hearst for President in 1908. But in a speech at Natick, on October 18, he declared that he had eliminated Bryan and Hearst from the Massachusetts contest, and announced: "To make clear to all Republicans, Prohibitionists, and Democrats that I have no affiliation with any other man, I say to you that, if I am elected Governor this fall and reelected next fall, I want the delegates of Massachusetts to the national convention not for Hearst or Bryan, but for a Massachusetts man." Of course, there is only one Massachusetts man who measures up to Mr. Moran's standard of fitness for the Presidency.

The Democrats and Independent Republicans of Rhode Island are hopeful of breaking the hold of the Brayton-Aldrich ring on that handcuffed little State, now that Colonel Goddard, the Lincoln Republican candidate for United States Senator, has accepted the Democratic State ticket headed by the dashing boy Mayor of Pawtucket, James H. Higgins. In Pennsylvania the demoralized Republican bosses, cowering under the State Capitol exposures, have found a weapon against the reform candidate for Governor, Mr. Emery, in the relations between his Pure Oil Company and Standard Oil. A question of veracity has also been raised against Mr. Emery, who accused State Senator McNichol of buying five Democrats for Quay in his last contest. McNichol sued Emery for libel, but the trial has been postponed until after election. Honest Republicans in Pennsylvania have seen with deep resentment the invasion of national leaders like Secretary Shaw and Speaker Cannon to help the plundering gang for the sake of the sacred tariff. In Wisconsin Senator La Follette is temporarily outside the breastworks on account of his mistake in picking the wrong man for the Republican nomination for Governor, but both parties have committed themselves to his principles, and he may consider himself successful whatever the result.



MURRAY WHARF, HONGKONG, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE TYPHOON OF SEPTEMBER 18

This photograph was taken by Collier's correspondent in Hongkong, at 10 o'clock in the morning, when the storm was at its worst, and is reproduced here just as it was received, only a trifle enlarged. It has not been retouched or strengthened in any way

THE WAR STORY ENDED

AN epic chapter of history was closed with the death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis at New York, October 16, at the age of eighty. Mrs. Davis had survived her husband nearly seventeen years, and his great antagonist over forty-one years. She had outlived almost all the prominent figures of the Civil War period, on both sides. Upon her family had been concentrated all the bitterness of the era of internecine hate, and if any one might have been pardoned for cherishing rancor to the end, it was surely she. But she set an example of magnanimous forgetfulness — she remembered the glories of the past but turned her eyes away from its scars. She made friends among the Northern people, and for years she had spent most of her time in New York.

Mrs. Davis was laid beside her husband at Richmond, with military honors, on October 19. Representatives of all the Southern States and of all the Confederate organizations were present. Among the innumerable floral offerings was one from President Roosevelt, who had sent a message of sympathy as soon as the death of Mrs. Davis was announced.

PREMIER CLÉMENCEAU

THE power behind the throne in French politics has moved to the front. M. Georges Clémenceau, who has been the strongest figure in France ever since the death of Gambetta, and has practically directed the Sarrien Ministry since its creation, is now Prime Minister in fact as well as in name. M. Sarrien resigned on October 19, nominally on the ground that he was suffering from chronic enteritis, but really, as was maliciously suggested, on account of acute Clémencitis, and M. Clémenceau was invited to form a Government. The overshadowing question before the new Ministry is that of the relations between Church and State. The crisis will come in little over a month, the time allowed to the religious bodies for accepting the terms of the Separation law expiring December 11.

When the news of the change of government became known apprehensions were expressed at the Vatican that it might embitter the religious conflict. M. Clémenceau's expressed opinions might have seemed to give some ground for this fear. As recently as the last day of September, speaking in his native Vendée, M. Clémenceau had spoken in the most uncompromising terms on the church question. "I see," he had said, "in one quarter and another an attempt to forecast the action of the Republican Government. Nothing is more simple. Rome rejects a law of privileges drawn to her profit. She says: 'All or nothing.' The time is past when she could have all. She must content herself now with the rights of everybody, with the régime of liberty. We have offered you privileges. You haughtily repulse them. Let us say no more about it."

Nevertheless, M. Clémenceau is not anxious for conflicts that can be avoided. As Minister of the Interior he smoothed over the threatening troubles with strikers. He lived for four years in America and learned something here of the methods by which religious and civil liberty may be harmonized. M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador to the United States, who has just returned from Paris, expresses the opinion that the Clémenceau Ministry means peace.

The most dramatic stroke of M. Clémenceau in the selection of his Cabinet was the choice of General Picquart as Minister of War. The officer who was expelled from the army and apparently sacrificed a brilliant career because he demanded justice for Dreyfus is put over the heads of his former persecutors by the man who seemed at the time to have blighted his own political prospects in the same cause. The signal example of poetic justice which has raised Picquart from the position of a military outcast to that of head of the army has all been accomplished within six months.



GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU

The leader of the old-line Radicals in France, editor of "L'Aurore," an early defender of Dreyfus, Minister of the Interior in the Sarrien Cabinet, and now Prime Minister



Insurgent color-bearer surrendering his rifle to the American military authorities at Guines



An insurgent command going home. The big negro at the end of the line is a "general"





A negro insurgent officer



Type of negro revolutionist

GENERALS PINO GUERRA AND CASTILLO

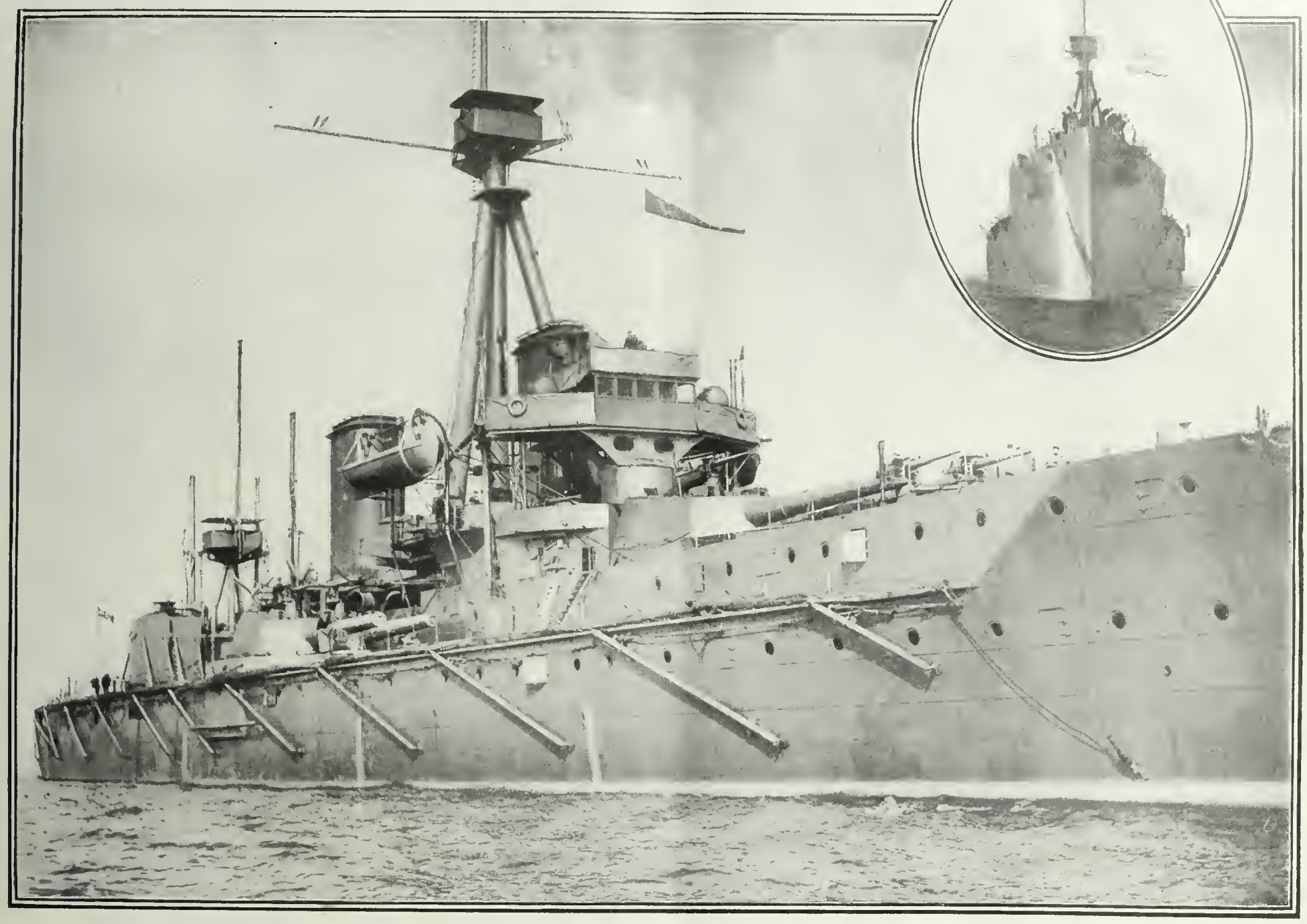
After the intervention by the United States the countless "generals" of the insurgent Cuban army flocked into Havana and paraded themselves before the public. "General" Castillo spent most of his time with a tailor trying on gorgeous and variegated uniforms, when he ought to have been aiding to disband his rag-tag battalions in the bush

CHASING THE OCTOPUS

THE process of fitting "iron teeth" into the laws against corporate abuses is making rapid progress. The New York Central Railroad experienced the effects of this popular dentistry on October 17, when it was convicted in the United States Circuit Court at New York, along with its traffic manager, of giving rebates to the Sugar Trust. The evidence showed that the railroad had carried sugar from the trust to W. H. Edgar & Son in Detroit for eighteen cents per hundredweight when the open tariff rate was twenty-three cents. The regular rate was collected and the difference refunded in the form of rebates. After the evidence for the prosecution had been put in the case was submitted without any evidence for the defense. Mr. Austen G. Fox, of counsel for the corporation, remarked: "It is impossible to successfully defend rebate cases in the present state of public opinion." Without hesitation the jury rendered a verdict of guilty on all six counts of the indictments, and two days later Judge Holt sentenced the railroad to fines aggregating $108,000 and fined Traffic Manager Frederick L. Pomeroy $6,000. This is only one of many similar cases pending against the New York Central. While one corporation was on the grill in New York another was suffering in Ohio. The conspiracy case against the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was submitted to the jury on the evening of October 17. The trick of a British holding syndicate for one of the Standard's subsidiary corporations had been used to cover up the tracks of the trust, and there was a small minority of the jury which was at first unable to find its way out of the tangle. But after thirty-two hours of deliberation, assisted by hymns, a verdict of guilty was finally reached. This was the first test of a new method of procedure, by information and affidavit instead of by indictment. While the prosecution of Standard Oil under State laws has thus scored a success in Ohio, and promises to be equally successful in other States, the Administration is making thorough preparations for a relentless campaign against it under the laws of the nation. In Tennessee the Grand Jury of the Special Term of the United States Court indicted the trust and some of its subsidiary companies on October 16, upon 1,524 counts, each covering the transportation of a carload of oil at discriminating rates. The legal penalty in case of conviction will range from $1,000 to $20,000 on each count, or from $1,524,000 to $30,480,000 in all.

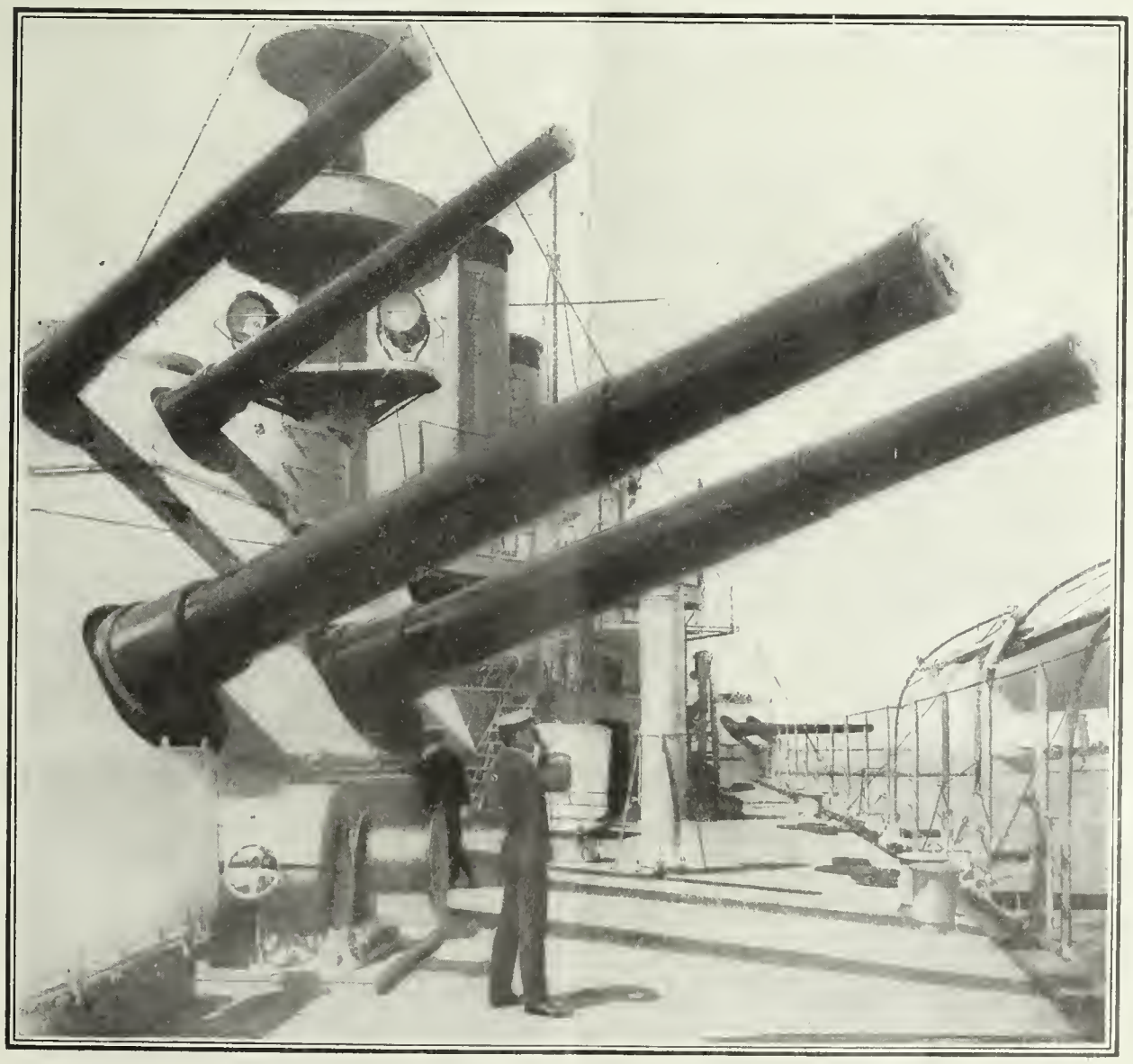
This is the happy time selected by certain British capitalists, according to a story circulated just after these trust disasters, for organizing an international syndicate with $500,000,000 capital to take over all the plants of the American Beef Trust and rule the meat industry on both sides of the ocean. It was

THE DAY OF BIG GUNS



THE NEW BRITISH BATTLESHIP "DREADNOUGHT," WHICH MARKS A REVOLUTION IN NAVAL CONSTRUCTION

THE "Dreadnought" is the latest addition to the British navy, and is likely to be a model for the other great navies of the world. She was built in the fastest time ever recorded for a battleship—within the extraordinarily short period of twelve months. She has a displacement of 18,000 tons, and carries ten 12-inch guns. Her secondary battery is inconsiderable. As may be seen from the small picture, which shows the bow of the "Dreadnought," six of the 12-inch guns may be fired forward at the same time—the two in the forward turret, and the two pairs in the port and starboard turrets. The mast of the "Dreadnought" is of a peculiar tripod shape; the men's quarters on the ship are aft instead of forward; and many other differences, most of which have been kept secret, are included in the construction and arrangement of the ship. Naval experts assert that this newest British ship could in less than two hours' fighting sink any other two battleships afloat. The "Dreadnought," therefore, is to-day the most powerful battleship afloat, although Germany has some larger war vessels under construction. In our own navy the greatest number of 12-inch guns on any one ship is four. The lower photograph on this page shows a pair of the 12-inch guns on the battleship "New Jersey," with a pair of 8-inch guns in her superimposed turrets. These superimposed turrets, however, have been found to be a bad system of gun arrangement, and no more battleships of the "New Jersey" and "Kentucky" types will now be constructed for the United States navy



THE 12-INCH GUNS AND 8-INCH GUNS OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "NEW JERSEY"

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OUR EMBASSY TO ABDUL THE TAMED



Ambassador Leishman



JOHN G. LEISHMAN, THE FIRST AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO TURKEY, ON HIS WAY TO YILDIZ KIOSK



Diplomatic Assistants

After innumerable delays the Sultan of Turkey gave a ceremonial audience to the first American Ambassador on Friday, October 5, and received the letters of credence which raised Mr. Leishman from Minister to the level of the representatives of the other great powers

The Ambassador and his suite drove to the palace in a gorgeous procession of state carriages, with coachmen and grooms in showy uniforms and an escort of mounted embassy "cavasses" and palace "tchaouches." Haireddin Bey, Introducer of Ambassadors, went along

IN THE DEPTHS

THE French navy has suffered another disaster in the loss of the submarine torpedo-boat *Lutin*, which went down in a diving trial off Bizerta, October 16, with fourteen men and two officers and failed to come up. As in the case of the similar accident to the *Farfadet* last year all those who were carried down lost their lives. As it happened, rescue would have been impossible, for the *Lutin's* hatch was open and the crew must have been drowned at once. But even if the men had been merely imprisoned they would have died before the dilatory salvors got the boat to the surface. The *Lutin* stayed under water nearly a week before the French authorities succeeded in raising her, even with British help. The tragic lessons of the *Farfadet* and of the British submarines *A 1*, *A 5*, and *A 8* seem to have worked no improvement in European methods of dealing with such accidents. For some reason disasters of this kind do not happen in the American service, and our naval experts assert that they could not. It may be said that the reason for our immunity is that our submarines do not go to sea, but their construction certainly seems to provide against almost every conceivable mishap. But aside from that there apparently must be something wrong when, with all the appliances of a great naval station at hand, it takes a week to raise a craft as small as a submarine boat. The repeated disasters to submarines have led to suggestions that all nations should bind themselves at The Hague to abandon their use.

alleged that Sir Thomas Lipton was at the head of this interesting enterprise. Sir Thomas denied any knowledge of it, as did the representatives of the Swift, Armour, and Morris packing companies. Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture, observed benevolently that we had a Bureau of Corporations, especially charged with looking into matters of this kind, a Department of Justice, Attorney-Generals, grand juries, petit juries, and penitentiaries.

PURE FOOD ABROAD

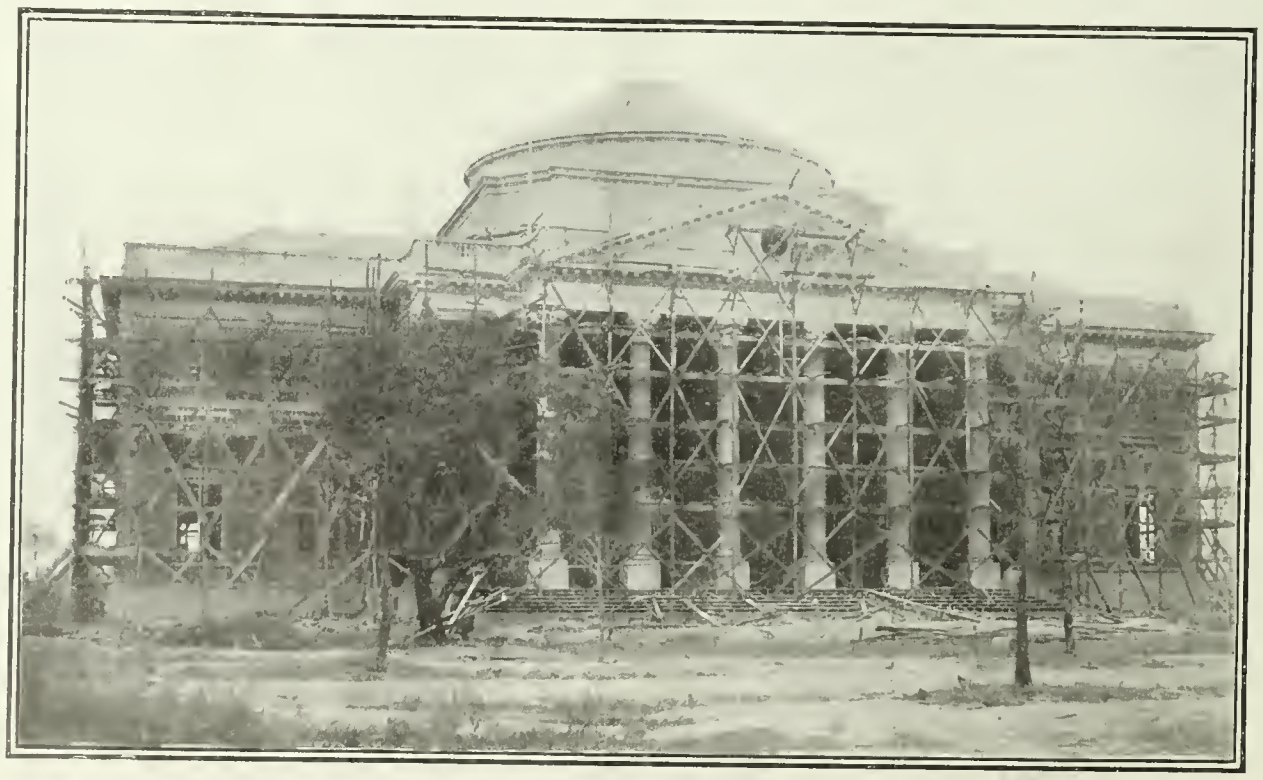
MORE information keeps filtering out concerning the kind of food sold in the European countries that were so shocked by the Chicago packing-house revelations. Dr. S. E. Harris, Health Officer of Islington, England, as quoted by Consul Brittain, of Kehl, reports that the use of preservatives is increasing. People who buy pure home-grown products have the privilege of consuming without extra charge alum, alcohol, ammonium acetate, boric acid and its compounds, carbon dioxid, copper salts, fluorin compounds, formic acid, formaldehyde, peroxid of hydrogen, oxygen, pyroligneous acid, saccharin, salicylic acid, saltpetre, sodium carbonate, sodium and calcium sulfites, and sulfuric acid. Some of these things are put into almost every kind of food sold, including bacon, ham, beer, bottled fruit, milk, butter, cheese, cream, fish, fresh meat, game, sausages, temperance drinks, and vegetables. Their purpose is to delay decomposition and to enable stale or improperly prepared food to be sold as fresh. A board was appointed seven years ago to investigate the abuse of preservatives, but nothing has ever come of its report.

On the other hand, a report of Consul-General Mason on the meat supply of Paris shows that the people there have nothing to complain of, at least in that respect. "The intelligent, careful thrift of the French farmer," says Mr. Mason, "the rational system of inspection of animals and meats before and after slaughtering, the cleanliness and orderly management enforced at the abattoirs and the 'halles,' combine to render the meat supply of Paris regular, abundant, and equal perhaps in quality to that of any city in the world."

SOUTH SEA SECESSION

AFTER a life of less than six years the Australian Commonwealth is threatened with disruption. Western Australia, the last State to enter the Union, proposes to be the first to leave it. On October 16 the Legislative Assembly resolved, by a vote of 19 to 8, that the State should separate from the Commonwealth. This action followed a preliminary vote, on September 26, that the union had proved detrimental to the interests of Western Australia and that the time had arrived for submitting the question of withdrawal to the people. It was no hasty outburst of petulance, therefore, but the expression of a deliberate determination. The Assembly acted under the leadership of the Premier, who based his proceeding upon the rejection of a survey for a transcontinental railroad by the Senate of the Commonwealth.

The trouble in Australia is precisely the same as that which threatened the life of the Dominion of Canada in its infancy. British Columbia had joined the Dominion on the pledge that the Federal Government would secure the construction of a transcontinental railway. The delay in carrying out this promise so enraged the British Columbians that for years they were on the point of cutting the painter. In Australia the sparse settlements on the west coast are separated from the eastern centres of population by a desert which, for all practical purposes, is impassable. Western Australia has an advantage over British Columbia in having easy communication with the east by sea, but there is a natural



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

The buildings for the exposition to be held at Jamestown, Virginia, from the 13th of next May to the 1st of November to celebrate the first permanent English settlement within the present boundaries of the United States are making rapid progress. They will be artistic, although not as large as in former expositions, since the chief attraction is to be the naval display

desire for something more direct. It is not surprising, however, that the other States should hesitate about undertaking an enterprise of such doubtful profit.

If Western Australia should insist upon secession, and should succeed upon carrying it out, one of the most interesting experiments in history would end in failure. There is no other example in the world, and there never has been any other example, of a continental country without land frontiers. The Australian Commonwealth occupies every inch of its continent, with no neighbors and no boundary but the sea. It includes even the neighboring island of Tasmania. It occupies the same position the United States would occupy if there were no Canada on the north and no Mexico on the south. What that means to the peaceful development of the country may be imagined. It should mean a total absence of foreign complications and a chance to devote the entire mind and strength of the nation to the solution of domestic problems.

The secession of Western Australia would not cut very heavily into the present population of the Commonwealth—the State has only a quarter of a million people out of four millions—but it would hopelessly mutilate the fair image of a united continent. With nearly a million square miles, the State has a third of the entire area of Australia. Its loss would deprive the Commonwealth of its entire western and large parts of its northern and southern coasts. Instead of a total absence of land frontiers there would be a boundary twelve hundred miles long, stretching straight across the continent, and this, if the already strong separatist tendencies should gain the upper hand, might be in time the boundary not between neighboring British colonies, but between rival nations.

There has been a peculiar arrangement by which goods from the other Australian States have been subject to duties upon entering Western Australia. But this was meant to be only temporary, the duties diminishing on a sliding scale, and the collections were to have ceased on October 8 of this year, just at the time when the secession movement was coming to a head. The dread of continental free trade may have had something to do with the desire to cut loose.

Although Western Australia is the least populous of the continental States of the Commonwealth, it has a greater promise than any other. It is the largest in area and has had by far the most rapid recent growth in population. It is the second gold-producing State in the world, its output of $42,000,000 in 1904 ranking next to that of the Transvaal and greatly exceeding that of the Klondike and California combined.

THE NEW ROOSEVELT CABINET

The coming shifts that will make the nearest approach to a complete reorganization of the White House advisory staff since President Roosevelt succeeded McKinley

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM



CHARLES J. BONAPARTE
To be Attorney-General

Mr. Bonaparte is the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, the youngest brother of Napoleon. He was born in Baltimore in 1851, has been a lawyer there since 1874 and a prominent reformer, but never held a political office until appointed Secretary of the Navy, although he became a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners in 1902

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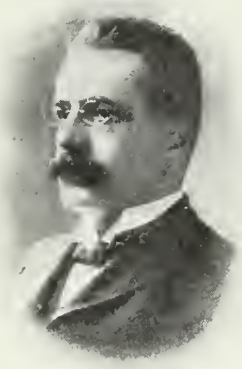
GEORGE VON L. MEYER
To be Postmaster-General

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VICTOR H. METCALF
To be Secretary of the Navy

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GEORGE B. CORTELYOU
To be Secretary of the Treasury



OSCAR S. STRAUS
To be Sec'y of Commerce and Labor

Mr. Straus, merchant and philanthropist, was formerly a Democrat and served as Minister to Turkey with great credit first under the Democratic Administration of Cleveland and second under the Republican Administration of McKinley. President Roosevelt appointed him four years ago a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague

CABINET slate-making is in order. William Henry Moody, after a brilliant record as Attorney-General, is to retire from public life and resume the practise of the law. The President is very loath to part with the services of so able a legal adviser, but Mr. Moody's desire to make himself financially independent, while in his prime, is an ambition of which Mr. Roosevelt heartily approves. Thus a vacancy is soon to occur, and with it there is naturally some shifting of Cabinet portfolios. The following changes are announced: Charles Joseph Bonaparte of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy, to be Attorney-General; Victor Howard Metcalf of California, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, to be at the head of the Navy Department; Oscar Solomon Straus of New York, ex-Minister to Turkey, to be appointed Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

It has also been known for some time that Leslie M. Shaw is to return to private life. His retirement from the Treasury Department necessitates other changes, and the slate decided upon is this: George Bruce Cortelyou of New York, Postmaster-General, to be Secretary of the Treasury; George von Lengerke Meyer of Massachusetts, Ambassador to Russia, to be Postmaster-General; James Rudolph Garfield of Ohio, Commissioner of Corporations, in line for a Cabinet appointment should another vacancy occur.

By far the most interesting and important of these appointments is that of Mr. Straus. This diplomat, author, lawyer, and merchant is an Orthodox Jew. Yet when Minister to Turkey he succeeded admirably in adjusting the differences of Christian missionaries with the Porte. His diplomacy in this regard was of such a high order that missionary organizations have suggested, from time to time, that he be sent again to Turkey to settle the new troubles there.

Probably the motive which inspired Mr. Roosevelt in selecting an Orthodox Jew for an important place in his Cabinet is one which has actuated him in a large number of his appointments both as President and as Governor of New York. He believes that to stimulate right ideals among immigrant races and religions, good men belonging to those bodies should be honored with high office. He believes that Catholic youths should have a Justice Cullen of New York (appointed by Mr. Roosevelt while Governor), or a Secretary Bonaparte, to look up to and emulate, rather than a Croker or a Murphy, and that immigrant Jews should have their eyes turned to a man of character and American ideals, like Mr. Straus, rather than to notorious examples of unscrupulous success.

Mr. Straus is a Roosevelt Democrat. Up to the first McKinley campaign in 1896 he had always been a Democrat. In that year he voted the Republican national ticket, but a year later supported the Democratic State ticket in New York, so that his Republicanism is of only eight years' growth. In 1900 he supported McKinley and Roosevelt, and in 1904 wrote a strong campaign document advocating the election of Roosevelt and Fairbanks.

Mr. Straus is fifty-six years old. He lived in Georgia until he was fifteen, then moved to New York and was graduated from Columbia College in 1871, and from the Columbia Law School in 1873. He practised law in New York until 1881, and then entered mercantile life. President Cleveland appointed him Minister to Turkey, where he speedily won an enviable reputation. A man of pleasing personality, wide intelligence, thoroughly well versed in the science of diplomacy, a fine, logical reasoner, and at the same time a practical man of affairs, Mr. Straus was a striking success in one of the most difficult diplomatic posts. He was in excellent standing at the palace, and could obtain at any time an audience with the Sultan, who accorded him many of the privileges of an Ambassador. Although not a Christian, he could sympathize with the troubles of the missionaries, for whom he adjusted many serious problems. So successful was he at this post that McKinley urged him to remain, and he was accredited to Constantinople until 1900. On the death of ex-President Harrison, President Roosevelt appointed Mr. Straus to the vacant membership on the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. He is president of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, president of the National Primary League, and vice-president of the National Civic Federation.

Coming Changes in the Cabinet

CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy, to be Attorney-General.

VICTOR HOWARD METCALF of California, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, to be at the head of the Navy Department.

OSCAR SOLOMON STRAUS of New York, ex-Minister to Turkey, to be appointed Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU of New York, Postmaster-General, to be Secretary of the Treasury.

GEORGE VON LENGERKE MEYER of Massachusetts, Ambassador to Russia, to be Postmaster-General.

JAMES RUDOLPH GARFIELD of Ohio, Commissioner of Corporations, in line for a Cabinet appointment should a vacancy occur.

Although Mr. Bonaparte has come to enjoy the Navy portfolio, he has a natural love for the law and will therefore find in the Department of Justice more congenial work. Mr. Metcalf, who was a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives, desired to be Secretary of the Navy when he first entered the Cabinet. But Paul Morton had received a prior invitation, and had selected the Navy portfolio.

Mr. Cortelyou's experience in matters of administration has been remarkably varied. In this regard he takes rank with Secretaries Root and Taft. His rise from obscurity has been almost romantically rapid. In 1894 he was stenographer to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General; then executive clerk, assistant secretary, and secretary to the President—to two Presidents, for Roosevelt retained him as his secretary. In 1903 he was appointed as the first Secretary of Commerce and Labor; then he became chairman of the Republican National Committee—a post he still holds—and next Postmaster-General. Thus, ten years after entering the Post-Office Department as a stenographer he had become its official head. Now he is to be Secretary of the Treasury, a portfolio which officially ranks next to that of the Secretaryship of State, and which in the hands of a strong man surpasses it in power.

The second newcomer to the Cabinet is George von Lengerke Meyer, a very wealthy man, who will be the New England representative. The new Postmaster-General is a friend of Senator Lodge, and their political alliance, so to speak, came about in an interesting way. After serving in the Massachusetts Legislature from 1892 to 1897, half of which time he was Speaker of the House, Mr. Meyer cast his eyes longingly on a seat in Congress. He is a resident of the "Sacred Cod" district, whence comes Representative Gardner, son-in-law of Senator Lodge. Meyer ran against Gardner for the Republican nomination, and was beaten. Whereupon he vowed that next time he would have the nomination. As his purse is long, and he is a liberal campaign contributor, it looked as if he might carry off the prize. Then, according to the story, Senator Lodge came to Washington and began to sing the praises of Meyer and to exploit his fitness for diplomatic posts of high honor. This, of course, may only be a story, but the fact remains that George von Lengerke Meyer was made Ambassador to Italy. Subsequently Mr. Meyer was transferred to St. Petersburg, which post he held during the Russo-Japanese war. And it was his services to the President in the trials of international peace-making that really earned for him a place in the Cabinet.

In considering the new Roosevelt Cabinet one is struck, first, with the fact that it is a Cabinet composed largely of young men—of men but a little older than the President, who is forty-eight. Secretaries Hitchcock and Wilson, at seventy-one, may be called old men. Secretary Root is ten years their junior, but at sixty-one he is in his prime. The other Cabinet officers range in this order: Straus, fifty-six; Bonaparte, fifty-five; Metcalf, fifty-three; Taft, forty-nine; Meyer, forty-eight; and Cortelyou, forty-four.

Geographical lines do not count for so much in the new Cabinet; that is to say, the President, as in other things, has not been afraid to disregard the established precedents that forbid the assignment of more than one man to a State and require all sections to be represented in the Cabinet. New York, Roosevelt's State, has three representatives, and there are one each from Massachusetts, Maryland, Ohio, Missouri, Iowa, and California. The vast regions south of the Potomac and between the Missouri River and the Sierras are unrepresented.

THE ARMY OF PACIFICATION

The occupation of Cuba.—Splendid appearance and discipline of the American troops.—Was the course adopted by the Administration consistent and logical, or merely expedient and diplomatic?

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS



HAVANA, *October 15, 1900*

AS a man running after his hat is regarded as comic, there are certain other stock situations which have become accepted as dramatic; the woman galloping to the gallows with a reprieve, or the relief of a besieged and starving garrison. On such occasions human beings, as a rule, exhibit great emotions; relief, excitement, joy; and help to make the occasion interesting. We have come to expect it. Under the same conditions people always have acted in that way. And so, when they act in an entirely different way that is even more interesting and much more dramatic.

Once I had the good fortune to inform a murderer that the Governor of New York had decided not to hang him the following morning, or, indeed, ever. One rather expected an explosion of some sort, but the man only said deliberately and thoughtfully: "Well, that's pretty good, isn't it, that's pretty good?"

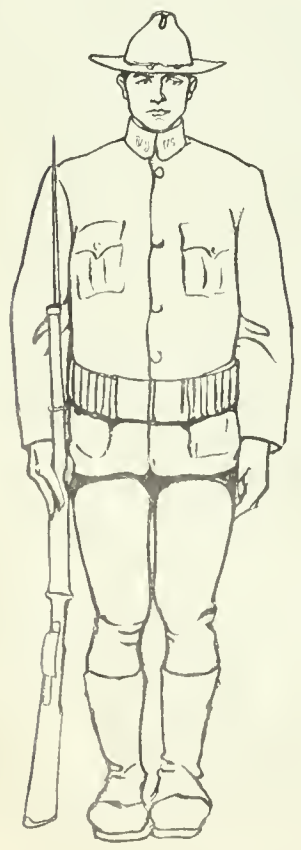
When General Buller, after two months of very hard fighting to relieve Ladysmith, rode into that city, those correspondents who were not present told how the women of the besieged city wept, and cried: "God bless you!" and even caressed the horses of the men who had rescued them. That is what always had happened when every other besieged city had been relieved. What really occurred was that the women and young girls of Ladysmith, who were nice, middle-class Colonials, were so afraid the men from the outside would presume upon the unusual occasion and speak to them without being introduced, that they kept their eyes modestly cast down and proudly passed us by.

The landing of an army on a foreign soil would seem distinctly to be among those events that possess the dramatic element.

Apathy of the Cubans

IMAGINE an army of pacification marching up Broadway carrying a strange flag, and issuing commands in a foreign language; and by its mere presence telling the people of New York they no longer were their own masters, that the invading army had come to rule them, if necessary to shoot them. From the spectators on the sidewalks one might fairly expect some show of resentment, a few taunts and curses; with so many new buildings going up, some one might be excused if he threw a brick. But here in Havana, when our navy landed the marines, and the army landed the Fifth Infantry and a battalion of engineers, the Cubans exhibited no more interest, less, in fact, than they show in a few hundred "Seeing Havana" tourists from a visiting steamer.

And our own men were equally matter-of-fact. Even the regulars, to whom foreign ports are not as old a story as they are to the bluejackets, accepted Havana as they might Brooklyn. They did not see themselves as *conquistadores*. They did not swagger, or laugh and talk loudly, or show any consciousness of the fact that what they were doing was for the moment conspicuous, and for the future a date the school-teacher would expect their grandchildren to know.



The Paula Wharf, where they landed, faces a convent, and as they stood at ease under the corrugated zinc of the wharf, what they saw of the new world they had come to administer was the yellow wall of the convent and looking over it a row of little girls, who are at school there, and the nuns holding them by their skirts. The little girls were the only Cubans who looked twice at the soldiers, and the soldiers, as soon as they were seated in the trolley-cars at the end of the wharf, were chiefly interested as to whether or not the trolley-cars had been built in St. Louis. One of the soldiers pointed out that the cars must have been made in Cuba, because, while the language of St. Louis is German, the regulations painted in the car against smoking and talking to the *motorista* were in Spanish. This deduction gained him many followers. But others maintained the signs could have been painted in the cars after they reached Cuba.

According to the writer of fiction, the invaders should have been thrilled with the fact that for the first time many of them were putting foot upon an island they had wrested from Spain, and which, no doubt, they soon would take over for themselves. But what really occupied their minds was who built a trolley-car that they never had seen before, and would not see again.

Eight Years After

TO any one who in the campaign against Spain watched our troops embark at Tampa and land in Cuba the improvement the landing of this week showed over the one of eight years ago seemed almost as important as the act of intervention. I am not comparing the actual landing eight years ago on a bare beach through a heavy surf with the present one at a wharf in a land-locked harbor; I refer to the general moving of the army then and now. There was all the vital difference of the work of an amateur and of a professional.

Before the days of Tampa Bay, in transportation the army had no greater experience than the moving of a troop or a regiment by train over different parts of the same country. The difficulties of transportation were solved by the train-despatcher; the commissariat problem was met by halting at railroad lunch-counters. Since the war with Spain the army has had to move, not troops and companies, but brigades and army corps, not from Fort Sill to Fort Riley, but half around the world. Having landed them there, to the number of sixty thousand, it has had to fight them, feed them, clothe them, doctor them, reenforce them with as many thousand more, and, over the second half of the world, conduct them safely home. The result of this eight years of unceasing active service, and also of the wisdom of Secretary Root in establishing the General Staff, is an army in organization second only to that of the Japanese, and in personnel to none. This is no prejudiced boast. Before the war with Spain our recruiting officers were accepting thirteen of every hundred men who offered themselves for enlistment. Then the American Army consisted of twenty-five thousand men, and we could afford to pick and choose. At that time in Europe recruiting officers were accepting by enlistment or conscription ninety out of every hundred. The contrast was so marked that when the regulars were arriving at Tampa the foreign military attaches were always asking one: "Is this your *corps d'élite?*" "Is this the President's body-guard?" They could not believe that in our army every man was a picked man.

Two years after the war with Spain, when our army was enlarged to sixty thousand, and need of men for the Philippines was urgent, the standard was wofully lowered. The enlisted men looked like messenger boys. The ranks were filled with pimply-faced, stoop-shouldered youths who should have been wearing the uniform of the hotel hall-boy.

Our Troops are an Army of Giants

BUT in the last six years these unpromising specimens developed to their full height and girth, the immediate need of men of any condition for the Philippines passed, and again the recruiting officers could pick and choose. There has been again a selection of the fittest, and to-day the enlisted men, although the army is more than twice as large as in 1898, are the same stalwart, but alert and active, giants that caused the foreigners to think each regiment was the "President's Own." In the line of business I have seen nearly every army in the world, and, than the men landed here this week, I have not seen finer soldiers.

There are two contrasts between the Army of 1898 and the Army of Pacification that most impress one. The first is the youth of the company officers. In 1898 there were first lieutenants of forty-five, and some captains of fifty-five. To-day you would not dare to call any one under the rank of a general middle-aged, and these boy captains are all veterans. Many of them in the Philippines commanded a regiment, and some, as Military Governors of provinces, held absolute authority over one hundred thousand natives.

The other change one noted between the two armies is that where the older officers of 1898 were harassed by the new problems the war presented, and only at peace when they got to fighting; these same officers, and the new officers, with the advantage of eight years of training, now refuse to see that there are any problems to solve. The days when an officer of the Quartermaster's Department abandoned the army to find its way to the transports, while he slept on board of one of them, and would not disclose the number of the transport because he "did not wish to be disturbed"; when artillery was loaded on one transport, the caissons on another, the ammunition on another, and the men on a fourth; when brigadier-generals of the Volunteer Army turned for advice to first lieutenants of the Regular Army, and medical supplies were stored in the hold, and troop horses on the deck above them,—it is safe to say, are over.

The advance guard of the Army of Pacification came in groups of young men in civilian "whites," tan shoes, and straw hats, who sat around the Café of the Miramar with apparently nothing on their minds save the proper adjustment of Bacardi with lemonade. It is true, half of them had already served in Havana "with Wood," and to them in the situation there was nothing new. But the other half had not, and in the unusual surroundings they found nothing to disturb them except the beauties of the sunsets behind Cabanas Fortress.

The Men Who Paved the Way

TRY to compare the work they had before them with your own difficulties, when, before returning from the summer's vacation, you set about putting the town house in order. There were servants to engage, rooms to repaper, carpets to be laid, curtains to hang, the coal-bins to fill, the grocer and the wine merchant to be consulted. You made out long shopping lists, estimates; and quite lost your temper. Had you been forced to make the same preparations in a foreign country it would have been much worse. You were trying to put but one house in order; these young men in the Panama hats had been forwarded by telegraph to a foreign country to start housekeeping for seven thousand men, to lodge them, feed them, clothe them! Two days after they had landed they began taking from their pockets contracts calling for hundreds of pounds of fresh meat, fresh fish, fresh fruit, for two thousand horses, for lumber and cement, for iron water-pipes, smoking tobacco, "soft drinks," leases for wharfs, for whole blocks of office buildings, for private residences, for lighters and tramp steamers. No one was excited or peevish, no one lost his temper, his sleep, or appetite. They all worked together as smoothly as the separate parts of an automobile going downhill.



The marines were just as offensively at ease. But of the "handy man," that is now taken for granted. The day I visited Santiago de las Vegas there were four of their officers assisting Major Ladd in disarming and disbanding the rebels. Major Ladd told Captain Feland to entrain two hundred insurgents and two hundred ponies. Two things about which a man from a battleship might excusably show ignorance are railroads and horses. In the daily routine of a ship neither hold an important part.

But in a moment we saw Captain Feland shunting and backing freight-cars, coupling and uncoupling them, swinging himself to the cowcatchers of moving engines, heading off fright-

ened ponies, rounding up the runaways in the corral, and driving them kicking and bucking up the steep gangways and into the cars. You would have thought all of his young life had been spent as master of a freight-yard, or as foreman on a ranch.

What Congress may have to say about the manner in which the representatives of the Administration—Secretary Taft, Assistant Secretary Bacon, Mr. Morgan, the American Minister, and Mr. Steinhart, the Consul-General—handled the crisis one can not guess. But had the members of Congress dropped in at the Legation, or into the patio of the Spanish home of Mr. Morgan at Marianao, where the Peace Commission held its session, and which was within three hundred yards of the rebel outposts, and listened to the problems that demanded to be happily and quickly settled, they would have been glad that some one else had the settling of them, and they would have rewarded our representatives with a vote of thanks.

Until the State Department publishes the entire correspondence no one will know how very difficult and unpleasantly delicate was the position in which Mr. Taft was placed. The patience he showed, the tolerance and common sense, were admirable.

But there is no question that the course we chose was a compromise.

A Complex Situation

THERE were two courses to follow: to support the Government or to support the rebels. To get at what we should have done, we should clearly understand what was our duty in Cuba. Was it to place one faction or another in office? It certainly was not. It was to preserve the Republic of Cuba, and, to do that, to uphold the Government. As it happened, the party in power was of our own choice. Palma was our candidate. General Wood was accused even of forcing him, as a safe man and as a friend of the United States, upon the Cubans. But, friendly or unfriendly, his was the established government. Opposed to him were self-declared rebels and revolutionists. Whether the Government was or was not corrupt was not the question. It was our duty to maintain it, not because it was Palma's Government, but in order to show the Cubans that, of more importance than anything else is it that they should obey their own laws and constitution. To teach them that if they elect a man President of Cuba it is better he should remain President, no matter how bad a chief executive he may be, than that they should run him out of office with machetes and threats of assassination. Had we said to the rebels: "This man is your President; if necessary to maintain the Government and to keep order we will support him with the entire forces of the United States, and next term, if you elect your man to office, we will give the same protection to him," we would have stood for law and order. As it is, we have placed a premium on rebellion.

Of the two courses the one we adopted was the "safer" course. If it were necessary for us to have peace at once to save the crops, and without regard for the future, it was the course to follow. But by following it, in the eyes of the Cubans, the United States gave its official approval to revolution.

Mr. Taft's explanation of the situation is like this: "The Platt Amendment does not say we must interfere; it says we may interfere. So, before intervention, we asked the Government if it were strong enough to suppress the rebellion, or, if not, could it come to some compromise with the Liberals. The Government assured us it was not strong enough to put down the rebellion. We could see for ourselves that it was not. And it would not agree to a compromise. It then resigned, leaving the island with no one to govern it. We came in, much as does a receiver of a wrecked bank or railroad, to put it in working order again."

What also seemed to weigh with Mr. Taft against the Moderates, or Government Party, was that the elections which brought that party back to office were grossly fraudulent. He felt reluctant to sacrifice United States troops to support in office a government that was not h[illegible]estly entitled to that office. In supporting the M[illegible]derates, there also was the danger of provoking much bloodshed. Before our troops could have reached Cuba, there is no question but that the rebels might have taken Havana, and we would have had either to recognize them or to fight them for several months. The fighting need not have been serious, but to kill the men for whom a few years ago the same soldiers were offering their lives was impossible.

By following the course we did we avoided shedding the blood of either Cubans or Americans, brought about a temporary peace, did no harm to the great and good work Mr. Root had performed in South America, and preserved the traditional friendship of the President for Cuba, a friendship of which he must be growing rather tired. But there are many who believe that we should have stood resolutely by the recognized government, that our first duty was to teach the Cubans they must not resort to rebellion, that by revolution they can gain nothing.

Personally, I believe there was not the slightest danger of bloodshed, that the rebels would have surrendered to ten marines as quickly as they did to the threat of seven thousand regulars, and that had we sent ten marines to "Pino" Guerra, and told him that there were many thousand more at home like them, and that we had declared for the Government and would arrest him, he and all of his generals would have cried: "Don't shoot, Colonel, I will come down"

As a matter of fact, when at the request of President Palma our Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Jacob Sleeper, ordered a hundred and fifty marines on shore to protect the palace, the rebel generals fell over each other in hurrying in to surrender. Because the landing of the marines looked like intervention and because at that moment, to the President, intervention, on account of Mr. Root's mission of goodwill to South America, was most unpalatable, he ordered the marines back to the ship.

By the State Department Mr. Sleeper was not commended, but, as a matter of history, Sleeper's "mistake" was what first laid bare the fact that the rebels, instead of wanting to fight, wanted to surrender to any one wearing the United States uniform.

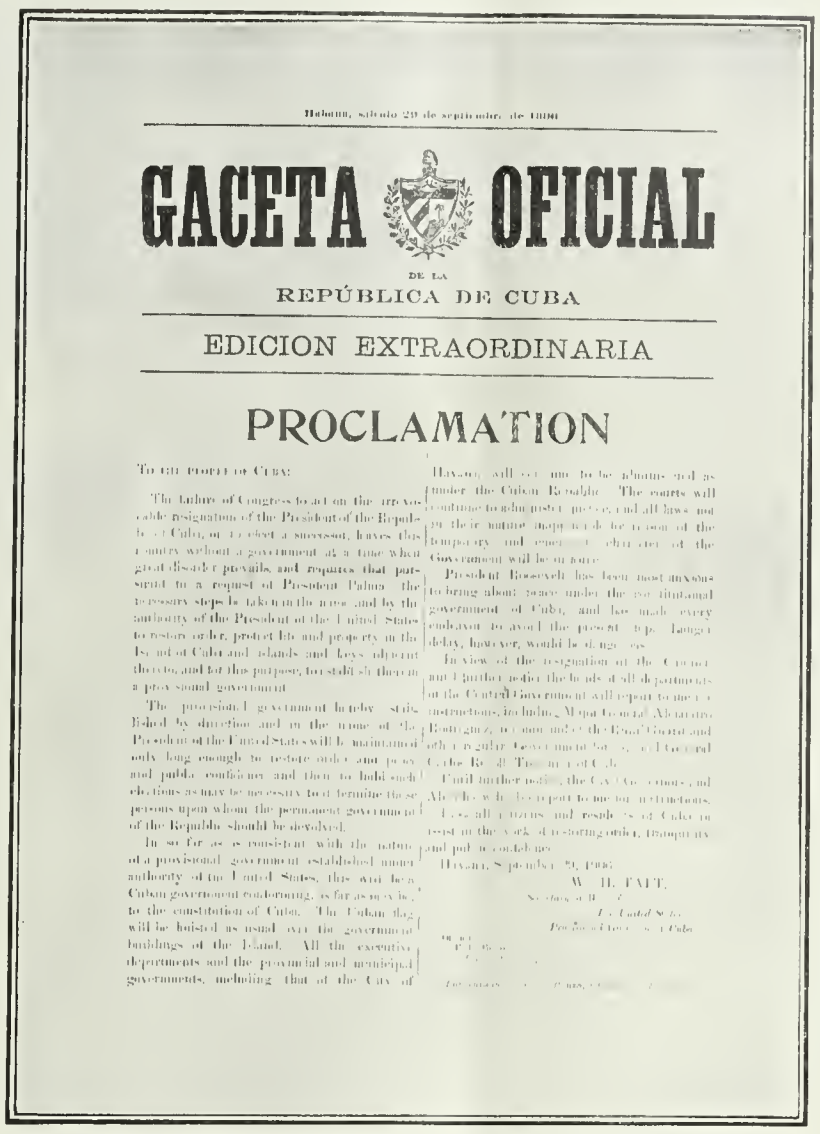
Later, when they had increased in number, they got out of hand, and the chance was lost. But Sleeper had blundered in upon the psychological moment, and had the President, instead of virtuously withdrawing the marines, leaped upon Sleeper's "mistake" and turned it to his own advantage, Palma would still be in power, and we would not have assisted in a revolution against him.

But post-mortems as to what might have been or should not have been are of little consequence in the light of the fact that the end must be the same. No matter who is elected, a "general" of the opposite or even of the successful party will take to the brush against him, again there will be civil war, and the next time we will annex Cuba.

The stupidity and the lack of patriotism of the Cubans will force the island upon us. If we do take it, we will be called hypocrites; we can not persuade Europe that with Cuba a free and orderly republic we were better off. The foreign press still calls Taft and Bacon "greedy annexationists" and "land-grabbers"; and as one reads this it is interesting to remember them at work here, striving for peace, with no afterthought than to bring quiet to Cuba, to save her crops, her credit, and her national life. Here in Havana Mr. Taft has about as much time to think of annexation as a doctor cutting out an appendix has leisure to think of the stock market.

At home we see our public men too closely; not as they really are, but as they appear in the caricatures, and exaggerated by the newspaper searchlights. Mr. Taft, at public banquets acting as press agent for the Administration, has not always seemed to me an impressive figure. Caricatures of him, ponderous, smiling, with a palm-leaf fan, seated on the Philippines, on Panama, on Cuba, singing: "There Was I, Sitting on the Lid," while they do not hurt him, do not help us to take him seriously. But Mr. Taft at work down here—honestly frightened at the difficulties of the job, without a thought for Europe, without an eye for the reporters from the home papers waiting in the patio, treating treacherous, tricky Cuban "statesmen" and vain, jealous Cuban "generals" as courteously as he would a British Ambassador, weighing, balancing, laughing off the little troubles, astutely meeting the real ones—loomed a large and interesting man.

Sooner than lose the ball, he made a "safety," to gain temporary peace he sacrificed a principle, but, as two years from now the end will be the same, what does it matter? We were lucky in having as good a man "on the job." His value to the United States always will be his genius for common sense.



Habana, sábado 29 de septiembre de 1906

GACETA OFICIAL

DE LA

REPÚBLICA DE CUBA

EDICION EXTRAORDINARIA

PROCLAMATION

SECRETARY TAFT'S PROCLAMATION TO THE CUBAN PEOPLE

The Last Chance

WHAT is going to happen in Cuba in the next six months no one can tell until the next six months have passed. At present in Havana the tip has been given out to treat the Cubans like superior beings, if possible, to take them as seriously as they take themselves; if a negro on a mule, with two hundred other negroes on stolen ponies, says to one of our officers: "I am a general," the orders are to answer heartily: "Sure! You are a major-general!"

We have been very tolerant with the rebels. Perhaps, in order to get them to disarm and to disband it was wise to be so. But in seeking not to hurt their finer feelings we have sacrificed some of our own. For one thing, we have allowed each insurgent to take home the pony he stole while in the brush, so laying up against the Provisional Government countless lawsuits and claims, and, what is more important, giving both horse-thief and horse-owner a puzzling idea of our honesty. And those Rural Guards paid by the Government to protect it, and who, with arms and ponies, deserted to the rebels, we have reinstated. What an incentive that offers to those who remained loyal! What an absolutely incorrect idea it teaches of our own rules of discipline! The rebels have had a very pleasant run for their money, and it is necessary that better late than never they should be taught that what they did was naughty; and that if it happens again they will lose their pretty island.

From now on it would be better if there were less of the hand of velvet and more of the carpet slipper.

While it lasted they had a very good time. Each of the men in the ranks, nine-tenths of whom were negroes, stole all the food he wanted and a horse, and occasionally took a shot at a Rural Guard, not from a position near enough to hit the Rural Guard, or to be hit by him, but as a sign of his contempt. And the generals, as soon as peace was declared, pinned stars on themselves, draped gorgeous silk kerchiefs over their shoulders, and galloped into Havana, halting only to order a field-uniform before taking up their permanent headquarters at the cafés. There they have their reward. There everybody embraces them, and everybody treats the dare-devils to their favorite stimulant of sugar cones dipped in chocolate ice cream. These are the men who wish to control the destiny of Cuba. One of them told the correspondents that the Liberals had been undecided whether they should rid themselves of Palma "by the Brazilian or the Servian method." When the Americans expressed their bewilderment, he explained that the "Brazilian method" was removal by force to a ship, the Servian, assassination. He had previously informed me that the Liberals had never thought of assassination. But five minutes later, thinking to impress men who were new to Cuba, he boasted of this horrible plan to murder. Assassination! For a well-meaning old man like Palma! Were they not so idiotic they would be tragic.

Another patriot statesman, Mendez Capote, Vice-President, is quoted by the "Herald" correspondent as saying to him: "Other nations have navies besides the United States. If you press us too far, we will dynamite German warehouses or English banks, and then there will be here a British squadron and a German one also, and the United States will have to fight them." The astuteness of observation, the profundity in this remark, the grasp it shows of international relationships and usage makes the recent removal of Señor Capote from office a loss not only to Cuba but to the world. Such are the men who for four years have tried to govern Cuba. Once I was a Cuban patriot, too. First, twenty years ago, I knew the Cubans as friends and acquaintances at cafés and clubs, and I much admired them. Then I saw them in the field dying for their independence, and I admired them much more.

But under this last test, when they were asked to govern their own country and themselves, to be honest in administration, to obey their own laws, they showed themselves incapable, incompetent, and, what is worse, to all these facts indifferent.

We are to give them another chance. It is well they should understand now that after this there will be no more chances.

For Cuba this is the last call for dinner in the dining-car.



GEN. FUNSTON AND MAJOR LADD AT HAVANA

"The advance guard of the Army of Pacification came in groups of young men in civilian "whites," tan shoes, and straw hats"

THE DREAMER

He fights the Dragon in the Smoke-stack Grove and wins the Love-Lady by thoroughly unfairylike Methods

By LEE ANDERSON



Arm in arm she and the Dreamer would often walk along the shaded dream-paths

DIRECTLY opposite the Dreamer's desk in the fifth floor office of the "Evening Times" were two windows. And between the windows was a door from which a staircase ran to the floor below. A more practical and sordid outlook could not be imagined. Through the windows one saw a forest of brick and iron smoke-stacks, telegraph poles, and ugly ventilation shafts. All day long the chimneys belched bituminous smoke, so that the gravel roofs were black; and the air was so gaseous that not even the city sparrows would perch on the sagging wires which ran from pole to pole. Through the haze of soot the sun never shone brightly, and the sky always looked, from the Dreamer's desk, as though a storm were about to burst. And the doorway between the windows was just as grimy and ugly. From seven o'clock in the morning until six in the evening busy reporters, slovenly office boys, and greasy pressmen tramped through it. The stairs were always creaking. the doors were always slamming, and from the floor below came the many sounds of the composing-room.

But to the Dreamer none of this was apparent. Time and again, as he sat at his typewriter, laboriously grinding out copy for the Finance Page, he would look up at those windows and that door and sit for whole minutes with his eyes half-closed and a rapt smile lurking in the corners of his mouth. To him that maze of chimneys and poles was a shady grove, and the banging door was the entrance to a quiet old country-house. As he settled in his chair and chewed his pipe-stem reminiscently, he never saw the hurrying reporters nor heard the click of the typewriters and linotype machines. To him the clouds of black smoke were green leaves, and the many sounds were the tinkling of a little fountain somewhere in the smoke-stack forest.

When there was no market Crash to be written up or no Corner to be reported—when he had lots of time—the Dreamer would put his feet on the desk and gaze into the depths of the Valley of Contentment for hours at a time. Of course, such hours of happiness were rare, for the Chief was usually giving orders or some fool boy was yelling for Copy just when the dream was sweetest. But when no one disturbed him there was one strangely white telegraph pole that would beckon and talk with the Dreamer and make his heart ache to live with her in the peaceful grove. That was the Love-Lady. Arm in arm she and the Dreamer would often walk along the shaded dream-paths and go at last through the weather-beaten door—and he would wake, cramped and practical, sitting at his desk with pages and pages of copy to be gotten out.



He would be having tea with the Love-Lady

At other times he could see the Dragon walking with the Love-Lady, and then he would hide behind a big brick oak tree and motion to her to come when she could. The Dreamer could never see just why the Love-Lady should walk with the Dragon, but he never reproached her, for the Dragon was her father; and the Dreamer was only her husband. And, of course, the Dragon didn't know that. If he had known, the Valley of Contentment would have been barred to the Dreamer forever.

So day after day the Love-Lady was wooed by her Dreamer husband through the smoke-stack grove, and always the Dreamer leaped the hedge just as the Dragon came out of the door—or just as the Chief asked what Coppers were doing.

To the Chief the Dreamer was an enigma. He never could understand how a chap so level-headed, and practical enough to do the Street work, could sit about and moon the way the Dreamer did. And he was so likely to be mooning just when the Chief wanted Copy. If he had loafed like the rest of the Staff, the Chief would not have minded. But to just dream and dream; it was provoking, to say the least. Several times the Chief had started to speak to the Dreamer about it, but he never got any farther than: "Now, I say, this is no time to—" when up would spring the culprit with a "Yes, sir. Have it all done in a jiff." What could a Chief say to that? A Cub who can't work or a Vet who won't work may be called, but a Star who does work and who dreams at the same time is a paradox that must be endured.

And the Dreamer was a Star of the First Magnitude—a Star that everybody in the "Times" office wondered at. No one on the Staff knew where he had learned the Street work. He just walked into the "Times" one day and asked the Chief for something to do.

"Ever done reporting?" that dignitary growled.

"No," the Dreamer replied, "but I've had experience in the Street. Give me a trial."

Now it happened that one of the Finance Men was ill at the time, so the Chief said:

"Know the Street, eh? Well, report to me to-morrow—seven sharp—and I'll give you a chance."

The Dreamer reported, and from that day the Street was his regular Beat. In three months he was doing the work alone, and better than two men had done it before. The Chief gave him a desk, dubbed him "Financial Editor," and wondered who the deuce he was.

But that the Dreamer never told. When he came to the "Times" he called himself Peter G. instead of P. Glover, and nobody suspected his identity. And the Dreamer didn't want them to. He was trying to live down that old name. For five years after leaving college he had struggled along under the weight of that P. Glover. His fortune had taken unto itself wings, and his friends had gone back on him. Now he was fairly started as plain Peter, and he didn't intend to let any fancifully named ghost of the old life rise up to bar his way to success.

Only in one way did he keep in touch with the life that was P. Glover's before Peter G. came to the "Times" office. That was through the Valley of Contentment. When he first discovered the resemblance between the "Times" door and the forest of smoke-stacks, and the old country-house with its quiet grove, he almost decided to give up his desk. Then one day he found that the white telegraph pole resembled the Love-Lady if he half closed his eyes and forgot the clatter, so he stayed and became the Dreamer.

Once again he went to the Valley of Contentment with the Pal. Between the writing of Market Reports, he met and walked through the grove with the Love-Lady. He told her of his love; she kissed him, and thereafter he dwelt in the fantom grove and was reasonably happy.

But, as before, the Dragon opposed their love—his and the Love-Lady's. The Dragon had no personal feeling against the Dreamer, but he wouldn't have his daughter married to any Young Fool who had more money than brains, and who couldn't support a mouse by his own endeavors. When the Dreamer had shown his mettle he might marry the Love-Lady, and not before. In vain they pleaded, and in vain the Love-Lady wept—there would be no wedding with the Dragon's consent, until the Dreamer had done something. With the Dragon's consent! How they pondered that phrase! And in the end they did just as they had done before—married without the Dragon's consent.

The Dreamer lived that sweet secret all over again. Day after day he struggled with the Market both as a "Times" reporter and as a Young Speculator, and during his leisure time he climbed over the dream-hedge into the dream-grove and walked with the Love-Lady. Then one day came the same old Crash—a dream-crash this time. P. Glover went broke and the Mad Tide of the Street washed him up on the shore of the Valley of Contentment. He entered the quiet old house and asked for the Dragon. But the Dragon had heard, and he merely sent down word that the Dreamer was never to trespass on his property again.

Sadly the Shorn Lamb left the house. Out in the garden he met the Love-Lady and told her all that had happened. Then with the enthusiasm of youth and love, he asked her to go with him.

"But how can we live, dear?" she asked. As it was with P. Glover, so it was with the Dreamer. He was hurt and startled by her answer—so startled that he jumped to his feet to find the whole Staff staring at him. That day he dreamed no more; and the Chief marveled at the rapidity with which the Finance came in.

But the next day, when he should have been writing the story of how the Bears had shorn another rich Lamb, the Dreamer found himself staring again into the smoke-stack grove. And there stood the Love-Lady, just where he had left her, asking:

"But how can we live, dear?"

"I'll work," the Dreamer replied, "work as I never have before."

Then the Love-Lady laughed. It was a loving little laugh, but a careless one, and it cut the Dreamer deeply. He made some angry retort and they quarreled—they who had never before spoken a harsh word to each other. In anger the Dreamer stalked out of the gate, and the Valley of Contentment knew P. Glover no more, and a week later Peter G. joined the "Times" force.

For months after that day's dream the Financial Editor tried to devise a happy ending for the romance of the smoke-stack grove, the fantom Dreamer, and the telegraph-pole Love-Lady. But always their story ended with the quarrel in the garden, and always the

Financial Editor awoke and made his typewriter hum as he viciously pounded out Market Reports. Yet he could not get away from his dreams. Every time he looked up from his desk those two windows and the grimy door came into view, and just so surely as he looked into the forest of chimneys and poles he began to dream.

A score of times he lived the story all over again, hoping against hope that it might end differently. Then he began inventing little scenes between himself and the Love-Lady, and for hours he would wander in that grove of his dreams and forget that newspapers want Workers, not Dreamers.

One time it would be afternoon, and he would be having tea with the Love-Lady beside the little fountain which tinkled so much like a typewriter. They would hold hands and say foolish, loving things about the amount of sugar they liked in their tea. And maybe the Dragon, peaceful and tamed now, would sit with them and talk in a bless-you-my-children way. Or the Pal might drop in and congratulate them again, though he had done it a thousand times before. And altogether they were quite happy and the grove was surely the Valley of Contentment.

Another time it would be evening at the quiet house. Just inside the tall French windows the Dragon would be reading his book. Outside, the Love-Lady and the Dreamer would be sitting in a big, low wicker chair. Away off among the trees the little birds would twitter as they settled down for the night, and the two Lovers in the chair, like the birds, would snuggle together and pretend to sleep. But whenever or however they met, the Love-Lady and the Dreamer were always happy in the fantom grove among the chimneys.

Then one day something happened in the Street. A mere Pretender tried to make himself Corn King. His Crowd bought bushels and bushels of Corn and the Hungry Public seemed to be in a pretty tight Corner. But some one turned traitor. The Crash came, and when the excitement was over, the Pretender lay crushed and penniless.

All that morning the Dreamer had been on the Street. Not a detail of the fight had escaped him, and about noon he started for the "Times" to write it all up in the most approved, sensational style. His hat was gone, his coat was torn, and his eyes were hollow and red. Every bone in his body ached as though he had been pounded with a club. It seemed that he could never climb those awful stairs, but the story had to be written and he staggered on. When he reached his desk, he dropped into his chair like a wooden thing. The noise seemed to drive every thought from his head, but the News Fever was upon him, and he stretched out his arm for copy paper. Like a man in a trance he pounded the keys of his typewriter. One page—two—five—ten he wrote, and as fast as they came from his machine, the Chief grabbed them up and hurried them off to the composing-room. At last it was all done, and the Dreamer sank back in his chair, his head drooping and his eyes shut.

He was going home now—going home to the Love-Lady in the Valley of Contentment. In that far-off land of dreams, he wandered along the country drive, leaped over the hedge, and stood by the big oak tree behind which he had been wont to hide from the Dragon. The little fountain tinkled softly—but devilishly like a typewriter—the birds were singing and everything was soft and balmy. It seemed so good to be home and away from the dirt and clatter of that "Times" office. But where was the Love-Lady? Vaguely he heard steps in the doorway. She was coming to meet him. No, there were two—it must be the Dragon with her. The Dreamer stirred in his chair, then settled down again; but the Staff rose to its feet and gaped.

Through the grimy door between the windows had come a Vision that brought even the Chief to his feet, and behind her walked an Old Man in a frock coat. She looked questioningly about the office and saw the Dreamer. With a soft cry she started for him, the Old Man close behind her. The Dreamer looked up blankly and smiled. They were coming to meet him now and he was glad, for he was *so* tired.

"Pete—Pete," the Vision cried, and the Old Man said: "P. Glover, I think you had better come home."

The Dreamer jumped to his feet and rubbed his eyes. But the Love-Lady, with her arms outstretched, was still there.

THE OTHER AMERICANS

By ARTHUR RUHL

This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the human side of our South American neighbors. The purpose of these papers is to make these people seem more real—to tell what they are like, what are their various points of view. This article deals especially with Venezuela's capital. The next, which will cover the journey from Venezuela to Lima, will give impressions of the Colombians, of the Panama Canal Zone, and of the Peruvian Coast towns

IN a novel written by a lady of Buenos Ayres and enjoying considerable popularity at the present moment in the Argentine, the heroine's father, during a visit to Rome, obtains an audience with the Pope. He is a Norwegian explorer, and when the conversation turns to the subject of his family he explains that his wife is an "American."

"Ah, yes?" smiles the Holy Father, "Brazil—Mexico—Chile?"

"No, your Holiness, from the Argentine Republic."

This—to us—ingenuous use of a word which here at home is considered the exclusive property of those living between Maine and California, Canada and the Gulf, is common throughout South America. Our Minister at Lima, for instance, or La Paz or Santiago, is spoken of not as the "American minister," but as "el Ministro *Norte*-Americano." A Chilean to whom one is being presented for the first time, sympathizing with one's struggles with his native tongue, asks: "Inglés ó *Norte*-Americano?" Although he was occasionally called Chancellor and Premier, and now and then "el estadista *Yanki*"—an adjective used as we would use French or German and implying all respect—this same distinction of latitude was carefully made even for "el Ministro *Norte*-Americano," the Hon. Elihu Root. The artless hilarity with which the average American receives the first intimation of this difference in point of view is very typical of our attitude toward our neighbors on the south.

It has been our pleasure to ignore the Other Americans—to know nothing, really, of what they or their cities are like, or their ambitions and problems. I ran across a friend on the street a day or two after I returned. "You found there *was* a place down there, did you? That's good. I know it's on the map all right, but I never could believe it was real." People have assumed that there was such a place—vaguely comic and bizarre, inseparably attached, somehow, to the words "fevers and revolutions." Now and again it appears in our fiction. It is a sort of misfortune for the South American below the Caribbean—when one recalls how many of our ideas of actual life are borrowed from the play life of our favorite books—that almost the only American story-tellers who have written seriously of South America are authors of such vigor and charm as Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Mr. O. Henry.

Argentina is not at all like Venezuela, yet those who have not been there must perforce interpret it in terms of "The Dictator" and "Soldiers of Fortune." And true as "Cabbages and Kings" is to the palms and sunshine of the Caribbean, it has little more relation to life in Buenos Ayres than Remington's cowboys have with Boston or Chicago. While to peruse one of those yarns, humorously illustrated, and inserted from time to time in the polite magazines by way of paprika relief, one might suppose that all Latin-America was a sort of comic-opera land where gigantic young "Anglo-Saxons" with blond hair and red faces, stalking through narrow streets like Gulliver among the Liliputians, had but to roar "Americano" to make presidents resign and sentries drop their guns. This sort of thing makes one a little weary read in Chile, for instance, where Americans are not always idolized and a gentleman already mentioned to whom one is being introduced may become excessively bored when he hears that one *is* a North-American and may even lift his shoulders deprecatingly as much as to say: "Oh, what a pity! How unfortunate for *you*." It is embarrassing again, in the Argentine, for instance, after you have carefully explained to your host that the United States has no imperial designs on South America whatever, to have him—who like enough can talk intelligently of our immigration or negro problem or tariff or trusts in any one of several languages—toss across the table one of our barber-shop papers with a cartoon depicting Uncle Sam as a gigantic paterfamilias spanking a lot of little brown babies, or the Monroe Doctrine as a hen sitting on a batch of South American eggs, while the Yankee rooster crows alongside: "They're mine!" It often seemed to me while meeting the courtesy of our South American neighbors, and observing the almost touching faith which the majority of them have in the United States, that nowhere more than in our attitude toward them do we show that crude ignorance and general bumptiousness which we generally assume is to be found only in the book of some absurd traveler or the caricatures of the British stage.

If the line which your eye takes looking down the hill from Fifth Avenue toward Madison Square were continued far enough straight south, it would hit South America near the west coast of Peru. Practically all of the continent would be east of that line—from there to Cape St. Roque is as far as from New York to San Francisco; from Cartagena in the Caribbean to Punta Arenas in Patagonia is as far as from Key West to the North Pole. There are nearly half a million more square miles within those extremes than in all of North America—and people ask "What kind of weather do they have down there!" On the Fouth of July in



CARACAS, THE CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA, LOOKING ACROSS THE VALLEY FROM ONE OF THE PARKS

Twenty miles behind the mountains in the background, and three thousand feet lower down, is La Guayra, the capital's port, and the Caribbean. Although within ten degrees of the equator, the capital, tucked away up here in the air, has a climate of a perpetual tropical spring

The Other Americans

(*Continued from page 21*)



A TYPICAL FLOWER-COVERED HOME IN CARACAS



PLAYING BASEBALL LIKE THE BOYS AT HOME



AVENUE LEADING FROM THE "PARAISO" TO TOWN

Bolivia, I saw a new railroad opened in a whirling snowstorm, and two mornings afterward the thermometer on the hotel porch stood within four degrees of zero; a month later in Rio, in more or less the same latitude, one wilted in a muggy heat as oppressive as any we have in the dog-days here in New York. No more can one generalize about the people or their countries. In Bahia, on the Brazilian coast, probably not more than one man out of ten is white; in Peruvian towns, in a corresponding latitude on the west coast, a negro is less seldom seen than in Boston. There is as much difference between the lazy lotus Caribbean coast and Terra del Fuego as between Mandalay and the Straits of Kamchatka.



VENEZUELAN SCHOOLBOYS AT THE BASEBALL GROUND

Why There Are Revolutions

ONE generalization, however, can be made. It is the fundamental difference between the ways in which the two continents were, so to speak, born and bred. Speaking in generalities, North America was settled by men who came to the new world seeking liberty; South America was exploited by adventurers hunting for gold. Our colonists cleared land, planted fields, and established homes; when the time came to separate from the old country they had a stable society, an adequate political system spontaneously developed, and a familiarity with self-government that had been preparing from the time of Magna Charta. The Spanish and Portuguese who sacked South America, following out the traditions of the parasitic Peninsular civilization, entered the new lands only to rob them. The civilization of the Incas, was destroyed, and this industrious, skilled people—adapted to their environment, capable of attaining a level we only can guess at once acquainted with the civilization of Europe—annihilated. All that they had done perished with them, and the new owners of the land had to begin at the beginning. When Bolivar and San Martin followed the lead of Washington and Latin America threw off the yoke of Spain, its people had had no training in self-government, nor even in useful industry, and their ideal was still the antique and romantic one of the intrepid warrior and successful conqueror. This was the seed. The harvest has been reaped all these years in the revolutions which a sit-tight commercial people such as we find it so hard to understand. A continent can not be plowed and resown like a cornfield. Education, immigration, the gradual infusion of saner ideas and more stable blood—it is a long discouraging task that the earnest Latin Americans of to-day are wrestling with, one in which they ought to have at the least our appreciation and sympathy.

There they are, these different, almost forgotten cities, down below the southern horizon, under their different stars. The main stream of modern life, strident and relentless, flows far away—you think of it down there as of something left behind, over the shoulder of the big earth, as it were, as you think of the North Star and the Dipper. Echoes of it come each morning in the newspapers—vague cables from Europe and the States, letters and *feuilletons* from Paris or Madrid; the name of one's banker takes one back to New York or London, the locomotive roaring into the station is a detached bit of Germany or of home. But the grip of the big world's life is not felt, its restless, relentless intellectuality, its worship of strength. People feel rather than think—wear the clothes, employ the caterers, read the poetry and shout "*Bis! Bis!*" over the operas of the great world without bothering themselves with its problems. Everything at hand has the charm of the diminutive and make-believe; that in the distance, of unreality. They may read of trusts, socialism, industrial upheavals, with the same detached interest that we to-day may read Carlyle on the Revolution or the "Confessions" of Rousseau. Side by side are the new and the old, jostling each other and blending in a way they never have even in our land of contrasts—the old older than our oldest, the newest more raw and cruder than our new. Over the antique civilization, still drowsing on under the blazing tropic sun, buried away in the thin cold air of the Andes, the skirmishers of the new are everywhere pushing—engineers, promoters, prospectors, drummers from Hamburg and Leeds and Manchester, the Yankee medicine man. Under the wilting sunshine of Brazil the pink pills of our New England landscape reappear in lazy Portuguese as the *Pilulas Rosadas para Pessoas Pallidas;* down the west coast, on walls against which Pizarro's knights may have leaned their lances, is lifted the hopeful finger of our benevolent Dr. Munyon. Through windows barred just as they were barred in the days when the splendid viceroys used to come out from Spain comes the busy clatter of the American sewing machine; in mining camps buried away in the Cordilleras the llama drivers, huddled in ponchos about their tiny fires, listen to Caruso sobbing out "I Pagliacci," as the phonograph through the wine-shop's open door quavers out into the cold moonlight. . . .



PRESIDENT CASTRO'S VILLA IN THE "PARAISO"



ENTRANCE TO AN ESTATE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CARACAS

Caracas and the Venezuelans

CARACAS is one of the few Latin-American capitals which seems at first to live up to the traditions of the Caribbean and the stories we print in our magazines. From the moment one consults steamship agents about going to Venezuela, one has a delightful feeling of being somehow a conspirator and of becoming enmeshed in a vague intrigue in which strange and picturesque things are about to happen. Before the steamship man will even sell you a ticket you must get a passport and have the Venezuelan Consul countersign it and look you over and satisfy himself that you are not a filibuster. All the way down through the Caribbean, with the flying-fish sailing away from the ship's bows and the northern stars sinking under the horizon and the breath of the trades growing more limpid and moist, and the yellow seaweed floating in the blue Sargasso Sea, mystery and dark innuendo seem to exude from the very deck of the little steamship.

Such tales as the irreverent young purser and the mysterious doctor tell, *sotto voce*, cynical, of graft, plots, and prisons! The mere gringo feels like a cub reporter at the office of a campaign committee. Even the captain, who has sailed up and down this path for thirty years and seen it all, occasionally drops a sentence, at which smiles show, shoulders lift, and the two dark conspirators at the foot of one's table look up quickly and rattle off half a dozen phrases in Spanish. All day they sit in the smoking-room and conspire, hovering over their half-emptied glasses, with cigarettes made of black tobacco smoldering in their long, lean, smoke-stained fingers, whispering by the hour. The gossip of the smoking-room, from drummers, coffee and tobacco planters, prospectors, and engineers: "Forty million dollars—that's what Castro's made out of it. Sure—he can't last much longer—he's got about all he wants. He'll be beatin' it for Paris pretty soon where the rest of 'em all went. . . . Money? *Is* there! Talk about the Klondike or the Transvaal or—why you can go up the Orinoco in a five-thousand-ton steamer and there's your iron right on the surface—all you got to do is shovel it off the bank—cocoa, copra—rubber. . . . Ah—she *was* a beauty. That's no lie. He saw her an' —well—you know the rest. They give her thirty thousand bolivars, and the best house they could find in Caracas, and on his birthday . . . Courts? Hell—no! That's where you *don't* go! You'd only lose an' have to pay the judges, too. It's cheaper to give 'em their bit beforehand and get it settled right. Lawyers? Sure we keep a lawyer, but only to tell us what their bally laws are so we don't *make* trouble for ourselves. . . . Look at that flour-mill at La Guayra—wouldn't it make you laugh? *They* can't make flour at a profit in Venezuela when they've got to import all their wheat from New Orleans. The Government'll just put up that mill to jolly the poor people—they won't have to pay duty on flour because the Government monopolies don't have to pay import duties, and then they'll import flour from New York at four twenty-five a barrel, an' sell it to the people *as* coming from the flour-mill at the old price. Talk about graft—gee! These fellows 'ud make Philadelphia look like amateurs. . . . All you got to do is to run out into the Plaza, wave your little flag an' yell '*Viva la revolución!*' Follow you? Sure—why not! If they don't fight with you the Government'll make 'em fight for it and won't pay 'em either. With

(*Continued on page 24*)

CLAIMS

Regal Shoes are started through the making processes according to this one unchanging plan:—to build the best shoes the Regal factory can produce—not the "best for the money" but the best regardless of cost.—*And this Fall there's a Specifications tag sent out with eve y pair to prove it.*

Regal Shoes stand hard wear by reason of this one fact:—if there is a *bes* of any sort of shoe material the Regal *has* it—this Fall, as always. If other manufacturers can say the same why doesn't even *one* of them offer to *prove* it?

Regal Shoes have Oak-Bark-tanned soles, insoles, heel-stiffenings and toe boxes—never the cheap, brittle hemlock. They are stitched with genuine silk and linen—never with cotton thread. They are better in every detail than most of the six-dollar shoes.—There's the Specifications tag to prove it to you.

Regal Shoes are the product of workmanship in keeping with the top-grade materials that go into their making. They are lasted and finished by hand, exactly like made-to-order shoes—and they *show* it. Everything you *can't* see and judge for yourself is listed on the Specifications tag—to prove it *before you buy!*

If you do not live near one of the 123 Regal stores, order through the Regal Mail Order Department.

Latest issue of the Regal Style Book Free on Request.

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Factory, E. Whitman, Mass., Box 707. San Francisco, 820 Market Street.—*New Store.* Cor Van Ness and Bush Streets.—*New Store.*

$3.50 and $4.00



¼ Sizes

Piccadilly
$4.00
Delivery 25c. extra
STYLE 16 RS1—As illustrated, made of Patent Leather, Blucher cut, military heel.
STYLE 16RD3—Same, except Black King Calf. Slightly Narrower Toe.



This is the Regal Specifications Tag

There's one Sent out with Every Pair of REGALS

PROOF

A Music Box de Luxe

The Regina Corona may be described as a music box de luxe. It is the best music box the world has ever produced, dressed up in a form which makes it an attractive addition to a finely appointed music room or drawing room.



The Regina idea in a music box—that is, the idea of music furnished by a steel disc—has made the Regina Music Box the most widely known and the best liked of any automatic music maker. It is the only music box of which you have heard. It is the only one which gives continued and lasting satisfaction, because it is the only one fit to be classed musical with the best musical instruments, and mechanical with the best machines.

This same Regina idea has been installed in a case which is a model of the cabinet maker's art—a thing beautiful enough in itself to be added to the furniture of any country house or city mansion, but it is something more than mere case, for the heart and soul of this piece of musical furniture is the Regina Music Box which plays any one of thousands of selections accurately and musically.

It will make not only a splendid holiday gift, but also a good present at any time, as a piece of furniture for the home for all who love music.

THE REGINA CO.

RAHWAY, N. J.

Makers of Regina Player Pianos, Regina Chime Clocks and Reginaphones

New York Salesrooms: B'way & 17th St. Chicago, Ill.: 259 Wabash Ave.



MANY men — the majority, in fact — dress well; that is, ordinarily, moderately well; but men who are particular about every detail of style, of quality and of workmanship, are still few enough to be noticed with favor. Be guided by the Kuppenheimer label and be this kind of man.

There is a merchant in your city who has Kuppenheimer Clothes and advertises them. He will supply you with any style you desire.
A book of authentic styles for men will be sent upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON
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Increase the Capacity of your Office

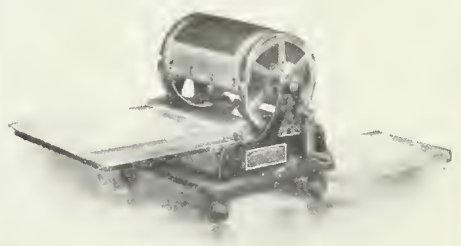
Are you losing valuable time and allowing opportunities for profit to slip by because you are loaded with detail—because your correspondence clerk is writing individual letters when a form would do—because you can not keep your agents advised of the new things constantly coming up—because you are doing things in the same old retail way when you ought to adopt modern methods?

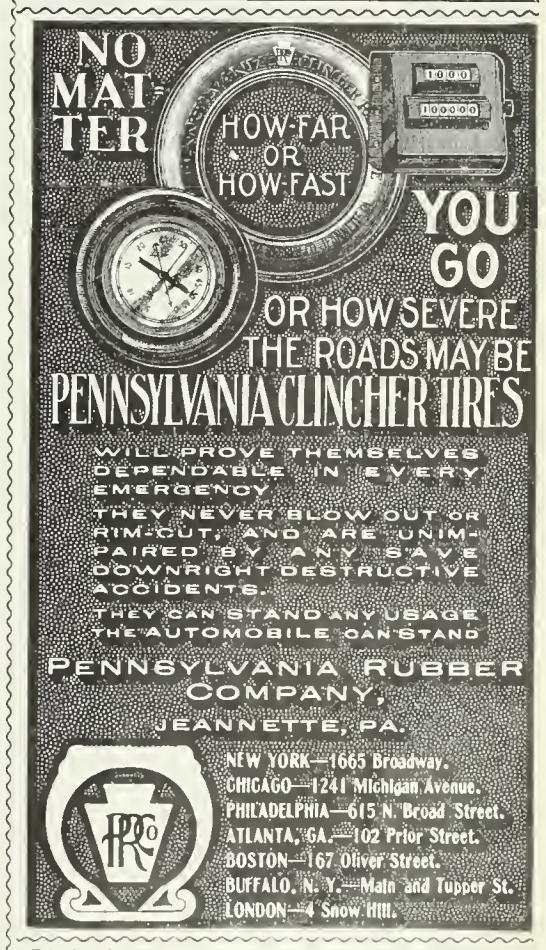
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Equivalent to a Printing Press

Do business in a wholesale way—write to A. B. Dick Company, 161-163 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., or 47 Nassau Street, New York, for a booklet telling how your letter, circular, price list or blank form, can be written on an ordinary typewriter on prepared wax paper, which becomes a stencil from which hundreds of duplicates can be printed in a few minutes in your own office by the aid of the new

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4% THE BANK THAT PAYS 4%

THIS BANK PAYS 4%

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Capital = $2,500,000.00
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Send for free booklet "E" telling how easy it is to deposit money here, wherever you live.

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THIS LITTLE LAD is a Ralston Boy.

His Mother Feeds Him
Ralston Health Food
—and his looks prove it.

Boys and girls *thrive* on Ralston. And we'll tell you why.

Ralston consists of tiny almond-colored grains—the heart—the *real life* of the wheat.

It's the Pure food—a chemist's certificate of purity on every package.

And it's the *guaranteed* food—

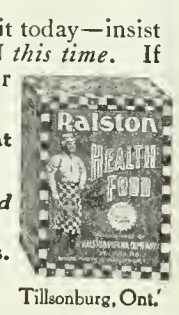
You can try Ralston, and if you don't like it, take the empty package back to the grocer—he is instructed to refund your money.

RALSTON is the perfectly balanced gluten food, with a body to it.

Every 15c package makes fourteen pounds of delicious food when ready to serve—fifty plates.

Ralston Health Food, sterilized by our new patent process, is always fresh and good.

Ask your grocer for it today—insist on having RALSTON *this time*. If you don't like it your money comes back.

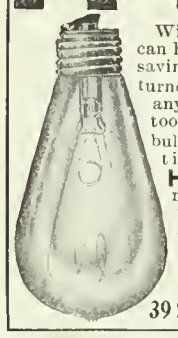


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Ask for the *checkerboard* sack and get the *best*.

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With the HYLO Electric Bulbs you can have a high or low light, as you wish, saving 5-6 to 8-9 of the electricity when turned low. HYLO can be put into any fixture by any person without any tools, the same as an ordinary electric bulb, and one HYLO will burn three times as long as common bulbs. HYLO gives you the luxury of modulated electric light with certain economy in expense. If your electrician will not sell you HYLO on "money back" plan write

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PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain?

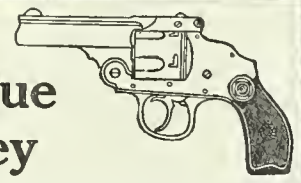
Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Webers, Krakauers, Sterlings and other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new, yet all are offered at a great discount. These pianos range from beautiful new Uprights at $125, $135, $150 and $165. An instrument at $190 that we can recommend highly FROM $125 upward. Also

Write, stating your needs, and we will send you a copy of our new Bargain List and also one of our Piano Book Catalogs, which illustrates and describes our entire piano stock. Monthly payments accepted.

Every piano bears our full guarantee, and will give years of musical satisfaction.

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Greatest Revolver value for the money



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Saves from 10% to 40%



Use the "Fuel Protector" on your stove or furnace. Guaranteed to save from 10 to 40 per cent or money back. Gets more heat and even beat because it consumes all gases. Keeps fire longer—no frequent rekindling. Prevents stove pipe from getting red hot. It is not a radiator but *a fuel protector*. Easily attached and needs no attention.

Size 6 in. for Stoves, delivered $3.50
Prepaid east of Missouri River.
Made in all sizes up to mill equipment

Write for free booklet with full description, illustrations and testimonials. Do it now—today.

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A Furnace Regulator

which automatically controls the drafts, maintains a uniform temperature and is as easily connected as an electric bell.



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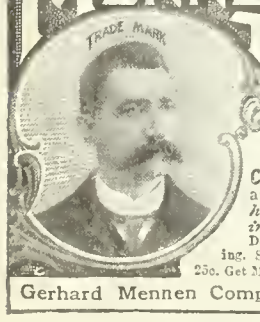
any type of heater, STEAM, HOT WATER, OR HOT AIR.
Saves coal, health, time, and money. It costs only

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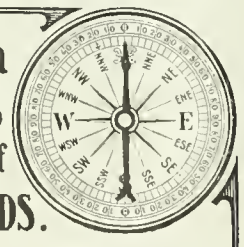
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10c. for a COMPASS and a big book of SPORTING GOODS.



This compass is the size of a watch, full nickel case with heavy crystal. Dial accurately indicates north, east, south, west, or any degree thereof. Useful on land and water, prevents you from losing your way. Everybody should have one, especially boys. Sent postpaid to introduce our big 164 page catalogue No. 367 of guns, athletic goods, games and novelties, on receipt of 10 cents coin or stamps.

N. Y. SPORTING GOODS CO., 17 Warren St., New York

THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 22)

you they're sure of a chance of loot and plenty of excitement and fun—sure. Just go out to-morrow morning and wave your little flag." . . . "How many more years of school?" the captain asked one night of the little lad who was returning to Caracas for vacation. He was a pretty little fellow with a Conservative family name. The present government is Liberal. "Five years," said the boy. "Five years school," rumbled the skipper, screwing his eyes up in one of his satyr-like smiles: "Five years *político*, then—fifteen years in prison at La Guayra—no?" And everybody nodded and the schoolboy snapped his black eyes, and his uncle, sitting beside him, about to lick his cigarette, stopped and licked his lips instead and smiled, too, though in a subtler, sadder way. He had a right to. He had been in the La Guayra prison once, chained by the leg to another man. And he wasn't at all sure that after landing on the morning he wouldn't be invited to call on the prefect and clapped into jail again.

When, after a week or so of this, the stern brown rampart of the Venezuelan coast looms through the morning mist, climbing up and up eight or nine thousand feet from the fringe of surf at its foot, with a theatre-curtain yellow and terra-cotta town nicked into the baked hillside, and a little toy fort bristling overhead, one feels that whatever happens one is presently to be "done" and done interestingly. The limpid sea wind dies down, the hot breath from the town puffs out across the water. While you study the yellow gashes in the mountain's tawny flank—cuts the railroad makes in climbing away up over the summit to the capital, a launch flying a strange flag comes off from shore. Your papers are inspected, you are inspected, then you bake in the vertical sun while the scouts go ashore to telephone about you up to Caracas, and see if you may be allowed to land. You feel exactly like a spy or an absconding bank president—almost as though you were an alien approaching the harbor of New York. If they don't like your name or the color of your hair, so the irreverent purser drawls, out of the corner of his mouth, back to the States or to jail you go. That was what had happened to one of our passengers the last time he had come down—nineteen days in prison because he had been seen talking with an ex-revolutionist on the wharf in Brooklyn. Landed at last, the porter sharks fed with all the money left in his clothes, each passenger must sign his name on a sheet of paper before the little train starts for Caracas. Up it climbs, zigzagging across the parched flank of the mountain, till the miasmic air of the fever port has given way to the cooler breath of the upper levels and the misty blue floor of the Caribbean stretches out miles below, and the donkey trains, gray-with trail dust, creep past. Another pause—are we held up? No, worse luck—



THE PLAZA DE BOLIVAR, WHERE THE BAND PLAYS

COPYRIGHT 1901 BY DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

only the autograph collector again. And then—after days of tropic seas, after passing the sentries and the fever-belted shore and dizzily creeping over the mountain tops, instead of finding a jungle with aborigines living in mud huts and eating jerked beef, you roll down into a frivolous little capital, with a pretty tiled plaza and monuments and beautiful trees; where, of a morning, over the coffee of which they are so proud, one may read along with the cable despatches snatches of Montmartre poetry and gossip from the boulevards, in the cool of the afternoon play tennis with engaging young men who talk across the net in one's own language as casually as in French or their own, and in the evening stroll perhaps with the crowd round the statue of Bolivar with little hooded victorias twinkling past like fire-flies, and the band playing things out of "Tosca" and "La Bohême." It seems almost as if the little city had had it all arranged to make her charm more sure, hidden behind these seas and mountains and passports in a sort of Spanish coquetry.

Caracas has nearly a hundred thousand people—counting whites, *mestizos*, negroes, and the rest, and it lies in a beautiful valley three thousand feet up in the air. This makes its climate delightful in winter and in summer, oppressive only for those who are able to go north to the States or abroad. It is built of thick stone or plaster walls, with tile roofs and sky-blue courts, filled with flowers and vines. Some of the streets are paved with asphalt, the others with cobble-stones, and there are tramways and electric lights, and the whole is spread on the floor of a valley with mountains rising up mightily all round, eight or nine thousand feet. There is nothing prettier in all South America than the sight of it—looking across the valley from some shaded balcony in the Paraiso, toward sunset, with the summits green and soft with timber, the flanks bare and gauntly ribbed, and in the dry season, at least, colored curious rusty browns, and below the terra-cotta roofs and yellow walls of the town. The clouds hang round the summits, and when the rains begin they almost always have a shawl of mist thrown across their shoulders, and now and then it comes drifting down into the very streets of the town, standing out as compact and white against the brown background as so much whipped-egg froth. Toward sunset time, the level blaze sweeps straight down the valley, throwing the ribbed, wrinkled flanks into high lights and black shadows, like canvas rocks in the glare of a limelight. The summer was just beginning when I was in Caracas, and each afternoon before the sun had swung round to the west there was a shower of the quick, warm tropical rain. The narrow streets would be rivers in a minute, the mountains would disappear, then presently the air would dry, the sky resume its limpid blue, and down the length of the valley and across the dripping city would blaze the searchlight sun. The mountains turned to plush, the barren rusty flanks softened into browns and greens so velvety that the mere color seemed to have a texture, and here and there all over it shone little silver lines—sudden cascades pouring down the rocks, warm and steamy, miles and miles away.

A Distinguished Gringo once came to Caracas by way of Honduras and Central America. He had cut his way through swamps, been bitten by mosquitoes and fleas, and suffered from fever, and when he saw the plaza and the people and the band playing under the electric lamps at night, he called Caracas the Paris of South America. To me, after seeing Lima and Santiago and Buenos Ayres and Rio, Caracas seemed scarcely more the Paris of South America than Pasadena or Colorado Springs are Parises of the States, but it was easy enough to understand the Distinguished Gringo's point of view. The lamps of Paris light its plaza; its

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What Practical Test

will you have to Prove that the

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is the

Car you want?

THIS is the way we sell Mitchell cars—

Go into any Mitchell agency and tell the man what your *ideal* is. Everyhody has one when he starts to buy a car.

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All right—we'll go out and "show you" how The Mitchell will "eat it up."

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Get right in and we'll go out and "show you."

Or mayhe you'd like to go 40 or 45 miles an hour for a while.

Perfectly agreeable—the car will do it *easy*, and we can stand it as long as you can.

Want to know ahout durahility and up-keep cost?

Here's a list of users. Call them up on the 'phone or write them (enclosing stamp). We'll go by their statements and we haven't nor won't attempt to influence them in any way.

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After you have seen with your own eyes what *The Mitchell* will do, the high-priced cars won't look nearly so good as they did hefore.

And when these high-priced fellows contemptuously refer to The Mitchell as a "low-priced car," it won't mean much to you, particularly when you remember that anything under $135 used to he a "low-priced hicycle."

Write us for catalogue which will take you through our modern perfectly organized factory. It will show you how skill, mechanical knowledge and system cuts down price without in the slightest degree lowering QUALITY, the prime essential in any car.

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Member American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association, N. Y.
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How Many Trips to the Laundry?



Corliss Coon Collars, 2 *for* 25c

The Rounded Corners give the open front fold-collar the appearance of an entirely

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Corliss Coon Collars wear longer because they are reinforced or relieved as needed where the strain comes.

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KENWER, 2 IN.

POINTS THAT INTEREST YOU

Better Pay — Better Future

Better Work — Better Hours

The Mere Money Value of an Education

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¶ No man will purposely choose a poorly-paid, ***under*** position to one where he can earn a good living salary and command respect and authority. The reason that so many ***continue*** to toil away day after day at poorly-paid, disagreeable work is because they haven't enough education to do more important work. There was a time when it meant a great sacrifice to secure an education, when the man who had had no chance to get an education in his youth was handicapped for the rest of his life.

¶ The ***American School of Correspondence,*** Chicago, Ill., has changed all this. Any ambitious man, no matter how little schooling he has had, can start now and fit himself for any position that he is ambitious to fill. Time, cost and location are no barriers. The ***American School*** allows you to suit your studies to your convenience; and you pay for your instruction according to your circumstances.

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No Honing No Grinding



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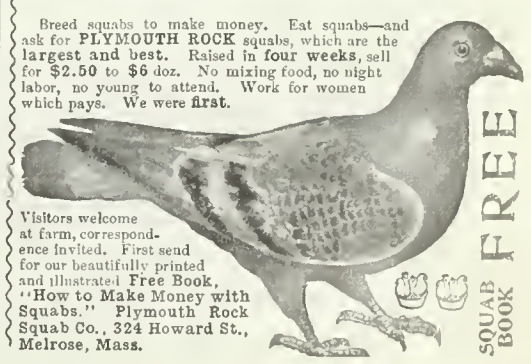
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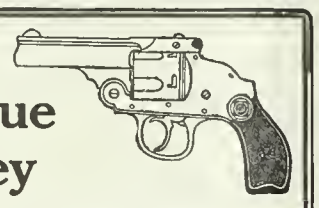
Our Fall and Winter catalogue illustrates the new styles in Ladies' Suits, Coats, Skirts, Waists, and Raincoats. Also Men's Suits, Overcoats, Topcoats and Raincoats.

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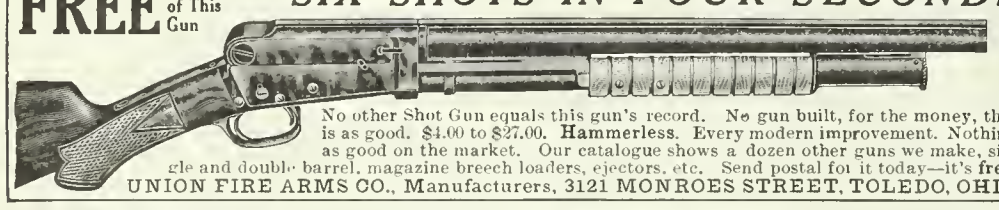
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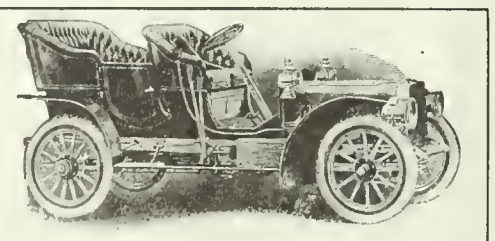


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NEW YORK SCHOOL OF AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERS
149 West 56th Street, New York

THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 20)

lying on their dusky cheeks like flour, water-carriers, beggars—and talk politely through the bars. There is always a chance, this way, that Elvira or Maria, in the most casual way imaginable, may let her fingers slip through the bars—though, to be sure, *just* a chance, for Mamma's rocking-chair is close by and it is too much to hope that she is asleep, even though she sits with eyes half closed, a little like an owl. But if you are but a strayed gringo you may only tramp glumly past, almost brushing their elbows, staring—for that is considered only properly gallant and polite—as frankly as though they were pictures or pretty flowers. They all seem lovely then. You forget to wonder whether they could think or waltz or bake bread, whether, were they at home, they would not be leaning on a pillow in a Harlem flat window watching the "L" trains go by—forget the funny little "tidies" and the "airbrush" portraits, and the funnel of the phonograph dimly visible behind them, and with the brilliant tropic moonlight turning the shabby old walls to marble and the tinkle of falling water coming from some inner court, every man of us perforce blossoms into a Romeo, and half seen, inaccessible, behind each barred window a Juliet. . . .

The Ladies

But what *is* Maria like—suppose you could drop in just as if you were at home, sit down in the window seat and talk to her? Just for the present I intend to evade this delicate and extremely interesting subject, though as we stroll on down the street I trust there will be no harm in pausing at the big-tree news-stand a moment and reading what some wicked, cynical, scribbler-person says in that droll little "*La Compana.*" There is a drawing of a young man and a young lady under the title "*Gente Elegante,*" and this is what he says: "You may call her Elena or Julia or Maria—it's all the same. In all haunts of the fashionable you'll find her—San Bernardino, El Paraiso, etc., are the theatres of her operations. She doesn't know how many eyes a needle has, but she can tell you the exact color of the skirts which *la bella* Otero puts on when she dances. She doesn't know the Credo, but she never misses church, prayer-book in hand like the Queen Regent. If you should ask her on what day our independence was declared she wouldn't know what to reply, but on the other hand she remembers perfectly when the Princess Chimay ran away with a violin for baggage." . . .

This way of shutting Julia or Elena up like a doll for the men to promenade past her cage rolling their roving eyes, seems strange to us, but here again let us postpone discussion, for the present, of a custom of hundreds of years, though in passing we might glance over this certainly extraordinary letter addressed to the newspaper "*El Combate.*" At the head of it are big initials which we will call

X. Y. Z.

"These are the initials of the name of a young man who has made me the victim of his immoral and stupid persecution.

"He is a fantom which follows me everywhere, and wearies me with his gross attentions.

"To free myself from this troublesome insect I wrote to his father to interfere, and liberate me from such a pretentious fellow.

"To no avail.

"Then I went to the Prefect of this city with a formal representation, signed and ratified by myself. It was equally useless.

"The Quixote of my window redoubled his attentions, and last Saturday I had the misfortune to meet him in going from the Plaza Lopez to Las Animas, and to endure the artillery of his glances.

"I am resolved as the result of all this, if he passes my window again, to publish the letter which I sent to his father, and a copy of the accusation which reposes with the Prefect of Caracas.

"And you may be sure, X. Y. Z., that your name will be printed and your description given in a way that you will not forget all your life. A. B. C."

So the men may not always stare successfully, and little Maria thinks a bit for herself these days! A little time and will the New Woman have come also to Caracas?

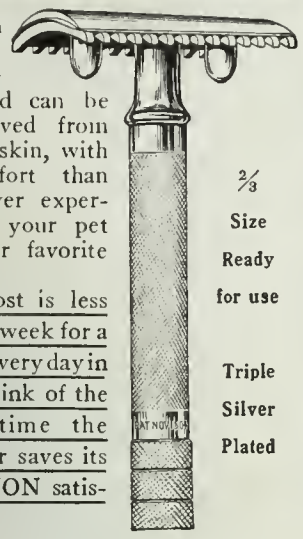
On Sunday evenings the band plays in the plaza—at other times in the week, too, here and over in the Paraiso, but Sunday evening is the best. Then every one is dressed up and feeling chipper, the little hooded victorias go rattling and twinkling by livelier than ever, and this cheerful national institution of our southern neighbors performs before its most engaging audience. The statue of Bolivar stands in the centre of the plaza, in an open-tiled place where the tiled paths come together and cross. At the opposite end of the broadest of these promenades, on a sort of dais reached by a flight of curved stone steps, the band plays, and up and down in front of it, past Bolivar's statue and back again, the crowd strolls and chatters and smokes cigarettes. That is to say, the men do—the young gentlemen back from school in England or Switzerland or the States, dressed for the evening, on their way to dinner, perhaps, at one of the legations, regarding the scene with a certain detachment and condescension; the young town dandies, with their bamboo sticks and absurdly long slim yellow shoes, that might be used as a curious weapon of offense; a few Yankee drummers, slapping each other on the back with conscious hilarity and talking, half in fun, in their horrible Spanish; a German or two, *concessionaires*, perhaps, of some great rubber plantation in the interior, tall, huge, blond, and comfortable, stalking side by side, heavy walking sticks under their arms, talking art, philosophy, and rates of exchange; these, and the substratum of *mestizos*, in their shabby white, staring apathetically. And on either side, just at the edge of the light and back under the trees, are the families, Papa and Mamma and the young ladies, all in a row in their best dresses and ribbons and gloves. Charming are the little *niñas*, with their hands in stiff little white gloves or "mitts" laid primly on their laps, and their great shy velvety eyes turning slowly this way and that, without any more sign of recognition than though those wicked men-creatures promenading by were so many pictures of animals in books. There was something about them, their dressed-up hats and their shy little gloved hands lying stiffly parallel, that was exactly like the *jeunes filles* which French artists paint, just such little girls as our own Shinn or Glackens might put into a picture of a park.

Life in the Toy Metropolis

They will tell you that Caracas is not what she used to be in the old days before the price of coffee went down, before the canny Mr. Castro had taxed sugar and things as they are taxed now. Everybody was rich then, one must believe, and the fountains weren't dried up nor the Carvallo gone to seed—when Madame Carreno was playing and Rojas and Michaelena painting, and the cable, now cut out, brought real news. Every one will be rich again, one must also believe, when the Government is better and foreign folks with money aren't afraid to invest it, and all those Eldorados in the interior are opened up. Venezuela was the only one of the Latin-American Republics which wouldn't play and send a delegate to the Rio Conference, and, as I am writing, people in Caracas are expecting any day to see the present dictator deposed. Yet I dare say that life moves on in the little capital—and would move on no matter what happened—just the same way. The tunes from "Tosca" and "Il Trovatore" thrill just as much whether or not there's a delegate at Rio, the señoritas' eyes are as bright and the mountains as beautiful.

It is a perfect place to play with life, cloistered away, so near to the real world, and yet so far. The real world's manners are here, but none of its problems. All things are reduced to a scale so small that big general things become individual and personal. People who have money have made it easily, those who haven't it expect none. There is no striving, strenuous middle-class. There are plenty of poets, but they do not hear the world's rumble and noise; they sit on a park bench, write verses for albums or devise epigrams withering their rivals and enemies.

Simplified Shaving—Just a Gillette Safety Razor



soap and brush—and in 2 to 5 minutes the harshest beard can be smoothly shaved from the tenderest skin, with greater comfort than you have ever experienced from your pet razor or your favorite barber.

Yet the cost is less than 2 cents a week for a perfect shave every day in the year. Think of the money and time the Gillette Razor saves its ONE MILLION satisfied users.

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Gillette double-edged wafer blades are so hard and keen that each blade gives an average of more than 20 perfect shaves. When dulled, throw away as a used pen. A new blade inserted in a second. Extra blades cost 50c. for ten.

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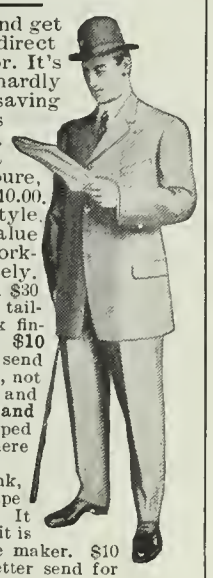
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You can't tell it from $20 and $30 suits, the cloth is so fine and it's tailored so perfectly; Venetian silk finished lining all the way through. $10 is all we ask for it, and when we send it, mind, **you** are to be the judge, not we. Also a big line of higher and lower priced fabrics for suits and Overcoats. Perfect fitting striped and plain worsted and cassimere trousers at $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50.

Samples, measurement blank, Fall 1906 fashion plate and tape line, all sent **at our expense.** It will astonish you what a benefit it is to deal direct with the wholesale maker. $10 will do the service of $20. Better send for samples right now while you are thinking of it. **Don't delay.** Address

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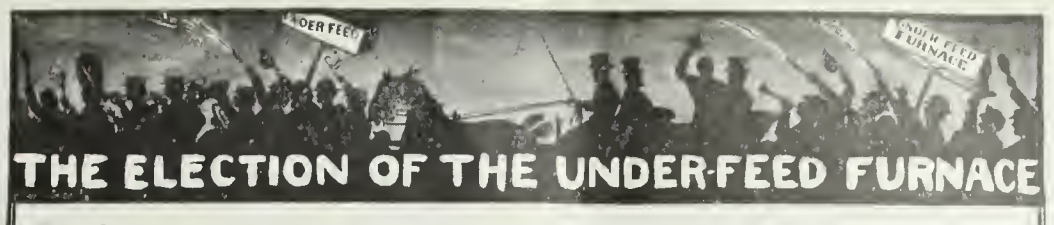


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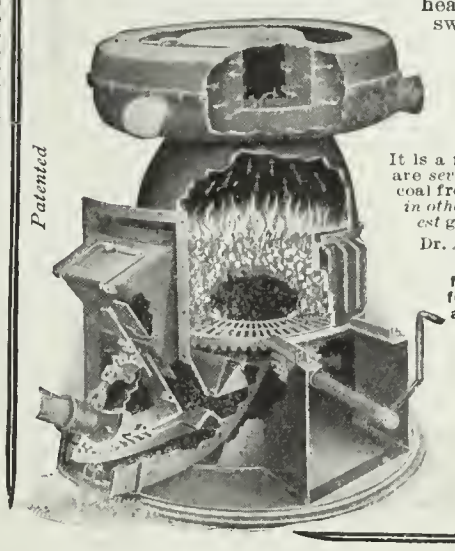
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The illustration shows furnace without casing, cut out to show how coal is forced up under fire. Our Underfeed booklet illustrates and describes it fully. Let us send it to you, with facsimile letters from many satisfied users. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—FREE. Write to-day, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

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Dealers, Write To-day for Our Attractive Proposition.

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Or A GOLDEN NEW YEAR



The oranges are ripening on the trees all about the great tropical gardens that surround

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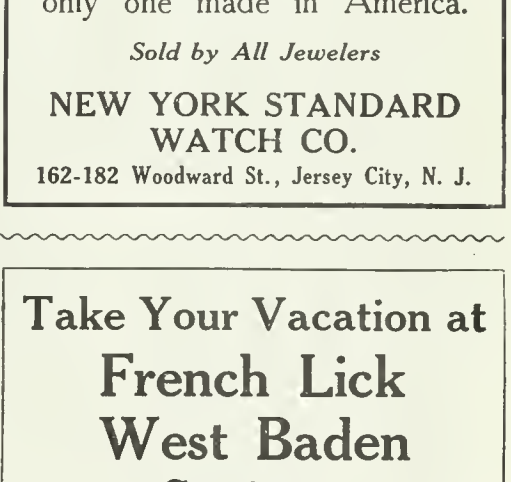
I guarantee my 1900 Home Washer for 4 years and you can pay me by the week, or month (suit yourself)—out of what it saves for you. On the weekly payment plan, I ask just a little more than the cash price. Just your name and address on a post card or in a letter will bring you my Big Illustrated Washer Book—the finest ever printed. It is FREE. I send it postpaid by return mail on receipt of your request. It shows washers costing all the way from $12.75 (freight prepaid) for my new improved Gravity-working washer down to my "1900 Home Washer" at $5.50 (F. O. B. Binghamton). They are all fine washers. Order any one you want and pay for it on my "Pay-as-It-Saves-For-You" Plan. $5.50 is less than is asked by any other concern, of known standing, for any kind of a washing machine. And—at that—other machines are only imitations of mine. I sell more washers than all other concerns put together. And why should you pay good money for an imitation washer when you can get the genuine—a "1900 Home"—for less money. Remember, you send no money. I gladly trust you. Address R. F. Bieber, Manager

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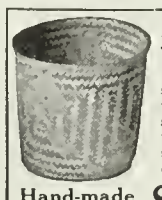
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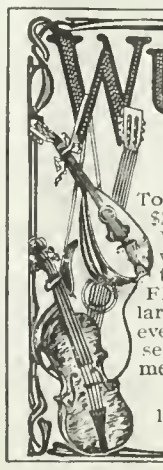
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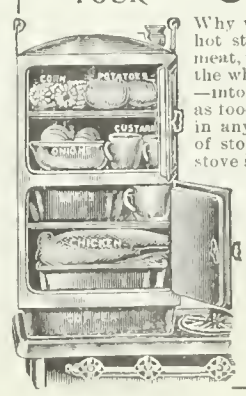
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It cleanses better than soap, neutralizes all impurities, builds the tissue, dispelling withered dryness; makes the skin soft, smooth and free from wrinkles; keeps face and hands youthful. Best for Babies' delicate skin and for men who shave. Guaranteed to contain no grease, bleach or chemicals; will not aid the growth of hair. Substitutes disappoint; buy only **Hinds'**; at all dealers, 50c.; or if not obtainable, sent postpaid by us. **Write for Free Sample Bottle and Booklet.**

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Size 17x17 inches; made of beautiful **Real Plush**, in your choice of Old Gold, Tan, or Light Green Color, and plainly stamped with your choice of **Foot Ball Boy** or **Indian Girl** design so that anyone can burn it with handsome effect. Given **free** to every person who sends us **25 cts.** to pay cost of stamping, shipping, etc. This top burned **$1.50.** We make this offer to get our big new **catalog** (described below) into the hands of new customers interested in home beautifying. **Only one free top to one address.**



SPECIAL Our No. 97 $2.50 Outfit, only . . **$1.60**

This splendid outfit, shown above, is complete for burning on plush, wood, leather, etc. Includes fine **Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double-action Bulb, Metal Union Cork, Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, two pieces Stamped Practice Wood** and full directions, all in neat leatherette box. Ask your dealer, or we will send C. O. D. When cash accompanies order for No. 97 outfit we include **free** our 64-page Pelican Instruction Handbook (price 25c), the most complete pyrography book published.

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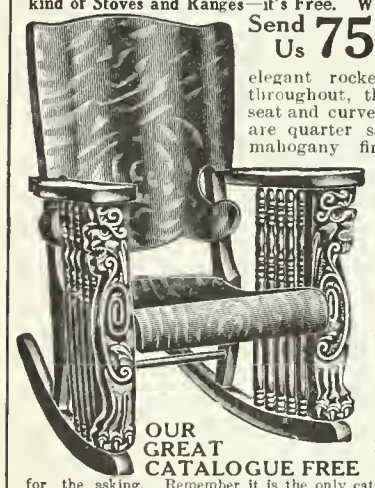
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Our Big STOVE CATALOGUE No. 53 tells all about every kind of Stoves and Ranges—it's Free. Write for it now.



Send Us 75c Cash and we will ship this elegant rocker, solid oak throughout, the roll front seat and curved shaped back are quarter sawed oak or mahogany finish, genuine mahogany veneer seat and back, massive profusely carved frame, 10 spindles, large claw feet, exactly like illustration. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price

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OUR GREAT CATALOGUE FREE for the asking. Remember it is the only catalogue published showing the exact reproduction of goods direct from the articles. It also includes reproductions of carpets and rugs in colors.

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EVERY MAN OR WOMAN CAN MAKE $5

All we ask of you is to call the attention of your **Husband, Father, Brothers, Sons and Relatives** to this advertisement and ask them to write us for **free samples.**

For this service you will receive a $5 present with every suit ordered, if your name is mentioned when writing for samples.

Men who write for our samples, not having had their attention called to this ad. by some one else, are entitled to this **$5 present** with their order.



With free samples of our $10 Suits, we will send illustrations of hundreds of useful and valuable articles from which to select the $5 presents. These include gentlemen's fine furnishing goods, ladies' silk waists, tailor-made skirts, fur scarfs, decorated dinner sets, opera glasses, suit cases, fine musical instruments, etc.

Presents will be shipped with suits.

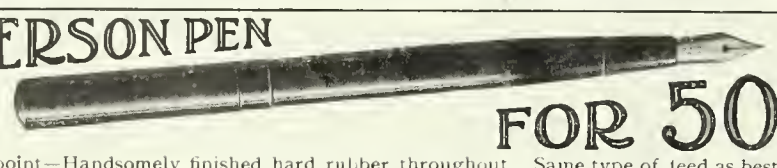
Our Hand Tailored $10 Suits are by far the best value ever shown and are equal to suits made by your local tailor at $20, having all the style and wearing qualities of a $25 suit.

It is safe to order from us for we guarantee to fill your order exactly, or **all your money promptly returned.**

Write us today; by return mail you receive **free** samples and full description of presents, etc.

The Gents' Complete Outfitting Co.
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AWATERSON PEN FOR 50¢



Gold filled pen point—Handsomely finished hard rubber throughout. Same type of feed as best $3.00 fountain pens. Will last for years. **Warranted satisfactory in every way or money refunded.** Complete with directions and filler. Send 2 cent stamps or money order.

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WHEN WINTER COMES prepare for the Season's pleasures. Remove the effects of Summer Sun and Autumn Winds. Insure for yourself a clear, fresh, healthy complexion that will be immune from redness, roughness and chaps caused by the icy blasts of winter.

Do this by using

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

It is antiseptic and healing and possesses a delicate flowery perfume peculiarly its own.

Refuse Substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for sample.*

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$2.50 PREPAID

THE Humphrey Oval GAS STOVE



is guaranteed to be the **most economical** gas heating stove made, and the only one that forces the heat out **along the floor** where most needed. Made of copper plated, die-pressed steel, all heavily nickeled.

10 Days Trial

Order a stove to-day. If for any reason you are dissatisfied with your purchase, return it **at our expense** and get your **money back.** Catalogs free. **Write today.**

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Don't be a Book-keeper

The ordinary book-keeper earns small pay and has a poor chance of doing better. Expert accountants earn from two to five times as much as the ordinary book-keeper and work much shorter hours. Be your own boss. We will teach you expert accounting and auditing at your home and in your spare moments at the trifling cost of a dime a day. References to the best men in your own town. Established 18 years. Write for particulars.

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I Pay $25 for the rare half dollars of 1853, $40 for the Stellas of 1879. $200 for the 1880. $30 for the gold dollars of 1873 and $50 for the three dollars 1875, $25 for dimes 1894 m. m. S. $1 to $250 each for the Territorial coins 1849 to 1861, and from $1 to $300 for thousands of other rare coins, stamps and paper money. Send a stamp for an illustrated circular; it may lead to wealth and independence. Address the most reliable coin dealer. 18 years at the present location.

CERTAIN COINS WANTED

W. von BERGEN, Scollay Sq., C. W., **Boston, Mass.**

THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 28)

They hear that their country is being ruined, and they write about the eyes of their women and compare their mouths to strawberries and ripe pomegranates. When the President defies France they look up at the brown mountains and say: "We could hold out ten years up there," just as the sleepy creole in the park at La Guayra looks up at the little fort on the hill and says: "Surely, señor! With that we could blow the French out of the water!"

Superimposed on this quaint world is the tinier world of the sophisticated—the legations, the chosen, who have traveled and been educated abroad, the exiles of commerce—a toy world more or less typical of every South American city. Within it people "dress" for dinner, read the latest magazines, and live superficially just as they would at home. It is fun playing at life with people like these—always interesting because they would never have come here if they did not have one of two things—an unconventional history or an imagination. They drift along placidly, with the gentle raillery of those who enjoy the differences of the new country, yet continue to pass judgments according to the standards of the old. In their pretty villas and courts they are like people living in conservatories. Strange lost sheep blow in now and then—tourists, concession hunters, adventurers, correspondents—they take them as they come. There is the feeling that one can always go back if one wants to, the real world seems like the city during a summer vacation. Its absence gives each echo of it a new significance and charm. Every "dress suit" and evening gown acquires a sort of romantic significance. A lady driving along the Paraiso in a hired carriage is as much of a personage as a lady in a crested victoria driving up Fifth Avenue or through the Park. You drop into "La India" after the band concert for a cup of Caracas chocolate, with the same emotions that you might take supper after the theatre at Sherry's or The Savoy. It is always before one, changing things and charming them—that great battlement of mountain shutting out the northern stars, and beyond that the fever-filled coast, and beyond that the days and days of limpid trades and blue Sargasso Sea.

✣ ✣ ✣

On Working for Yourself

By SEWELL FORD

THE thing happened several years ago, but I can still see him sitting there in that chair beside my desk, twisting his hat brim with trembling fingers, his forehead beaded with sweat, neck veins bulged, the look of a frightened animal in his eyes. And I can hear his husky whisper: "Please, please hunt for it. It must be here. Why, do you know, if I don't find it to-day I shall—lose—my—job."

It was merely that a document had gone astray and an overfed, dyspepsia-goaded, arrogant employer had, in a moment of petulance, issued this decree which had struck terror to the very soul of what appeared to be a man.

Faugh! It was too absurd, too grotesque to be real, yet too real to laugh at. Yes, he still holds his job; or, rather, his job holds him.

How is it with you? do you hold your job or does your job hold you? That word "job," does it make you wince? You like "position" better? Some consider it more genteel, but the dictionary does not sanction such a use of the word. Perhaps you prefer to speak of regular employment as a "situation," another usage on which the word book frowns. Yet coachmen, butlers, and cooks use it quite generally. No? "Place," then. It's no more ungrammatical than the others. You object to "place"? Then we must fall back upon the colloquialism. It has the merits of brevity and preciseness. Besides, why mince matters? In this day of combined interests there are few employers and many employed. Let us call it your job. And once more; do you hold it, or does it hold you?

"No man is free who has a job which he is afraid to lose." Probably you never heard of the man who said that; perhaps you never will. But, honestly now, don't you agree with him? Don't you wish that was your attitude toward your job? Is it a staff in your hand or a crutch under your arm? Or are you like the abject one in the chair, clutching your job with the desperation of a sinking sailor grabbing a floating spar? Has your job become a fetish, to which you have sacrificed your manhood? Has the splendid mystery we call life resolved itself for you into a mere sordid struggle to hold your job?

Then, my friend, you are in a pitiable way. Your philosophy needs mending. You are bond, not free. The method of your existence demands reform. You should stop working for your job and work for yourself. But, you say, you have a family, wife, children, dependents. The more urgent need, then, of freedom. Do you wish them to share your bondage?

Shall you throw away this precious job? No. Keep it. Use it. Make a club of it. Conquer with it. How much of your time, now, does this monster require? Eight hours? Ten? Then make it accept twelve, fourteen. Master its every difficulty. Explore its remotest recesses. Equip yourself with every resource which it may need. Exploit its possibilities. Make it a game. See how much better you can do to day that which you did yesterday. Begin now. Keep on. Aim at nothing less than perfection. You'll not reach it, but no matter. Create an ideal and strive for it. Watch your progress. You will find it more fascinating than any game ever invented.

But work for yourself. Don't do your best to please some boss or foreman or superintendent or president. That's a hireling trick. Do your best because you can not afford to do less, because you owe it to your self-respect. Merit your own esteem. Dig for it. Do your own fault-finding with your work. You know it best. You can see the flaws quicker than any one else. Don't hide them. Talk about them, if you must talk about your work. Let others discover the merits, if they exist. Shut your ears to praise. Why should you be pleased that your work finds favor in the eyes of others? Who are you working for anyway, the other fellow or yourself?

Stick to that point of view. That way freedom lies, for no man who works for himself is a dependent. Make your employer dependent upon you. That will put you beyond the reach of dyspeptic caprice. Men who are afraid of their jobs are plenty, men who idealize their work are mighty scarce, and all the arrogance in the world can not change the man who works for himself into a trembling, cringing wretch, such as that fellow in the chair.

50 YEARS' SUPREMACY

The supremacy of Borden's products is due to 50 years' scientific education of dairymen and employes with a fixed purpose to supply only the BEST. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream fill every milk requirement.—*Adv.*

The Youth's Companion
offers a Harvest of Good Reading for 1907



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As much reading as would fill twenty 400-page Novels or Books of Science or History or Travel ordinarily costing $1.50 each will be given to Companion subscribers in the 52 issues of the 1907 volume. There will be

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—humorous stories, character stories, stories of life in the great cities, on the farm, on the sea, on the frontier, including **Six Serial Stories** by six Companion favorites, and a **Historical Series** illustrative of life and times in America from the early colonial days to the close of the Civil War.

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A series of fifty-two articles on hygiene and emergency treatment, of the utmost service in the household. They tell how ill health may be avoided, suggest simple remedies for simple complaints, and prescribe the measures to be taken in serious cases while waiting for the physician.

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Officials high in the national service, men and women of prominence at home and abroad, great travellers and authors will contribute articles full of encouragement to all about to begin their life-work, showing the value of wisely directed industry.

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The Companion is distinguished for the number and excellence of its sketches and stories which take not more than a minute to read. They are always new, always well told.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

A Matter of Disposition

The organizers of the American Cigar Company knew what good cigars *ought* to be—and how to produce them: That's *one* thing to consider.

They invested millions of dollars to provide the equipment that was required to make cigar manufacturing a modern industry. That's another thing worth noting.

They were united in agreeing that the only way to succeed was to produce only the finest cigars of every blend—to maintain quality without the slightest variation and to keep prices down to the lowest notch that modern business system could make possible. That's *disposition*—the keynote of the whole business.

MERIT △ MARK

Insures Honest Cigar Values

Now we have been offering some pretty strong claims for the cigars that are sold under the "△" (Triangle A) guarantee. We could keep right on publishing the longest and strongest list of claims ever applied to cigars; we could publish them every day in full pages in every newspaper in the country—and we could, no doubt, work up a huge business. But do you think for a minute that the sale of "△" (Triangle A) cigars would show the healthy, steady and rapid increase it *does* show unless "△" (Triangle A) cigars were pretty near what we *claim* them to be?

Not much! We know well enough that even if we were not *disposed* to do it we would have to make our cigars back up our claims or *somebody else would get the business.*

We can't make it any plainer than that. We have built up the biggest and most stable cigar business in the world on the basis of *honest value*, and already it has proved that it pays

MERIT △ MARK

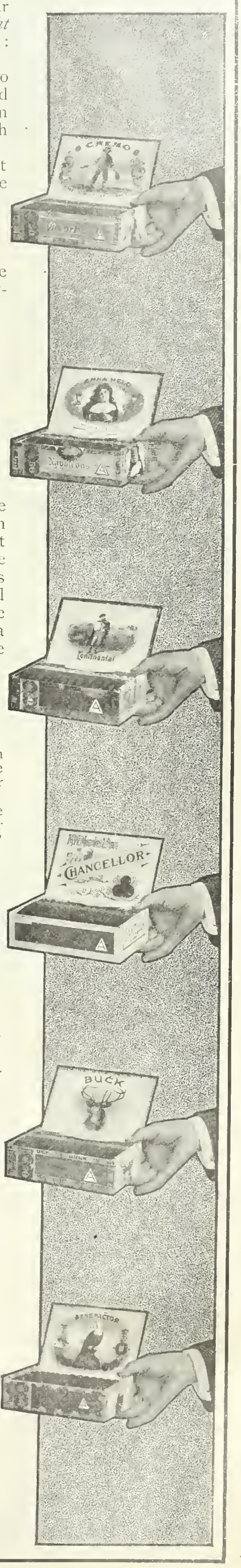
Insures Honest Cigar Values

The leading brands of the American Cigar Company are distinguished by this "△" (Triangle A) merit mark, just as a soldier is rewarded for superior merit by the Victoria Cross.

Among these "△" (Triangle A) brands each smoker is sure to find the cigar he wants. The list is so long that only a few of the more prominent can be mentioned here:

The New Cremo (Victoria), Anna Held, George W. Childs (Cabinets) Buck, Spanaflora, Tarita, Stickney's New Tariff, Cubanola. The Continental, Chancellor, Caswell Club. Royal Bengals (little cigars), The Unico, Benefactor, Captain Marryat, Roxboro, General Braddock, Orlando. Also the Palma de Cuba and Isle of Pines.

Smoke any one in critical comparison with the best cigar you know at the same price and prove to your satisfaction that the "△" (Triangle A) merit mark does really mean better cigars for you if you look for it every time you buy.



AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY

Manufacturer

HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS



Every Housekeeper Needs One

Did you ever think about the time you spend in getting ready to do your work and in "clearing up" after you get through with it?

Take baking day, for instance — or even one of the meals. Think how long it takes you to collect all the necessary materials and utensils and then put them away again—some in the pantry—some in the cupboard, some in other places around the kitchen.

That is just the part of the work that a Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet saves. It groups all these articles in one commodious, well arranged piece of furniture.

Think what that means in preparing a meal or in baking:

A Practical Example

Suppose you were baking a cake. You want the recipe. It is on a card—filed in the cabinet—right at hand. The flour is just above the table space—in a sanitary bin. A few turns of the crank and you have it—sifted—all ready to use. The sugar is in the cabinet—in a dust-proof bin—where you can get it without a step—twenty pounds of it and there is a scoop to take it out of the bin. The eggs, chocolate and extracts are in one of the little cupboards. The baking powder and spices are right at the fingers' ends in air-tight cans. The egg beater and nutmeg grater are on hooks, above the table space. The crocks—the cake pans—and other utensils are in the bottom cupboard. You do your work on a sanitary, aluminum table space. When your cake and bread are done there is a metal box, or drawer, to keep them in.

It is not only in baking that a Hoosier Cabinet saves steps, but in all kinds of cooking and "clearing up" the kitchen.

It does this by a convenience of arrangement — the result of years of study.

Found in No Other Cabinet

This convenience of arrangement is found in no other cabinet. The Hoosier special features—the sanitary self-cleaning flour bin—the automatic sugar bin — the special aluminum sliding top—the Hoosier cake and bread box—the housekeepers' recipe box and want list—you can't get unless you buy the Hoosier.

The Hoosier Index Supply Case

Another great convenience is the Hoosier Index Supply Case—an entirely new feature in Kitchen Cabinets—consisting of labelled, dust-proof storage bins—of metal—where bulk foods can be stored away — always within easy reach — can never be misplaced — and where they will keep perfectly—doing away with all waste. The Hoosier Index Supply Case can be furnished with any Hoosier Cabinet and with no other.

Oak Used—Because It Lasts

Hoosier Cabinets are made of oak — sturdy and strong—with a grain of unusual beauty. It wears like iron—will not warp nor split in the heat of the kitchen. Buy a cabinet made of Oak—cheaper materials will not last.

The prices are low—very low. You can't get a cabinet half as good at anything like the low price of the Hoosier—and you can't get a better cabinet—no matter how much more than the Hoosier price you pay.

Get the Hoosier Catalog

The new Hoosier catalog tells why the Hoosier short cuts enable you to do your kitchen work so much more easily and quickly—how you can have a neat, orderly kitchen with very little labor—how the Hoosier is different from other cabinets and *why* we can sell them *at such low prices.*

It is free. Send for it today.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.

42 ADAMS STREET NEW CASTLE, INDIANA

Originators and Pioneer Makers of High-Grade Kitchen Cabinets

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10 for 15 cents

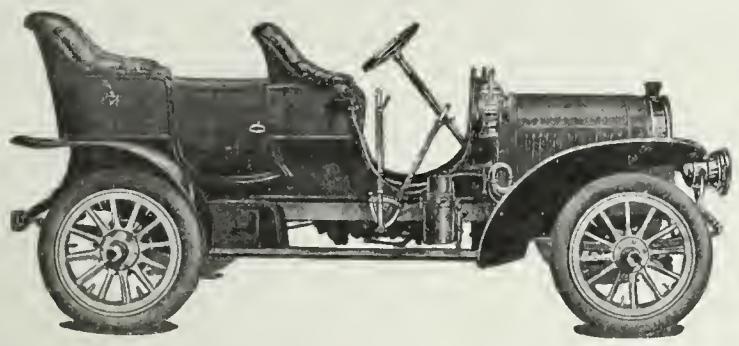
S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Pope-Hartford Model L

25-30 H. P. $2750

(Extension top $150 extra)



Pope-Hartford Model L represents the cumulative experience of twenty-nine years active work in building and selling mechanical vehicles. It is a four-cylinder, water-cooled touring car proved by adequate tests to be unusually efficient, quiet running and dependable, a modern machine that rivals many an expensive car and cannot be approached by any 1907 model of anywhere near the price.

Detailed information on request

We exhibit in New York at Madison Square Garden only, Jan. 12-19

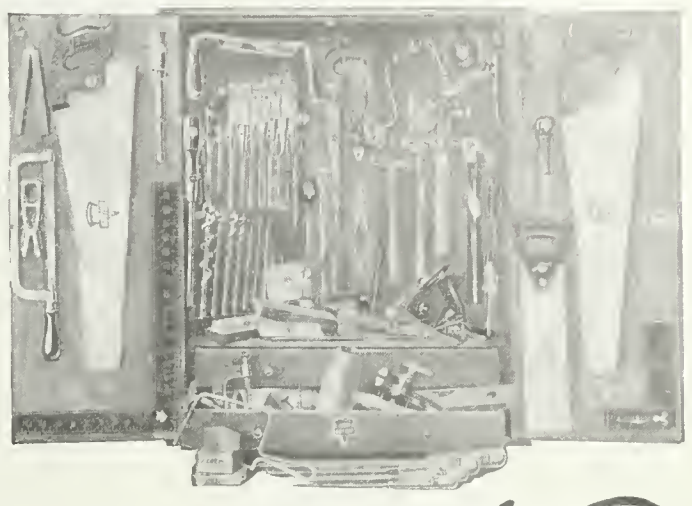
SPECIFICATIONS:

MOTOR: Four cylinder; vertical; water cooled; all gears encased—valves all mechanically operated and interchangeable—25-30 h. p. Carburetor special design, very flexible. Jump spark ignition. Provision for magneto.
CLUTCH: Inverted cone type of large diameter.
TRANSMISSION: Sliding gear type with three speeds ahead and reverse.
DRIVE: Through a propeller shaft, pinion and bevel gear to the rear axle.
LUBRICATION: By a special oiler located under the hood, driven by belt from the cam shaft, with sight feeds on the dash.
FRONT AXLE: Solid forging made of special steel of the I-beam type.
REAR AXLE: Of solid steel running on large ball bearings in tubular sleeve.
STEERING: Strictly irreversible. Worm and sector type.
BRAKES: Two sets operated by foot pedals and side lever.
CONTROL: Ignition and throttle levers on top of steering wheel but not revolving with it. Gears changed by one hand lever.
FRAME: Armored, similar to our Model F frame.
BODY: Entirely new design, distinct and elegant. Double side entrance. Roomy tonneau with large doors.
HOOD: Improved design. Front guards overlapped and connected with the frame.
WHEEL BASE: 102". Tread 56".
WHEELS: 32 x 4" front and rear, running on large ball bearings.
EQUIPMENT: Full set of lamps, horn, tools and floor mats.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO., Hartford, Conn.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

The Only Line of High Grade Tools Under One Name and TRADE MARK



Almost every day some sort of a tool could be used to advantage around the house, and oftentimes it is absolutely necessary to have tools at once, to make repairs.

The best way to buy them and the most convenient way to keep them is in a cabinet.

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK U.S.A.

KEEN KUTTER

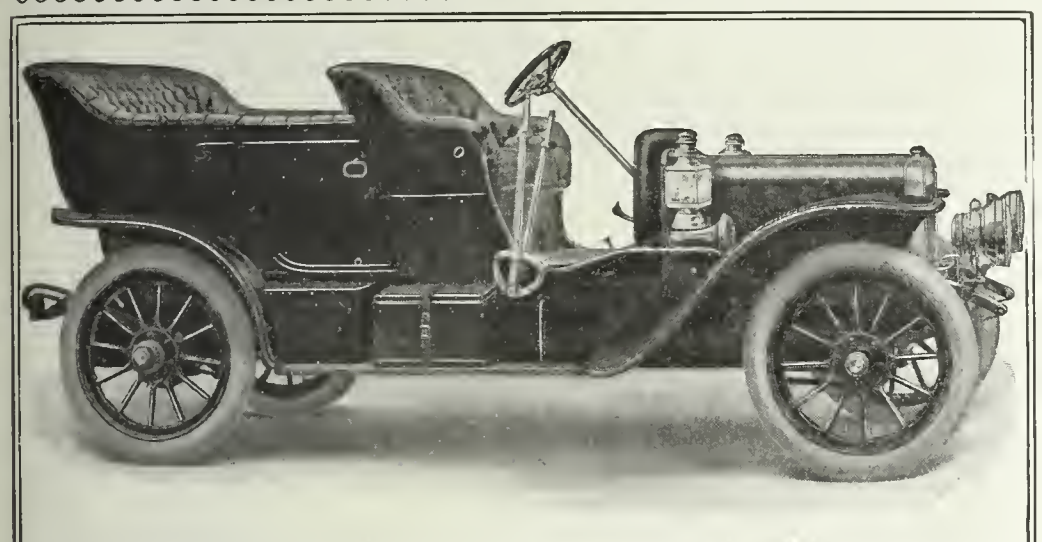
TOOL CABINETS

are the only ones containing a complete set of high grade tools under one name and trademark. Every tool is a KEEN KUTTER which means it is the highest grade and fully guaranteed. No cheap tools.

Ask us to send you handsomely illustrated Catalog showing our complete line of KEEN KUTTER Cabinets; then select the cabinet containing the assortment of tools you want and your dealer will supply you. If not, write us and give us your dealer's name.

This booklet contains cabinets from $8.50 to $50.00, according to assortment of tools. *A postal will bring it.*

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY, St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.



Two New Models—Both Winners

WINTON

MODEL M

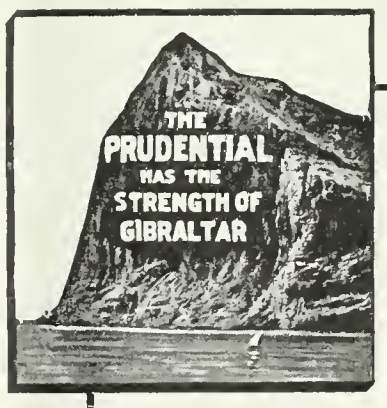
¶ 40 H. P. four cylinder motor.
Carries seven passengers.
Four forward speeds, selective type.
Direct drive on *third* speed.
¶ Multiple disc clutch, takes fourth speed from standstill without jar or shock.
Off-set cylinders—more power; no "knock" in cylinders.
Immediate accessibility of all working parts.
Interchangeable, mechanically operated valves, all on one side of motor.
One cam shaft for all valves.
Off-set cam shaft—less power required.
Horizontal drive shaft.
Mechanically throttled carburetor.
¶ "Shooting" oiler, mechanically operated.
Improved Winton Twin springs.
Four brakes, all on rear hubs.
Bearing surfaces ground to accuracy of 1-10000 of an inch.
Ball and roller bearings, properly distributed.
Jump spark ignition.
Centrifugal pump cooling.
Materials tested to provide safety.
Wheel base, 112 inches.
Gas, oil and tail lamps, trunk carrier, tools, horn, etc., included as equipment.
Price, $3500 f. o. b. Cleveland.
¶ Book M describes Model M in detail.

WINTON

TYPE X-1-V

¶ 30 H. P. four cylinder motor.
Carries five passengers.
This car succeeds the wonderfully successful Winton Model K and is lighter, faster and a greater hill-climber.
¶ Individual clutch transmission—separate clutch for each gear change.
Off-set cylinders conserve power; eliminate the "knock."
Immediate accessibility of all working parts.
Valves all on one side of motor.
Only one cam shaft.
Off-set cam shaft—less power required.
Horizontal drive shaft.
¶ "Shooting" oiler, mechanically operated.
Improved Winton Twin springs.
Four brakes, all on rear hubs.
One pedal and two levers operate all brakes and gear changes.
Bearing surfaces ground to accuracy of 1-10000 of an inch.
Ball bearings in all wheels.
Jump spark ignition.
Centrifugal pump cooling.
Materials tested to provide safety.
Wheel base, 104 inches.
Gas, oil and tail lamps, trunk carrier, tools, horn, etc., included as equipment.
Price, $2500 f. o. b. Cleveland.
¶ Book M1 describes Type X-1-V in detail.

The Winton Motor Carriage Company
Member A. L. A. M.
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.



"Probably No One Thing

Has Given a Greater Stimulus to Saving Than Has the Development of Insurance, and the Endowment Policies in Connection With It."—*From The Principles of Economics, by Fetter.*

Under this plan you can save money and insure your life at the same time.

Every Up-to-Date Man Should Look into Endowment Insurance. For an annual payment by him (which is never increased) he is guaranteed the return of a sum of money, with dividends added, all to be drawn out upon reaching a certain age.

He also has the Company's pledge to pay the full amount of policy in the event of death, even if it were to occur the day after the payment of the first premium.

Prudential Policies have many benefits such as cash loans, cash dividends, cash surrender values, paid-up insurance and automatic extended insurance. No restriction as to residence, travel or occupation of policy-holder.

Would you like to learn more about The Prudential's Excellent Endowment Policies? If so, fill out and mail coupon to-day. We will send the information by next mail.

The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of Endowment Policies.

For..... .....

Name.....Age....

Address..... .....

Occupation..... Dept. Y

COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED SERVICE

A New Department of The National Weekly Intended Especially for Your Use

NO ADVERTISER WHOSE HONESTY THE PUBLISHERS HAVE THE LEAST REASON TO DOUBT WILL BE ALLOWED IN THESE COLUMNS. SHOULD, HOWEVER, OUR READERS DISCOVER ANY MISREPRESENTATION, A PROMPT REPORT THEREOF WILL BE APPRECIATED

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1906

Educational

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, AND ITALIAN taught a home. Prepared and directed by Paul E. Kunzer, Ph.D., President New England College of Languages. Text books furnished. Catalogue sent free. Massachusetts Correspondence Schools, 194 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

WANTED. Young men to take a mechanical correspondence course in automobile driving, testing, repairing and construction under expert instructors. Moderate charges and easy payments if desired. 500 positions now open at good wages. Call or address New England School of Automobile Engineers, 46 Devoushire Street, Boston.

MECHANICAL DRAWING taught at home. Course based on, and comparing favorably with, those in leading technical schools. Prepared by prominent technical educators. Catalogue sent free. Massachusetts Correspondence Schools, 194 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

LEARN PHOTOGRAPHY. Our new home study courses enable busy men and women to learn photography as a recreation or profession. Personal instruction and criticism. Small tuition charges. Our book on Photography, describing courses, sent Free, if you state whether beginner's, amateur or professional instruction is desired. American School of Art and Photography, 275 Washington Ave., Scranton, Pa.

WANTED. Young men to qualify for Firemen and Brakemen. Over 500 positions open. Full instruction by mail. We assist students in securing positions. Catalogue and application blank free. National Railway Training School Inc., F-4 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minnesota, U. S. A.

Books and Periodicals

THE NEW AND VALUABLE BOOK by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., which sensibly treats of the relations of both sexes and tells how and when to advise son and daughter, should he read by every intelligent parent. Unequaled endorsement of the press, ministry, legal and medical professions. Rich cloth binding, full gold stamp, illustrated. Price, postpaid, $2.00. Write for "Other People's Opinions," and Table of Contents. Puritan Publishing Co., Dept. W., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SOCIALISTS, Who They Are and What They Stand For, by John Spargo, is the best short book on Socialism. Cloth, 50c., postpaid. Catalogue free. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 278 Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ills.

IN ORDER TO INTRODUCE the works of Robert G. Ingersoll, we will send, upon receipt of ten cents in stamps, pamphlet (never before sold for less than twenty-five cents) containing Ingersoll's complete lecture on Abraham Lincoln, with portrait of Lincoln, as well as interesting circular-matter descriptive of the set. Dept. B. Dresden Publishing Co., 5 E. 16th St., New York City.

THE SCIENCE OF COMMERCIAL BOOKKEEPING. The leading textbook on Correct and Practical Bookkeeping. Price $2.00. Title page and references on request. Adolph Hirsch, Accountant, 640 Broadway, N. Y.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ADVERTISING? Send for prospectus of "The Principles of Practical Publicity," the new book on the modern art of advertising. Covers exhaustively every phase of the subject. For the advertiser and the student of advertising. Truman A. DeWeese, Publisher, Box 82, Buffalo, N. Y.

Investments

TOLEDO, O. WE OFFER Toledo Gas, Electric & Heating Company 5% Gold Bonds to net the investor 5½%. Denominations $100, $500, $1,000. Due 1935. Interest April 1st and October 1st. This company is a consolidation of The Gas Light & Coke and the heating companies of the city of Toledo and operates under a perpetual franchise. Full particulars mailed on application. The H. R. Ashbrook Co., Investment Bankers, Toledo, Ohio.

Miscellaneous

CASH REGISTERS $60.00 and upward. Accurate. Reliable. High in Quality. The Hallwood Leader at $125.00 does same work as other makes costing twice as much. Hallwood Registers are sold through your jobber or direct from factory, saving agents' commissions and expenses. Write for descriptive matter. The Hallwood Cash Register Co., 122 Yale St., Columbus, Ohio.

Musical Instruments

WE SELL PIANOS ANYWHERE ON EASY TERMS to responsible people. Delivery Free. Pease Pianos are not an experiment. Over 75,000 satisfied customers. Our hargain list contains used pianos of nearly every good make. Prices $125 up. Old instruments exchanged. Write for catalog. Pease Co., 128 W. 42d St., N. Y. City.

GENUINE BARGAINS IN HIGH-GRADE UPRIGHT PIANOS. Slightly used instruments: 12 Steinways from $350 up; 6 Webers from $250 up; 9 Krakauers from $250 up; 7 Knabes from $250 up; 3 Chickerings from $250 up; also ordinary second-hand Uprights, $75 up; also 10 very fine Parlor Grand pianos at about half. Write for full particulars. Cash or easy monthly payments. Lyon & Healy, 40 Adams St., Chicago. We ship everywhere on approval.

Photography

YOUR PHOTO ON A POSTAL CARD. Send us any photo and $1.00 and we will send you Ten Postal Photos and return your photograph. Satisfaction guaranteed. Witt Photo Co., Dept. A, 6134 South Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Poultry and Pets

GOLD FISH. Most elegant and delightful of all home pets. New Japanese varieties are extra fine. We ship everywhere in U. S. and guarantee live arrival. Large illustrated catalogue free. Iowa Bird Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

Office Supplies

I WILL SELL SINGLY or together, for cash, 3 Remingtons. 2 Smith Premiers, 1 Hammond, 1 Underwood, 2 Centurys, 1 Densmore, 10 tables, 1 roll top desk. E. O. Rardin, Receiver, Box 967, Orange, N. J.

POSTAL TYPEWRITER $25. A real typewriter at low cost. Combines Universal Keyboard; strong manifolding, mimeograph stencil, cutting, visible writing, interchangeable type, prints from ribbon. Imperfect alignment impossible; will stand hard wear; accident proof; agents wanted. Postal Typewriter Co., Dept. 45, Norwalk, Conn.

TYPEWRITERS. ALL MAKES, ALL PRICES. 12 STORES. Catalogue and address of nearest store on request. The Typewriter Exchange Co., 343 Broadway, New York City.

CLEARANCE SALE. Remingtons, Densmores, Williams, $12.50. Franklins, Hammonds, $10. Underwoods, Olivers, $35. Caligraph, $5. Orders filled or money back. Standard Typewriter Exch., Suite 10, 231 B'way, N. Y.

SPECIAL BARGAINS. Remington No. 2 writing two colors, Densmore, Jewett, Hammond $15.00 each, shipped subject to examination. Write for illustrated catalog "A," Eagle Typewriter Co., Suite 3, 237 Broadway, N. Y.

Souvenir Post Cards

ARTISTIC LINE OF CELEBRITIES, and World's Views. Thanksgiving, Christmas, and others. Also albums. Send 15 cents for 8 assorted samples and list. Big value. Phila. Camera Exchange, 129 S. 11th St., Phila., Pa.

POST CARD COLLECTORS, JOIN THE UNION. 25c including Cards and Outfit, enables you to exchange cards all over the world. List of exchangers, your name in list. Post Card Union of America, Dept. C, Philadelphia, Pa.

SEND 10 CENTS FOR VALUE IN CARDS, and catalog listing all kinds at the lowest prices. Our Christmas and New Year Cards are the best. National Post Card Co., 301 Logan Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

ARTISTIC SEA FERN POST CARDS. Velox photo, Pacific Ocean View, Dainty Sea Fern on each. By mail 12 cts. One; 30 cts. Three; for $1 Ten cards and ten extra ferns. Pacific Sea Weed Co., Watsonville, Calif.

Help Wanted

CLERICAL MEN. We need more bright young bookkeepers, stenographers, and general office assistants for positions with well known firms. Salaries, $600-$1500. Write us today. Hapgoods, 305-307 Broadway, New York.

LADIES. Catalog explains how we teach hair-dressing, manicuring, facial massage, chiropody, electrolysis. Write branches. Moler System of Colleges, New York City, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Denver.

Transportation

REMOVING WEST? WRITE US REGARDING REDUCED RATES and through cars for household effects. Transcontinental Freight Co., Room 1102, 355 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Automobiles and Motoring

FOR SALE. AUTOMOBILE BARGAIN. YALE 2-Cylinder 18 H. P. Touring Car, seating five persons; almost new; $550.00. Jacob Roth, 1119 State Street, Erie, Pa.

STEEL WHEELS to fit any wagon or cart. Made any size, any width of tire. Also handy wagons; low wheels, and wide tires. Wood wagons with steel wheels, or steel wagons with steel wheels. Log wagons and heavy traction wagons of all kinds, for horses or traction engine power. Steel axles of any size and shape. Address Electric Wheel Company, Box 217, Walton Square, Quincy, Ill., U. S. A.

Business Opportunities

SANITARY AND DUSTLESS HOUSE CLEANING. For Sale—Portable Compressed Air House Cleaning Wagons and Machinery sold to responsible parties to operate in Cities of from 5,000 inhabitants upwards. Each Portable Cleaning Plant has an earning capacity of from $50 to $70 per day, at a cost of about $8 per day. Capital required from $2,000 upwards. Stationary Residential Plants from $350 upwards. Over 100 companies operating our system. We are the pioneers in the business, and will prosecute all infringers. State references. Address General Compressed Air H. C. Co., 4400 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

BUSINESS CHANCES IN THE SOUTHWEST. In Oklahoma and Texas are vast areas of unimproved land not yet producing the crops of which it is capable; practically the same thing is true of the towns. There is need of more hands to develop the country; few lines of business are adequately represented; there are openings of all sorts for the right men. Are you one? Write for particulars. S. G. Langston, Immigration Agent, M. K. T. Ry., Box 689, St. Louis, Mo.

GASOLINE Motorists! Send me $4.75. I'll ship you, all charges prepaid, 5 gals. Tiona gas engine cylinder oil, clean, free-flowing, high fire-test. 10 gals., $8.75. Satisfaction guaranteed. A. S. Cale, 202 N. Commercial St., St. Louis.

WANTED. Experienced Salesmen in towns and cities not represented. We consign equipment for opening tailoring establishments, require no investment. Men of good standing and credentials find this their opportunity. Good income. Write Strauss Brothers, Strauss Building, Chicago. Largest Wholesale Tailoring House in the U. S.

Agents Wanted

DOES YOUR GAS MANTLE SMOKE? Does it flicker? If so send $1.60 for New Hugo Inverted Gas Lamp. Throws light down instead of on ceiling; easy to adjust; saves ⅓ gas bill. Will not flash back or smoke. Agents wanted everywhere. Hugo, 850 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MANAGER WANTED in every city and county; handle best-paying business known; legitimate, new; exclusive control; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phoenix Company, 34 West 26th St., New York.

AGENTS. We have an agency proposition that will interest any factory foreman, or any honest man who wants to make a little on the side without much effort and who mixes with men that use tools—Write quick for details and secure exclusive territory. Orr & Lockett Hardware Company, Dept. S, Chicago, Ill.

Real Estate

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SAYS: "Texas is the Garden of the Lord." We say: "Amen." After having seen the lands of 14 agricultural states and 4 provinces of Canada, we think the lands south of San Antonio are the Center of the Lord's Garden. They are our specialty for homeseekers and investors. For free information write or call on Investors & Homeseekers Realty Company, 519-21 Hall Building, Kansas City, Mo.

DO YOU WANT OTHER PROPERTY for your farm, ranch, wild land, city property or merchandise? If so, write. I make a specialty of exchanges. Send full description in your first letter. Stanley Boggs, Urbana, Ill.

Jewelry and Novelties

FACTORY TO POCKET. WHY NOT BUY A GOLD WATCH this season? Christmas will soon be here. Buy from the factory direct. Let me send you my 14k and 18k watch catalogue A. Contains photographs and descriptions of only gold watches made without plated or filled parts. Made for particular people. I am proud of this book, and want you to see it whether you buy now or in the future. Mail your request for a copy to-day and read information about gold watches and see fac simile letters from the world's leading jewelers. I personally guarantee its immediate delivery. W. F. Doll, 175 Broadway, N. Y. City.

FOR MEN	MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS	PATENTS
BOOKS AND PERIODICALS	AUTOMOBILES AND MOTORING	BANKING
HOTELS AND TRAVEL	JEWELRY AND NOVELTIES	OF INTEREST TO WOMEN
MACHINERY	HORSES AND CARRIAGES	INVESTMENTS
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES	MISCELLANEOUS	HOLIDAY GIFTS
YACHTS AND BOATS	OFFICE SUPPLIES	SITUATIONS WANTED
STAMPS, COINS, CURIOS	FOR THE HOUSEHOLD	SEEDS AND PLANTS
FOR EXCHANGE	POULTRY AND PETS	EDUCATIONAL
SOUVENIR POST CARDS	PHOTOGRAPHY	MUSIC
HELP WANTED	BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES	ARCHITECTS
REAL ESTATE	AGENTS WANTED	TOYS AND GAMES
	TRANSPORTATION	FOR SALE

¶ Hereafter advertisements accepted for Collier's Classified Service will be published strictly in accordance with the above classifications.

¶ Collier's Classified Service, by the way, is going through a metamorphosis; some of the new features are embodied in this page. When the change is completed, we venture to predict you will agree that Collier's is the most striking page of classified advertising to be found anywhere.

¶ Remember that these improvements will make space on this page even more valuable than it is now—and we are getting repeat orders every day as it is.

¶ Why not have *your* announcement on the first new page?

For the Household

BLUE AND FADED CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY. Use Rothrock's Blue and you will not only keep your linen clear and white but will get two gallons for 25c, post paid with directions. Rothrock's Laundry, 216 E. Court St., Washington C. H., Ohio.

THE MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR. 60 days' free trial. Guarantees a uniform temperature; saves coal. Used with furnace, steam or hot water. Write for booklet. Wm. R. Sweatt, Pres., 1st Ave., & F St., Minneapolis, Minn.

LET ME SEND YOU A CASE OF MY HOME MADE GRAPE JUICE for Christmas. Free to try. Express prepaid. Write for particulars. (Mrs.) Mary Morrison, Box 4, Paw Paw, Mich.

IF YOU NEED WIRE FENCE for farm or lawn, don't buy till you send for our catalog, which tells about Page Fence. Has reputation for durability, strength, economy. The Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Box 200, Adrian, Mich.

SALESMEN. "SIDE LINE." Sell the Cook Safety Clevis (boltless-nutless-pinless) to hardware, implement and general stores. Practical common-sense utility. Quick sales—prompt deliveries—straight commissions. Ask for nickeled sample [1 pound], and handsome show card. Give line handled, territory covered and home address. Want good substantial men. Address Cook Clevis Co., 417 Unity Bldg., Chicago.

FOR CHRISTMAS buy your wife, daughter, sister, sweetheart, Stolls shoes for Potts or common style iron, and be forever blessed; one for $.60, two for $1.00, delivered. Agents wanted everywhere. Can earn their Christmas money. Dexter Supply Co., 1101 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

Of Interest to Women

KID GLOVES. Elbow length (16 button) black or white $2.50. Tans or browns $2.75. Twelve buttons $2.25. Best quality—Department store prices $3.50 and $4.00. Heavy Cape Gloves, elbow lengths, tans $3.00. Send check, money order, or bills. Long Glove Co., Dept. C, 94 Warren St., N. Y.

YOUNG LADS AND LADIES wanted as agents for Nickel Talcum; sells on sight; 85 commission daily easily made; no previous experience required. Send twenty cents in stamps for three sample boxes and agents instructions. Address Nickel Talcum Co., 80 Wall Street, New York.

QUALITY TOOTHPICKS, MADE OF BEST KILN-DRIED polished wood from State of Maine, round-pointed, will not sliver. Cutter Tower Company, Boston, Mass.

PRIESTLY CRAVENETTE AND CRUCIAL TEST RAINCOATS AND SUITS. Buy from the maker, save half. Write to-day for free samples, booklet and designs. Dept. S, Crucial Test Rain Cloth Co., 10 West 22nd Street, New York.

Seeds and Plants

HORSFORD'S Hardy Plants for cold climates. A thousand kinds, Ornamental Plants and Seeds, tried in cold Vermont. Carriage saved in price and quality of stock. Write for catalogue. Frederick Horsford, Charlotte, Vermont.

Holiday Gifts

IN A LITTLE WHILE you will be thinking of the Christmas Gifts you must purchase. And then the brain racking to decide what is appropriate. Let us show you what beautiful things and what useful things you can get in New York, at prices from a few cents to hundreds of dollars. Send a postal today for Macy's Special Christmas Gifts Catalogue. It's free. Thousands of suggestions of gifts for men, women and children illustrated, and all at Macy's famously low prices. Address R. H. Macy & Co., Broadway, New York.

Hotels and Travel

UNITED STATES HOTEL, Beach Street, Boston, Mass., only two blocks from South Terminal Station. American plan, $2.50 up; European plan, $1 up. Send for circulars. Tilly Haynes, Proprietor. James G. Hickey, Manager.

THE ART OF TRAVEL. By H. H. Powers. A practical discussion of the problems of European travel. 180 pp. Price 20 cts. Bureau of University Travel, 5 Trinity Place, Boston.

Chemists

EXPERT CHEMICAL ADVICE to Manufacturers, Patentees, etc.; processes investigated; help re Pure Food Laws; trade products, water, etc., analyzed. John C. Sparks., B.Sc., F.C.S., Expert Chemist, 16 Beaver St., N.Y.C.

Toys and Games

THE WIZARD—A NEW GAME tells anyone's fortune, name, birthday, date month, age, and any number; answers questions, reads any thought in anyone's mind: 25c. Curtis Co., 1214 Unity Bldg., Chicago, Ills.

POINSETTIA. New Parlor Game. Fascinating, exciting. Any number of players. Great for holidays. Entertains the entire family. Seems simple. Try it. Mailed promptly upon receipt of 50c. Agents wanted. J. A. Cronkhite Mfg. Co., 510 Mason Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Collection Agencies

WE COLLECT BAD DEBTS FROM DEAD BEATS everywhere, for everybody. We can collect yours We collect more hopelessly bad debts than any agency in the world. Write us and we will both make money. Merchants Protective Association, Scientific Collectors of Bad Debts. Salt Lake City, Utah. Francis G. Luke, General Manager. "Some people don't like us."

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



Here are a few exquisite articles of choicest quality from our enormous stock of jewelry.

Any honest person can open an account on our regular easy terms:

20% down,
10% per month

Order by number from the illustrations, or send for catalogue if wider selection is desired. We will ship for examination. If you do not find our goods a finer value than your home dealer can furnish, send them back.

If perfectly satisfied, pay to the express agent one-fifth of the price and remit the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments. We pay all transportation charges. Every diamond is guaranteed and is exchangeable at full price for more expensive goods. Bank references upon request. Ask for Catalogue No. 24

J. M. LYON & CO.
71-73 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1843

2585—Lion Signet Ring, $ 9.00
2341—Cluster, 12 Rose Diamonds and Opal . 20.00
2165—Flat Belcher Diamond Ring . . . 125.00
2145—Tiffany Diamond Ring 40.00
2157—Flat Belcher Diamond Ring 25.00
2140—Hoop Ring, 2 Diamonds and Ruby 60.00
2875—Open face Watch, gold filled case 15.00
2320—Engraved Belcher Diamond Ring . 200.00
2149—Tiffany Diamond Ring 250.00
2315—Lion's Head Ring, diamond in mouth 35.00

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1906

COVER DESIGN . . . . . Drawn by Edward Penfield

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Volume XXXVIII Number 7 10 Cents per Copy $5.20 per Year

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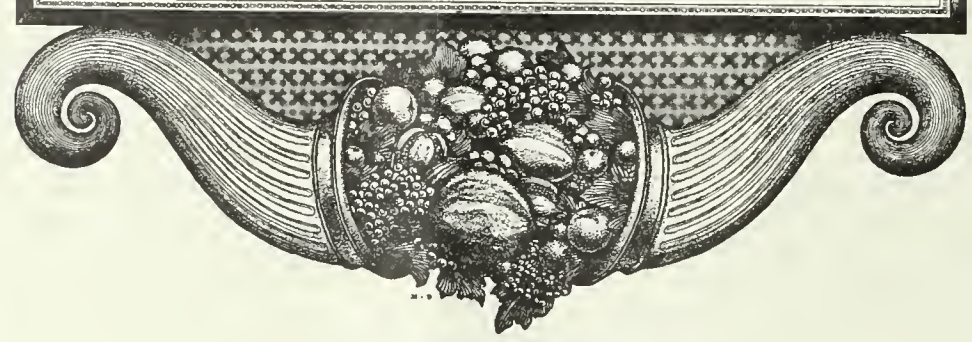
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

EDITORIAL BULLETIN



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1906

MR. FREDERICK PALMER is accompanying the President on his trip to Panama. Collier's readers will receive from him graphic accounts of this historic event. On the photographic side we have made elaborate preparations to receive the best possible pictures of the incidents of the voyage.

THE Thanksgiving season will be beautifully interpreted in our art features next week. The cover page will be a design in three colors by Maxfield Parrish. This picture is full of suggestion of the time of year; of peace, plenty, and content; and of subtly intimate family affection.

A LITTLE lighter in theme and suggestion is a three-color double-page design by Walter Appleton Clark. This design, full of the Thanksgiving spirit, pictures country fields and rustic types. It is entitled "Choosing the Pumpkin."

TO the public Mr. Frederic Remington's name suggests Indians, soldiers, frontiersmen, and the Western plains. His "Tragedy of the Trees," in this number, is a slight departure from these themes. Still more marked will be the change in the second in this series, which we shall publish within a few weeks. It will picture a logging operation, with brawny lumbermen in action.

OF Mr. William Allen White's series of related articles, "The County," "The State," and "The Nation," the third will appear in an early number. In "The Nation" Mr. White sums up the optimism which has dominated the series. He uses as his most apt illustration the manner in which public opinion forced Congress to pass last winter two bills in which the people were vitally interested. Public opinion did it. "The great dynamo of popular will was charged and began to move. The like of it had not been seen before for nearly fifty years. Old men had almost forgotten how the great engine of popular government worked, and to younger men it seemed a miracle."

AMONG articles and fiction soon to appear in Collier's are:

Another article on Child Labor by Miss Martha S. Bensley.

"Forsaken Mountain," a story by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

"The Explorers," by Gouverneur Morris.

"Picture-Gallery George," by Stephen French Whitman.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE JAPANESE ARE A SENSITIVE, proud, and warlike race. Their recent war has presumably not diminished their pride, and upon occasion they would resume their arms. Since the peace, they have started building two battleships more powerful than any three of ours. It would give undue weight to the present situation to say there is danger of war with Japan; yet there are just two things which will save us from war, at some future day, with this nation. One is to treat them with studied courtesy and regard for their sensitiveness and pride; the other is to maintain a navy so very much more powerful than theirs that there can be no doubt about it, and no temptation to put the matter to the test. To fail in both of these will mean a conflict which may end with Hawaii and the Philippines as Japanese dependencies. Courtesy is somewhat cheaper than a race in navies. That is about all we have to say concerning recent events in San Francisco, except to suggest that the fastidious Caucasians of that town exclude from their public schools all Japanese children who are less clean in person than their own, all less willing to work, and all less quick to learn—and no others. The working of this rule would be satisfactory to the Japanese Government.

JAPAN'S PRIDE

TO THE ARM of the Cleveland "News," strength. It has begun a series of articles which detail the experiences of a perfectly healthy young man who called professionally upon all the quacks in the city. With each his experience was the universal one of the dupe with the medical swindler. He was told vaguely and mysteriously that subtle and terrible diseases were upon him and that only the services of the quack, at a heavy price, could preserve his life. The educational value of a series of articles like this, in a local newspaper, is scarcely to be measured. Even if the withering exposure were not enough to drive the quacks out of a community where every citizen they pass on the street knows their miserable story, the fact that so many possible victims are warned ought to make business in Cleveland unprofitable and flight desirable. What the "News" is doing for Cleveland is a duty of the press in every town and city. Our own series could deal only with quacks of national reputation. The hundreds who confine their operations to single cities can be reached by local papers only. The work requires but the moral courage necessary to reject the money which quacks pay for advertising. Swindlers so vulnerable as medical frauds do not indulge in libel suits nor seek courts of justice. May the "News" be repaid in increased patronage and respect for the service it has done for Cleveland.

A BOLD PAPER

SEVERAL CITIZENS of New Orleans have written to us to protest against exaggerated accounts of the recent storm in that city. To the same effect several Mobile and New Orleans papers have made choleric allusion to the accuracy of COLLIER'S and other New York journals. With the citizens who are aggrieved we sympathize. As to the newspapers, now solemnly declaiming against evil report, the case is not so simple. The inaccurate accounts appeared, as one of our correspondents points out, simultaneously, and substantially in the same form, in practically all the large newspapers of the country. This is convincing evidence, if the point need proof, that the reports did not originate in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia offices. Twenty editors, with twenty separate causes for spite against New Orleans, did not conspire. These reports were telegraphed from New Orleans, and by newspaper men. Obviously, a number of persons in that city are catching the nimble dollar, both coming and going, by sending out, for foreign consumption, false accounts of local events; and later writing, for the profitable delectation of local pride. virtuously indignant invective against the slanders. To the pondering of this fact we suggest a few moments of cerebration on the part of our indignant New Orleans friends. Appropriate action ought to suggest itself. It is a situation which is recurrent in nearly every city where local pride rises up to denounce false rumor in the outside press. Men who originate news despatches to the outside world have a heavy responsibility for truth, accuracy, fairness, and justice. If their own consciences are insufficient to hold them to a decent standard, their fellow citizens may rightly take action.

HOW NEWS IS MADE

WEEKS BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS factories work overtime, to meet the Christmas trade. In all parts of the country abuses exist similar to those exposed with exceptional thoroughness in New York by the College Settlements Association, the Association of Neighborhood Workers, the Consumers' League, the Women's Trade Union League, and various clubs of working girls. Women and young girls work fourteen hours a day. A theatrical dressmaker in New York last season kept her girls at work for over eighteen consecutive hours. Ruthlessly, lamentably will the factory laws be ignored for the next two months. They are laws to protect life, health, and character. To make them effective is a task that mainly belongs to our women.

A CALL TO WOMEN

WHEN ELECTIONS are over, causes still go on. We took a somewhat unpopular course during the late campaign, and it may be for some time necessary to explain, carefully, patiently, and with reiteration, just what it is that we believe. It is our purpose to be calm, judicial, non-partizan, but it is not our purpose to conceal convictions. We spoke out about Colonel MANN, Judge DEUEL, and "Town Topics," and that was a popular thing to do, although the money cost was great. We spoke out about patent medicines, and dropped $80,000 in a year. It would have been easy to sit on the fence about Mr. HEARST, and thus retain the friendliness of his immense and excited following. But we have certain principles that are above policy, and among them is veracity. How could we pretend to be weighing Mr. HEARST'S fitness when we were intimately acquainted with his journalism? Did we not remember his assertions that whom MURPHY was for RYAN was for? That HUGHES was free from every improper influence? Should we pretend to be in doubt merely because so many of our readers objected bitterly to our views? To show how dangerous is unreined mendacity, how contagious, how rapid in its spread, we note that Mr. BRYAN, wishing to support Mr. HEARST, charged that the President's muck-rake speech kept Mr. HUGHES from calling BLISS and CORTELYOU to the stand. Did Mr. BRYAN know that the investigation ended by process of law on December 31, and the President's speech was delivered the following April 14, or did he not?

AFTERWORDS

LONG BEFORE TRUST PRESIDENTS were compared with loaf-snatchers a certain distinction was observed, both as to social estimation and probability of punishment, between little thieves and big ones. Evan Dhu said that Scotch Donald Bean Lean would get for his daughter anything across the border in Perthshire, "unless it be too hot, or too heavy." "But," sneered Waverley, "to be a cattle stealer, a common thief!" "Common thief!" exclaimed the indignant Evan Dhu, "no such thing—

Donald Bean Lean never lifted less than a drove in his life." Evan went on to state the distinction thus: "He that steals a cow from a cottar is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird is a gentleman rover." To observe, in this connection, that two office-boys who stole stamps from the Mutual Life Insurance Company are in jail within a few weeks of their felonious performance, while gentlemen indicted for higher accomplishments rove Europe from Venice to the Seine, would be a platitude.

STAMPS

TO BE WRONGED by your social superior was formerly a mark of distinction, and when the lord of the manor took an interest in the cottager's daughter, both cottager and daughter sometimes carried their heads above their neighbors. In this respect, however, we are now, thank Heaven, a democracy. Social scorn jumps the boundaries of place and withers the guilty in proportion to their height. If justice seems to stumble and halt in pursuit of the great, it is the complexity rather than the bigness of the crime that makes the difference. The little criminals, loaf-snatchers and stamp-stealers, are the regular grist of the legal mill. For picking them up, passing them through, and depositing them in jail the machinery is automatic. Members of Legislatures know these crimes and word their statutes to cover them; policemen arrest these criminals as a matter of habit. But the complex, involved crimes, arising out of the intricate relations of modern business, baffle the understanding of law-makers, policemen, and prosecuting attorneys. For this purpose legal machinery must be readjusted. Putting one of these astute offenders through the mill is, for those charged with punishing the guilty, a new and difficult task, for which there is no chart in precedent. In the course of centuries the ethical impropriety of to-day is accurately described in the criminal statutes of to-morrow; and the world moves on.

PROGRESS

"I CAN UNDERSTAND why we should venerate old masters, but why we should venerate old mistresses passes me," remarked an American humorist as he stood before a portrait of Nell Gwynne in an English private collection. We Americans have often been scornful sightseers. When it comes to foreign landmarks perhaps the majority of us still stand provincially in the attitude of the man from Missouri—you have to show us. Mrs. Ida Husted Harper has been pouring into a sympathetic newspaper ear a plaint about Glasgow and its municipal ownership system. She fails to see where Mr. James Dalrymple's car service is as good as that of Philadelphia and Chicago, which, in passing, she distinguishes as "our two most notoriously mismanaged cities." The Scottish municipal railway has been to her a *via dolorosa* paved with good intentions and traversed by crazy trams, valuable as curios but uncomfortable to sit in. These cars are infested with indolent conductors and frolicsome germs, the cushions are dusty and the floors are moist with the essence of American plug. Deserting the undesirable public transportation, she goes abroad afoot to find the slums, lighted feebly by municipal gas and rat-burrowed with uncleanly Highlanders who live like highbinders. In point of cleanliness, she says, Glasgow makes Chinatown look like a Quaker kitchen. It is easy to see that Mrs. Harper owns no real estate in Glasgow, and takes no stock in its municipal railway, which she calls the worst in the world. But is she fully qualified to judge? Perhaps she has never squeezed into one of Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan's humanized cattle trams plying between, say, Brooklyn Bridge and Coney Island.

YOU HAVE TO SHOW HER

WHETHER MEN AND WOMEN shall be educated together or separately is a topic that has been somewhat freely discussed of late, with various conclusions all based on premises that were contrary to fact. Chicago University has not (as so many newspapers have alleged it has) made a reversal of its policy. Its policy about coeducation is precisely what it has been ever since President Harper won a very close victory by the somewhat drastic method of counting out votes after he had allowed them to be cast, on an old rule, which he had never enforced before, to the effect that instructors could not vote on such questions until their period of service in the University had reached a certain stated length. That energetic victory of his established the point that when classes reached a certain size they should be divided, the women being put in one division and the men in another. Not only is all the advanced work at Chicago coeducational, but the early work also, with this one exception of very large classes. Whether or not this division shall in time prove to be an entering wedge, it is not a step that has been recently taken. Although the numbers of women increase so rapidly in proportion that many educators are alarmed, the Western universities, as a rule, thus far show no tendency away from coeducation.

COEDUCATION

MORE IMMEDIATE is another problem now awaiting solution at Chicago. The University is Baptist, with the president and the majority of the trustees necessarily of that denomination. It can not be made undenominational without a transfer of property back to the donors and a retransfer to the University, and no scheme to remove the stringent provisions about Baptist control could possibly be worked out without consent of the Rockefeller family. The temporary president is a man of cautious nature, who is not likely to take any steps of particular audacity. In looking about for a successor to President Harper, those interested in the institution see how much the limitation to Baptists restricts the possibilities. To secure a weak president, anxious to conciliate the Rockefellers, will not be difficult. To secure a first-class man might require not only a new pledge of money from the family, but a consent that the denominational fetters be withdrawn or made more loose.

A CHICAGO PROBLEM

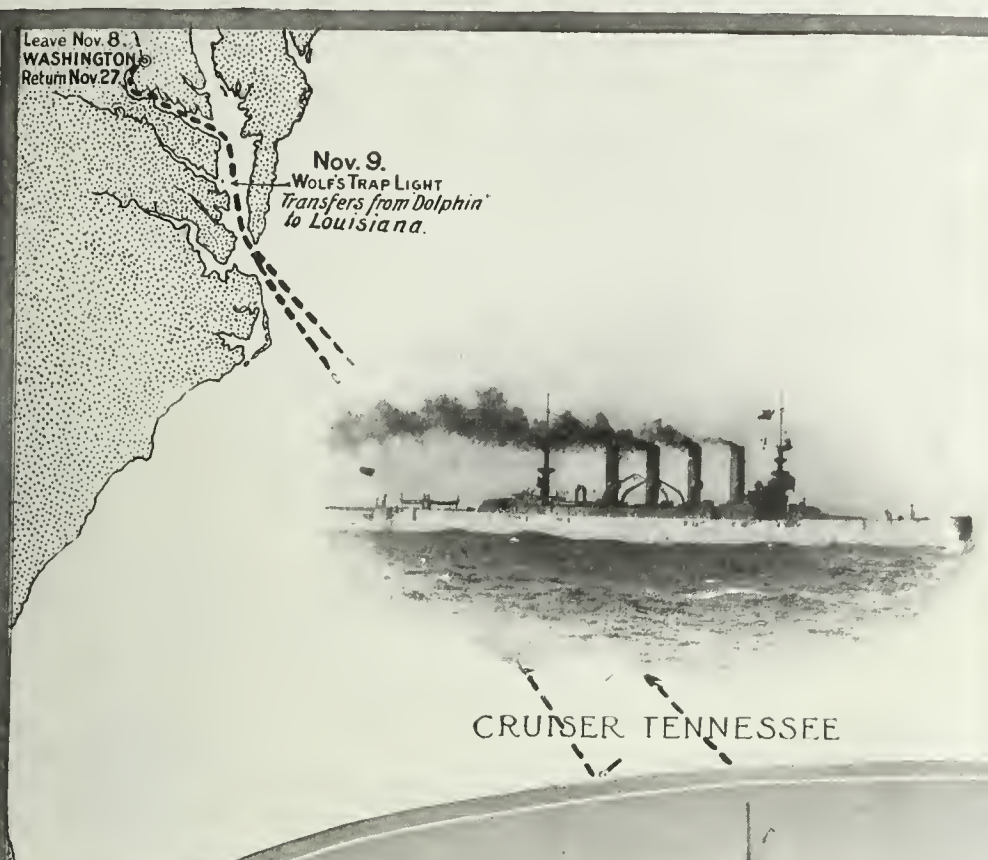
GEORGE RASHID IS DEAD. Nine of our readers out of ten will have failed to observe the brief notices of his release from life, however excited they may have been earlier by the dramatic accounts of his friendless wandering on this earth. This Syrian was a leper, and therefore the people, hearing the dread word, vented on him their cruel folly. Their ignorance made them fierce. Unaccustomed dangers terrify, and this danger, though in main part imaginary, was surrounded with vague ideas that appalled. George Rashid left Elkins, in West Virginia, to go to a leper colony in New York. He was driven from the train. The railroad company tried to send him toward his destination in a box car, but he was stopped at Philadelphia, from which burg the authorities astutely sent him back as far as Baltimore. He remained there in a box car until the health authorities started him on the move again, only to have him stopped by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. At Parkersburg he lived some days under a tree. At Pickens, where he died, his Christian fellow beings fired at him in the shanty where he lived. The report was sent out that he died of heart disease. He probably cared little what they called it. Few men have met a fate as drear as his.

GONE TO HIS REST

BASEBALL SLANG IS DOOMED. Before long it will die of its forced extremes. Once a riot of joyous metaphor, it has become a mass of technical slang. It is not a playing with the language, but a studied departure from it. Twenty years ago ideas of speed and energy, success and failure, were expressed with natural hyperboles of the prairie. Now all the reporters sit down in a box together to see how many stupidly incomprehensible words they can invent. "To Dr. White is due a royal diadem of currycombs to top off the horse-blankets," is a mere accumulation of struggled-for epithets, without a spark of feeling or enjoyment, as is also the allegation in the same narrative that "Dan O'Leary said Izzy would go off his bean." Fifteen or twenty years ago Mr. Dooley, and other less gifted but not less happy occupants of the bleachers or the grand stand, were giving expression in Chicago newspapers, in the American tongue, to emotions aroused by the spectacle enacted for their joy. What was then a recreation, a caprice, a spree, has become a profession, and it has become so stilted and full of labor that its remaining years on earth are few.

ENOUGH

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO PANAMA



THE PRESIDENT'S QUARTERS ON BOARD THE LOUISIANA







THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM ON BOARD THE LOUISIANA.



THE PRESIDENT'S ITINERARY.—Leaving Washington Thursday evening, November 8, on the "Dolphin," Mr. Roosevelt will proceed seaward until he meets the battleship "Louisiana" off Wolf's Trap Light, at the mouth of the Rappahannock River, on the morning of Friday, November 9. He will board the "Louisiana," which will be escorted by the cruisers "Tennessee" and "Washington." The squadron will reach Colon on the morning of Thursday, November 15. The President will go to Panama that same day, when he will receive and respond to an address of welcome from President Amador, and review a parade. Mr. Roosevelt will then drive through the city of Panama and dine with President and Mrs. Amador at the Presidencia. There will be a reception and ball in the evening at the Tivoli Hotel, Ancon. On November 16 the President will inspect the Canal Zone, including the Culebra Cut; he will visit the site of the Gatun Dam next day, November 17, and in the evening will attend a reception on the pier at Cristobal, given by the employees of the Canal Commission. Mr. Roosevelt will sail away from Colon, [illegible]nday evening, November 18, stopping at San Juan, Porto Rico, Thursday and Friday, November 22 and 23. He will reach Washington Tuesday evening, November 27



INTERIOR OF PITTSBURG'S NEW CATHEDRAL



CARDINAL GIBBONS ABOUT TO CELEBRATE THE PONTIFICAL MASS



THE NEW CATHEDRAL OF ST. PAUL, PITTSBURG

THE great new Catholic cathedral of the diocese of Pittsburg, the Right Reverend Regis Canevin, bishop, was dedicated with imposing ceremonies on October 25. Archbishop Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate, was the consecrator, and a pontifical mass was celebrated by Cardinal Gibbons. Scores of distinguished prelates, including most of the Archbishops in the United States, were present. St. Paul's, as the new cathedral is called, is the third of the name in Pittsburg. The first was begun in 1827, nearly eighty years ago, and burnt in 1851. The cornerstone of the second was laid six weeks after the fire. This building was torn down four years ago and succeeded by the fine Gothic structure just consecrated. While Pittsburg has been enriched by an impressive specimen of ecclesiastical architecture New York has come into possession of a notable civic building. The new Hall of Records, just completed, is a sumptuous exhibit of the wealth of the metropolis. Its cost—ten million dollars—was perhaps extravagant, but a comparison with the squalid twelve million dollar Tweed court-house that faces it makes it clear that New York has advanced a long way in official honesty. Artists complain, however, that more money has been spent in lining the interior with meaningless marbles than would have been needed to decorate it with the works of the most famous sculptors and mural painters



NEW YORK'S TEN MILLION DOLLAR HALL OF RECORDS

THE photograph reproduced at the bottom of this page illustrates the ruin wrought in Cuba by the great hurricane of October 17. The beautiful Prado of Havana, whose prostrate trees the wood-cutters are preparing to remove, was one of the most attractive boulevards of the New World. Running from the outer harbor entrance at the Castillo de la Punta, it skirted the old city wall on the outside and ended at the principal park of the capital, the Colon or Campo Marte. Through the centre of the boulevard ran a double line of shade trees. Ninety per cent of these were uprooted or broken down by the hurricane. The fact that these trees had grown up and lived their long lives without ever having been overcome by a storm before seems to prove that this cyclone was the worst Cuba had ever experienced. Of course the devastation wreaked on the Prado was only one item of the hurricane's work. The entire western half of Cuba was ravaged, as well as the coast of Florida and the neighboring islands. Not only were the magnificent laurels that lined the Prado at Havana blown down, but every park in the city was ruined, and almost every tree except the palms was destroyed. The palm trees seemed to have a curious tropical adaptability to their hurricane environment. It will be a full generation before Havana's great boulevard can recover its old beauty



DEVASTATION OF THE PRADO, THE PRINCIPAL PROMENADE OF HAVANA, BY THE HURRICANE OF OCTOBER 17

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

JAPAN'S GRIEVANCES AGAINST AMERICA

A PAINFUL situation has suddenly developed in our relations with Japan. A section of the Japanese people has become infected with the idea that Americans are unfriendly to them, and the cordiality that has been unbroken since Perry introduced Japan to Western civilization half a century ago is endangered. Various little incidents have contributed to this state of things, but the one that has cut deepest has been the anti-Japanese agitation on the Pacific Coast, which recently culminated in an order of the San Francisco Board of Education excluding Japanese children from the ordinary public schools and confining them to separate schools along with the children of Chinese and Koreans. Of course, it is absurd to hold a whole nation, which has given so many proofs of friendship as we have given Japan, responsible for the acts of the politicians of a single city, but popular feeling is not bound by the rules of logic. There are more Japanese in San Francisco than in any other city on the American continent, and they have better facilities there for making their grievances known at home. The result is that there is serious talk in Japan of repeating the Chinese boycott of American goods. If things should come to that pass the results would be disastrous to San Francisco, whose prosperity depends upon Oriental trade. They would be still more disastrous if the Japanese, exercising that acute discrimination which was beyond the capacity of the Chinese masses, should confine the boycott to San Francisco and compel the steamer lines running to that port to transfer their business to Seattle.

The nominal reason for the segregation of the Japanese children in San Francisco was that some of them had trachoma. But the obvious remedy for that would be to examine all the children and keep out those afflicted, whatever their race. There are many Europeans with trachoma, but it would be a bold Board of Education that would propose to herd all the children of European parentage by themselves on that account.

The Japanese Consul at San Francisco protested against the segregation order and asked the Board to revoke it, but that body, on October 25, declined to grant this request and said that its action was based on a State law giving trustees the power to exclude "all children of filthy or vicious habits, or children suffering from contagious or infectious disease, and also to establish separate schools for Indian children and for children of Mongolian or Chinese descent." This law provided further that when such separate schools were established, "Indian, Chinese, or Mongolian children must not be admitted into any other." The Board added that it would be glad to have the law tested in the Federal courts. Its wish was gratified the next day, when Judge Wolverton, of the United States Circuit Court, issued an order directing it to show cause why one of the excluded Japanese pupils should not be reinstated. The action which led to this order had the warm approval of the National Administration, which is determined to see whether the affair can be brought under Federal jurisdiction as a question of treaty rights.

On October 25 the matter was made an international issue by the action of Viscount Aoki, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, who protested to the State Department at Washington against the treatment of Japanese children at San Francisco as a violation of rights secured by the Treaty of 1894. This treaty provides that the citizens or subjects of each of the two contracting powers shall have full liberty to enter, travel, or reside in any part of the territory of the other, shall enjoy full protection of persons and property, shall have free access to the courts, and in all matters connected with the administration of justice shall enjoy all the rights and privileges enjoyed by native citizens or subjects, that they shall be on a level with natives in all matters relating to rights of residence and travel and the disposal of property, that they shall enjoy liberty of conscience and worship, and the right to bury their dead according to their religious customs, and that they shall not be compelled to pay any charges or taxes other or higher than those imposed on natives or citizens or subjects of the most favored nation.



VISCOUNT SUIZO AOKI

Japanese Ambassador at Washington, whose protest against the treatment of Japanese school children at San Francisco has brought the issues between Japan and America to a head

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From a strictly legal point of view it is hard to see what there is in this agreement covering the case of admission to public schools at all, not to speak of admission to any particular schools. There are many countries in which such a thing as a system of free public education does not exist. If the people of San Francisco choose to maintain such a system they do not seem to be under any legal obligation to extend its benefits to foreigners. And even if they were under such an obligation the educational authorities would surely have the right to assign pupils at their discretion to this school or that. It would be rather remarkable for international diplomacy to be called in to decide whether a child should be instructed in Public School No. 37 or Public School No. 64. If School Boards have the right, which is exercised in at least a third of the States of the Union, to provide separate schools for white and colored native-born citizens it would seem hard to deny them the right to have separate schools for foreigners. Indeed, the California State law, which is at the bottom of the present trouble, puts the Japanese on exactly the same footing with the very oldest native Americans—the Indians.

But the fact that the San Francisco Board of Education may be within its legal rights does not mitigate the folly and the mischief of its action. Never was trouble more wantonly invited. The Japanese immigration to the United States is insignificant in quantity and superior in quality to nine-tenths of the white immigration that we receive without question. As a class the Japanese are the cleanest immigrants we receive from any country in the world. They have none of the characteristics that made the invasion of Chinese coolies a danger that had to be checked even at the cost of incurring China's enmity. They are alert, adaptable, ready, and anxious to acquire American ways. Japan was our best friend among the nations. Her people are keenly sensitive; they have an intensely, even abnormally, developed sense of personal dignity and honor, and the agitation against them in California has wounded them to the depths. It is an agitation which, starting without any real popular demand, has been deliberately worked up for selfish purposes by reckless newspapers and politicians until now it has gone beyond the control of its authors, and public men are afraid to resist it.

The American people have the misfortune to be judged by a much stricter standard in their dealings with foreigners than the people of any other country. The fact is complimentary, perhaps, but it is burdensome. Holland can fight a war of extermination with the Achinese for a generation without criticism, but we have to explain our conduct every time we chase a band of ladrones in the Philippines. Although we saved China from dismemberment she boycotts our goods because we restrict Chinese immigration, but she does not boycott Australian goods, although Australia's exclusion policy is more rigorous than ours. Japan is cut to the heart by an anti-Japanese agitation in California, but she does not worry about a similar agitation in British Columbia, which belongs to an empire with which she has a formal treaty of alliance. It is evident that the United States is under "that fierce light which beats upon"—the object of the world's intensest interest. *Noblesse oblige.*

The President's anxiety to do everything con-

sistent with national dignity to soothe the ruffled feelings of the Japanese was made manifest by his action in despatching Secretary Metcalf to San Francisco immediately to investigate the situation there and see whether a heart-to-heart explanation of the trouble they were invoking would not bring the local authorities to their senses. At the same time Secretary Root threw an anchor to windward by calling upon the Japanese Government for the punishment of the sealing poachers who had raided our rookeries in Bering Sea and then escaped to Japan, where no attempt seemed to have been made to disturb them.

A CITY BESIEGED

ASSAILED by two classes of criminals at once, San Francisco has been worked up to the state of mind that evolved the great Vigilance Committee just half a century ago. Common, vulgar thieves—hold-up men, pickpockets, and burglars—have made the town so unsafe that people have been afraid to venture away from their own doors after dark and enough revolvers have been sold to honest citizens to equip an army. At the same time the more subtle robbers who operate through police blackmail, franchise grabs, and swindling contracts have been plundering the afflicted city in bulk. Mayor Schmitz, who did good work for a time after the fire, has fallen back again under the control of his old political master, Boss Ruef, and the carnival of corruption has been more shameless than ever before.

The corruption of the Schmitz-Ruef machine was an old story long before the fire, and secret preparations to attack it in the criminal courts began last year as soon as it was found that it could not be overthrown at the polls. Mr. Francis J. Heney, the intrepid prosecutor who had enabled the National Government to put the Oregon land swindlers in the penitentiary, was consulted by a number of business men upon the question of purifying San Francisco. The cooperation of District Attorney Langdon was secured last January, and Mr. Heney arranged with Secretary Hitchcock to secure the services of William J. Burns, of the United States Secret Service. Mr. Burns was allowed to resign from the Federal service with the understanding that he would be reappointed after his work for San Francisco was finished. An investigation has been going on quietly ever since and has resulted in accumulating a mass of evidence sufficient, according to Mr. Heney, to send Ruef and his accomplices to prison.

Finally, on October 20, District Attorney Langdon announced that he had appointed Mr. Heney a deputy in his office to prosecute the boodlers. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels guaranteed a fund of $100,000 to be raised by subscription to aid in the work. Mr. Heney was prepared to submit his evidence to the new Grand Jury, and the people of San Francisco confidently expected to see Ruef and his confederates indicted and lodged in jail.

At this crisis Mr. Gallagher, who was acting as Mayor in the absence of Mayor Schmitz, undertook to remove District Attorney Langdon and appoint Ruef, the boss who was standing in the shadow of the penitentiary, in his place. His action strained the tense patience of San Francisco to the breaking point. When the Grand Jury was to be sworn in five thousand people swarmed about the Court House, cheered Heney and Langdon and hooted Ruef. Mr. Langdon refused to surrender his office, declaring that it was a constitutional one, with which the Mayor had no right to interfere, and the boss seemed daunted by the evidences of popular wrath.

How intense the feeling was may be judged from the fact that so conservative a citizen as Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California, told the pupils of the Los Angeles High School that if many more bad men came to San Francisco it might be necessary to "get rid of some of them by means of the scaffold." "Public feeling is wrought to such a pitch," said President Wheeler, "that should violence be done any of the reform chiefs, I do not believe public indignation would stop short of death to the perpetrators. Heney is a brave man. He knows that every time he walks into the court-room he takes his life into his hands. We stand by him."

If the boodlers thought they could paralyze the arm of the law by having their chief appointed District Attorney, their delusion was dispelled by Mr. Webb, the State Attorney-General, who announced that if Ruef should secure possession of the local prosecuting machinery he would appoint Mr. Heney Deputy Attorney-General, with authority to probe the charges of corruption to the bottom.

But it was not found necessary to fall back upon this recourse. The courts of San Francisco proved adequate to the emergency. On October 29 Judge Graham decided that Mr. Langdon was still District Attorney *de facto* and that Ruef had no standing. Mr. Heney immediately began to weed out the partizans of the boss from the Grand Jury. Ruef had come to court escorted by a bodyguard of prize-fighters and a cordon of police. The court-room was filled with his retainers, who were freely admitted by the police, while respectable citizens were kept out and in some instances treated with brutal indignity. But Mr. Heney was as undisturbed when facing a room full of armed enemies as he had been when addressing a seething crowd of sympathizers, and he coolly kept on with the work of purging the Grand Jury list and smoothing the road of the boss to the penitentiary.



ALFRED MOSELY

The English publicist who is bringing over five hundred British schoolteachers to study the American system of education. Some years ago Mr. Mosely brought a delegation of workingmen to see whether they could learn anything from the processes that had given us our industrial supremacy

AMERICA AT BERLIN

THE inauguration of the Theodore Roosevelt Professorship of American History and Institutions at the University of Berlin on October 27 was made an international event. Professor John W. Burgess, Dean of the Faculty of Political Science at Columbia, who is to hold the chair for the first year, carried a message of amity from President Roosevelt, who referred to the historical and unbroken friendship between Prussia and the United States, beginning in the time of Washington and Frederick the Great, recounted the services rendered to the Union by men of German birth down to the present time, and dwelt upon the exchange of culture culminating in the founding of the new professorship. The Emperor honored the first lecture with his presence, and led his "fellow students" in a round of cheers for President Roosevelt.

A professorship launched under such conditions would naturally seem in Germany to carry a certain official authority. While in the ordinary course of his instruction a German incumbent of such a chair would exercise considerable freedom in expressing his own opinions, he would hardly venture in the act of presenting his credentials as an unofficial ambassador from the head of his own country to the ruler of the country of his new residence to make statements radically distasteful to his own government. It is not surprising, therefore, that when Professor Burgess, after reading President Roosevelt's letter, delivered an onslaught in the presence of the Emperor upon the Monroe Doctrine and protection, the press of Berlin took it for granted that he was expressing the private views of the Roosevelt Administration. The German editors could not realize that these ideas were purely personal, and, in the case of the Monroe Doctrine, not shared by any considerable body of American opinion.

CHICAGO WINNING

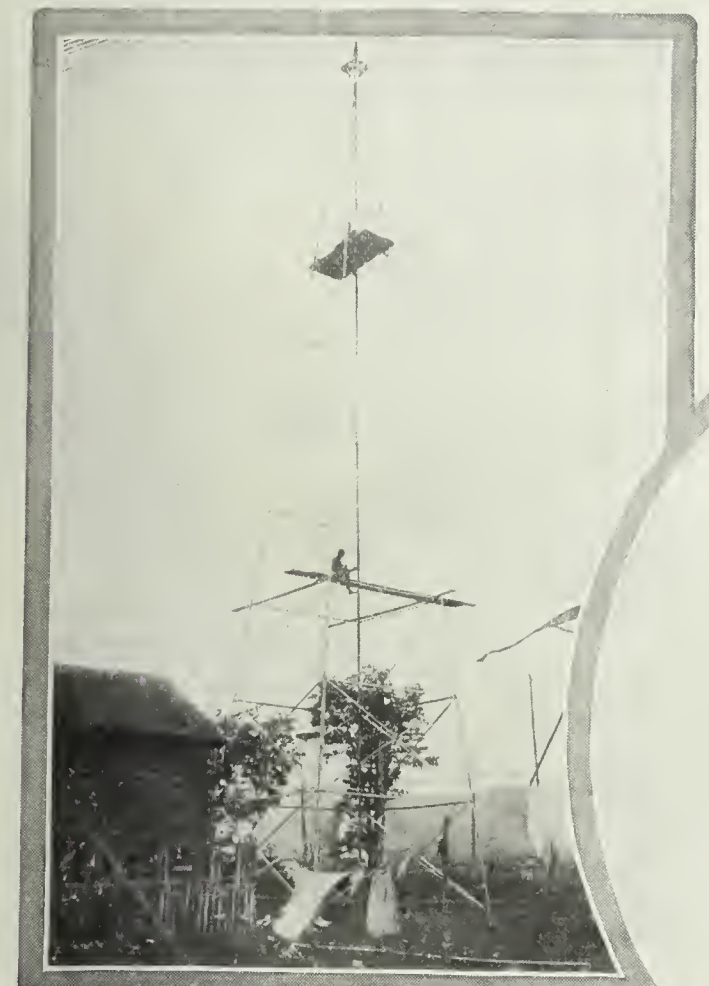
THE agitation led by Mayor Dunne of Chicago has not brought "immediate municipal ownership" of traction lines, but it has brought the companies in control of the city's transportation system to a frame of mind very unusual in such corporations. The Chicago City Railway Company, on October 26, submitted a proposition in which the Union Traction Company substantially concurred, offering terms that would make a traction manager almost anywhere else faint with horror. Both companies promised to put their property into first-class condition, and to sell it to the city on demand upon the first day of any year within twenty years. In the event of a failure of the Union Traction Company to accept its ordinance, the City Railway Company agreed to take both ordinances and operate one system for the whole city. The reconstruction and operation of the lines were to be supervised by a Board of Supervising Engineers, one appointed by the city, another by the companies, and the third by these two. The net receipts were to be divided between the companies and the city. The companies agreed to build a subway system in partnership with the city, investing not more than five million dollars in the first five years. The right of purchase for the first twenty years was to be limited to the city, but after that the lines might be taken over either by the city or by another company acting under its authority.

The amount required to put the dilapidated traction lines into shape was not definitely stated, but it was believed it would not be less than $50,000,000. When taken over by the city the price was to be the cost of reconstruction, and the value of the unexpired franchises. The cars were to be of the best finish, style, and design, to be kept clean, in good repair, thoroughly ventilated, and heated to the temperature of fifty degrees, and each car was to contain a thermometer. Universal transfers, exchangeable between the systems of the two companies, were to be given, including transfers on transfers. The city was to have control of salaries and access to the books of the companies, which were to waive all rights claimed under previous laws and ordinances. The companies were to care for the streets within their right of way, and if required were to keep them clean and in good repair for their entire width for a reasonable compensation, and to remove refuse and garbage on the same terms. Trailers were to be abolished and cars run singly. Many minor advantages were offered.

To appreciate the full attractiveness of these propositions, one must be familiar with the present traction system of Chicago—the most dilapidated, ill-managed, and inconvenient endured in any large city in the civilized world. One must remember the long trains of filthy, decaying trailers, strung together to save the expense of separate motors, the antiquated roadbeds, the shabby and overworked employees. The new offers of the companies would move Chicago from the rear to the head of the municipal procession in the matter of transportation. Yet, inviting as the proposals were, they were not good enough for Mayor Dunne, who said they would have to be materially improved before he could accept them. For her ability to be so critical in a matter concerning which most cities have to be satisfied with what the corporations are kind enough to offer them, Chicago has to thank the municipal ownership agitation. It really seems now as if the city may be in sight of the end of its traction troubles, for while Mayor Dunne objects to some details of the companies' offer he intimates that a compromise can be reached.

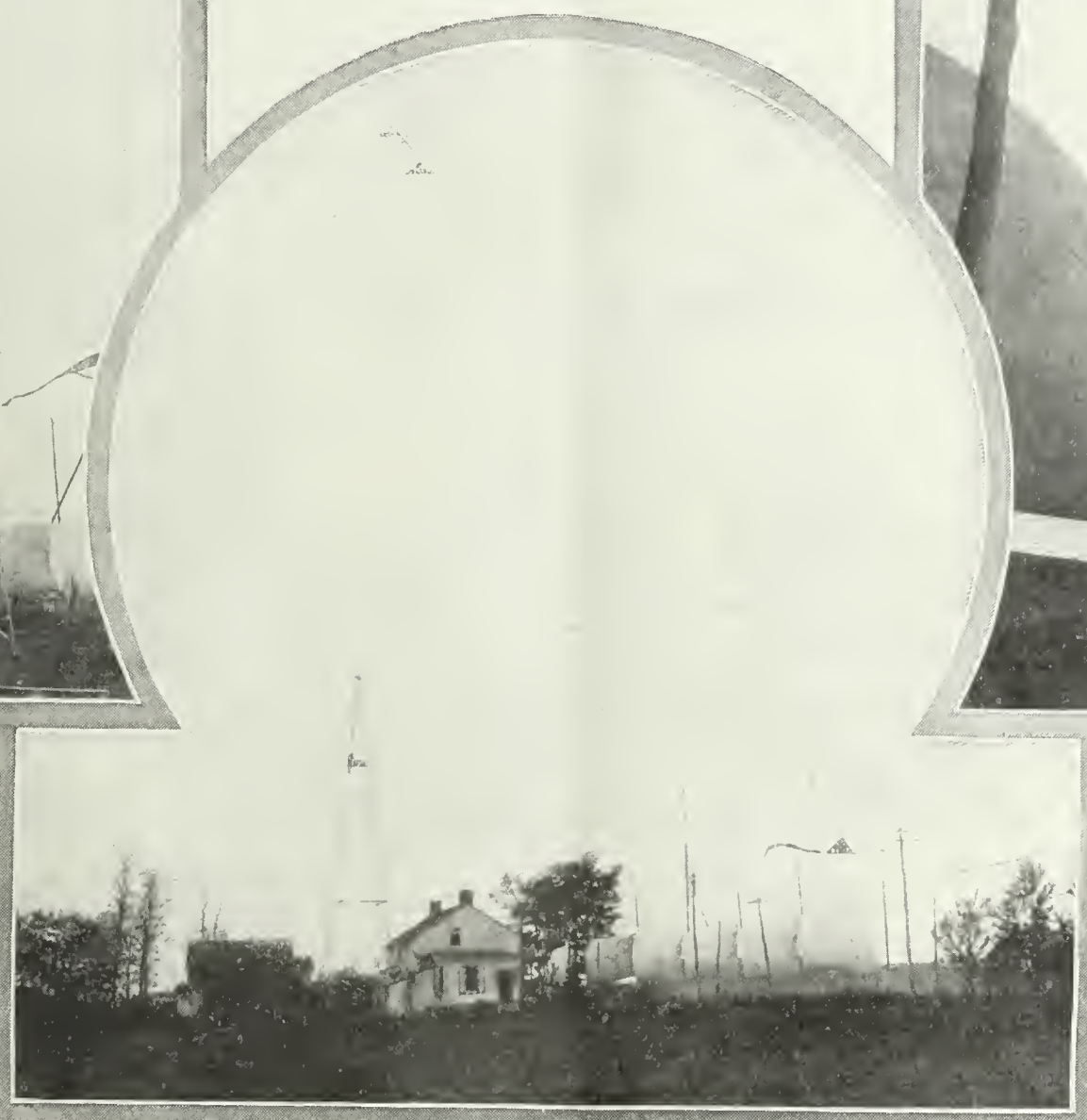
AMENITIES OF THE RACE-TRACK

THE GAMBLERS HAVE THEIR TROUBLES BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD

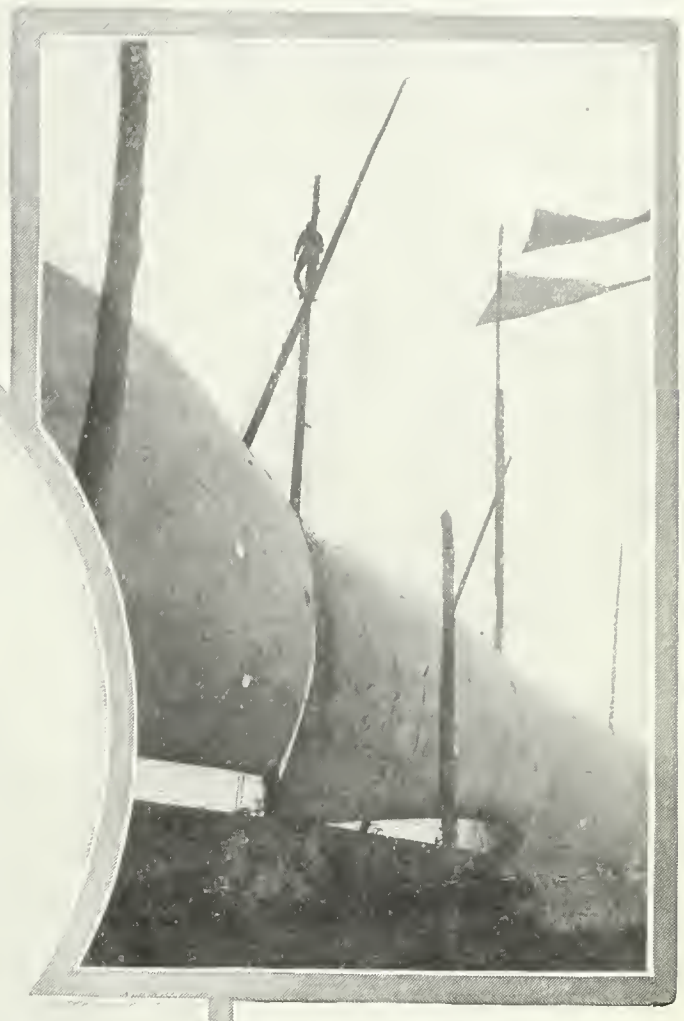


The poolroom men's steel observation tower at Jamaica, Long Island

IN New York the race-track managers are engaged in a moral crusade against the vicious habit of betting in poolrooms. They think that if this criminal practise could be suppressed more people would come to bet at the race-tracks. Accordingly they try to prevent the poolroom men from getting that early information of the results of the races upon which their business depends for existence. Some of the shifts employed in the war between the legitimate and the illegitimate gamblers are here illustrated. At Jamaica the poolroom men have a steel tower seventy feet high from which the races are watched with field glasses and the results telegraphed. A similar tower at Belmont Park was blown up with dynamite. The Metropolitan Jockey Club officials at Jamaica tried to cut off the view of the poolroom watchers, first with huge canvas screens, and then with kites dragging blankets, but without success



Sending up blankets and banners by kites to obscure the view from the tower

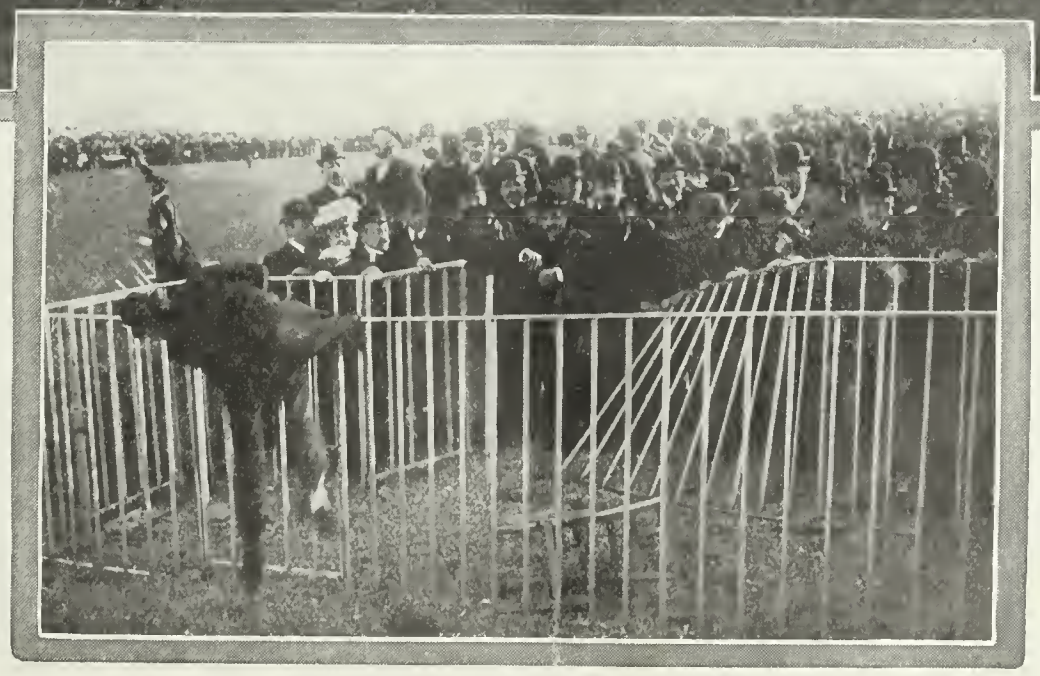


Canvas screens erected by the race-track police to shut off the view from the tower



Parisian method of expressing disapproval at the race-track

THE Parisians take their sports seriously, as the officials at the Longchamps race-course discovered when the favorite was left at the post in the third race on Sunday, October 14, and a rank outsider won. The crowd charged the track, wrecked the bookmakers' booths, cleaned out the cash boxes, and finally took gasoline from automobiles, sprinkled it over the betting pavilions, and set them on fire, taking the precaution to cut the hose and the harness of the engine horses, so that the firemen were helpless. The police and gendarmes could do nothing with the mob, and it was necessary to call for troops from the neighboring fort of Mont Valerien. Before the enclosure was cleared all the seventy-five betting booths were destroyed, as well as the tower from which the results were bulletined, and many men and women were injured.



Breaking into the paddock at Longchamps, October 14

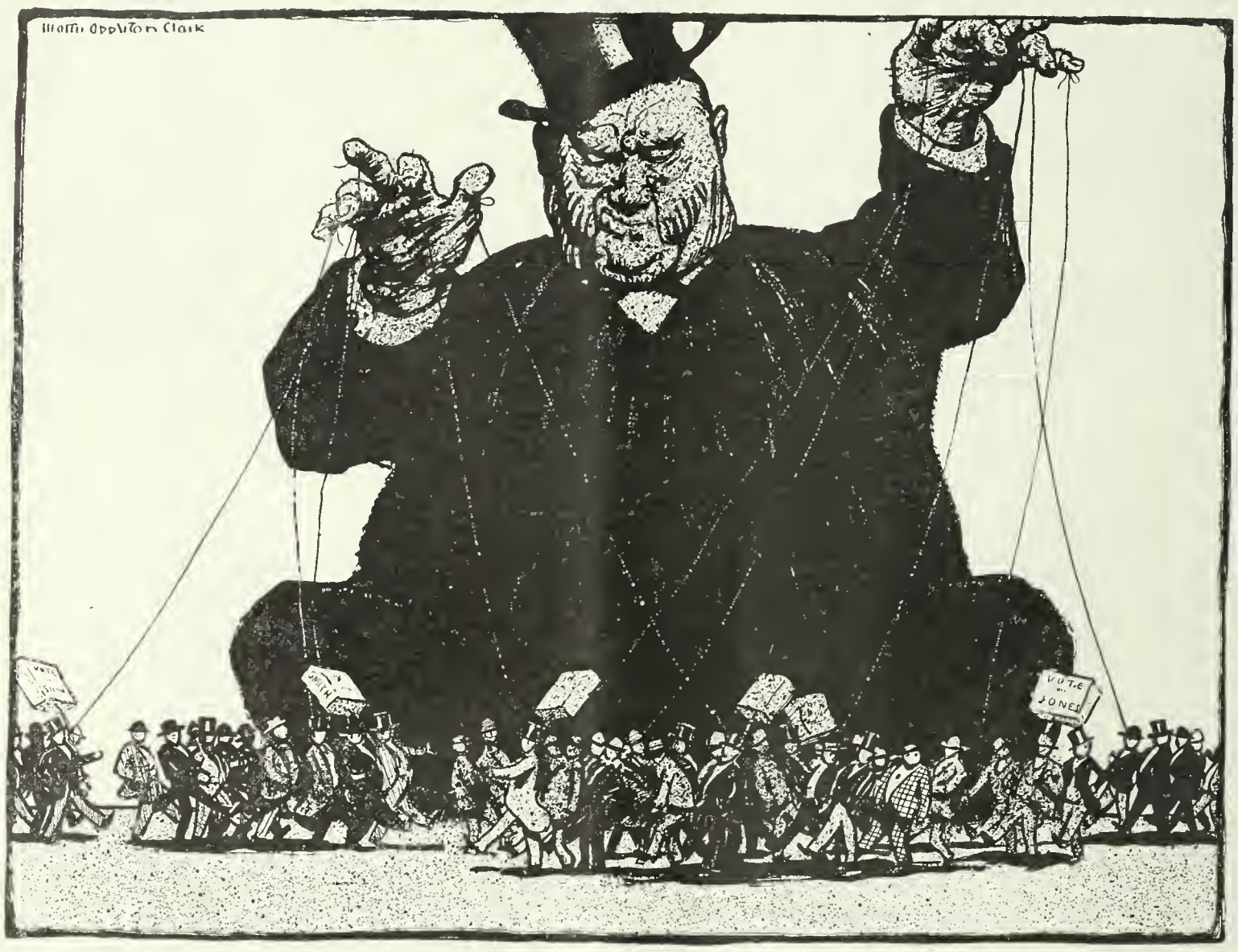
Burning the betting booths at Longchamps after a riot over a false start

The crowd at Longchamps numbered a hundred thousand. Not satisfied with burning the betting booths, two attempts were made to burn the grand stand. Men waved rolls of banknotes from the bookmakers' hoards, gold and silver coins hurtled through the air, and men and women scrambled fiercely for the spoils, many of them emerging with cuts, bruises, or broken bones. What particularly inflamed the fury of the mob was the fact that the whole racing enterprise, including the betting system, the *pari mutuel*, was under a single management, and the crowd easily jumped to the conclusion that this monopoly had engineered the false start to rob the public. The riot, the worst ever known among the excitable throngs at the premier race-track of France, stirred up the stewards of the Jockey Club and brought the Longchamps season to an abrupt close

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICA

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

This is the second of a series of three articles which diagnose our civic ills. The preceding paper treated of "The County." The next article will deal with "The Nation." Mr. White interprets our political future with a wholesome optimism. He believes our public sentiment is far ahead of our public service and that our intelligent and honest voters are entangled in an antiquated system of politics which they are sure to overthrow



The Boss

Drawn by WALTER APPLETON CLARK

THE STATE

EVER since governments were established there have been complaints about the corruption of public officials. And until recently—within the ten years last past if answer could be truly made to complainants that the corruption did not affect the cash in the public money-drawer, taxpayers have been fairly well satisfied. And in American politics, for many decades it has been true that the corruption of politicians has not affected the direct taxes of the people materially. The public money collected for schools has been spent wisely and honestly. And the public money collected for local government through the counties has been spent honestly, and with reasonably good judgment. County politicians are so close to the taxpayers that they find no temptation to be dishonest with public money; for it is so obviously the money of their friends and neighbors that to take it would be too crude an act of dishonor for the average politician of the type that prevails in the average American community. Moreover, the public business in the average American town or county does not require more than ordinary business ability, so in spite of the fact that the American county under our present political system is the nursery for the political crooks, who come to flower in State politics, and bear fruit in National politics, county taxes yield the taxpayers virtually one hundred cents of returns on the dollar. But approximately $2 of every $10 paid into the county treasury by the taxpayer goes to the State. And when the $2 gets to the State capital, it has traveled from fifty to five hundred miles, and the men who get it do not know the men who paid it, and they are more inclined to trifle with it than are the county officers. Not that they steal it—or any appreciable part of it; so little money is taken out of the public strong-box by bald stealing that it is hardly worth while estimating it. But after the taxes of the people get away from the vicinity of the actual taxpayers, often the public money is squandered, or is badly handled, and the people do not get full return for it. And the reason for this lies in the system under which the people conduct their politics. For the promotion to State offices from county offices is almost invariable. Likewise the State boss is always a county boss. He handles county and district candidates in State politics, using the methods of combination and manipulation that he learned when he handled township candidates in the county. The morals of the State convention are the morals of the county convention, and the rules of the game are the same. One must tell the truth within reasonable bounds; one must reward his friends, one must punish his enemies, and one must not take money for doing things, but, instead, he must recognize "influence" as the legal tender, and trade in it and for it and with it.



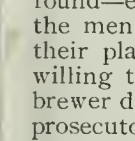
THE game permits the successful candidate to pay the election expenses of the unsuccessful candidate who throws his strength to the winner; the game permits the man who can not win to make the best possible bargain with the man who is about to win, and in the bargain the loser may get a place for himself, a place for his friend, an advantage or special privilege for his county, or he may trade with any of the other counters of the game. So the State ticket of a party which has a chance to win the election is made up by combination, by trading, by bargaining, and in most cases schemers and tricksters of politics triumph in the State convention over the men who are in politics from patriotic motives. The people may desire the honest men to win, but under our present convention system the people have no way of enforcing their mandates in a State convention; they are as remote and forgotten as the taxpayers. So the politicians have come to regard the State and all State affairs as their private property. And State central committees of the various parties, and State officers, and State bosses, form a sort of grand lodge of American politics, which has its own signs and passwords, and is consciously proud of its high degree. And no matter in what poor esteem any of these past grands or noble has beens, or worshipful tin-sword squee-gees is held at the grocery stores, or the coal-dealers', or at the bank in his county town, when he goes down to the court-house, and exemplifies the work of the grand lodge he always has an audience drooling with admiration. For he is "the object most sublime," which the average local politician hopes fondly to "attain in time." This picture may explain the motive of the township politician who is willing to help the local candidate for county treasurer elect a township delegation to the county convention; the township politician desires no office; he merely asks to "head the delegation" to the county convention; he hopes to be called into caucus when the combination is made; also when the township politician seeks his reward for services to the local candidate he does not ask for office. He asks the township to send him to the State convention, and when he goes a dozen times or so to the State convention he promotes the candidacy of the county treasurer for State treasurer, and whether the candidate wins or loses, the man who is handling his campaign goes up a chair or two in the grand lodge. He acquires fame in the State; he is summoned when the Governor or the United States Senator is considering matters of policy. He gets into the Legislature; he becomes a power. Usually he is ignorant, greedy, and cunning; but he and men of his type say how the public taxes shall be spent by the State, who shall run for the State offices, and what manner of State government the people shall have. When he is defeated for the Legislature he is put on a State board by the Governor, or is made deputy or assistant in a State institution, and finally, when he loses caste at home and can not be elected to the State con-



vention, he takes a minor place in the court-house, becomes special deputy when there is a rush of business at court time, and finally runs for constable or for justice of the peace, or grandly takes a place as clerk in a grocery store, and for a few days patronizes the proprietor, and finally disappears down the alley driving the delivery wagon. Of such stuff are our country bosses made, and for many years they have been our real rulers, and will be so long as the present convention system prevails in this country. Only a few of these men are actually dishonest in the sense that the thief is dishonest who makes a business of stealing. Only a few of them would accept bribes, if they knew that they were being bribed. But all of them have a limited moral view, and it is a creed of the caste that the public business is theirs, and that whoso seeks to question their conduct of the public business is an enemy to society.



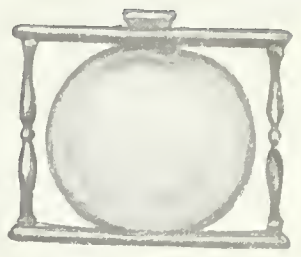
THIS system of politics, in which the mass of the people have little to do but to vote the tickets, is what those interests, seeking special privileges of the Government, found thirty years ago. The railroads, the brewers, the bankers who formed corporations to own and operate lighting and power and water plants, the food-makers, and the grain-dealers, and all those whose business profited by extra legal advantages over their neighbors, soon found—each in his own way, and little by little—that the men who controlled politics in this country got their places by trading influence, and that they were willing to trade official influence to hold them. The brewer did not have to buy the sheriff and the county prosecutor with money in order to secure immunity from the closing law for the saloons which handled the brewer's beer; the brewer only had to show the sheriff and the county attorney votes in the convention, and votes in the election, and the brewer's saloons were unmolested. And when the county prosecutor got to be Attorney-General of the State, the railroads did not have to give him money to get an opinion from him that the Safety Appliance bill before the Legislature was unconstitutional; the railroads merely had to furnish the prosecutor's home delegation and all his enthusiastic friends in Garfield County with passes to the State Capitol during the State convention, and to employ an able politician as attorney who could make the political combination with candidates for Governor and Secretary of State and State Treasurer, in which the county attorney became the party nominee for Attorney-General. Then having nominated the candidate, and having contributed through the State central committee to the fund which elected him, it was an easy matter for the political attorney for the railroad to show the Attorney-General the law, to furnish him with the decisions in the case supporting the railroad's view; and the opinion against the people came as a natural product of the system. Under the rules of the political game a man who would go back on a friend, the way the Attorney-General would have to go back on the railroad attorney, by standing by the people, was unworthy of public confidence and esteem. And thus for a quarter of a century the system grew. There was little direct bribery; but there was great corruption, and the hot-house of corruption in America was the State Government's. The county organization furnished merely the seeds and shoots and saplings of corruption.



GRADUALLY the system changed. In the seventies and early eighties the interests seeking special privileges dealt with individual men. Then some one made a discovery—that it was cheaper, safer, and infinitely more effective to deal with parties. Whereupon the chairman of the State central committee rose and became a power in Government. The railroads, the brewers, the stockyards, the packing-houses, the insurance companies, the gamblers in the cities, and all those who desired improper favors of a State Government made their contributions to the chairman of the State central committee of the dominant party in a State—or to the chairmen of both parties if the result were in any doubt, and in return for the contributions the chairman who took the money—and often kept part of it with the knowledge and understanding of the donors—agreed to protect them. The chairman held the party whip over Governors and State officers, and convinced them that they would ruin the party by attacking law-breakers in high places. The State chairman sent money for election expenses to legislative candidates, and to county chairmen, and when the Legislature met that money gave the State chairman influence over individual legislators; also that money summoned county chairmen to the capital to work with the State chairman in the interests of the legislation he needed, or to show the Governor and the State officers that the State chairman's view was that of the people of the State. It was a great invention—that scheme of bribing a State by buying its party organization. And it has worked successfully for nearly a score of years. It was clean—in that it did not foster bribe-takers among legislators; it was legal, in that the money paid was paid to a shrewd man who required no explicit understanding of his bargain, but who responded without prompting when need came. It was entirely respectable because the good men running on the State ticket knew nothing of the forces behind them, and could be easily fooled when they showed signs of standing by the people. A few men got rich playing the game thus, but they were men who had proved themselves discreet by climbing above the common herd of politicians into the highest places in the party organization. So there were no scandals; the people were kept under the influence of a party narcotic, and the encroachment of special privileges went on. Under this system the cement of much of the "vested interests" was set in the foundation of capital in this country. Laws permitting watered stock were passed or allowed to stand and were sustained by the courts under the shadow of this system, even though those laws outraged every principle of equity and common sense. Laws which placed corporations above the people, without a soul to save or a coat-tail to kick, were passed and mortised into common acceptance by this system of politics. Laws that permit the rich to escape their taxes, and that protect the perjurer and the sneak who tricks the people out of their public dues, were fastened upon the government by our system of party bribery. These things were done not so much at Washington, and not so much at home in the cities and towns, as at the State capitals. And all the time the fairly honest voters were organizing party clubs, marching in the rain under party banners, cheering the reasonably honest men who were generally at the head of the party tickets; but in the meantime the fairly honest voters and the reasonably honest State officers were helping the big thieves to put their hands in the people's pockets. So the people did not condemn the men who made easy money out of State contracts as vigorously as these men should have been condemned. The people failed to see that when a State chairman got rich he was stealing from them.



THEY may have known vaguely that he got his money from the rich corporations, but the people could not see that the transaction affected them; so the system, which had never been explained to them in its real light, prospered and the people, who could not see that they were any better off when the Democrats ran the State than when the Republicans ran it, came to have a general suspicion and distrust of getting any real results in politics, and set themselves to making money, each man in his own way. And then one fine day about half a decade ago unmistakable signs of life began to appear in the chrysalis of politics into which our American institutions had been transformed, after the war between the States. In a score of widely separated communities men began to rise in public life who ignored the rules of the game of politics, and worked there as real men work in the ordinary vocations — with directness, force, and obvious honesty. States began to have real Governors instead of dummies in high hats who reviewed the militia and ran for the United States Senate. Governor Roosevelt appeared in New York; Governor La Follette appeared in Wisconsin, Governor Crane appeared in Massachusetts, men who appealed directly to the people, even through the dead wall of party caucuses and conventions. The people began to understand what their politics really was, and they began to find in certain cities and States that they could grapple with the force of unblushing corruption, and could overthrow it. While they were overthrowing the big thieves the people began discovering the little thieves, the party hangers-on—the fleas of the system who annoyed rather than crippled the body politic. Of course, when one says "they," in speaking of the people who are engaged in the struggle to change the party system of this Government, one does not mean all the people. "They" in this connection means the reading, thinking minority of the people.





FOR instance, the association of shippers who started the agitation for the rate bill, and who composed the organization which convinced President Roosevelt of the justice of the demand for a new railroad law, numbered less than ten thousand men, and these men raised less than two dollars per capita to carry out their propaganda and maintain their organization. Ten thousand men is such a small part of the population of the United States that it is inconsiderable, and the sum spent by these men is so small that it is hardly worth mentioning, yet those men and this money aroused the whole country and made a public sentiment so resistless that before it the forces of greed and corruption did not dare to stand. The railroads enlisted hundreds of thousands of employees and favored shippers, and favored communities, and spent millions of money trying to overcome the sentiment made by the aggrieved shippers. But with all their implements of power the railroads did not move public sentiment an inch toward their cause; instead turned the people against the railroads. And so the men who have been attacking the dead shell of party politics which has enveloped this nation have not been numerous. But like the aggrieved shippers in the contest with the railroads, these people have been right. They have managed to dramatize themselves—in some cases—as heroes of the people's contest, and have told the people in simple direct language exactly how matters stand with this country. Twenty years ago the same appeal would not have aroused the masses. They were not ready for it. The nation's wits had not been whetted long enough by the type metal cylinder grinding against the steel roller of the printing press, and a generation ago men were too weary from one great national strife to begin another. But now a generation is in the land that has known no war; a generation that scents the battle from afar, and instinctively it is looking for its gorgon. Therefore when this young generation sees accumulated wealth piling higher and higher in the money markets, and its surplus used for a corruption fund to work through the party system to curtail the rights and liberties of the people, the younger generation knows that its task is set for it; that its battle line is marked. The people are entering this fight with a directness and an acumen that is distinctively American because it is not preconcerted and thought out. Some subliminal sense of the whole people seems to tell them that the first skirmish must be with the politicians and their system of government. Until the nominating convention is abandoned, and the people can name their party candidates for all offices by a direct vote, the professional politician will win too many victories to make the people safe in the real contest. For the professional politician, even though he be honest according to the rules of his game, and even though he will not steal taxes, nor accept bribes uncoated by political conventions, is nevertheless the paid bush-whacker of the forces of crooked finance that are besieging this nation. And the professional politician is a State product, not a creature of national politics. The professional delegate to the county convention rides on a pass to the State convention, and when he becomes a professional delegate to the State convention, his trip pass becomes an annual pass. Then he gets a State office with small

(*Continued on page 30*)



CLEANING UP IN CHICAGO

As a result of recent raids on cold-storage houses, department-store refrigerators, and ice-cream parlors, five million pounds of decayed or impure food, valued at half a million dollars, have been destroyed



CROWD WATCHING A RAID BY THE CITY INSPECTORS ON A MARKET IN CHICAGO'S JEWISH QUARTER

CHICAGO is in a frenzy of "cleaning up." The Department of Food Inspection and Public Health is being run with a speed, a rush, and an enthusiasm rarely known in the slow leisure of political jobs. About twenty thousand pounds of impure food go to the bonfires every day; cold-storage warehouses are being turned inside out; department stores are working furiously to get their musty cellars cleaned out before the city inspectors catch them. The word "raid" in Chicago no longer applies to saloons and dives; it is most often heard in connection with grocery stores and candy factories.

For years there was one man in Chicago City Hall at the mention of whose name everybody smiled. He was fat. He weighed three hundred pounds, and everybody spoke of him as "the laziest man in the City Hall." His job was "Fish Inspector," and so everybody called him "Fish"—his baptismal name was Patrick J. Murray. By virtue of being powerful in the Thirty-second Ward he had the softest of all soft municipal snaps. "Fish Inspector" meant nothing whatever. There was an investigation of the City Hall at one time under Mayor Harrison, and nobody could discover that "Fish" Murray did anything at all except to draw his salary.

The passing of Mayor Harrison and the incoming of Mayor Dunne connoted troublous times for "Fish." He lost his sinecure as "Fish Inspector" and saw prospects of himself in the cold world without a job. By dint of much hustling he got a sixty-day appointment as a food inspector in the new administration. But sixty days would soon come to an end and "Fish" was all for doing something to lengthen his tenure. "'Fish,'" said Dr. Charles J. Whalen, the new Commissioner of Health, "if you wish to stay on, you have got to make good." "Fish's" three hundred pounds of inertia were transfused into kinetic energy. He made good with a vengeance, and Mayor Edward F. Dunne immediately reappointed him. "Murray can have his job as long as he lives if he keeps up such work as he has been doing," was the word from the City Hall.

Murray does things on a big scale. He raids "merchant princes" and ghetto stores alike. He condemned and destroyed thirty thousand cans of peaches and corn in one of the largest wholesale grocery plants; confiscated tons on tons of moldy candy in one of the biggest department stores, seized eighty thousand pounds of bad hams in a great packing plant, and captured fifteen tons of cold-storage chicken in a single swoop. More than this, he made public the name of every violator of the law—a punishment that the malefactors dreaded more than they would fines of half their fortunes.

Since the public has learned that it has a department that does things, complaints of bad food have been coming in by the hundred.

"Here are some chickens I bought last night. They are bad," and a small man cautiously began uncovering a basket.

"A man across the lake could tell that!" shouted Murray. "Take them outside and I'll talk to you."

"What do you want?" this to a dapper person who advanced with a letter. "Oh, yes, you're from —— wholesale grocery. You've found forty dozen spoiled canned fruit? Yes, you're all finding spoiled canned fruit now. Want us to haul it away. Well, I'll send a wagon for it. That makes thirty thousand cans of spoiled fruit that I have on my hands right now."

Juiceless Lemons Refilled

"UNTIL I got busy," explained Murray, and he showed affidavits to prove it, "all the spoiled canned fruit, or most of it, was taken to a barn on the north side and 'reprocessed.' They cooked it over, put on new labels, and sold it for new.

"What in the world am I going to do with all this stuff? Where'll I dump it? Got into trouble over the last I disposed of. So easy to get into trouble. Buried a hundred cases of juiceless lemons that had shrunk and been filled with water and some kind of acid, to make them look good. Kids dug 'em up and sold 'em. Women got sick. More trouble for me. Guess I'll burn those thirty thousand cans of fruit." And burn them he did, boxes and all. The sound of exploding cans was heard for blocks.

Murray humorously says the secret of his success lies in his nose. "I smell 'em out," he says in answering those who ask him how he found all this bad food. "I follow my nose, and it never fails me in this business."

It is a fact, "Fish's" friends will tell you, that he has the scent of an Indian. With this scent he trailed a bear—which had been killed, some citizens averred, when Chicago was only a blockhouse, and kept in storage ever since—over a great part of the north and west sides of the city. The dealer who had it on his hands was frantically driving from place to place with the carcass, endeavoring to sell it to some unsophisticated market owner. The odor which floated after the wagon resulted in the capture.

Murray himself heads the raiding parties. A "free lunch" famine in the downtown saloons resulted from one attack. "Fish" found and closed what is now referred to as the "clearing house for free lunch." The place was a sort of wholesale kitchen run by a man who has contracts to supply nearly all the downtown saloons with cooked free lunch.

"That was the dirtiest, foulest hole I ever saw in my life," said Murray. "The man buys the refuse of the big hotels and restaurants and spoiled goods from meat markets and groceries, doctors it up, and it becomes sandwiches, roast beef, soup or salad for free lunch."

Another discovery that shocked Chicago was the fact that a concern buys all the bad eggs in the market and by a process of "evaporation" and "desiccation," "condenses" them into a material which is sold to nearly all the bakeries in the city. This substance was used in the place of good eggs for the making of pies and cakes. Murray destroyed twelve thousand pounds of "condensed" eggs, arrested the proprietor, and closed the place.

Murray raided four big ice-cream factories, found they used coloring chemicals, gelatin, and a "glue-like" substance in manufacturing the product, and forthwith destroyed tons of the cream. He discovered tallow in cheese, rancid oleomargarin oil in cheese, seized several tons of "reprocessed" butter, and condemned thousands of bottles of "fake" flavoring extracts.

At the stockyards, in a single raid, Murray confiscated seventy-five thousand pounds of pickled hams which had been passed by Government inspectors, and which was worth $7,000. On the same day he went to a cold-storage plant



POURING KEROSENE ON CONDEMNED FISH

and confiscated thirty-five thousand pounds of chicke ns. The rest of the chickens of the same grade—two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in all—was shipped East because of fear Murray would confiscate it, and now is supposed to be "chicken with hot biscuit" or "choice chicken croquettes," according to Murray. The cold-storage scandal is one of the biggest yet unearthed, poultry from one to three or more years old having been found on the market by Commissioner Whalen. The City Council is about to pass an ordinance—if unexpected opposition does not develop—providing a $300 a year license fee for cold-storage houses, requiring that a time limit be fixed on the storage of all eggs, meat, etc., and providing for continual city inspection of the goods in the coolers. The first measure introduced was fought by the packers and cold-storage firms and temporarily defeated.

Like Murray is "Sol" Van Praag. Murray is head of the food inspectors, Van Praag is chief of the restaurant inspectors. He, too, was one of the old-school Democratic politicians, whose name spelt power and votes in the First Ward many years ago. But Van Praag fell upon evil days, politically and financially. Last spring he was found working on the Lake Front city dump at $2.25 a day—he had when powerful given away jobs worth five times the money, and in his palmy days he spent $20,000 a year.

But, in his low state, Van Praag did not mope or sulk. As foreman of a gang of Italian laborers he did so well that he attracted the attention of the City Hall and was given his present position. In it he also has accomplished marvels in enforcing cleanliness in restaurants and hotels. One thousand restaurants have "cleaned up" sufficiently to secure the city licenses required by recent legislation of the council. Soiled aprons, greasy dishcloths, dirty napery, etc., are disappearing rapidly, for in places where they do not disappear permanently the license does not remain long. (Four hundred restaurants were inspected, but not given licenses.)

"Some of the places are becoming 'white palaces,'" said Van Praag. "I believe more calcimine, whitewash, and paint have been sold to restaurants in the last two weeks than in any two years previously since the World's Fair. We are cleaning out all kinds of filth. We generally go into a restaurant just after the rush of a meal. It is while the dishes are being washed and the places cleaned up that we can best judge of the cleanliness. A great many of these places were in such condition that descriptions would be revolting."

In a single week Murray and Van Praag, with their men, destroyed more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds of foodstuffs in the downtown district alone, and this—at that period—was not an unusual week's work. At the Union Stockyards a week later more than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of meats were condemned. Seventy-five fruit stores were raided in one week, with eight wholesale groceries, five candy factories, three evaporated egg concerns, three baking-powder factories, ten ice-cream factories, and thirty bakeries.

All this because three city officials, filled with vigilance and energy, are enforcing the law without fear or favor, backed by an aroused public opinion. Above Murray and Van Praag is Dr. Charles J. Whalen, the new and aggressive Commissioner of Health. In the last eight months, 5,051,262 pounds of foodstuffs unfit for human consumption have been condemned, against 798,748 pounds in a corresponding period of last year.

THE KEEPER OF A LIGHT



HE PEOPLED HIS DAYS WITH LITTLE WOODEN FIGURES UNTIL BEAUTY CAME FROM THE NEVER-NEVER-NEVER LAND

By EDITH BARNARD

HIS name was Samuel, and, like the son of Hannah, he from his infancy was dedicated to the service of a temple. It was not a temple built by mortal hands; God's face shone upon it, and its waters were swayed back and forth by God's compelling hand.

His father, throwing off wet oilskins to bend over the baby on its mother's breast, smiled at the grip of the little fingers around his own hard one, and said:

"Hey, yon's a fist will hold a tiller!"

His mother, looking into his hard, shiny little eyes, smiled, too, and said: "And his bright eyes—they'll see far through many a fog!"

Later, his father taught him many of the simpler forms of service that the sea demands of its followers, and his mother was proud of both her captains. Then came the day when the temple exacted one more sacrifice, and the father came home from the Banks, grim and crippled. He was able, in time, to hobble around, and through some means was made the keeper of the lighthouse on the Point; but he did not linger over his charge, and the son was left to continue it.

They lived in the lighthouse alone—he and his mother. But for her querulous fears he would have answered the call that ached within him, to go down to the sea in ships; as it was, his youth speedily aged there on the lonely, wind-swept Point. Dutiful son he was, but the varying emotions of the sea and the care of his light came to be his chief interests.

The lighthouse was small and old-fashioned; before the days of railroad and trolley and fast steam coasters many small vessels had plied along the coast, and the white lighthouse that marked the long, rocky Point was of great service; but in later years, when the big vessels passed farther out, away from the danger, it served for little more than an old mile-stone, and the Government Lighthouse Board recommended its disuse. To the dwellers of the coast the suggestion meant much, and their representative in the halls of Government was called upon to use his influence that the old light might be kept burning. This he found a matter of no very great difficulty; his sea-going constituents had no need of free Government garden seeds, while those of a member of the committee on lighthouse affairs were farmers; a fair exchange was made—certain rich farmers got their free seeds, and the lighthouse on the Point was left in the care of Samuel.

Samuel and his mother were never lonely; his nature grew to be more and more like hers, and together they watched the sea and the clouds and the passing ships. It was not until after she died that Samuel became aware of the great silence that lay beyond the pounding of the waves upon the rocks, beyond the howling of the wind around the lighthouse, and that created a void in his little sitting-room which nothing he could do seemed to fill. The winter months left upon him the touch of so many years; he aged rapidly. He was large of frame, and possessed of that gentle hesitancy of manner that so many large men have, and, withal, of the handiness of the born sailor. His mother had been a careful housekeeper, and Samuel did his best to keep the little place as she would have had it. He did not sink into the usual slovenliness of unaided man. He washed on Monday and ironed on Tuesday; he rowed to the village on Thursdays, when the weather permitted, and he baked on Saturday. He never went to church, but he knelt beside his bed every night, and said the simple "Now I lay me," which his mother had taught him many years before; and, strange to say, he had never left off the prayer of blessing for father and mother—his verse always ended with the childish "God bless pa and ma, and bring pa safe back home."

In the summer visitors came occasionally, but his mother had always played the part of guide, and Samuel was agonizingly shy before them. Nevertheless, he liked to have them come, especially the children; but the Point seemed emptier than ever when they left. The children pleased him most because they always noticed the little figures he whittled; there were rows of these little forms on the mantel of the kitchen, which served as parlor and sitting-room too, and still more rows on the window-sills. The creative instinct of the big man-creature somehow found expression in carving crude little figures of wood; they were his offspring, and to his imagination they each had distinct personalities. As a matter of fact, they were all pretty much alike—the little men had straight little legs without knees, and the women had skirts whose simplicity was modeled on the unadorned garments of his mother. The women all wore their hair in knobs, and the men had closely cropped hair or wore little round hats of the Bobby Shafto type.

Samuel did his carving in the evenings, after the light was lit and he supper things neatly put away. He was apt to hurry his supper on Friday, for that was the night when he set bread to rise. He kept his sharp jack-knife and his bits of wood on the highest shelf of the cupboard; he would bring them out and put them in his chair, for his mother did not like the box set on the table-cloth; then he would go to the little shed outside the kitchen door and bring in a large round wash-tub, into which he whittled, for his mother did not like to have the bits of wood go over the floor, even though Samuel would have gathered them all up. The tub was carried back and forth every night; but Samuel's pleasure in his work more than repaid his trouble in getting ready for it. It was his game of solitaire—and it always "came out."

His salary as keeper had always been held by his mother, and she had saved a good bit of it, fearing always that some day the lighthouse might cease to be theirs. She had never allowed herself any luxuries, and Samuel scarcely knew that luxuries existed; but there were two things which he longed for greatly: one, that he might whittle without the tub, let his chips and shavings go over the floor or anywhere, that his long legs might stretch themselves comfortably out in front of him, instead of bending themselves around the sides of the large tub, as they had to do; the other was that he might possess a paint box. He had once seen an artist at work on the rocks, and had watched him laying on formless color which grew into vivid life on the canvas; and there was a wooden paint-box in a shop on Greenwich Street of which he often dreamed: if he might only buy that, he could give the very tints of life to his little men and women. After his mother's death it occurred to him that he could have both his wishes; and so, one night after supper, he sat himself down to whittle on the carpet; but his hand was awkward and shaky that night and the night after, and on the third night he brought in the tub again as before. The paint-box he bought; he had never spoken of that to his mother, and so she had not forbidden it, and there seemed no great disloyalty in buying it. Thereafter he found great joy in coloring his figures, although for a long time the problems of green and purple absorbed him; but before the second winter passed his manikins bloomed in every color of the rainbow.

It was during the second summer of his loneliness that She came. Angels have a way of taking us unawares, when they come at all, and she came without further warning than the glint of sunlight on a pair of oars. The young man who rowed helped her from the boat, and lazily said that he would stay outside while she explored the lighthouse. At that time Samuel was fifty-three, and she had just turned twenty; Samuel was worn with weather and looked older than his years, and she was lovely with the glamour



His carvings interested her immensely

of youth, and with the grace and sweetness that youth alone can not give.

She knocked at the open door of the kitchen, and smiled at Samuel in a simple, friendly way. For the first time in all his life he stood face to face and alone with a young and beautiful woman. There was a child-like quality in her manner of making acquaintance which at once disarmed his shyness, and before they reached the level of the light they were talking like old friends. He showed her how he took out the big lenses to clean them, and she understood and voiced his pride in their brightness. As they looked out of the window across the calm sea, she spoke of the feeling that she had when the sea was not calm, and when the light—his light—shone through the mist like a pale red reflection, warning ships off the Point. Then he told her some of the things the sea and sky said to him, and he knew that they said the same things to her. They stood by the window for a while in silence; when people can be silent together they must be friends, indeed.

Later she came down into the kitchen again, and said that it was the neatest place she had ever seen. He told her about his housekeeping, even to the washing on Monday and baking on Saturday; she listened with the cordial interest of one village housekeeper toward another, without a smile, asking questions that were sensible, not curious, and even making a suggestion or two. She sat in his mother's rocking-chair, and he brought out cake and pie; she chose a piece of the pie, and he said he preferred that, too.

His carvings interested her immensely; she held every one, and she showed him a new way to paint hair. There was never a laugh in her eyes, nor in her heart, at the big man's simplicity; instead, there stirred within her that motherly tenderness which the most immature of women can feel toward a helpless man. In some dim way she realized that the keeper was talking with her more freely than was his wont, that she was making a bright place in a life that was being lived out in monotone. Before she left he had told her about his father, about his mother, about his lonely years; and she, half-musing, found somewhere the right words to say.

He never forgot the picture she made, in the high-backed rocker beside the window, looking over the row of his little men and women out to sea. Something of the light without mingled with the light that shone always in her face; it lit a depth of the man's heart into which no ray had penetrated before.

"Yes," she said slowly, "it must be dreadful to have lost so much. But—but, I think, I'd be willing to face great dangers, loneliness, everything, for what I love, just as you have for your mother and father and the sea—the sea and the people on it! It is a great thing to keep a light!"

Samuel flushed; it had never so presented itself to him before, but he knew at once that she was right, that it *was* a great thing to keep a light.

She went on—and who can tell from what height the thought came to her? "You serve what you love best, don't you? Having lost it doesn't really matter, when you can keep on loving! I don't think that to have a thing means nearly as much as to love it."

Ah, blessed, indeed, are the pure in heart, to whom the face of God is shown!

Before she left she asked him for one of his carvings—a little man in a bright blue jacket and brighter green trousers, whose little boots were surely blacker than any other boots in the world, whose Bobby Shafto hat set on his head with the jauntiest air imaginable, and whose little arms tirelessly held out a pair of diminutive oars, which twirled around when the wind blew upon him. That was the one she held longest, and finally asked him to give her. Samuel flushed with the happiness of the artist over his first bit of appreciation; people had, indeed, offered to buy his figures, but no one had ever before asked one as a gift! He told her that, if she would wait, he would rather carve one especially for her; he had visions of the care he would put into it, of the excellence it should have when finished. She was leaving the shore on the morrow, she said, but she would be back the next summer; would he, perhaps, come to see her then, and bring the figure to her? His eyes brightened; would he not, indeed! He guided her down the rocks to the boat, whence the young man had been calling for some minutes, and pushed the boat off, waved in response to her wave, and watched them out of sight.

She had been on the Point perhaps an hour, and his world was a new place. That afternoon he was filled with excitement; he went over every word they had spoken, touched every place where her hand had rested, recalled every look and turn of her face and figure; for the first time since his mother died he did no whittling at night. He climbed the stairs again and again to see if the light was burning; he walked to the edge of the rocks and stood while the salt spray dashed into his face. He was moved almost to sickness by the passing of a ship; its lights beckoned him, beckoned him from this ledge of rock where he had neither wife nor child, father nor mother, friend nor dog to keep him company. For days he was possessed by a miserable restlessness which he had never known before; then, coming in one afternoon in time to light the lamps overhead, he staggered in the doorway. There was his mother's chair. She had sat there, She, and he almost believed that she was sitting there now, and that he heard again the words:

"It doesn't really matter, when you can keep on loving! I don't think that to have a thing means nearly as much as to love it!"

He took a step within the room, and laughed a little. "I guess you're still here, anyways—ain't you?"

He flushed at the sound of his words, but once having broken the silence between himself and his memory of her, the rest was easy. Day by day he became more accustomed to her seeming presence; day by day it became more real. He talked to her as he worked, as he had never talked to a living being. He did not know her name, but he called her Beauty; that, in his imagination, fitted her precisely.

For a while her presence went with him everywhere, except to the village; after having returned to her several times he found such joy in it that he used to try to lose her in the lighthouse, to come upon her around corners, as it were, for the mere delight of finding her again. Then, when her presence was there with him suddenly, he would chuckle with delight.

"Foller me aroun' jest like a little gal, don't ye?" he would fondly ask.

He was sure that She offered to help him with his work, but the manifest difficulty of her doing so did not appear, because he always at once refused.

"Now you know I couldn't let you sile your pretty little white hands with this here kerosene, could I?



She watched him untie his boat

An' parin' potatoes—why you'd cut yourself!" So his vision did not insist on sharing his labors, which was just as well; and he had all the joy of serving her.

In the autumn some one sent to the lighthouse a bundle of old Sunday papers and magazines, and on Sundays Samuel looked them over; he never whittled on Sundays. One day he came upon a picture which made his heart leap, and he cut it out and later made a frame for it, and set it on his mantel-shelf in front of the tall clock. It was the picture of a young woman dressed in the white shirt of a boy, a fairy boy, who—though Samuel knew it not—was given to flying from mantel-shelves and out through windows; her hair was brushed boy-fashion, and her face wore a wistful, whimsical little smile. It was not Her face, but it resembled her; the eyes, especially, were eyes that saw such visions as she saw, and he remembered that over her face, too, there had passed at times during that one hour just such a whimsical smile.

After the picture was framed and set on the mantel, Beauty had a way of staying more in the kitchen, and she seemed even more real than before. While he whittled in the evenings Samuel used to talk to her, and look up to catch the sidelong, upward glance of the face in the picture. He often asked her opinion of the figure he was carving, and on which he was spending his utmost care and skill. This little man was taller by at least eight inches than any other he had made; his features were more marked, and his legs less like sections of stove-pipe. His little coat was decorated with minute carvings of pockets and buttons and even of seams, and his hat—the crowning achievement—was carefully carved in imitation of straw. When he was finally passed upon as complete, as far as knife could complete him, he was polished and seasoned again, and then painted. He stood on the mantel for three months, waiting until July should bring Her back to the shore.

Samuel looked forward with no misgiving to his call upon her, and the presentation of his gift. It was impossible that she should, in her living presence, differ at all from what she was in his imagining. When the spring came he began his preparations. Looking at her chair beside the window one day, he had an inspiration which took him to the village the next morning, although it was not Thursday. He brought home a parcel which he undid on the table, chuckling with delight.

"Guess what I brought, Beauty?" he asked. He proudly held up a length of some white stuff, printed over with gaily hued flowers. "Look at that, now! Ain't it fit for a queen? That's jest why I bought it, Beauty! It's winder-curtains!"

It did, indeed, become window-curtains, after many days and nights of toil. His fingers managed the needle and thread very clumsily. The stitches were not of even length and distance, but the curtains transformed the plain little room, although they kept out part of the light. She liked them, however, and that was the main thing.

Another day he brought home a fine chenille tablecover, and again some flowering plants; her place by the window should be made fit for her.

Then, when July came, he set his house in order. He began at the top of the lighthouse, and scrubbed the stairs all the way down; he scrubbed all the floors and all the woodwork; he rubbed up the old, cheap furniture with kerosene until it shone for very pity of his effort, and he polished everything else that could be made to shine. The day that he had set for his visit came at last, and the sun shone with a pleasantly tempered radiance. He wrapped the manikin carefully and secured it on the bow seat of his boat; often as he rowed he looked over his shoulder to make sure that it had not blown away. But the manikin was as well behaved as the weather, and Samuel came in safety to the wharf in front of the hotel. He made his boat fast, took the bright little figure out of its papers, and stepped to the wharf.

The hotel people were out in gay afternoon costumes. Samuel looked neither to right nor to left, but walked directly into the house to ask for her. A man behind a counter asked her name—and Samuel stood as one stunned. He did not know her name. To ask for "Beauty" would be absurd, and that was the only one of her names that he knew. As he stood awkwardly before the elegant, supercilious young man a feeling of weakness took hold of him; She had asked him to come, and he had come; yet, although her presence had been with him all through the year, and he knew well the turn of her head and the look of her eyes and the tone of her voice, he did not know her name.

Some one whom he took for a tall, slender lady was coming down the stairs. When she saw him she paused for a moment, then came more quickly down and toward him. He knew her by her smile—she looked up at him with the sweet, wistful look of the picture, and smiled a little one-sidedly.

"I've been expecting you," she said. It sounded very much like the things Beauty always said when he came back from town. She did not know his name either, but she led him at once to a place where they could talk. He gave her the manikin, and she noticed at once that the colors were different from those of his old paint-box.

"Oh," she said, "the old paints would have done! But I like these better."

Samuel laughed; yes, She was Beauty, not different in word or look. Several times girls and young men came to take her away, but she always shook her head; not once did Samuel doubt that she would rather stay with him than go with them—which was, indeed, quite true. She even wanted him to stay to tea, then remembered the lights. She walked beside him over the grass to the wharf; her skirts made a faint swishing song that reminded him of the lapping of little waves on a calm day, and the color of her dress was like the purply gray of a hazy morning.

She watched him untie his boat, saying:

"Oh, can't I help you? Please let me!"

Samuel laughed up at her; it was precisely the question She had asked, during the winter, a hundred times.

"I couldn't let you sile your pretty little white hands for me," he replied.

He paused in the door of the kitchen, perhaps a little anxiously; but there She was. There, in the chair by the bright window-curtains. She rose to greet him, to say: "I've been expecting you," to smile in her whimsical way, to look up at him with her sweet, sidelong glance. Only now her dress was long and soft, and of an indescribable color, like the mists of the sea.

As he mounted the steps to the lamps overhead he laughed a little to himself. As if it were possible that She had been left behind, there at the hotel! She was here, in the lighthouse, standing beside him even as he looked out of the window at the star that was just beginning to glow above the sunset.

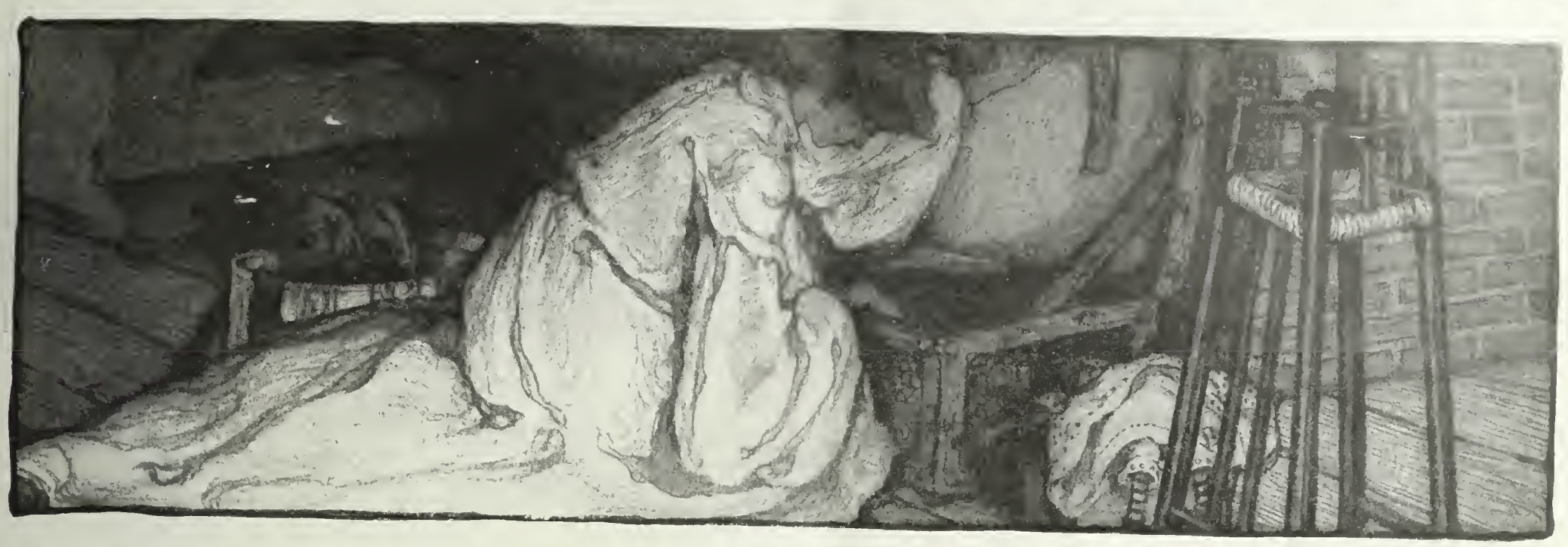
He turned, just before he went down, to look toward the shore; in the distance the lights of the hotel twinkled like tiny fireflies. Beside him was his own light, the light that shone over the rocks out to sea.

He went down the stairs, happily content, and set about getting supper. When he sat down at last to his whittling he looked up at the picture and said:

"As if I could let her sile her little hands for me!"

THE HAUNTED COAT

By Georgia Wood Pangborn — Illustrated By Clara Elsene Peck



ON the afternoon of her graduation day Betty went up garret, because she felt uncertain and new, needing the grave companionship of things that had stepped aside with honorably rounded careers, to meditate among cobwebs. The June sun was warm on the roof, bringing out the smell of old resin from the knots in the rafters. Cobwebs here and there catching the sunlight upon their dust, demonstrated something geometrically with golden lines and angles against dark corners. A mud-wasp grumbled up and down the dim window, and in the street a hand-organ droned a march.

Betty, as clean and new in her white gown and slippers as a butterfly still hanging to its cocoon with creases in its wings showing how it was packed, perched awkwardly upon her old high-chair, and wondered what she ought to be thinking about. Life was solemn. Everybody had said so that morning. Her own essay had been to that effect, with many quotations to prove the point. "Life is real, life is earnest." The world, in effect, needed a number of things done to it, and young people who were just commencing bore heavy responsibility.

The discarded furniture and rubbish seemed taking counsel together. "Is it so solemn?" The cradle asked that, and a cross of wax flowers under a glass shade answered:

"Why should it be so? One lives as long as one is pretty or useful, or thought to be so; then one comes up here. That is all."

"It is very quiet," said a broken toy drum, across whose head lay a dejected doll in hoop-skirts; but a haircloth sofa replied with dignity:

"Well, what then? Quiet is a good thing."

The opinion of an old leather trunk, hardly perceptible in a dark chimney-corner, seemed less simple of interpretation. Her mother had shown her what was in it, crying, and that grief had bewildered Betty to whom all time before she was born seemed remote. The desire of idle hands to pry and seek came upon her, the lid went back with a shrill cry, and the smell of faded disintegrating things came up. She lifted the yellow linen cloth and admired the martial glitter of the uniform beneath, patting the smooth black broadcloth, and running her fingers over the yellow buttons. How fine that young uncle of hers must have looked in it! The girls in the queer dresses of those days must have thought so. When he wore it he was only a few years older than Betty, and he had died before he knew anything about being old and bald, when he looked as he did in the picture downstairs, like the young men Betty knew, except for wearing odd-looking collars and those locks of hair in front of his ears.

She folded the coat over the trunk lid so that the rows of buttons presented a martial front. The long tails showed white silk lining; the epaulets must have been gorgeous when his trim young shoulders were under them. This was the sort of coat one wore to balls; had he loved to dance then as much as Betty did now? Had he been very sorry to die? Once that coat had been an unimportant part of him—now it was all that remained, stitches, shoulder-padding, a little spot that might have been wine, the buttonholes showing how they had been buttoned and unbuttoned—but he was quite unreal, who had once been as real as Betty herself. Did one stop being real? Would Betty's graduating gown outlast Betty?

A YOUNG man stood by the trunk looking down upon its contents with a thoughtful air.

"You are a—dream, aren't you?" whispered Betty.

"That's all."

But his voice was wistful as if he wished he were more than that. Then he smiled dimly.

"How fine I used to feel in that! There's nothing like a little gold braid to set a fellow up." He touched the epaulets caressingly. "There was a ball—do they play the 'Blue Danube' now?"

"Not often, but we're going to have it to-night."

"To-night? What's to-night?"

"My graduation reception. We have a little dance afterward, you know."

"Is that so! I'd have liked to go first-rate—thirty years ago—you'd have given me a dance, wouldn't you? 'Can I forget that night in June?'" he hummed. "And it's as real to you now as it used to be to me—I say—"

He was putting on the coat.

"The silk is falling to pieces, and the moths have been at the sleeves." He sighed as he buttoned it over his chest. "It's odd how fond one is of the little things one leaves behind; they aren't of any real consequence, yet we keep buzzing about like bees over honey—and it's foolish to come back, yet we're always doing it. 'Can I forget that night in June?'—May I have the honor?"

He bowed before her with crooked elbow. Something happened to the garret; there were glimmering lights and shadows of another place, as when you take two photographs on the same plate, and these strengthened and brightened until there was a great room banked with flowers and palms; an orchestra at one end played the "Blue Danube," and there was such a crowd of people in gay queer clothes as Betty had never seen in all her days.



A young man stood by the trunk

"May I have the honor?" said the trim young officer again, still bowing and offering his arm. His coat looked very new indeed. One could not imagine moth holes and tattered linings. She slipped her hand under his elbow and was whirled into the rustling crowd—all drifting together like autumn leaves while the band played the "Blue Danube."

"How do you like it?" whispered her uncle. "It's my first official ball. I couldn't come to yours, you see, so I've taken you to mine. It's old-fashioned, I know—but—once it was real!"

"I'm just dreaming it?" said Betty doubtingly.

"Of course. What else could there be now? What are you looking sad for? It's not gloomy. Why should things be sad just because they're over?"

Yet the dream ladies, though they smiled and bowed and waved their fans as they circled softly about in their funny hoops, might have been saying to themselves or whispering to their partners: "How nice it would be if it were only real."

"You mustn't cry," said her uncle anxiously; "please don't! It will go—whisk—if you do, for it's only a dream—about— There she is! Look quick! That dark girl with red roses at her breast, and one in her hair. She had to come. It was her dream, too. She had promised me a dance, and I can't give it up, even for you, though you are real. Stay here, Betty, and keep the dream steady for us."

Betty stood by a pillar while he departed swiftly, and tried stoutly to hold the dream to its moorings, though sometimes it would waver, like a fog before a wind, showing a garret rafter through the chandelier, or an outcropping of the leather trunk where should be a red sofa with two pale ladies sitting on it.

Her uncle and the dark girl did not dance together long, but went out under an archway which looked cool and dim, and Betty was left alone, watching the people. At first she had to laugh a little at the hoops; presently her opinion changed, the hoops seemed the only proper dress in the world, and it was she who was absurd and out of date. One's hair, moreover, should be parted in the middle, brought down over the ears with a rigid smoothness, then curl accurately in the neck, and have a moss-rose or camelia tucked into it. Betty gathered her slim skirts even more tightly about her and stood close to her pillar. How real they seemed! Would Betty's graduating reception ever be like this?

"Here she is!" said her uncle. He was smiling. The dark girl was on his arm, and no longer wore a rose in her hair, for it had changed to the buttonhole of the young officer's coat, and smelled so sweet that Betty's face suddenly quivered and wrinkled.

"You mustn't cry!" said her uncle anxiously.

"It's the music and the rose!" gasped Betty.

"If you cry, you'll spoil everything," pleaded the dark girl, clasping her hands. "Oh, *please* don't cry!"

"There isn't anything to be sorry about, Betty. I thought it would give you pleasure."

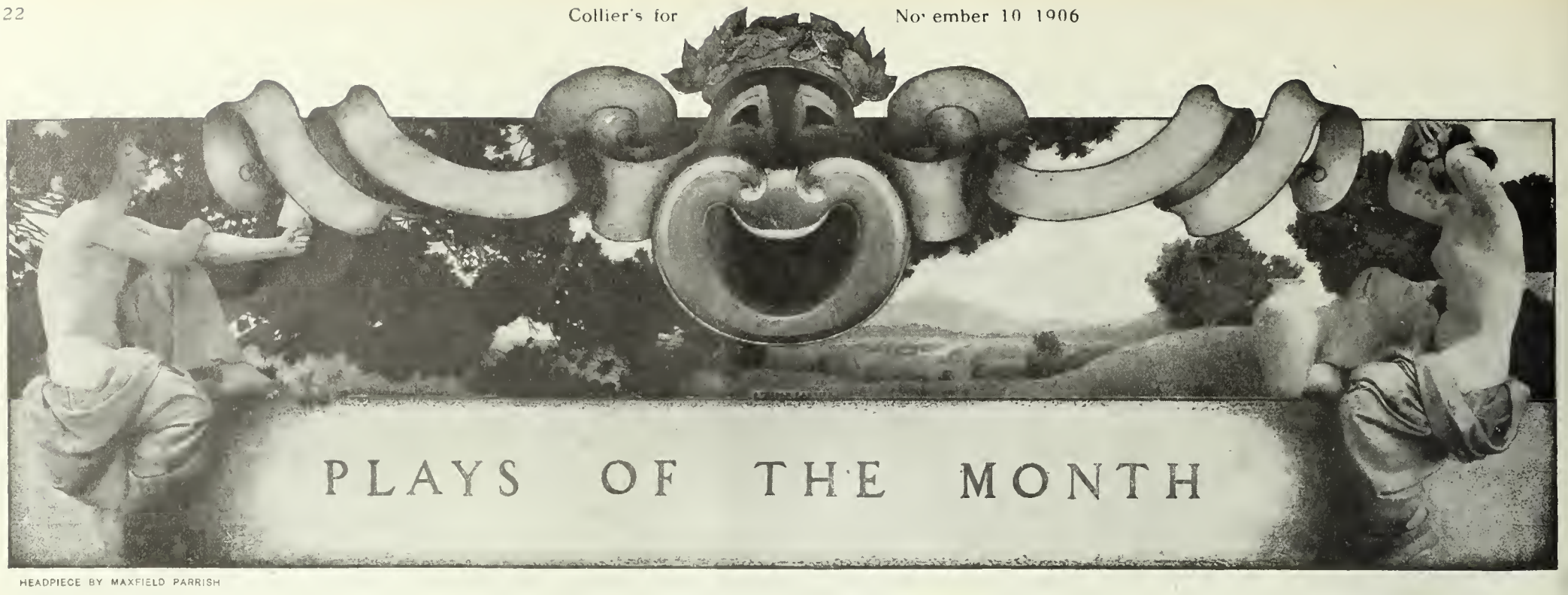
"But—it's all over, and you died. You were happy about her and the rose, and all, but nothing ever came of it, and it's so long ago!"

"We had this evening, didn't we?—besides—"

The girl caught Betty's uncle around the neck and pointed at Betty's face.

"It's rolling down her cheek—when it falls—"

The tear splashed from Betty's chin to the floor, the room wavered and broke into ripples like a lake with rain on it, and the brown rafters shut down. One glimpse of two reproachful young faces looking back at her, and then there was only the open leather trunk with the coat thrown across it, one empty moth-eaten sleeve dangling to the floor. The sleepy sunlight still lay on the cobwebs, and the wasp grumbled up and down the window.



PLAYS OF THE MONTH

HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

BY ARTHUR RUHL



Wm. Vaughn Moody
Author of "The Great Divide"

MISS RUTH JORDAN came from Milford Corners, Massachusetts. The Jordan house was of the old-fashioned New England pattern, and from the walls of its sitting-room the Puritan ancestors of the family stared down a thin-lipped warning against being too happy in a world built for self-abnegation and sacrifice. The young woman and her brother went out to Arizona to live on a ranch in the Gila Desert country. They took most of their mother's money with them, and they hoped to make something out of cactus pulp. Like many scrupulously civilized persons who come for the first time under the enchantment of the Southwest, Ruth Jordan seemed to become a new sort of person. Her old life sloughed off like a parched skin. She looked out upon those magic lights and colors, stretched out her arms toward the magnificent spaces, and felt as though for the first time in her life she were free. She was so happy that her brother, Philip, stared at her, stupid man-fashion, and wanted to know what on earth was the matter. Ruth herself—her New England traditions coming to the top—began almost to fear that some punishment must follow this undeserved happiness, while flyaway little Polly Jordan, Philip's wife, shook her head and said that if the time ever came when the thrill and happy yearning of this new existence should run, slap-up, against the rock of Ruth's essential Puritanism, then there *would* be a time.

As yet there was no man in the case—only young Dr. Newbury, who had grown up with Ruth and gone to school with her. He was what the Republicans would call a Sane, Safe, and Conservative Candidate. He loved Ruth very earnestly and he was very good. One had but to look at him and hear his honest, vaguely reproachful voice to know that he would be just as earnest and just as good no matter where you put him—at the North Pole, in Rio de Janeiro, up in a balloon. He was a fine fellow, but he had no fourth dimensions. Ruth Jordan had. She admired Newbury and wished he could make her fall in love with him. But, as she confided to Polly—charmingly authentic it sounds as spoken by Miss Anglin—"he's so finished! He's all done. I don't want a man who's finished." One night a ranchman broke his leg and the other three rode away for the doctor and left Ruth alone. She was just getting ready to go to bed when three men, on their way home from a dance, drunk, saw her light. They waited until she had put it out, then smashed in the door. She tried to shoot, but her rifle missed fire, and she was left helpless. With her back to the wall, two of the men—a Greaser and a sodden bronco-buster—snarling and ready to shake dice for her, she threw herself on the mercy of the third, the best man. If he would save her from the others and from himself, make her his legal wife, she would go with him. "On the level, and not peach, not desert him?"—be what he had been looking for all these years, the woman that somehow he felt he had found, the moment he first caught sight of her standing at bay there in the candlelight? He was quite sober by now. "Yes," she said, burying her face. She would stick by her word. She was enough of a Puritan for that. So Stephen Ghent pulled the chain of gold nuggets from his neck and bought off the Mexican with that; he and the other man went outside and shot at each other and Ghent came back. While he was dictating a note which Ruth was to leave, telling her brother that she had gone away to be married, Ghent walked across the room and stood with his back to her. He had left his gun beside her elbow. She saw it and, trembling, lifted the muzzle slowly up to her temple, but the love of life was too strong. "I can not! I can not!" she sobbed and buried her face in her arms. Then Ghent took down her saddle and bridle, and, motioning to the door, followed her out into the night.



John Drew and Margaret Illington in Pinero's "His House in Order"

At first, as she confessed afterward even at the moment when he appeared most hateful to her, it seemed almost as though this grim bargain might bring a kind of happiness. When the first night and the next day and the next night had passed and still he treated her with gentleness and a sort of rude chivalry, when she saw him, strong, sure, riding down into the arroyos and ahead of her through the gaunt cañons, it seemed almost as if he were leading her into a new country; to a life, freer, of broader realization.

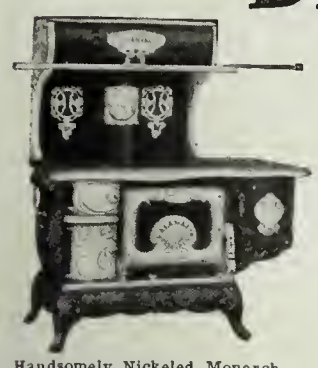
Then they came, at last, to the buried valley in which he had struck gold and settled down to work the claim. And then came the revulsion, and all her Puritanism, stung with the shock it had had to undergo, rushed back and submerged her. All the quintessential bitterness which the "nerves" of the highly organized modern woman could inject into the raw distress of the situation stung her with its white-hot fires. The more he tried to do for her the more hateful he became. Whenever she looked at her husband behind him she seemed to see the figure of that drunken animal who had broken into her room. "My price has risen!" she flung out bitterly, when Ghent, in his big bashful fashion, let fall the news that he had been planning a fine house for her. It was going to cost, far away as they were from everything, forty thousand dollars. Every cent that he gave her she kept apart, not spending it. While he was working his claim she slaved secretly over Indian baskets and blankets, sold them to tourists and turned the money over to the Greaser who had sold his share in her that wretched night for the string of nuggets. And at last when the debt was paid to the last bitter penny, and the chain redeemed, she flung it at her husband's feet, and with her brother, who had discovered her at last, went back home to the East.

When the simple spectator—who, in these days of paradox and revolt against convention, occupies the position of the helpless little man labeled "Common People" in Mr. Opper's cartoons on the trusts—arrives at this point in Mr. William Vaughn Moody's play, "The Great Divide," his solicitous mind is filled with dismay. What is to come of all this? Is Ghent to go back East like "The Virginian" and make everything right with a tailor-made suit? Impossible, because Ruth has just admitted all his kindness and rude chivalry; discounted it, so to



The dressing-room scene in James Forbes's "The Chorus-Lady," with Rose Stahl in the title part

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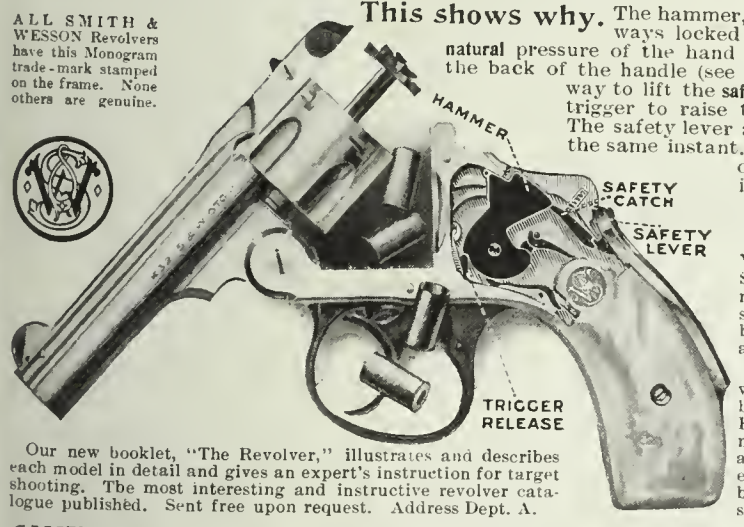
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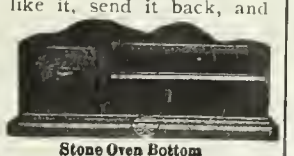


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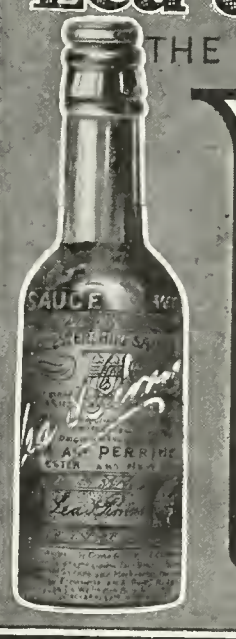
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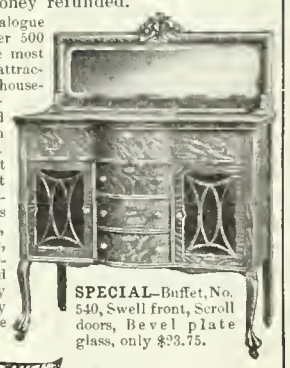


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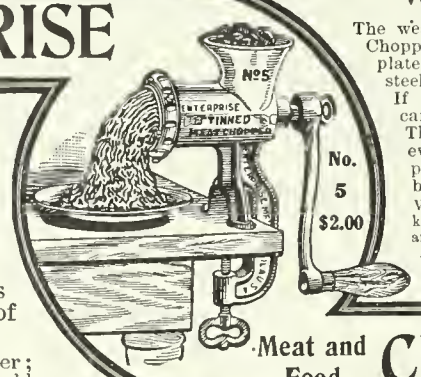
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PLAYS OF THE MONTH

(*Continued from page 22*)

speak, and fled from him. And yet, is all the strong beauty of that new life she felt herself beginning to live when she came West to fade into mere tourist moonshine, and must she return to Milford Corners and the man who was "all done" at twenty-five? Up goes the curtain, six months later, on the New England sitting-room and the portraits of those grim ancestors. The Jordan money, thanks to Ruth's going away at the critical time she did, has all been lost in the ranch venture. Ruth is a mother. There is worry and unrest in the old house. Fly-away Polly Jordan, who now and then acts suspiciously like the author's mouth-piece, ventures the frank assertion that what Ruth needs is to see her husband. Ghent appears presently. He had followed his wife by the next train and has been in the East all this time. When we learn that he has bought up all the ruined ranch himself and saved the family, we almost reach for our hats; no doubt now of our dismay! So it's only the old finish after all—mortgage lifted, all forgiven. But wait—we are reckoning without Ruth, who is a Puritan of the Puritans, and without Mr. Moody, who thinks for himself and has an imagination. She sweeps in for their last interview, bitterer than ever. Again she flings out the old cry: "So my price has risen! Once you bought me—now you must buy my whole family!" Ghent stands up and takes it, looking back at her steadily, just as he used to take it those wretched months back in the mountains.

"It's those fellows that are fooling you," he says, motioning toward the portraits—hard-fisted old crabs who like enough sanded their sugar and sold enough chicory Java in their day—and drops his shoulders wearily. Then, in sentence after sentence, as simple and as searching, he beats away at the barriers which Ruth has thrust between herself and her happiness. And then, as she leans on the table, with her face buried in her arms, comes to her the revelation of it all. Out of the sin committed this man has grown steadily stronger and gentler and better; she has grown only narrower and harder and more weak. Wrapping herself in words and hand-me-down conceptions of life and its duties, she has done her best to destroy life, trample under foot its happiness and beauty. He has just begun to live. The wages of sin are suffering and he has suffered, but they are not necessarily death. The moment of sin may be the moment of revelation, of the beginning of a new life. And she rises and takes up the chain of nuggets which he had laid on the table and hangs it round his neck. "Do you do that of your own free will?" asks her husband. "No," she says, going over to him, "because I can not help it."

Two Englishmen and an American

THIS is a man's size play. In the first enthusiasm of seeing it one is inclined to believe that it is *the* play which has been awaited all these years from some American author. Certainly, here is a man who has something new to say, and who says it, simply, vigorously, and beautifully. Beside it most of the other American plays which come to one's mind seem amusingly local or conventional or thin and pale; scarcely less striking is its comparison with such finished work as Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order," and "The Hypocrites" of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. These English dramatists also attack the narrowness of convention. Mr. Pinero shows a young and charming woman whose life was made all but unbearable by her well-meaning but priggish husband and the conscientious but bigoted family of his first wife. They were a terrible lot, Sir Daniel and Lady Ridgeley and the rest, and Mr. Pinero goes after them with that rapier of his and plays all over them until their poor little souls are left flat and wrinkled like punctured toy balloons. It appears, presently, that the sainted first wife, for whose memory they made life a nightmare for Nina Jesson, was so far from being a paragon that her little boy didn't know his own father; the relatives are dethroned, the living ceases to be sacrificed for the dead, and the house is put in order. Everything is done delightfully. Mr. Drew is at his very happiest, and Miss Margaret Illington as the second wife and Mr. C. M. Hallard as the husband, very good indeed. The satire is delicious; the picture of Nina unerring. There is a drawing-room scene, with firelight shining wonderfully on ladies' dresses and every detail from the flowers to the very atmosphere of the room so perfect that you wonder why it is that the audience doesn't give it a flutter of applause, as they so invariably do whenever you show any, however foolish, open-air vista, with a hay field or a sea or a mountain painted on the back drop. Wit, lights, voices, tempo—all are a delight. Such a play is one of the fine flowers of civilization. But at most, it is a comedy of manners, of surfaces. It gives one such an evening as we can imagine our descendants enjoying when society has reached that Stationary State we used to read about in Mr. Mill's "Political Economy." It is almost too finished.

Mr. Pinero, British Respectability, and Mr. Jones

MR. JONES, too, takes a fall out of that perennial phantom, British Respectability. There is more fire and less *finesse*, perhaps, in his work, but it gets more under one's skin. We fancy that Mr. Pinero would like to have written that third act of "The Hypocrites," where in the presence of the hypocritical, ambitious family of the man who has wronged her and the father of the woman he is about to marry, and the young curate who has staked his living on getting them to tell the truth and face it, the poor, pitiful little girl swears that young Wilmore has never spoken to her except as a mere acquaintance; Wilmore, himself, on his honor, swears, too; and then, just as the horrid lie is about to be carried through and, swaying, her hand, groping blindly, clutches Wilmore, at the first physical contact Nature comes crashing through and they are in each other's arms, and the whole structure of lies and falsehood tumbled to the ground. This grabs you right where you are. There was a man next to me who said: "Gosh—I never spent a more uncomfortable two hours in my life!" mopping his face as the curtain went down. He meant that from the moment the curtain went up young Leonard Wilmore had, as he put it, certainly been up against it, with this pale, pitiful little girl coming in just on the eve of his wedding; that it was terribly true and real. Mr. Jones has fervor and earnestness, and when he attacks the conventions, he stands on firm ground and knows what he is aiming at; he isn't merely whacking things promiscuously like Mr. Shaw, the Slap-Stick Man. But when all is said and done, it is not really such a very inspired message that "The Hypocrites" brings. This pale, pitiful, little, wronged girl isn't, perhaps, the one to spend too many heroics upon. Marry her—not because that will make wrong right, but because you love her, poor nobody that she is, more than you do this other pretty and perfect lady, with all the money and the name—that is about the most that one can make out of it. Mr. Jones is dramatic and earnest and human, Mr. Pinero is perfect and polite, but Mr. Moody is a poet with a New Idea.

The complete significance of "The Great Divide" remains to be demonstrated. Its author has not served a long apprenticeship in stage-craft; he is not a veteran of technique like Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones, or like our Mr. Fitch. On the other hand, he has done this, and he is not yet forty. To the whole tribe of English instructors, and especially to those rare birds of paradise which chirp beneath the elms of Cambridge, Mr. Moody's achievement ought to be an inspiration and a hurrah. Can the flippant undergraduate emerging from Sever with a batch of English 22 themes under his arm, marked "Impossible," "Callow," "Pleasing Make-Believe," "I do not follow your philosophy," observe, as he languidly ignites his cigarette: "It amuses them, so let 'em do it. *They* can't write anyway!" Mr. Moody has written. And he is one of them. Of the Harvard class of '93, he has lately been a professor of English at the University of Chicago. He has published "The Masque of Judgment," "The Fire Bringer," various poems, a history of English literature, and edited various English classics—distinctly a "littery gent." And one of the interesting things about Mr. Moody's play is that it is precisely its literary quality which gives it much of its distinction. Notwithstanding the plot and setting, which in other hands might fall so easily



This shows an even, steady stroke, shaving "down the grain" toward the chin

Just as easy under the chin, where skin is tender and beard is obstinate

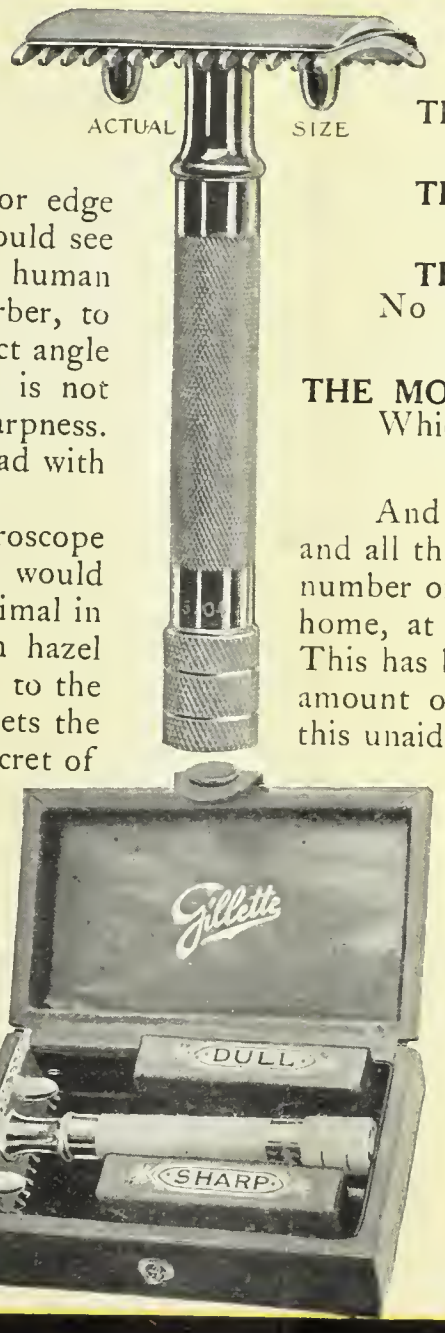
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and you will receive a standard set with package of 12 blades in handsome velvet lined, leather covered case as shown in this illustration. If after thirty days' trial you for any reason are willing to do without the Gillette Safety Razor, your dealer will refund your money or we will. It makes the ideal holiday gift from anyone to any man. Last year many cities were sold out long before Christmas time. To be certain it would be well to order now as

This year it will be a GILLETTE Christmas

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
286 Times Building NEW YORK

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING, NO HONING





JONES'
DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGES

This is a photograph of my farm; looks like hundreds of others—maybe you were born in one like it—but it's real, and my sausage is all made there. The pork I use is the choicest parts of little dairy-fed pigs, loins, etc., because with me, *sausage is the main thing*—not a by-product. With this choice, sweet tender pork, I put absolutely pure spices and salt according to an old-fashioned recipe of mine, and the result is sausage that will make you think of your earlier days—sausage that will almost melt in your mouth. I never use adulterants or preservatives of any sort. Now if you'd like to try Jones Dairy Farm Sausage and your dealer doesn't keep it I'll make you this offer:

4 Pounds, $1.00, Express Paid
Money Back If You Want It

I will send you, upon receipt of $1.00, 4 lbs. of my famous Dairy Farm Sausage, express paid east of Colorado, and with the privilege of having your money back if you are not satisfied. Or send for my circular and price list. It tells the story of my business—how it started, why it has grown—tells how to *cook* Jones' Dairy Farm Sausages so that their *zest* and *flavor* are best preserved—tells about my Hams, Bacon, Lard, etc., all prepared at

JONES DAIRY FARM
Box 612
Fort Atkinson
Wis.



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Beautiful art Post-Cards make ideal decorations for den or boudoir, when framed with the new COLLINS Frameret post-card size.

Heavy embossed black frame, with unbreakable glassine, preserves the card and shows it off to advantage.

10c each at your dealer's.

Sample mailed on receipt of price, or 10 FOR $1.00, expressage prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed

A. M. Collins Mfg. Co., 214-240 Oxford St., Philadelphia

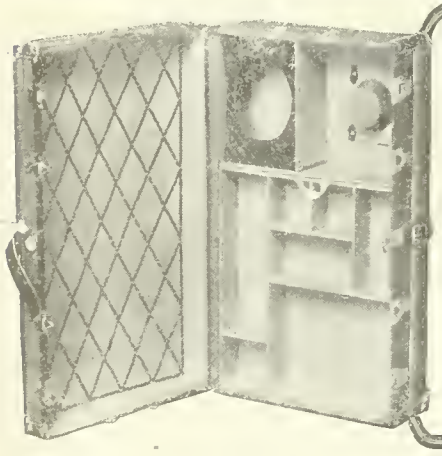
THE FAMOUS
TURCO-AMERICAN
GLASS PIPE

is the ideal combination of the Oriental Narghile without its clumsiness, and the Occidental pipe without its injurious effects on the health of the smoker. The Turkish Water Pipe affords the healthiest smoke as proved by the proverbial longevity of the Turks. *The famous Turco-American Glass Pipe is a portable pipe with all the health comforts of the Narghile and the ever-readiness of the every-day pipe.*



Through its clear, non-breakable glass bowl you can see every wreath of smoke, in itself the greatest delight to the fastidious pipe smoker. The nicotine is segregated absolutely in the bottom of the bowl. **Thus the Turco-American Pipe assures a delightfully dry, clear, clean smoke. No biting the tongue, no wet tobacco remnants to throw away as every bit of tobacco in the pipe is consumed to a clear white ash.** Smoke it a week, and you will be so attached to it that you would not part with it for many times the amount of its cost. But if not entirely satisfactory in every respect, return it and we will send back your money. Straight or drop stems. Price $1.50, postpaid in United States and Canada. Foreign countries add postage. "Reference: National Bank of Commerce." Booklet for the asking.

THE TURCO-AMERICAN PIPE CO.
211 South Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.



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is the kind that comes from the right kind of traveling equipment. It will add to your away-from-home enjoyment, for it is the product of the world's largest manufacturer of Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, etc

Cut shows our No. 255, a combination Ladies' and Gentleman's Steamer Trunk. Has ladies' bonnet stand, gentlemen's hat box and tray, with 7 compartments in body of trunk. Top tray for ladies' dresses and space in bottom for gentleman's clothes.

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Look for this mark on any Trunk, Suit Case or Bag. It guarantees you the quality you pay for.

Every Man Needs a Clarke Midget
Interchangeable Leaf Memo Book



Fits the vest pocket. Patented

Permits rearrangement or renewal of any leaf desired. Leaves lie flat when open.

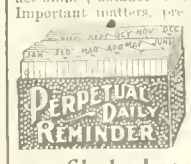
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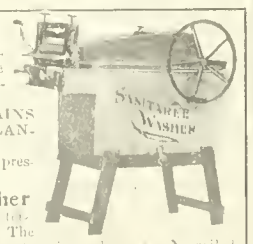
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produces a seething whirlpool of alternate compressions and absorptions. The clothes are saturated and squeezed out again and again. No soiled spot can withstand its powerful, tremendous rendering and constant re-wringing. Made of selected sesame wood and Bessemer Galvanized Steel. *Strong, durable, yet light.*

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PLAYS OF THE MONTH

(*Continued from page 24*)

into inane sentimentality or luridest melodrama, there is neither any "Say, pard," talk nor any flowery hot air. Passages of real lyrical beauty are perfectly integrated with those written in the tersest vernacular. Quite outside of the creative imagination which is at the back of the whole, this satisfying simplicity, repression, and authenticity is the work of a man trained in the use of words. This is a fine and stimulating thing; especially when the notion is so prevalent as it is now that to be imaginative, in the higher sense, one must be boresome; to be authentic and human one must talk in slang.

The interpretation of the play by the actors leaves little to be desired. The action is so admirably concentrated that it falls almost wholly upon Miss Anglin and Mr. Miller, both of whom appear at better than their previous best. The emotional power which Miss Anglin demonstrated last winter in "Zira" is here complemented by an exquisitely warm and human comedy touch and an expression of varying shades of quiet emotion more versatile than was even to be expected. Mr. Miller, too, surpasses himself in the quiet dignity and power which he gives to the figure of the man—a performance guided by intelligent repression similar to that which the author has so effectively used in the lines.

A Star Reporter and a Lady of the Chorus

TWO other new American plays, Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story" and "The Chorus Lady" of Mr. James Forbes, are both more interesting as authentic and sympathetic portrayals of certain novel phases of actual contemporary life than as plays carrying out some theme of general human application to a dramatic conclusion. "The Stolen Story" is founded on an incident in Mr. Williams's well-known short story of the same name, and in it, for the first time, life on a modern New York newspaper is put on the stage, sympathetically and intelligently, by a man who knows what he is talking about. Delicacy of feeling and a warm human touch are felt in all of Mr. Williams's stories, and the same qualities appear in this, his first play. The humor of the city office, copy-boy, cubs, the flip representative of one of the "yellows," the lady society editor, are brought out delightfully; some of the pathos, too. No one who has ever worked on Park Row could witness that little bit between Billy Woods and the cub, in which the star reporter, just discharged, compliments the other, before he goes, on an East Side story in which he recognizes the cub's hand, without feeling like Billy Woods, "I'd like to have written that myself." If the story of the play is thin and at times too complex to be intelligible, one doubts if the average spectator notices it in the pleasure of finding himself introduced to new and very interesting sorts of people, and the two scenes in the newspaper office are strong and sure and exciting enough almost to make one forget frailty in the rest.

Mr. Forbes's chorus lady like Mr. Williams's newspaper man, has been fairly lying round waiting for somebody to write a piece about her. So far as we are aware, this is the first time that she has been taken, sympathetically and seriously, as the chief figure of a play. Why, for instance, has not Mr. Roy McCardell, the greatest living voice of these lovely but inarticulate souls, written such a play? To do it Mr. Forbes has had to lug in the bachelor apartment and the room adjoining into which the innocent and ill-advised young woman withdraws when visitors are heard coming, but not even this antique skeleton and the absurd sacrifice which the veteran chorus lady makes to save the reputation of her foolish little sister, can stale the fresh authenticity of that scene in the chorus's dressing-room and the captivating humor and good-fellowship of the Chorus Lady herself. She is good company and good fun, and Miss Rose Stahl makes her very real.

WHO'S ZOO IN AMERICA

GEORGE BLARNEY CORTELYOU

BY WALLACE IRWIN



WHEN you visited the mansion
Of T. R. to talk expansion,
As the usher ushed you grandly through the portal, you
Doubtless, sitting in the lobby,
Saw a useful youth and nobby
Typing letters—and that same was Mr. Cortelyou.
He had all the clerkly graces;
He could be in forty places
All at once; could answer hurry calls, or grab a net
To seine in the rich profusion
Of some campaign contribution—
Ever willing to do chores or sit in Cabinet.

Stick close to your desk, like George B. C.
And you'll always hold an office with the
G. O. P.



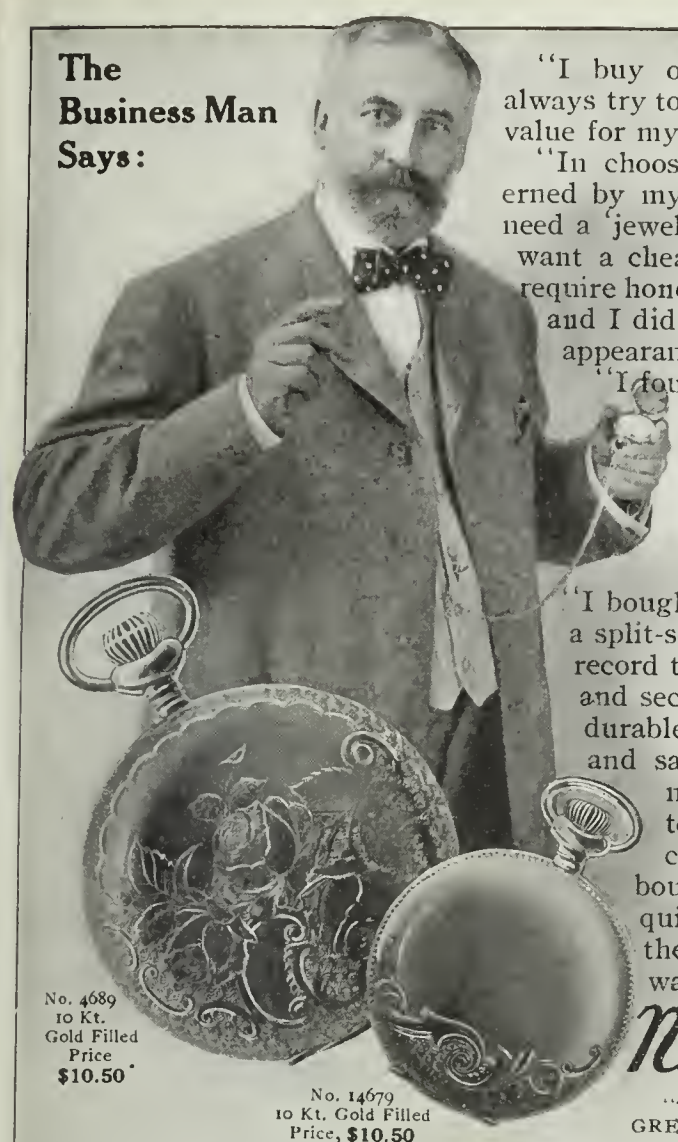
Night and day he was a very
Willing private secretary;
He was Washington's most diplomatic resident;
He could mollify the Speaker,
Soothe an anxious office-seeker,
Snub the bores and turn the cranks from Mr. President.
He was able to be hurried,
He was anxious to be worried;
So at last, one day, King Theodore anointed him.
To an office high and shivery,
The Lord of Free Delivery
And Chancellor of Postage they appointed him.

Watch out for a job like the P. M. G.
And you'll always hold an office with the
G. O. P.

But the Grand Old Plutocratic,
Knowing well his systematic
Trick of wheedling financiers by arts mysterious,
Called him to the holy mission
Of the Lord Cashier's position—
And the news made Wall Street's ecstacy delirious.
So he's now the High Mazoolix
Of the National Spondulix,
At whose dignity, if you're inclined to chortle, you
Must remember how this novice
Rose from office-boy to office—
Lo! the meteoric marvel, Mr. Cortelyou!

Be good to the Trusts and the G. O. P.
And some day you'll be appointed to the
Treasuree.

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"I found I could meet these requirements — could get real, honest, every-day watch service at a medium price and save the extra cost of a jewelry watch.

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Price
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NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO., 31 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

You Can Not Buy This Picture



Drawn by C. Clyde Squires

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An Old Love Song

The size of the charming picture (of which this is a reproduction in miniature) is 10½x15 inches. The larger print is a sepia photogravure, plate marked. It is hand-printed on Exora steel-plate paper, 19x24, ready for framing.

The Picture Will Not Be Sold

But the large print will be delivered, carriage prepaid, to **every** *new subscriber to LIFE at $5.00 a year, if we receive the remittance before February 1, 1907.*

In place of "An Old Love Song," new subscribers may, if they so prefer, select prints from our catalogue to the value of $2.50. The handsome little catalogue of LIFE'S PRINTS, with miniature reproductions of 127 drawings, will be sent to any address on application.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 31 West 31st Street, NEW YORK CITY

The Baker Electric Coupe

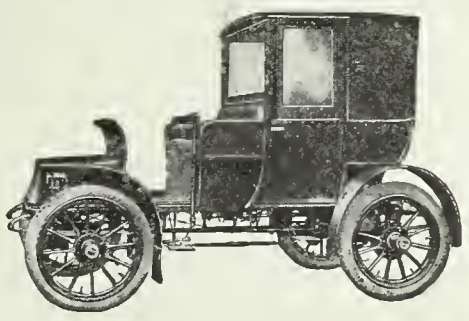
The latest product of the factory which produces

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The **Coupe,** like all **Baker Electrics,** is finished and upholstered in the most perfect manner known to the carriage builder's art. The best cushions, hair filled and covered with the choicest broadcloth, dainty card and toilet cases, and bevel plate windows combine to make up an interior of the most exquisite and dignified luxuriousness.

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The motor is powerful and simple to operate. Then the freedom from offensive noise, grease and odor, together with the ever-readiness for use, are superior features of **Baker Electric** Carriage Construction.



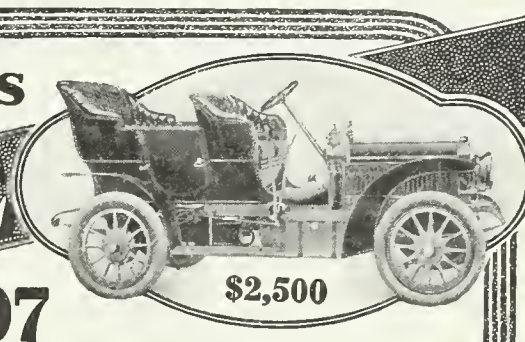
The Baker Line for 1907

will be most replete, comprising the ever popular Imperial, Stanhope, Suburban, Surrey and Depot Carriage, to which we now add the **Baker Coupe,** shortly to be followed by the new **Baker Brougham** and **Landaulet,** of European lines of design, elegance of finish and modern refined appointments that will find no equal in America. In the smaller Carriages (two passenger) we have several new designs of which we will make special mention in a later announcement.

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The Season's Ideal CADILLAC 1907



$2,500

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Greatly increased safety of riding is obtained through the new and exclusive double-acting steering gear; a new marine-type governor minimizes vibration and fuel consumption by regulating the speed of the engine under all conditions—these and many other superior features place the Cadillac in the front rank as a serviceable, economical, thoroughly dependable motor car.

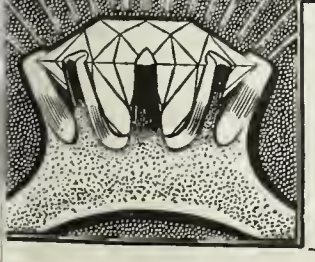
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Write us today; by return mail you receive free samples and full description of presents, etc.

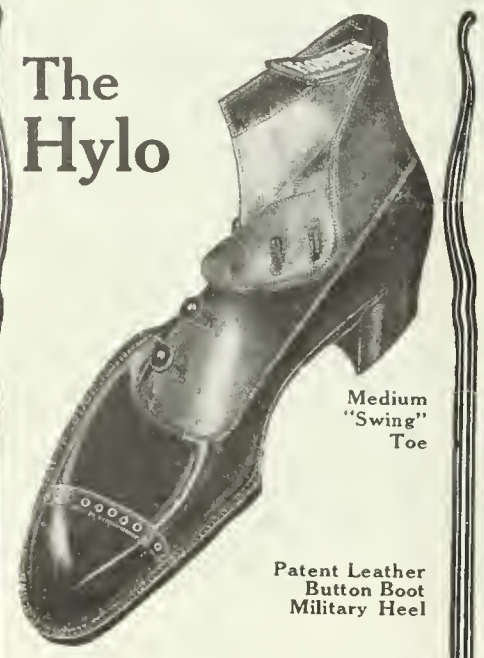
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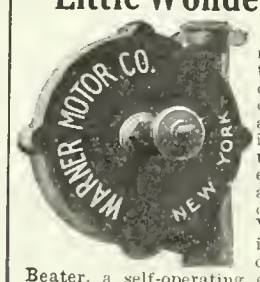
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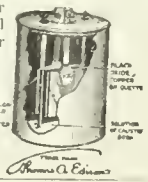
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54 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

OUR NEWEST FICTION

Results of the June to September Contest

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

WRITERS of fiction apparently rest in summer-time. The stories received by us are fewer in the torrid months, although the quality happily does not alter as the volume. We accepted the following for the quarter running from June 1 to September 1:

THE BIG ONE . . . . . *Stephen French Whitman*
THE CLOWNS . . . . . *Harvey J. O'Higgins*
THE KEEPER OF A LIGHT . . . . . *Edith Barnard*
MARTHA . . . . . *Georgia Wood Pangborn*
MISS HAMILTON'S ENDURANCE . . . . . *Gelett Burgess*
AN EXPLANATION BY THE EDITOR . . . . . *Harrison Rhodes*
"THEY WAS WOMEN" . . . . . *Richard Washburn Child*
THE GIRL IN WHITE . . . . . *Horace Hazeltine*

There are several stories in this short list to various elements of which we should have been glad to give a prize, but taking all qualities together our decision was unanimous. First place is taken by "An Explanation by the Editor," written by Harrison Rhodes.

Other Tales

"THE Clowns," by Harvey J. O'Higgins, which we like exceptionally, ran well over the six thousand word limit.

Mr. Whitman has done much excellent work for us, and has had bad luck thus far in having several of his stories take strong second place. A similar fate followed Mr. Child for a time before he wrote "The Decent Average." Both of these young men are reasonably sure of high standing in the American world of letters. "The Big One" is diverting, full of what stage slang calls "good lines." "'They Was Women'" is notable for its new proof of Mr. Child's descriptive power, his ability to seize a large subject and make his efforts in few strokes.

"The Keeper of a Light," published in this issue, is by the author of "Lady Bird," whose work promises to be decidedly popular, with its sympathetic vein of sentiment.

Apropos of Mr. Burgess's amusing story, we repeat that humor is one of the most desired and rare qualities in literature, and one for which we, with our many strenuous missions to balance or offset, are always on the search.



STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Author of "The Big One," "The Antiseptic," etc.

The Award

THE prize-winner this time is distinguished rather by all-round excellence than by the emphasis of any one attribute. Each of us, in attempting to phrase the reasons for his vote, was finally driven back to the elementary proposition that it was "a good story." It is well balanced and well written; the atmosphere is one with which the author is obviously familiar and of which he is at the same time critical; the development is steady and made with ease; the three main characters catch the interest, as well as a couple of which mere glimpses are afforded; but outside of all these things lies what is meant when one is forced down to the unanalytic allegation that the story itself is good. It means, as nearly as may be, that if you stripped away the details of treatment, and told it in your own words, the bare tale itself would interest or attract. "An Explanation by the Editor" is original, in the sense that it is freshly seen, but it treats of emotions, truths, preferences as old and as universal as the human race. Originality does not mean oddity. It means freshness. It means not novelty, but vitality. A child, being alive, is forever new, in spite of the billions of children who have gone before.



HARRISON RHODES

Winner of the $1,000 Prize, June to September Contest

"The Decent Average"

THE last prize story, by Mr. Child, "The Decent Average," had its basis firmly on a general truth in human nature, and this solidity of foundation had much to do with its success. No story on which we have thrown the lime-light of a prize has aroused less protest. Every reader, thus far, who has written in about that story has given it his approval. Apart from the qualities of large and free grasp and veracious inspiration, which were singled out when the announcement of that award was made, a suggestive virtue has been singled out by one reader. He spoke of the unity of place as adding power: So much happens, of such significance, on one spot, at one period of time, that the event lends itself very happily to the purposes of art. Many short stories, even good ones, are



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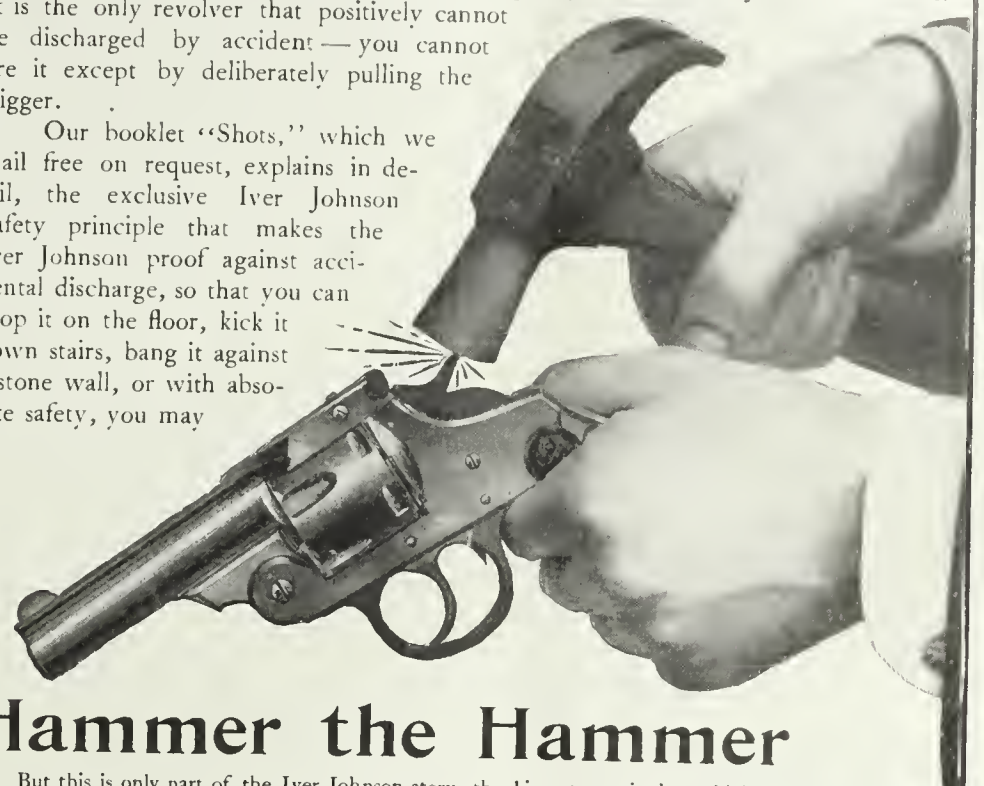
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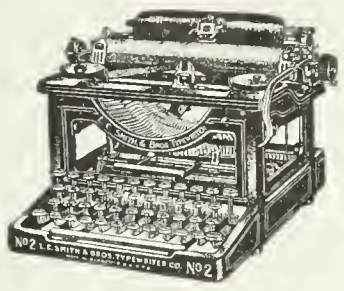
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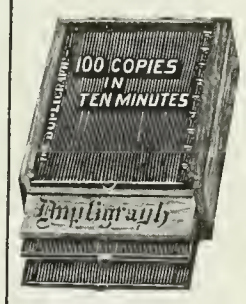
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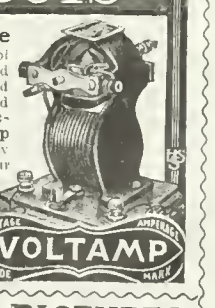
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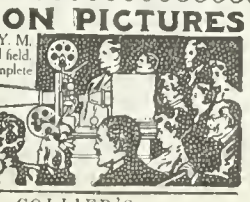
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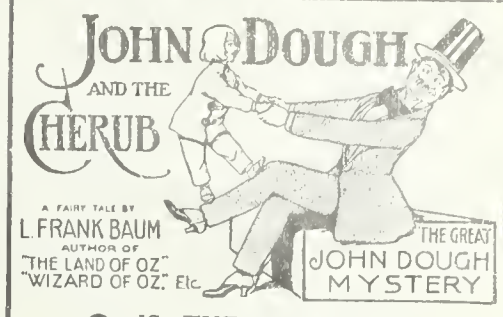
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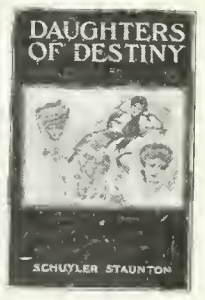
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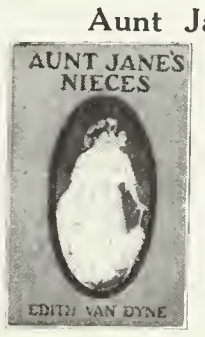
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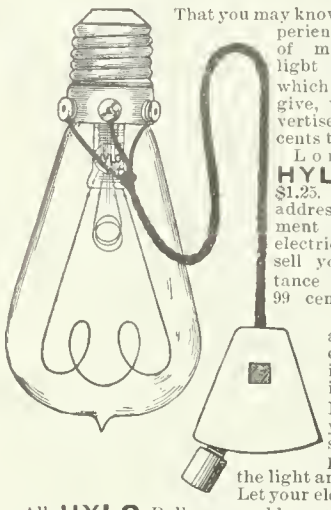
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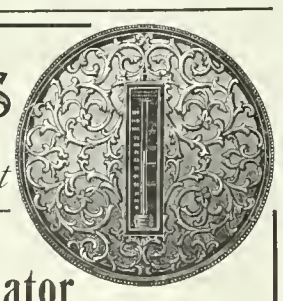
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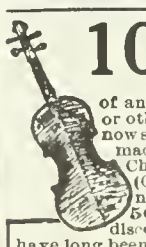


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OUR NEWEST FICTION

(*Continued from page 28*)

novels in epitome, but the natures of the two forms are essentially unlike, and a short story is much more profoundly what it ought to be when it is the history of a limited event. "The Decent Average," we are convinced, is one of the best short stories published in America in some time, and to write it is something of an accomplishment for a man not yet graduated from the law school.

The last prize-winner and the present one have both caused some talk about the value and the dangers of being optimistic. "The Decent Average," as its name implies, portrayed the human core as sound. "An Explanation by the Editor" ends in death and failure, but puts forth with simplicity and conviction something noble in the heart—the unquestioning subordination of her own talent in a mother to her daughter's empty wishes—one of the instincts that force us to respect that race of forked radishes which it has pleased the Almighty to create. One of these is not a "happy ending" at all, in the accepted meaning, although it leaves the reader content, with no mental weariness or dyspepsia. The other ending, technically "happy," has none of that forced cheer which has lent to the phrase its obloquy. A happy ending is a cowardly escape from truth only when it amounts to a lie about the facts set forth. The rule, which prevails in some manufactories of literature, against a tragic ending is a paltry one. A rule, however, against discouragement, cowardice, anemia, and spiritual indigestion is parallel to the rule of life. Faith, hope, and charity do not cease to be virtues as soon as man's existence is transferred to paper. Whether the end of a tale is victory or defeat, misery or joy, it is better for the ozone that it has, for the strength and willingness to live that it encourages in the race for whom it is intended.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICA

(*Continued from page 17*)

work and enough pay to permit him to change his shirt biweekly, and he goes about the State setting up political jobs, and the jobs are always in the interest of the man who furnishes the railroad pass. At every State capital in this land are from two to a score of railroad attorneys whose business it is not so much to try damage suits—that is turned over to subordinates who really know the law—but to play politics. These railroad attorneys pack conventions, make political slates, kill off honest candidates who may stand for the people's interests, and lobby in Legislatures against the people's interests. It is part of the business of these railroad attorneys to carry judges in private cars on junkets, and whereever the insidious use of flattery, social attention, or political influence may move a public servant, these political attorneys use it. They are the courtezans of American politics. One of the saddest features of the situation is that most of them are educated at the great State schools, with public taxes; yet they turn their talent and their education against the people. These men report to New York City, and a dozen men there who represent half a score of financial interests have before them all the time the real story of American politics, in every sovereign State, as it is written by their lobbyists. It is to the everlasting credit of Governor Folk of Missouri that he trumpeted out the names of the Gould-Harriman harpies, and drove them away from the capital while the Legislature was in session.

TO break the influence of corrupt money in politics the people are moving all over the Middle-West, at least, toward the nomination of party candidates by direct primaries. A direct primary law will give every member of any political party the opportunity to vote directly for every candidate of his party before the people. As the system now stands in most American States, the voter helps to choose delegates from his ward or precinct to the county or district convention. These delegates may be instructed on one or two candidates for local offices, and in certain rare cases these delegates have instructions concerning one or two candidates for State offices, but the voter has no choice in the matter of nominating a majority of his county, his district, or his State tickets. Under the direct primary law, the voter has the names of all the candidates for party nomination before him, and he chooses his candidates from the highest office in the State to the lowest office in the township just as he votes his ticket later in the year at the general election. This method of naming party candidates eliminates the possibility of trading and dickering in conventions, and thereby makes the calling of the professional politician who engineers deals and combinations a useless one. With an instinct born of the fear of annihilation, the railroad lobbyists in every American State are fighting for the old system, and are willing to concede anything else in order to defeat the primary laws. For when the people name their candidates for office without the possibility of deals and trades and combines, and when men may run for office without consulting those who can make trades and deals and combines the power of crooked money in American politics is half gone. And more than that, when the voter chooses his candidates instead of having them chosen for him, he is that much nearer being a self-governing citizen.

AND, of course, the American voter to-day should be much more nearly a self-governing citizen than his father was. For it is an axiom in politics that a people gets just as much liberty as it has intelligence to exercise, and the forms of government of a people—the amount of liberty its laws and constitutions claim for it—has nothing to do with the liberty it really has. We have been building a schoolhouse every hour in this country for many years—so our orators tell us—and those schoolhouses do not give us intelligence to widen our liberties and enlarge our participation in this government, we should stop building schoolhouses. And contrariwise, if those who would stop this movement of the people toward actual self-government desire to make any real headway, they will not devote themselves to hiring lobbyists and subsidizing newspapers, and calling the people Socialists; they will straightway begin to burn schoolhouses. For the power of the people comes from the schoolhouse, and probably the power of the people when they get fuller control of this Government than they now have will widen the moral vision of the people. For responsibility always quickens the sense of duty in men, and it may quicken our sense so that every citizen will know that he is stealing real money from real people when he cheats the county or the township or the State out of its honest taxes. It is at least pleasant to hope that when the citizen comes a little closer to actual participation in the government of his county and of his State, he will see in that government something more than an opportunity to get benefits without giving honest returns. And, above all, it is reasonable to promise ourselves that, when the compound lever of our present convention system of politics is removed and the simpler form of direct participation in the vital affairs of party government is given to every citizen—that we will all see the direct relation between our civic power and those things which we will move so readily and so simply, and that we will not abuse our power; that we will not throw our votes in the dark at unknown evils; that we will not be moved so easily by demagogues, and that our sense of great power will make us sober and keep us sane.

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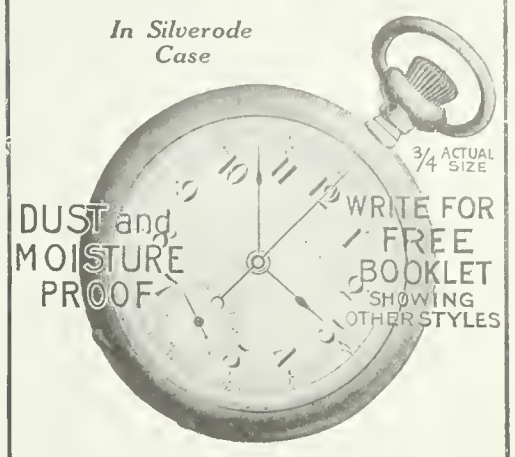
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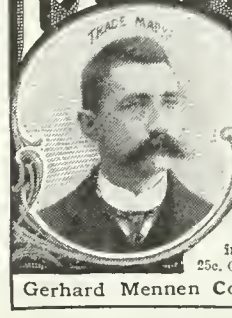
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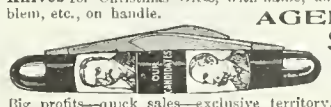


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¶ Collier's Classified Service will put you into communication with people in these towns and thousands like them.

[Clip along dotted line]

COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED SERVICE _____ 1906
416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City
Kindly run the attached copy (_____ lines) _____ times. $_____
enclosed in payment. Very truly yours,
12
_____

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

AGENTS WANTED

ROOFBESTOS ROOFING. Finished, ready to lay; exclusive agencies allowed to hustlers No matter what your business, Roofbestos will prove a big paying addition. Write now before some one else secures it in your town. Secure free samples; no stock necessary. Others are making big money. Roofbestos Mfg. Co., St. Louis.

AGENTS. We have the latest shirt waist holder and skirt supporter. Retails 25c, also corset protector 10c. Big sellers. Write for catalog. Special inducements to agents. Delight Specialty Co., Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

EASY MONEY FOR YOU. QUICK SELLER. Absolutely new. Every woman that sews has need of it. Sells for $.50. Write immediately for liberal proposition to agents, stating experience. Chasbert Co., Dept. D., Stoughton, Mass.

AGENTS make big money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put tbem on. Write to-day for a free sample and full particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 66 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS wanted to sell best Kettles in the world for Cooking, Steaming, Straining Food of all kinds; no more burned or scalded hands, or food wasted. Sample free. Write American Specialty Stamping Co., Johnstown, Pa.

AGENTS. Salesmen to handle rapid selling line of advertising novelties suitable for every business, year round, fine income assured. No experience required. Largest manufacturer in world. N. Field, Desk CS., 189 B'way, N.Y.

SOUVENIR POST CARDS

POST CARD "Framelet" 10c. Heavy embossed blaek frame with unbreakable glassine. Ideal way to save post cards and use tbem as framed pictures. Sample mailed 10c, 10 for $1 expressage prepaid. Money refunded if not satisfactory. A. M. Collins Mfg. Co., 212 Oxford St., Phila.

SALESMEN. High Grade Salesmen wanted to handle finest grade Post Cards made. Dealers, send for our Leader. Complete assortment 350 carefully selected Post Cards with Display Stand $5. Retail 3c to 5c. Special! Order now! Gould, care Rotograph Co., 684 B'way, N. Y.

TWENTY BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS and our elegant catalogue of novelties for 10c. Dealers, write for trade prices. Agents wanted everywhere. Tbe Lavery Novelty Co., Suite S, 32 E. 23d St., New York.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SAYS: "Texas is the Garden of the Lord." We say: "Amen." After having seen the lands of 14 agricultural states and 4 provinces of Canada, we think the lands soutb of San Antonio are the Center of the Lord's Garden. They are our specialty for homeseekers and investors. For free information write or call on Investors & Homeseekers Realty Company, 519-21 Hall Building, Kansas City, Mo.

CALIFORNIA. Sunset Colonies; Irrigated Land on Easy Terms. Tracts of 5, 10, 20 acres or more, level land. Model city. Ideal home. Beautiful country. Big oak trees. Rich, fertile, prosperous. New canal. Plenty irrigation water. Fruit growing, alfalfa, dairying. Hunting, fishing. 2 railroads. Free illus. pamphlet. (Agents wanted.) Sutter Irrigated Farms Co., 1109 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

PEACH FARMS IN ARKANSAS, 5 and 10 acres on montbly payments will net $700.00 to $1,500.00 yearly. Not a speculation, investment secured, send for our illustrated book. Fruit Belt Land Company, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

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DO YOU BUY MUSIC? We are the quickest mail order house in the country. If you cannot find it anywhere else try us. Charles W. Homeyer & Company, Music Dealers, 165 Tremont Street, Boston.

"MY HOPE," prettiest sacred song since "The Holy City." "Yes, Life Is Love," charming, tuneful, popular. 25c each. The 2 for 40c coin (no stamps). Money back if not pleased. D. Littleton Music Co., Long Beach, Cal.

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THE PAUL GERSON Dramatic School, Chicago. The largest training school of Acting in America. Positions secured for all Graduates. No long terms. Six montbs graduating course. Professional experience while studying. Write for catalogue. New Theatre Bldg., Chicago.

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MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS and all Periodicals at lowest club prices. Our catalogue contains a list of 3,000 periodicals and combination offers. A handy magazine guide, 40 pages and cover. Free for asking. Bennett's Magazine Agency, 68 La Salle St., Chicago, Ills.

WHO'S WHO AMONG PERIODICALS (a hooklet of 36 pages) is issued by the Franklin Square Subscription Agency of New York City, with the co-operation and endorsement of the leading publishers. It contains the condensed prospectuses for 1907 of the best Magazines and Weeklies. It gives the lowest prices for subscriptions—single or in combinations and guarantees prompt service. We send it free on request—a postal will do. Agents wanted everywhere. Address Franklin Square Subscription Agency, Franklin Sqnare, New York City.

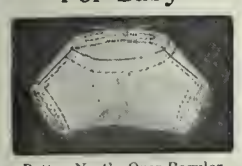


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Also many choice designs with diamonds, $40 to $100
Sterling Silver, Plain, $1.00
Beautifully Engraved, $1.50
Ask your jeweller, or we will send you whatever kind you wish direct on receipt of price.
F. H. Dickson, 23 Malden Lane, New York City

"STORK" PANTS

For Baby — **WATERPROOF**



Button Neatly Over Regular Diaper

Keep Baby's Dresses Dry and Sweet

White, light, adjustable, comfortable. Easily cleansed. Will not irritate or sweat. Indispensable to every mother. **50c.** Made from "Stork" Sheeting, **$1.00** and **$1.50** a yard. If your dry gooda dealer hasn't Stork Goods, write us.

Free —as a useful sample—Baby Sponge Bag of Stork Sheeting (also booklet)

THE STORK CO., Dept. 21-N, Boston, Mass.

The "VALET" Chair **An Ideal Xmas Gift**

Presses and creases the trousers over night, takes care of coat, hat and shoes, and has an adjustable shoe tree which holds the shoes so they may be polished while seated. No dirt can escape to muss up the room. The "Valet" Chair saves the clothes and from **50c to $1.00 a week.** Made in all woods to match other chamber furniture. Ask for free catalogue showing different designs in natural colors.
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CHRISTMAS SPOON
Sterling Silver of Special Christmas Design



Cut is two-thirds of the actual size

Gold Bowl.
Sent by mail in pretty box, on receipt of 25 cents in coin or stamps. (Not more than twelve sold on one order.) A dainty Christmas gift. Fine catalog of numerous Christmas gifts FREE.
The Warren Mansfield Co., Silversmiths
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Is two-fold throughout, affording protection against the vicissitudes of our variable climate.
Over eleven hundred physicians have united in testifying to the sanitary excellence of the HARDERFOLD system of underclothing.
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WHAT SCHOOL? **We Can Help You Decide**
Catalogues and reliable information concerning all schools and colleges furnished without charge.
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351-41 Park Row, New York, or, 1051 Tribune Bldg., Chicago

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900 Sixth Ave. (Cor. 51st St.) N. Y. City. Under direction of Mr. Chas. Ayer Whipple, pupil of The Julian Academie, Paris. Best school for study of Illustration, and the Figure.
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ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN $25 to $100 a week. Send for free booklet, "**Money in Drawing**"; tells how we teach illustrating by mail. Women succeed as well as men.
The National Press Association
54 The Baldwin **Indianapolis, Ind.**

100 Visiting Cards **Post Paid 50c**
Also Business, Mourning, Birth, Fraternal, Professional and Emblematic. We have cuts of trade-marks and emblems for all railroads, lodges and fraternal societies. Monogram Stationery. Wedding Invitations and Announcements. Samples free.
E. J. Schuster Ptg. & Eng. Co., Dept. AD, St. Louis, Mo.

STAMPS DID YOU EVER COLLECT? There is pleasure and money in it. For 10c. we will start you with an album and 55 stamps, including rare Br. Honduras, Transvaal. Canada Registered, Costa Rico, Ecuador, Iceland, etc. AGENTS WANTED. 50 per cent. commission. 400 mixed Foreign, 10c. We buy old stamps. List 10c. Address **HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

Orient Clark's 9th Annual Cruise Feb. 7, '07. 70 days, by chartered S. S. "Arabic" 16,000 tons. 3 Tours Round the World. FRANK C. CLARK, 96 B'way, N. Y.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS. VALUABLE NEW BOOK, **HOW, WHERE, WHY?** mailed free. CRISWELL & CRISWELL, 45 Broadway, New York City. 20 years' experience.

PATENTS
64 PAGE BOOK FREE
This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent.
O'MEARA & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1906

The President in Panama

THE election is over. Parades and oratory, accusations and excitement, settle into forgetfulness. With a grateful sense of change, we turn to an interesting and picturesque historical event.

THE President, with a battleship and cruisers, is on his way to Panama. The three days from Nov. 15 to Nov. 18 may fairly be called the most important of his administration. When Hearst is forgotten, when the Railroad Rate bill and the Pure Food law are as commonplace and as much taken for granted as the abolition of slavery, then Roosevelt will be known as the President who built the Panama Canal. That will be his place in history.

THE President knows this. He attaches especial significance to his visit to the Isthmus. This is the great constructive work of his administration. Going to view it with his own eyes is in line with his directness of method, his sending of Root to South America, Taft to Cuba, Metcalf to San Francisco. He wants first-hand information.

WE shall describe this important event with the fulness it deserves. Pictorially, we shall have photographers at every point to picture the President, the crowds, and the ships. The human side of the trip, the events, and the significance of them will be described for us by Mr. Frederick Palmer.

MR. PALMER'S first article will describe our strenuous President in action in a tropical country for three days. His second will deal with the progress of work on the Canal. Mr. Palmer has been there for Collier's before—once last January, and once before work began more than two years ago. Thus he is able to sum up progress.

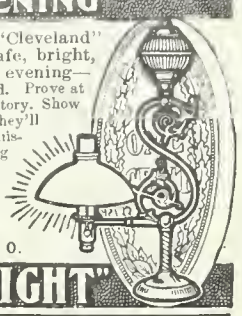
INCIDENTALLY, our photographers are with the Indians and soldiers in Wyoming and Montana. Events out there have been given far too much of a sensational significance; nevertheless, the occasion gives opportunity for some very interesting photographs of real Indians and real soldiers in action on the Western plains. There has not been a similar chance for sixteen years past, and probably never again will be.

POSTAL $25.00

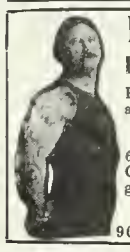


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This is the only low-priced typewriter which will do the work of a high-priced machine. Universal keyboard, visible writing, strong manifolding, interchangeable type and many other advantages. **Imperfect alignment impossible.** Practically accident proof.
Buy a Postal Typewriter and save both your time and that of those you write to.
Write for booklet and installment plan
POSTAL TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 45
Office and Factory **Norwalk, Conn.**
Liberal terms and good income to high-class salesmen in all sections.

ONE CENT an EVENING



Get the smokeless, odorless "Cleveland" Vapor light, that gives a safe, bright, clear light at only a cent an evening—cheapest and best light in the world. Prove at our risk—money back if not satisfactory. Show to your friends and neighbors—they'll want one, and we'll allow a commission on their purchases, putting money in your pocket. Write now for catalog and particulars.
THE CLEVELAND VAPOR LIGHT CO.
2227 Ashland Rd., Cleveland, O.
"CLEVELAND LIGHT"

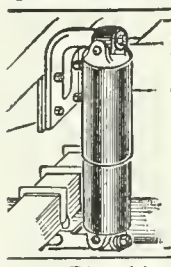


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for School, College and other expenses and establish a permanent, profitable business.
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successfully taught at our New York and St. Louis schools. Our graduates always in demand and earn $4.00 to $6.00 per day. Positions guaranteed. Write for free catalogue.
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The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

VIEWS IN TEXAS
Illustrated booklet of Town and Country scenes, sent free. Address **GEO. H. HEAFFORD,** Dealer in Texas farm lands, **277 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.** Write now.

FREE ILLUSTRATED ELECTRIC BOOK
We will on request send to you postpaid, this book, also our special plans by which you can secure any article in our catalog **absolutely free.** Write today—don't miss this chance. **J. Andrae & Sons Co., 112 W. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.**

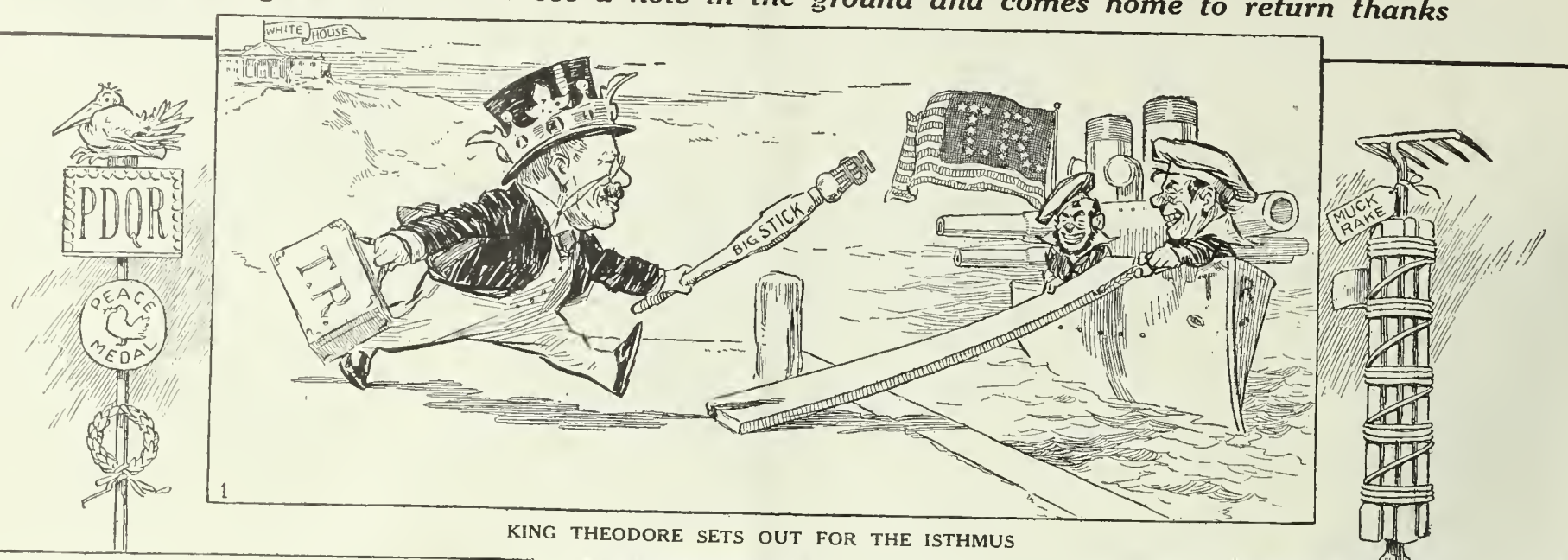
GREENBACKS $100 IN STAGE MONEY FOR 10c.
Get a bunch of Stage Greenbacks (not counterfeits) wrap them around your own roll and show your friends what a wad you carry. Big bunch of $100 for 10c; $300 for 25c. **S. Drake, Dept. 226, 539 Van Buren St., Chicago**

STARK FRUIT BOOK
shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution.
We want more salesmen.—Stark Bro's. Louisiana, Mo.

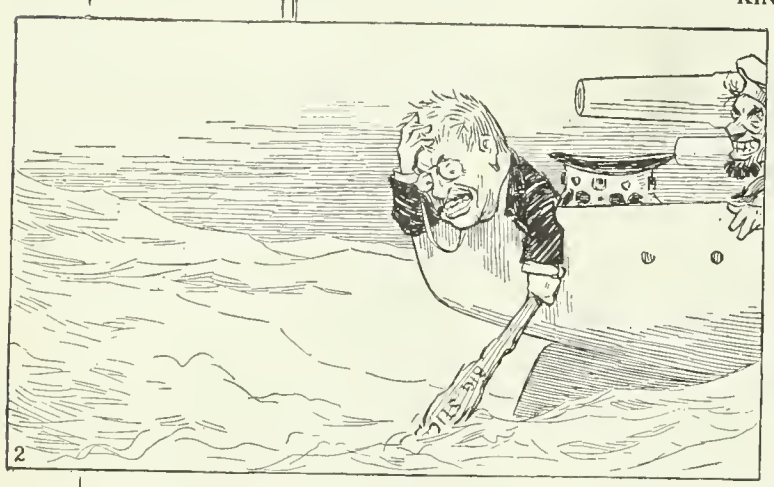
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KING THEODORE'S THANKSGIVING

He goes a great distance to see a hole in the ground and comes home to return thanks



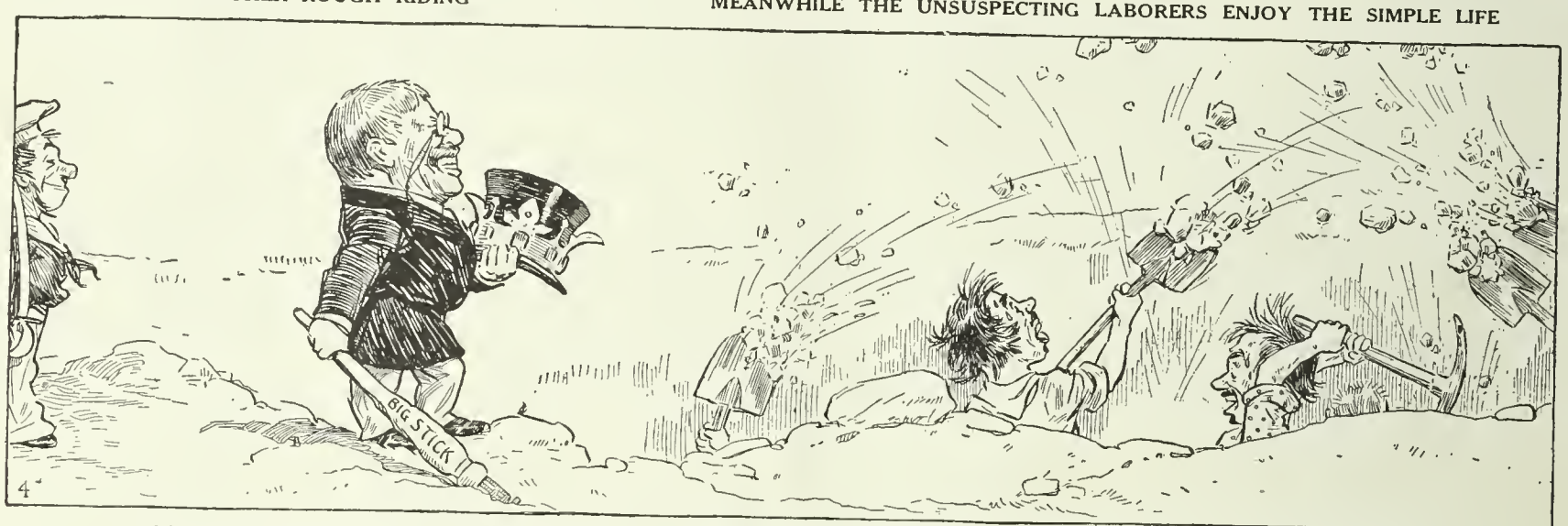
KING THEODORE SETS OUT FOR THE ISTHMUS



AND FINDS IT RATHER ROUGH RIDING



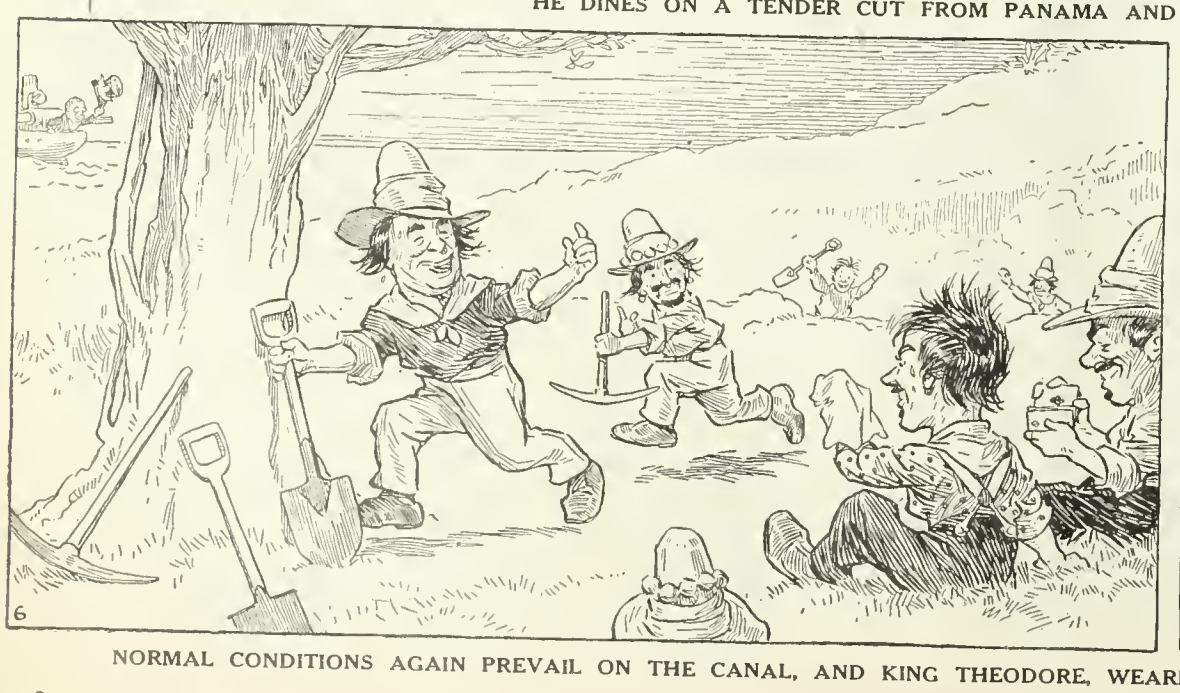
MEANWHILE THE UNSUSPECTING LABORERS ENJOY THE SIMPLE LIFE

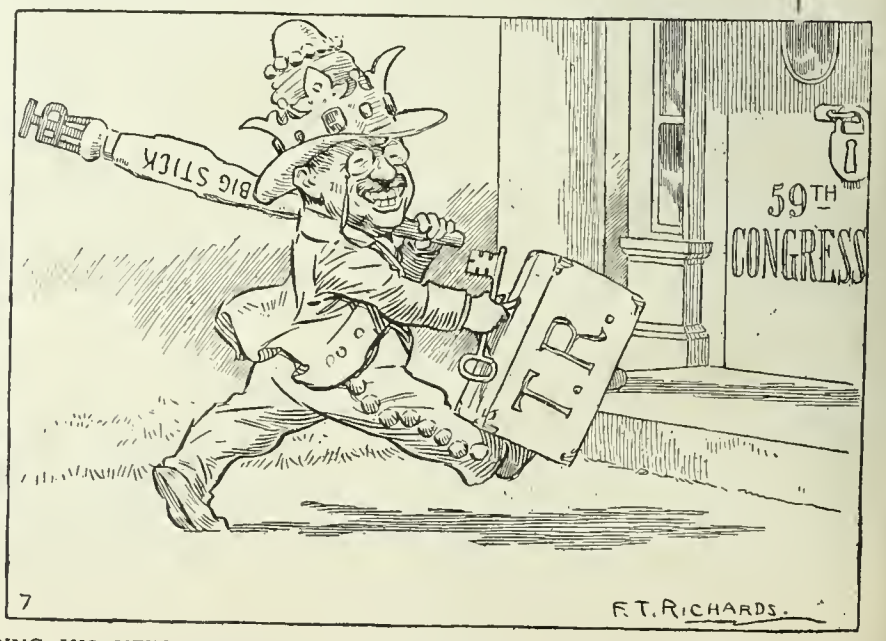


BUT WHEN KING THEODORE ARRIVES HE IS DEE-LIGHTED BY THE MARVELOUS ACTIVITY OF HIS SUBJECTS



HE DINES ON A TENDER CUT FROM PANAMA AND PRONOUNCES IT DEE-LICIOUS





NORMAL CONDITIONS AGAIN PREVAIL ON THE CANAL, AND KING THEODORE, WEARING HIS NEW PANAMA HAT, RETURNS TO OPEN CONGRESS

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WHY NOT REFORM YOURSELF, Mr. Hearst? In all friendliness, we believe it would pay you in the end. You will never be President of the United States. So why not drop that ambition, and all political ambition, and try to do a little good—not showy, self-advertising good, but genuine, moral, lasting good? Why not do one act of beneficence with no advertising tag attached? You are to die some time. In the twenty years which perhaps remain, why not use your wealth, ability, and newspapers to influence this land toward charitableness and honor? Do not call Judge Parker a cockroach. Tell him kindly what you do not like. Do not say McKinley is a despised and a hated poltroon, Roosevelt a loose-tongued demagogue, tax-dodger, and servant of the devil, Cleveland a living crime, and Hay a guy. Such a spirit is not Christian. Give some men credit, sometimes, besides yourself, for ordinary human virtue. Try to see to it that the trunks of murderers less often contain collections of your papers. Teach love. Rely on truth. Don't cry "Ryan!" at everybody who opposes you, whether it be Mr. Murphy one month or Mr. Hughes another. Don't lie about men to beat them. Beat them, if they deserve defeat, by no weapon but the truth. Ask Mr. Brisbane to try this principle even in such little matters as printing an old photograph, with smoke added, for the San Francisco fire, or one and the same photograph, in different pages of the very same issue, to represent a clergyman in Pittsburg and a bogus Baron in New York. Although contempt for truth may be worse in larger matters, it is better not to instil it insidiously even in detail. Try giving up the crude-excitement-at-any-price mode of life, and see what you can do for your country along lines that are consistent with the Ninth Commandment, the Golden Rule, and the Sermon on the Mount. Just so far as you seek personal advantage for yourself will your power for service be diminished. You have shown greater ability to learn than some of the men in your employ. Here's wishing you a better and more truly useful life.

ADVICE

INTELLIGENT RADICALS ought not to be discouraged by the defeat of Mr. Hearst. Had the contest in New York been between an old-line conservative and an honest and able liberal, the progressive candidate would have won by an incalculable majority. Had Governor Higgins, for example, run against Judge Gaynor, or Mayor Adam, nothing could have saved the Republicans. Honest progress may be rendered more difficult by the vast noise of individuals in search of office, but it will not be made impossible. The election of Mr. Hughes means that in New York reform, of the kind exemplified by Mr. Roosevelt, and by the insurance investigation and legislation, will be carried on under a Republican label, while the dear old Democracy, having allowed Mr. Hearst to vociferate himself into leadership, will add an inch or two to the ears of the animal which is its so aptly chosen emblem. The Republican politicians in New York were forced to nominate a man whose deeds were a cheerful symptom of advancing justice; they sat back, in grim stupidity, while he fought alone; and the voters of New York decided merely, like American citizens, for self-respecting, fair-minded progress, against trickery, struggle for personal power, and trust in noise. The Democratic Party loses, as usual, but the independent, liberal-minded men in every party will see justice each year made more even, upon this good old sphere, and in this fair land, with its malice toward none, with its confidence in the right, with its hope, its charity, and its faith.

CHEER UP

NO REASON EXISTS why Collier's should escape the miscellaneous activities of the Slanderbund. Along with every opponent of that body this newpaper expects its cargo of defamation. The Demosthenes of Boston and the Lincoln-Washington-Jackson-Jefferson of California and New York have exercised their talents at our expense, with the resultant story that we held back a Tobacco Trust exposure at the request of high Republican officials. Mr. Moran invented a Massachusetts ingredient, as a pretext for his interference, and Mr. Hearst was delighted to punish us for daring to oppose his soaring will. The cold fact is, of course, that all the political aspect of this story is fabricated out of air. From us, no Republican official ever heard of our tobacco material. No Republican official ever made any suggestion about its use. We planned, long ago, a history of the Tobacco Trust, to begin early in the autumn. The hand of death was stretched forth to interfere with the progress of our investigation, and we were, and are, unwilling to put forth such an important series until we know that it is correct at every point. It is to be published, with no reference to Slanderbund explosions, when it is ready, and precisely as it was planned. Journalism with us is neither a Fourth of July series of outbursts nor a habit of ruthless injury for our own advantage.

TOBACCO

"THE TREASON OF THE SENATE" has come to a close. These articles made reform odious. They represented sensational and money-making preying on the vogue of the literature of exposure, which had been built up by truthful and conscientious work of writers like Miss Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, and Ray Stannard Baker. Mr. Phillips's articles were one shriek of accusation based on the distortion of such facts as were printed, and on the suppression of facts which were essential. This author's unfairness is nowhere better proved than in the chapter which supports his allegations of treason against the Senators from Massachusetts. We have frequent occasion, as our readers know, to condemn with severity the public acts of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge; he has far too kindly a sympathy with the vested interests; but none is more ready than we to deny that that interest is corrupt. Mr. Phillips alleges that "Lodge . . . is a product of the petty grafters, not of the big grafters." He characterizes the Massachusetts Legislature which elected Lodge as one filled with bribery and corruption, and then, with strong implication, avers that "a stream can rise no higher than its source—that is not an axiom of politics only." He charges Senator Crane, by adroit insinuation, with having betrayed Massachusetts to his financial associates, and to such charges he gives absolutely no support.

HIC JACET

A FAITHLESS MEMORY is one of the torments of the possessor's life. In endeavoring to defend Mr. Hearst from the charge of causing the murder of McKinley, we spoke of Czolgosz as foreign born, which he was not. A Polish-American anarchist, he must be attributed to Detroit. Probably our belief that neither Mr. Hearst nor any other leader has yet been able to make that brand of anarchy take root in the United States should not be affected by this fact, for the Czolgosz type is less likely to reflect Hearstism than something imported from abroad, even if by the preceding generation. All this is said without the slightest intent to criticize our foreign born. Most of these who come here come because they have ideals and the energy to seek freedom and prosperity. America thus far has been rather marvelously successful in encouraging the most valuable qualities

AMERICAN ANARCHISTS

in her immigrants, and softening whatever class hatred they may have brought with them. Mr. HEARST's appeals to class divisions are made for the purpose of securing leadership for himself, but not, we are convinced, for the purpose of ushering in a régime in which recognized forms of argument will include the pistol and the bomb.

ALTHOUGH JOHNNY MORAN has signalized his presence on this earth less by fine deeds or high thoughts than by raw ambition, noise, and protuberances in his head, he did find time, while campaigning for the Governorship of Massachusetts, to put into those defis, with which he made the welkin ring, a grain or two of truth. It is the mixture of truth, indeed, and alas, which gives to many an error the privilege of life, and to many a public gamester his turn in the centre of the stage. Spoke JOHN B., in arguing for repeal of the Legislative Agent act and for enactment of laws making lobbying a crime with imprisonment penalties only, thus: "I imagine I can see 'BILLY' MOODY sitting down with his partner, WARDWELL, going over the planks of the Republican platform, and I can almost hear 'JAKE' WARDWELL, the notorious lobbyist, saying to BILL, 'BILL, from January 1 you cease to hold office and you are going to sit here in the office and work with me. Remember, I am the greatest lobbyist in the State.' . . . And I can imagine MOODY saying: 'All right, JAKE, we will stand by ourselves and we will fool the people.'" And then MORAN told the people that to get an honest Legislature they must drive from the State House WARDWELL and his kind. Mr. MOODY is not a bad man. He is even as many another peaceful citizen. But would it not be as well if he were more strict in his ethics of the bar? In considering Mr. MOODY's fitness for the Supreme Court of the United States, this objection weighs as much as the fact that his standing merely as a lawyer would never have suggested the appointment.

AS TO MOODY

JOHN R. McLEAN'S usually placid editorial columns are stirred and flurried by the "People's Lobby" recently inaugurated by our neighbor, the "Success" magazine. "It is a piece of impertinence and an act of folly," exclaims Mr. McLEAN's Washington "Post." Then the "Post" indulges in a paragraphic slur at "one of the promoters of this insolence," and winds up with the benediction "Great is Sham." All this—over an organization which has declared no greater purpose than to create wider interest in and give wider publicity to news concerning legislation pending in Congress—seems unnecessarily heated. One can only account for such perturbation on the theory that Mr. McLEAN sees more in this People's Lobby than does the general public. Does Mr. McLEAN apprehend, for example, that the People's Lobby may some day look into certain aspects of the Washington Gas Company, owned by Mr. McLEAN? Does he see in this innocent-seeming organization the menace of a possible inquiry as to whether the Washington Gas Company ever contributed or offered to contribute to the campaign expenses of Congressmen a thousand miles from the District of Columbia? There must be a hidden significance in the event when the Pooh-Bah of the District of Columbia takes time off from managing the Washington "Post," the Washington Gas Company, and the Old Dominion Traction Company, to hurl an editorial thunderbolt at anything so tender and recently incubated as the "People's Lobby."

HOT WORDS

TO MAKE LIFE HAPPIER is a constant call upon the inventiveness of man. Upon this great mission his ingenuity is eternally at work. Sometimes his many inventions, in accomplishing some step toward the satisfaction of his needs, bring an incidental suffering that was not there before. Thus the shattering attack of noise about our nervous systems results from manufacture, quicker transit, and the habit of living together in cities. In the United States little thus far has been done in mitigation of this evil, but when municipal government is more advanced much will be accomplished. London has new police regulations about noises made by the vibration of motor cars, and the English magistrates are usually willing to enforce what laws they have. One of them recently decided that laws already existing were sufficient to enable him to take notice of the damage resulting from obstreperous dogs and cocks. In our cities we seldom have any resource less cumbrous and uncertain than appealing to the boards of health.

NOISE

BACTERIA ARE ONE of the most ancient and most universally distributed forms of life. The results of their hidden working have produced some of the most frightening experiences of mankind. They were behind the plagues that confounded the Egyptians, and behind every terrifying epidemic of history. Although the science of bacteriology is not yet fifty years old, it has already made plain many mysteries. More than one class of bacteria have been found to be harmless, even beneficent. In a ferment obtained from micro-organisms which live in milk a French investigator hopes to find a destroyer of the forces which cause senile decay and death from old age.

Hence the life-giving virtue of buttermilk, never to be reiterated too often. The clovers and their kindred derive their power of soil-renovation from the bacteria of their root-nodules, and in that line and others bacteriology is working hand in hand with the world-old art of agriculture. Even those "disease germs" which are styled malignant are losing the power to terrify which followed the discovery of their almost universal presence in food and drink and air. Sickness is often a warning from our friends the bacteria that we are racking the machine by overwork. It is only if the warning is unheeded, and more and more of them flock in, that the life-processes of the human body are retarded.

BACTERIOLOGY

IF WE ARE TO BELIEVE the poetic chroniclers of Arthurian legend, the days of chivalry were good days for clean amateur sport. The Greeks, on the other hand, were rank professionals in all their games of skill and prowess. When Jason took his baseball team to Colchis he was out for the golden fleece. King Arthur was very strict. Killing dragons out of season was unheard of and knights who justed for cash prizes were promptly ruled off the lists. And yet we can not withhold a suspicion that some scandals were hushed up for the benefit of posterity. Who knows but that the King, on the quiet, hired a professional coach to train his champion tourney team? Or but that the pure Sir Galahad, when the blacksmith bills came in for his fashionable coats of mail, stole away to the provinces and blunted his lance for a purse of $500? Adequately to compare the vices of medieval and modern athletics might be to prove that the warriors who justed on the lists played foul as often as the heroes who jolt on the gridiron. What we know about contemporary jolting has caused the colleges to revise the rules of football. Could the ghost of EDMUND SPENSER be interviewed on the subject he would doubtless tell us some interesting things about the amateur spirit among *parfait gentil* knights.

PROFESSIONALS

SAID THE GREAT PROPHET of Islam: "Teach your children poetry; it opens the mind, lends grace to wisdom, and makes the heroic virtues hereditary." Two parallel streams should constitute education in our day, one including sciences and the search for literal information, the other including those studies which feed the taste and the imagination. Foremost in the second class is poetry. It is the most universal in its scope, the most accessible, and the most direct in its results. As CHARLES ELIOT NORTON used to say (and may perhaps still be saying) every one can have a good library for fifty cents—if that was the price at which a cheap edition of "The Golden Treasury" could then be bought. Noteworthy, indeed, is the fact that the nation which holds the leadership in scientific activities and research, Germany, probably stands first also in cultivation of the human soul through ideas and emotions beautifully set forth. If we consider literature, the stage, music, and the plastic arts, what country brings to them so large a volume of intelligent appreciation? The Germans understand, likewise, that the uses of research are not entirely separate from those of the poetic spirit, but on the contrary have their greatest value in contributions to the imaginative and spiritual life of man.

FROM MOHAMMED

AFTER THE HARVEST



"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year"

THE UNQUIET UTES



CHIEF RED CROW'S TEPEE



CHIEF RED CROW



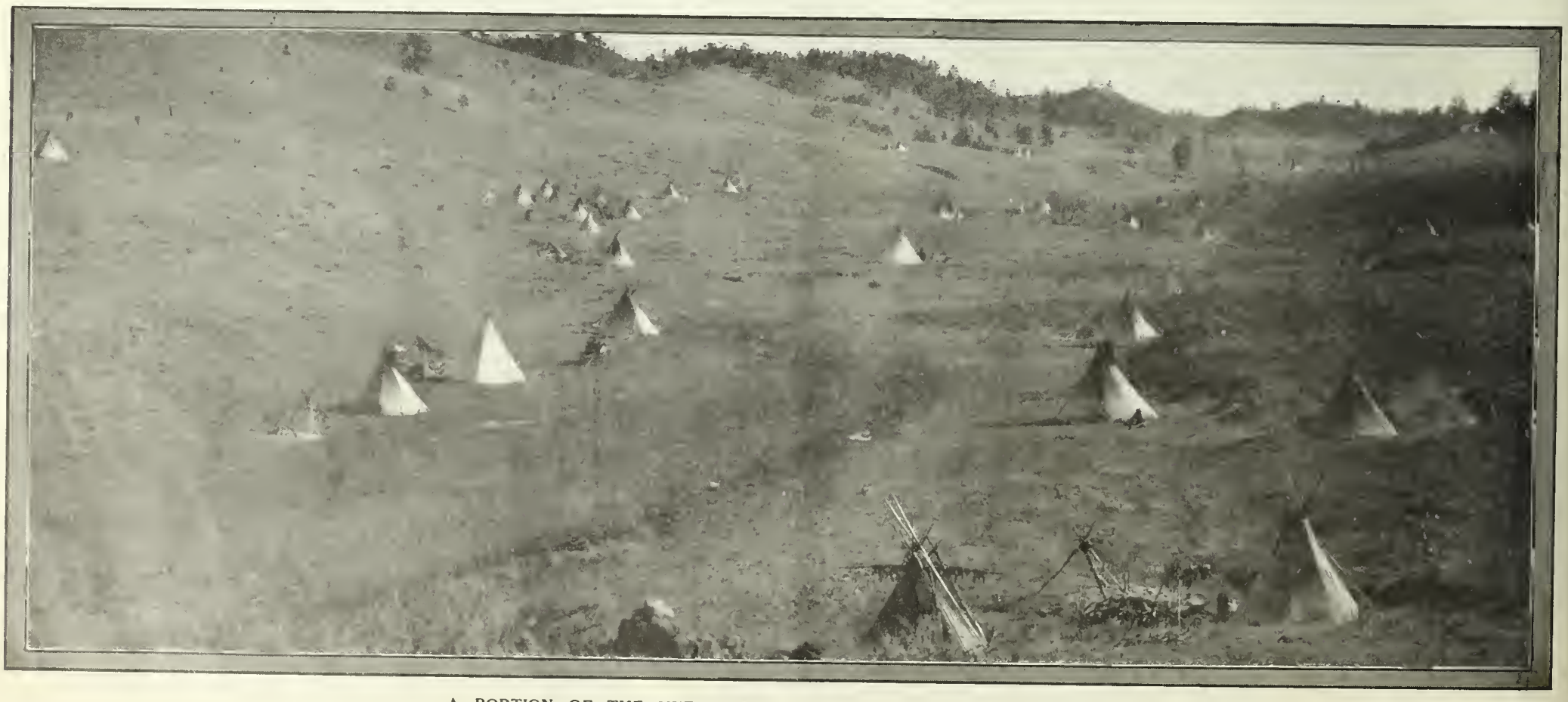
SMOKING AND DRYING DEER MEAT

COLLIER'S photographer, T. W. Tolman, writes as follows from a ranch "70 miles from Gillette, Wyoming": "We arrived at the top of the divide above the Indians just before daylight. We could hear them, and some one of their number seemed to be moving from teepee to teepee, and speaking in a loud tone of voice. We kept back out of sight, but after a while I persuaded one of the boys to go with me, and we struck down into the valley to the camp. I didn't know just how the Indians would receive us, but we thought we would chance it. They didn't show any hostile feelings, but I could see that they wished us to move on. However, I went ahead as if everything was all right, and made all the exposures I could. The camp is beautifully situated, a perfectly ideal place. I made a number of negatives of groups and tents as fast as I could and in as great variety as possible. They were killing lots of deer and drying the meat, and squaws were dressing the skins. I made a picture of Red Crow, a chief. He is standing full length. I also photographed squaws and children, but there was an undercurrent of distrust, and I saw that I had to hurry, and get away. To cap the climax a cowboy came through and told them that the soldiers were only about twenty miles away, and it began to get too hot, so we got on our horses and rode leisurely out of the camp. When we were just outside I heard a noise, and, looking back, saw an Indian coming after us full tilt. He went by, and turned around when thirty or forty feet ahead of us, and when we came up he said: 'You come here to-day—we good. Ranch here, ranch there, white squaw, white papoose,—all good. If soldiers come, we no good then,'—giving us to understand that if the soldiers came the ranchers and their families were no longer safe. He said: 'You tell soldiers,' and then he pointed up the trail, and said: 'Now you go'—and we did so.

"If these films turn out well I shall consider it very lucky, for I do not think it would be safe to go to-morrow, if the soldiers do not come; but after the five hundred soldiers come I will go right back to the camp and get as many pictures as I can."



SQUAWS DRESSING DEERSKINS IN THE UTE CAMP



A PORTION OF THE UTE CAMP IN THE POWDER RIVER COUNTRY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. W. TOLMAN COLLIER'S SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE FIELD

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

ROOSEVELT STILL THE LEADER

IN the elections of November 6 there were forty-two local and two national issues. The two national issues were Roosevelt and Hearst, and Roosevelt won. Never has the overpowering popularity of a President been so mercilessly worked and so recklessly strained. When Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia abandoned the reformers and went over to the ring, he urged the election of the gang tickets, State Capitol scandals and all, to sustain Roosevelt. Senator Dryden told the voters of New Jersey that if they wanted to stand by Roosevelt they must elect Dryden men to the Legislature. The President himself sent Secretary Root to marshal the citizens of New York for Hughes and Secretary Taft to help the party of polygamy against the party of riot in Idaho. In every Congressional district in the Union the Republican candidate, whether he stood for tariff revision or for Dingleyism naked and unashamed, for corporate regulation or for the unchecked rule of the trusts, found his strongest card the assertion that a vote against him would be a vote against Theodore Roosevelt.

The Roosevelt issue was felt in every State; the Hearst issue was directly voted upon in only four States, although its influence extended into many others. But these four, scattered over the continent by the Atlantic, the Great Lakes, and the Pacific, were enough of themselves to make it of national scope. In all of them—New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, and California — Hearst was beaten. His own personal run for Governor of New York was so sensational that it attracted the attention of the civilized world, and its outcome left him, even in defeat, a power and a portent.

Hearst's Lone Hand

In spite of the defection of Democrats by scores of thousands, with almost all the old leaders of his party secretly or openly hostile, and with practically no newspaper support but his own, he carried by nearly a hundred thousand plurality the cities that contain a large majority of the population of the State. He was beaten only by the farmers whom his singularly effective propaganda had not been able to reach, but who may yet be reached by it if the financial powers who have made Hearst possible continue to give him new ammunition.

Some measure of the Democratic defection caused by Mr. Hearst's personality may be found in the extent to which he ran behind his ticket. Of course, the majority of the Democrats who revolted against Hearst threw over the whole ticket along with him, but there were enough who discriminated against him personally to account for the entire Hughes plurality, leaving the contest on the rest of the tickets so close as to let most of the Democratic candidates in. The Tammany machine seemed at first sight to be loyal to Hearst, who carried New York County by 63,312, the normal Democratic plurality. Hearst carried every borough in the greater city, including even Brooklyn, where the Democratic machine, under the notorious boss McCarren, had bolted. His plurality in the whole city was 76,956. That would have been all that Murphy and the other leaders could have been reasonably expected to deliver, had it not been contrasted with the stupendous majorities given to the other Democratic candidates. Mr. Chanler, for Lieutenant-Governor, carried the greater city by no less than 134,940; Jackson, for Attorney-General, by 139,328, and Skene, for State Engineer, by 144,188, the greatest plurality ever won by a candidate of any party in a contested election in any city in America. Mr. Skene ran ahead of Hearst by 67,232 votes. Such figures are not explicable by anything but widespread treachery, especially as they were purely local, with nothing corresponding to them in any other part of the State. Even after this wholesale slashing, Mr. Hearst's majority in the metropolis was respectable, but notwithstanding the fact that the labor vote gave him many normally Republican cities up the State he was unable to overcome the enormous majorities of the rural counties for Hughes, whose net plurality on the whole vote was about 58,000.

The tremendous strength displayed by the Democratic ticket in New York under such adverse circumstances makes it evident that if any ordinary Republican had been nominated for Governor Hearst would have been handsomely elected. Hughes was the one man capable of averting the complete wreck of his party. It is also evident that even Hughes is on trial, and that if he fails to meet the expectations of those who believed him to be a more trustworthy leader in the war against financial crime than Mr. Hearst, no appeals of the "safe, sane, and respectable" elements will have a hearing from the people next time.

In Massachusetts the Hearst understudy, Moran, was slaughtered by Governor Guild, who secured a plurality of 31,662. Here again personalities played an important part on both tickets, for the Republican plurality on Lieutenant-Governor was only 9,779. In Illinois there was a great Republican majority in the State, and the Hearst Independence League candidates in Chicago made a wretched showing. In the three-cornered contest in California the Hearst candidate for Governor, Langdon, ended third. The successful Republican candidate, Gillett, owed his nomination to Boss Ruef and the Southern Pacific Railroad, but he is said to be personally a man of independence and character. Although Ruef had fastened his clutches on the machinery of both parties to an extent almost unexampled in American politics, the people of San Francisco succeeded in beating most of his judicial nominees.

Pennsylvania has recovered from her brief orgy of reform and settled down into her accustomed gang sobriety. Even the discovery of nine million dollars' worth of pig-metal electroliers, plaster marble, and atmospheric mahogany in the State Capitol has not prevailed against the appeal to stand by President Roosevelt, the defection of Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia and fifty thousand votes thrown away on a Prohibition candidate who was last year one of the most effective fighters against the ring. The Republican organization has elected its State ticket by a plurality of something like 75,000, and its District Attorney in Philadelphia by 12,124.

Ohio, which tried a Democratic experiment last year, is again heavily Republican this year, as are most of the Northern States. But it is plain that almost the only tie that holds the discordant Republicans of the country together is the name of Roosevelt. Party watchwords have lost their power. Independent voting has become the rule. Rhode Island, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Nevada elected Democratic Governors, while all but the last chose Republican State officers. In New Jersey the Republican Party, but not the Republican machine, managed to squeeze out a bare majority in the Legislature. The machine's victory over the reformers in the primaries in Essex and Hudson Counties was amply avenged at the polls. While the Republicans will probably be able to elect a United States Senator, the indications are that it will not be Dryden. Oklahoma will come into the Union as a Democratic State. Arizona has refused joint Statehood with New Mexico.

For the rest of his term President Roosevelt is assured of a Republican Congress. He is the only President since the Civil War, except McKinley, who has had the advantage of having working majorities of his political friends in both houses throughout his entire official period. The Republican majority in the House has been reduced from 114 to 56, but this reduction of an unwieldy bulk is a party advantage.

Exit Fat-Fryer Babcock

Babcock, so long the fat-fryer of the Republican Congressional Committee, whose dealings with franchise corporations in the District of Columbia invited so much uncomplimentary comment, was beaten in Wisconsin. Mr. Wadsworth of New York, who tried to protect the Beef Trust from effective regulation, was beaten on that issue by an opponent who took a cow as his battle symbol. Minnesota threw out the Bourbon stand-patter, McCleary. The Socialists in Illinois came near to electing their first member of Congress. It was expected that there would be another, Morris Hillquit, in New York, but Tammany managed to hold the seat.

The Democrats have gained Congressional seats in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin. The Republicans made gains in two districts of Kentucky. Speaker Cannon has been elected for the seventeenth time by his usual majority. The efforts of Mr. Gompers to mass the labor vote against obnoxious candidates has not produced perceptible results. The net result of the whole nation-wide contest is that Theodore Roosevelt is more distinctly the leader, not only of his party but of the whole country, than ever before. If there is a Republican majority in Congress, it is because he put it there. If he has ever thought it necessary to subordinate his own convictions to stand-pat expediency, the supposed necessity no longer exists. Where he leads, his Congress will have to follow.

A TURN AT REACTION

WHEN people have been going ahead too fast and too long they get tired, and the desire for rest overcomes them. Such a time seems to have come in Russia, and the recent local elections show that it has come in England. The division of municipal parties in London is between the "Progressives" and the "Moderates," who now call themselves "Municipal Reformers," the former wishing to carry on the policy of social improvement through municipal enterprise, the latter to check it. The Progressives hitherto have been much stronger than the national Liberals, holding London regularly in local elections while the Conservatives have captured it almost as constantly in national contests. Now London has suddenly turned reactionary. In the elections for Borough Councils on November 2 the "Reformers" carried 1,011 seats, against 351 for the Progressives, Independents, and Labor men. The municipal elections throughout England on the same day showed great Liberal losses and Conservative gains, as well as a slight gain for the Independent Labor party.

NEARER THE POLE

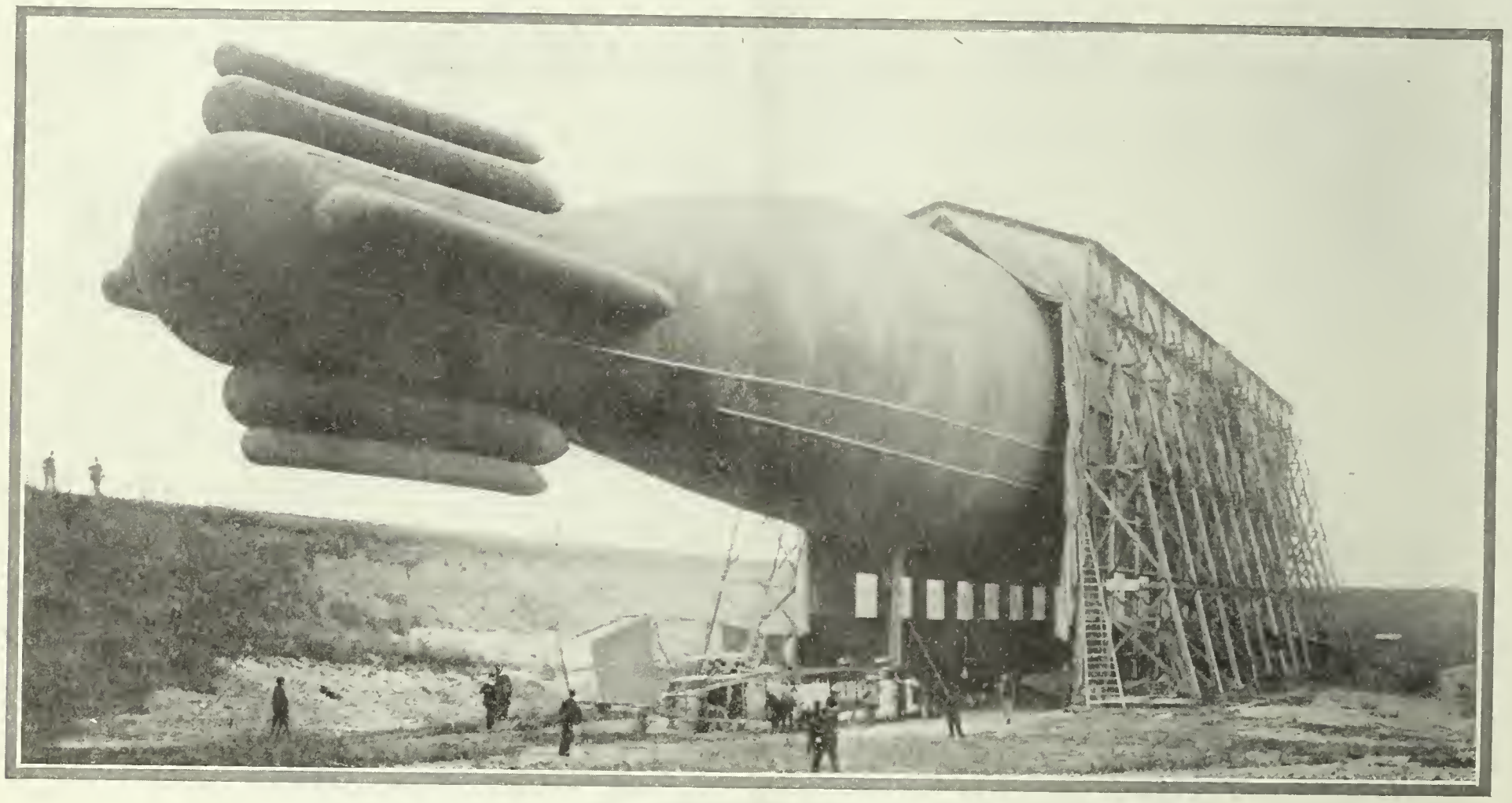
ALTHOUGH Commander Peary has failed to win the supreme prize of the world's Arctic competition, he has made a new record that leaves all others in the shade. A despatch from Hopedale, Labrador, dated November 2, brought the news that on a sledge dash in February Peary reached 87 degrees 6 minutes north latitude, 38.79 statute miles beyond the point reached by Captain Cagni, of the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition, in 1900. He was the first man in the world's history to cross the 87th parallel of latitude and approach within three degrees of the pole. Before his achievement there was a circle of about 180,000 square miles surrounding the North Pole—or say the area of Spain—within which no explorer had ever set foot. Peary at one stroke has lopped off over fifty thousand square miles from that virgin space on the map, and reduced the unexplored circle to a trifle over the size of New Mexico. If we imagine the Pole to be at New York, the party of the Duke of the Abruzzi, advancing from the south would have come not quite as far north as Washington, while Peary's raid would have reached a point between Washington and Baltimore. If there had been a mountain like Shasta at the Pole, Peary could have seen it on a clear day.

It appears that the open winter which made so much trouble for American housekeepers, and so much profit for the Ice Trust, was felt all the way to the end of the earth's axis. The ice over which Peary had a right to expect a solid roadway to the Pole heaved and drifted. It carried him aside faster than he could travel ahead. Between 84 and 85 degrees of latitude there was open water, and this in an Arctic winter. Beyond 85 a gale broke up the ice, destroyed the caches, cut off communications, and carried the sledge party due east. The easterly drift continued during the whole trip. Before Peary turned back he had traveled over the floes of the Arctic Ocean more than two hundred miles from land. On the return journey there was more open water. Finally, after eating eight dogs, the party reached Greenland, Peary's old stamping ground, and, as had been expected, found musk oxen, which kept the men alive while they made their way along the coast to their ship. On the voyage home the explorer's ship, the *Roosevelt*, had "an incessant battle with ice, storms, and head winds," but Peary was enthusiastic over her qualities as a "magnificent fighter and seaboat."

"The test of life," says the philosopher, "isn't in holding a good hand, but in playing a poor hand well." Nature dealt Peary a poor hand, but he played it magnificently. He took his party over treacherous ice fields drifting on an unknown ocean without losing a man or having even a case of illness. He proved that the fearful tragedies that have darkened so many attempts to reach the Pole are not necessary accompaniments of Arctic exploration. He accomplished the extraordinary feat of going from Labrador to within three degrees of the Pole and back again in fifteen months. He has proved that a dash to the Pole by the route he adopted is possible in a favorable season, but at the same time, by abolishing the theory of the "Paleocrystic Sea," with its eternal ice, he has made it appear that success would be more probable by the drifting plan adopted by Nansen in the *Fram*. The currents of the Arctic Ocean are becoming so well known that it should soon be possible to put a ship into one that would carry her directly over the Pole. Since there is no reason to suppose that there is any land in the circumpolar regions, or even any permanently stationary ice, the plan of making a gradual approach to the goal by establishing a series of communicating stations will have to be abandoned. But while we are waiting for a new plan to be developed the way is clear for Wellman to win the great prize next summer with his airship.

THE JAPANESE ISSUE

THE vigorous measures taken by the Administration to make it clear that it had no sympathy with the discrimination against the Japanese in the public schools of San Franciso were warmly welcomed in Japan, and had the happiest effect in dissipating anti-American feeling. But the authorities of San Francisco have shown no sign of any intention to yield to the President's wishes, and President Altman of the Board of Education has said that the State law on the subject of separate schools will be obeyed to the letter until annulled by the courts. An additional reason alleged by the opponents of the Japanese in San Francisco for wishing them kept out of the white schools is that many of them are grown men who ought not to be associated with children. Attorney General Moody has instructed the United States District Attorney in California to give his aid to the attorneys for the Japanese pushing the test case now pending in the Circuit Court. A report that a Japanese officer had been arrested for sketching fortifications at Manila was denied.



ONE OF THE NOVELTIES ENGENDERED BY THE AERIAL NAVIGATION CRAZE

Henri Deutsch's curious airship, the "Ville de Paris," an elaborate arrangement of gasbags, which made its first public appearance at Sartronville, near Paris, October 25

A COLONIAL STORM

NEWFOUNDLAND refuses to be reconciled to the *modus vivendi* arranged between the British Government and the United States for the regulation of the fisheries. The whole question would have been amicably settled by the reciprocity treaty which was mutilated by the United States Senate. Having failed to induce the Senate to take a broad-minded view of the question, the Administration had to secure the rights of American fishermen by a temporary arrangement with Great Britain.

Although the Newfoundland Ministry had been kept advised of the negotiations with the United States at every stage, the Bond organs lashed themselves into a fury, calling upon the people to rise and defend their rights as if the Goths and Vandals had been at the gates of the capital of the ancient colony. Finally the Newfoundland authorities decided to enforce their own rules in defiance of the Imperial Government and its *modus vivendi*. They issued an official notice on the last day of October, requiring obedience to the local Bait Act,



THE CULEBRA CUT AND TYPICAL QUARTERS BUILT BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR CANAL EMPLOYEES

To those who are acquainted with the hotels and lodging-houses of the Caribbean these airy and sanitary quarters with their screened porches and hygienic arrangements such as even Panamans of the better classes seldom have found necessary, seem palatial enough. In houses similar to these hundreds of West Indian negroes and their families have had their first experience of anything more luxurious than a mud floor and roof of thatch. Many of the engineers and clerks have brought their families with them, and the first glimpse of some of these settlements along the line of the canal is not unlike that of a suburban seaside town in the North

and they allowed it to be known that Newfoundland fishermen who shipped on American vessels outside the three-mile limit would be prosecuted on their return, although the agreement between the United States and Great Britain expressly provided that such acts should not be punished. Between the selfish and short-sighted opposition of the Gloucester fishing interests to a reasonable reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland, and the heedless resentment of the dealers who control the Newfoundland Government we are threatened with a mischievous and totally unnecessary international quarrel.

THE EDDY MYSTERY

THE New York "World" created a commotion among the believers in Christian Science on October 28 by publishing a story to the effect that Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of the cult, was in a state of collapse at her home in Concord, New Hampshire, that she was suffering from cancer as well as senile decay, that she was secretly visited by a cancer specialist every week, that she was impersonated by another woman in the daily drives she was supposed to take through the town, that she was absolutely controlled by a group of designing persons, headed by her "footman-secretary," Calvin A. Frye, and that her fortune of $15,000,000 and her income of a million a year had practically disappeared. Upon the heels of this publication Concord was flooded with reporters sent to secure a confirmation or disproof of the story. Prominent representatives of the Christian Science faith gave emphatic denials, but the reporters refused to accept anything but a personal interview with Mrs. Eddy. At last an appearance was arranged. On October 30 eleven newspaper representatives were admitted to the parlors at Pleasant View. The "World" reporter was excluded. At the proper moment a portière was drawn back and Mrs. Eddy was visible, standing at the foot of the stairs. Three prepared questions were put to her. To the first: "Are you in perfect bodily health?" she answered: "Indeed I am." To the second question: "Have you any other physician than God?" the reply was: "No physician but God. His everlasting arms are around me." The third question: "Do you drive daily?" brought the answer: "Yes." To these three queries, prepared by Mrs. Eddy's associates, the reporters had insisted upon adding a fourth: "Does any one besides yourself administer your property or attend to your business affairs?" The question was put, but not answered. The whole interview lasted fifty-five seconds.

The general impression produced by this exhibition upon the witnesses was that Mrs. Eddy was at least as decrepit as her eighty-six years entitled her to be, although her representatives asserted that she worked at her desk every day, and some especially favored witnesses were permitted to see her walk downstairs without assistance. No light was thrown upon the question of her alleged subjection to her attendants, and the disposition of her property. It was asserted later that a number of earnest Christian Scientists had determined to make a searching investigation of the financial side of the Eddy ménage, and that they had consulted lawyers with this end in view, but this was subsequently denied. Mr. Alfred Farlow, of the Christian Science literary bureau, issued a statement on November 1 asserting that Mrs. Eddy had never received a cent from the church except $5,000 given her for services in connection with the new building in Boston, and that her fortune, large or small, was entirely her own affair, consisting of "legitimate wages as a teacher of Christian Science and the profits on her books." The question of how much these legitimate wages and profits might amount to was not discussed, since the matter was treated as none of the public's business. It had been said at various times that Mrs. Eddy's money had been dispensed in charity, but no record of any large charitable gift has been produced.



WASHINGTON HONORED IN HUNGARY'S CAPITAL

This statue of Washington, erected through the contributions of residents of the United States of Hungarian birth, was unveiled September 16. It was a testimonial of appreciation of the welcome extended to Kossuth by Americans in 1851. The idea took form at the dedication of the monument to Kossuth in Cleveland some years ago

LAURIER STILL ON TOP

THE Laurier Government in Canada has found something more than a straw of encouragement in the by-elections in North Bruce, Ontario, on October 30, and in Shelburne-Queens, Nova Scotia, the next day. John Tolmie, the Liberal candidate at North Bruce, won the seat by a majority of 450 over A. McClelland, Conservative. At the general election in 1904, which was a national Liberal sweep, the Conservatives carried North Bruce by 105. The constituency had been Conservative, although by very small margins, for a quarter of a century. The last Liberal victory there had been in 1878, by a majority of 156, and in the whole history of Canada since Confederation there had never been such a majority for either party as was given to Mr. Tolmie the other day. This success was won in the face of the London election scandals, which had been expected to prove a serious embarrassment to the Laurier Government. The Conservative candidate had tried to make an issue on the question of two-cent fares on railroads, but had failed to stir the public on the subject. One lesson of the election is held to be that, in the opinion of the voters of North Bruce, the tariff is high enough. A few more such verdicts, it is thought, would make the Government feel safe in resisting the demand of the manufacturers for more protection. At Shelburne-Queens Mr. Fielding, the Dominion Minister of Finance, who had been unseated, was reelected by a majority of 1,026—nearly three times his majority in the general election of 1904.

WHOSE LAKE IS THE PACIFIC?

Our harbors in Hawaii and at Guam are undefended; Manila is only partially defended. There is not a single United States coast artilleryman outside of North America. In the event of war with Japan we would have to withdraw from the East before overwhelming numerical superiority; when our fleets returned to the attack, Japan would be occupying our coaling stations

By FREDERICK PALMER

As there is no great native African empire the local issue of Jim Crow cars does not assume an international aspect. When the color is yellow, and those who are yellow are Japanese, the situation is different, as we learned when San Francisco decided to send her Orientals to a separate school.

To nine hundred and ninety-nine Americans out of a thousand such a distinction in a country of free institutions is wicked and ridiculous. However, according to the way that we play the game, this is San Francisco's own business. The average American citizen is used to local self-government and not to having a governor sent down from the capital to rule him. Japan has reminded us that San Francisco's business is also the nation's business. She demands that we fulfil those treaty obligations which require that all Japanese subjects shall receive the same treatment as American citizens.

Morally, we are guilty of subjecting the subjects of one of the greatest civilized nations in the history of man to the same treatment as the American savage. We condemn them to association with other Orientals whom they regard as their inferiors. Politically, we are in the position of sending a United States Cabinet officer across the country to plead with a local school board to rescind one of its acts. Such utter decentralization is as incomprehensible to the average Japanese mind as the real meaning of the notice which Japan has served upon us is to the average American mind. In Japan, if it had suited his purpose, the Prime Minister would have sent word to the local school board to make an apology.

A Cabinet officer who temporarily gains the point which Japan has made by no means settles the question permanently. Japan has laid her finger on a source of irritation whose harassing growth is dependent upon the attitude of the Japanese Government itself and the people of the Pacific Coast. We have no *ex*clusion law against the Japanese, but there has been an *in*clusion policy in Japan. In the days when Japan wanted our friendship and was laying her plans for the conflict with Russia, she foresaw this danger which it may now be her pleasure to augment. It was the understanding of all her statesmen that the emigration of Japanese to the United States should be kept at a minimum.

Let the Japanese Government open the gates, and what is now a tiny stream will become a flood. Japan's population increases by six hundred thousand a year. If two or three hundred thousand a year of the excess should come to the United States in addition to the million or more from Europe, our capacity for absorption would be still further taxed.

When the people of the Pacific Coast are hostile to the Japanese they are expressing the very characteristic which is the predominant one of the Japanese themselves. The Japanese Government has left no stone unturned to drive foreign business men out of Japan. Although we who live in our Dingley-built house of glass need throw no stones, it is noteworthy that Japan has taxed all articles which foreigners exclusively consume from one hundred to four hundred per cent. If Americans emigrated to Japan in the same number as the Japanese are emigrating to America, they would receive the social treatment of a company of pariahs.

In speaking with a Japanese once I reminded him of this racial characteristic. He said that certainly the Japanese wanted no admixture of theirs with any foreign race. They were too proud of their own civilization and their own ways. Then I asked him if he could censure the attitude of the American workman in San Francisco.

"No," he said, "not in the least. Only when I come from a crowded country to yours, where there is so much room and so much wealth, I can not blame my countrymen for coming. Can you? Or for standing on their rights as long as there is enough power and valor in Japan to uphold them?"

With unusual candor in the politest of peoples he had precisely expressed the matter-of-factness of the most ambitious of nations.

The Japanese in San Francisco is becoming a storekeeper and contractor who undersells his American rival. Workmen are more bitter against him than against the Chinese, because of his superior enterprise and his unrelenting assertion of equality.

Our habits of extravagance make it seem unsportsmanlike that we should be beaten in competition for our daily bread by the economies of a little man who finds as much fun in making a landscape on a platter as in taking the wife and kids to the theatre.

The Feeling Under the Japanese Skin

The increase of Japanese immigration can only mean an increase of racial prejudice on the Pacific Coast, and the immigrants will be quick to appeal to their home Government on any provocation.

While we were wrought to a high pitch over Hearst, the question of the hour in Tokyo was the exclusion of Japanese children from San Francisco schools. Little attention was paid to the killing of the Japanese poachers in Bering Sea by our officers. But the inference that any Japanese was anybody's racial inferior instantly aroused the Japanese nation.

The traveler in Japan is so frequently told that Japan does not want the Philippines that he suspects the Japanese mind of dwelling on the subject overmuch. The Japanese are a warlike race. They are flushed with victory. No sooner had they finished the war with China than they began to prepare for war with Russia. Since the Treaty of Portsmouth it has been the talk of the Far East that they would turn their attention to us, and they have steadily augmented their military strength. Just in the same way as the Japanese masses thought that Russia had robbed them of the fruits of their victory over China, so to-day they think that the good offices of President Roosevelt robbed them of an enormous indemnity. The truth is, as statesmen know, that his action came at a very happy time for Japan. But the Oriental statesman is as little inclined as our own to shift to his shoulders blame which is already placed elsewhere.

If George Dewey had been ordered to sail away from Manila Bay after he had sunk Montojo's squadron Japan would not have made her representations to Washington in such a determined fashion. We have some Asiatic islands which are in line with the spread of the Eastern Island Empire; therefore, we are vulnerable. If Japan should declare war on us to-morrow she would find us worse prepared for the defense of the Philippines than Russia was for the defense of the Liaotung Peninsula. Japan is ready to act at a moment's notice. She works with the same quiet unity of purpose toward a national policy that Harriman does toward the capture of a railroad. While we are not thinking of the Philippines at all she may be thinking of them very hard. When we lose command of the Pacific Alaska as well as the islands is cut off.

Should such a crisis arise, the question would be one of guns and ships. There are no battleships for sale on the open market. Wealth will no more buy them in a hurry than shares in a water company will quench your thirst if you are in the middle of the Sahara. In a crisis their need is as pressing as that of a tourniquet when an artery is cut.

Now, this article is not faint-hearted or meant in any sense as a "war-scare" sensation. Nor am I revealing any State or military information which is not as well known to the Japanese as to the American Government. My object is to inform the public of a situation in a country where public opinion rules.

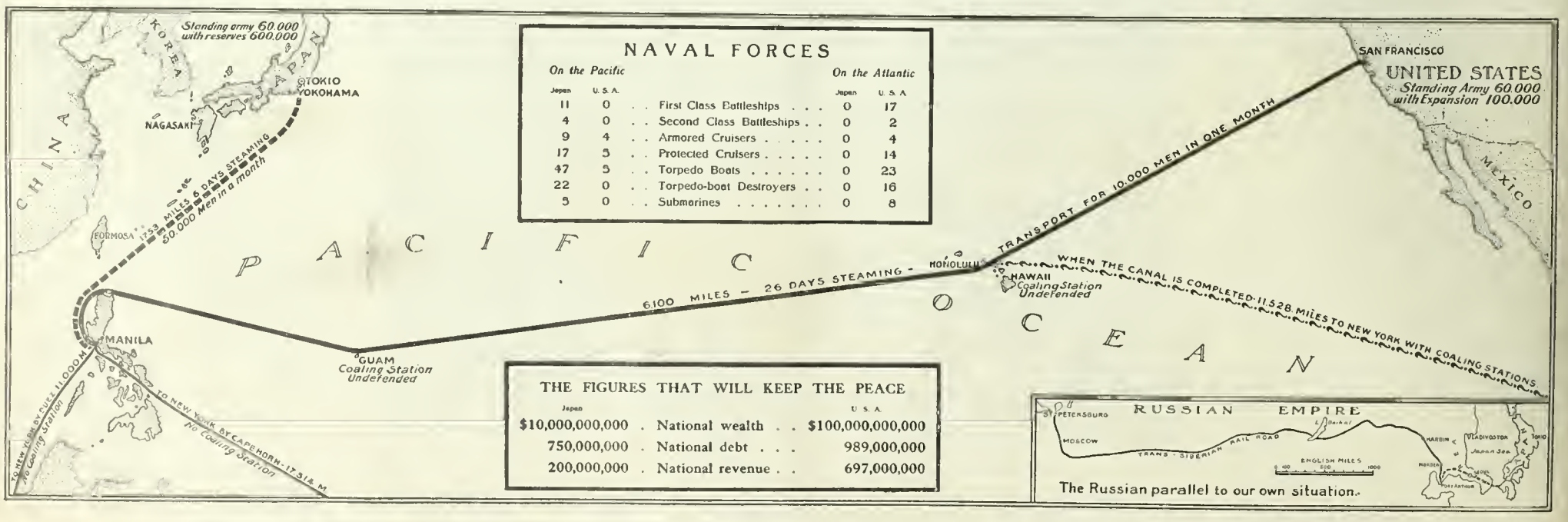
The Philippine Islands have cost us $400,000,000 thus far, and we have not yet provided for their defense or decided what we are going to do with them. The lesson of Rojestvensky's effort to go from the Baltic to Tsushima without coaling stations seems to have been lost on our national Legislature.

Within 1,700 miles of Manila is the home base of the concentrated Japanese fleet. Our fleet on the Atlantic is 17,314 miles away from Manila by Suez and about 11,000 miles away by Cape Horn. It would have to make a longer voyage than Rojestvensky did. On the way the only coaling station and drydocks would be by the Cape Horn route—and those at San Francisco. Coaling stations and drydocks mean to the man-of-war what food and sleep do to the soldier.

The only use of the stations at Manila and in Hawaii would be to fill the enemy's bunkers. Thanks to Congressional delay there is not a single gun emplaced at Hawaii, at Guam, or at Kiska Island in Alaska. Some batteries have been emplaced at Manila; but there is not a single coast artilleryman in any of our Pacific dependencies.

The difference between an adequately defended harbor and an inadequately defended harbor is the difference between holding a doorway against a thug with a revolver and with your arms tied behind you. Our regulars have no superior man to man; our ships have no superior ship to ship—no equal, I think with confidence as an American. But our San Francisco gunners can not defend Manila and our ships can not keep their bottoms clean without drydocks or run without coal. For the guns we have ready in the United States we need forty-five thousand men, and we have only ten thousand.

If Japan made war on us to-morrow she could reach Manila in six days with eleven battleships and six armored cruisers. Before our Atlantic fleet could reach Cape Horn she could put a fully equipped army



STRATEGIC MAP OF OUR PACIFIC DEPENDENCIES IN RELATION TO JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

corps of over forty thousand men into the Philippines. Against overwhelming naval odds our four armored cruisers, which are *en route* to the Far East, would have to seek a rendezvous with the Atlantic fleet. The big floating drydock which was towed via Suez would probably have to be destroyed or fall into the hands of the enemy. Our ten thousand infantry and cavalry scattered over the islands would be besieged.

By the time our fleet had arrived Japan would have made a naval base at Manila or Subig Bay and would be standing ready in her own doorway to receive the stranger. We would have absolutely no harbor which we could enter. She would choose her time and place for the fight, allowing us to stew on the tropical sea and use up our coal supply. All the advantages of position Togo had over Rojestvensky he would have over us. The confidence of the Japanese is enormous. According to naval precedent under such a handicap we ought to outnumber the Japanese by four to three, which is the present ratio of our superiority. After we had won we would be securing only the islands we had lost—and lost because we had not made Manila a secure harbor.

When the Canal is built the Atlantic fleet will have a route to the Pacific, and with Hawaii and Manila well fortified protected bases will be in readiness. Then it may take its time to go, and it may fight with clean bottoms. Are we going to hold the Philippines? Are we going to maintain ourselves as a great power on the Pacific?

Japan's want of funds and not our strength is the present guarantee of peace. However, it is not wise to count too much on wealth and numbers. This would be a naval campaign pure and simple, and naval warfare is cheap beside land warfare. The main extra expenses of a force always on war footing are ammunition and coal. Out of the vast sum we have spent in the Philippines only $20,000,000 is charged to the navy.

Any policy of Japan's or ours which tends to make us unpopular in the Far East injures our position as her commercial competitor. That sentiment on the Pacific Coast which would break our treaty obligations with a friendly nation can only be logical by advocating half a dozen new battleships at the next session of Congress and a provision for the speedy manning and the rapid construction of our Asiatic coast defenses. The best way of keeping any nation's friendship is by never giving her any selfish object for being unfriendly. Besides, no American who has been in the Far East ever likes to consider that his flag is under the threat, however polite, of being hauled down even temporarily. Should it ever be hauled down temporarily there will be no Portsmouth until it has gone up to stay permanently.

"STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL"

WHAT BECOMES OF LETTERS WRITTEN "IN CONFIDENCE" TO PATENT MEDICINE FIRMS AND QUACKS

MEDICAL

MEDICAL. 5,000. Dr. Stevens & Co., Columbus, Ohio. Nervous debility.

MEDICAL. 2,000. L. West, Avon, N. Y. Nervous debility, first replies.

MEDICAL. Dr. Pierce Order Blanks. 50,000. 1902-'03.

MEDICAL. Ozomulsion. 20,000. 1902.

MEDICAL. 30,280. Theo. Noel file cards. 1902-'03.

MEDICAL. 24,500. Physician's Inst. and Edson France. Women's. 1903.

7,000 first replies late 1904.

13,000 late '02-'03-'04 letters [illegible] swer to above ad.

Portion of a circular sent out by one of the concerns to which patent medicine men and quack doctors sell the letters they receive from their victims. There are five or six concerns similar to this, acting as clearing-houses, through which pass many millions of letters

CHICAGO BROKERAGE COMPANY

MAIL ORDER LETTERS BOUGHT, SOLD, RENTED.



417 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

C. A. DAVIS, Manager.

Letters Wanted

We want to buy all kinds of letters received in answer to newspaper advertisements If

Heading of a circular sent out by a letter broker. The circular offers for sale, at from $2 to $10 a thousand, letters sent by patients to Theo. Noel, the Ozomulsion Company, the Physician's Institute, Dr. Stevens, Edson France, and other patent medicine and quack medical concerns. The same circular solicits letters and offers to pay the market price for them in lots. The concern which sent out this circular does business under other names

LETTERS FOR RENT

300,000 Jas. Wm. Kidd medical file cards, representing all kinds of diseases (will sort) 1904
180,000 men's matrimonial, 35,000 women's '04, 1st.
200,000 agents and canvassers.
50,000 Dr. Pierce order blanks, '02, '03.
20,000 Ozomulson order blanks, '03.
30,280 Theo. Noel, '02, '03, medical file cards.
59,000 Agents' directory, '03, '04, '05.
250,000 Home work, '03, '04, '05.
27,500 Rosebud trust, firsts, '03, '04.
19,500 Bond Jewelry payups, trust, '04, envelopes.
52,000 10c song orders, Star Music Co., '04, '05.
17,500 Dr. May & Friar, ladies' regulator, '03, '04.
6,000 Nervous debility, '03, '04, Appliance Co.

Over 1,000,000 letters on hand, all kinds. Call or write me for samples and ads. Letters bought.

C. A. Davis, 1634 W. Ohio Street, Chicago.

An advertisement originally printed in the "Mail Order Journal" offering to rent letters. These letters are the ones which dupes all over the country write to patent medicine and quack concerns. When the original quack has squeezed the dupe dry he sells the letters to other quacks

WHEN you write to a patent medicine house, or a quack doctor, whose advertisements solicit letters of inquiry about your health, the reply in nine cases out of ten will address you, in an intimate, personal way, as "Dear friend," or "Esteemed friend." And the reply will be marked, in conspicuous letters, "Strictly confidential," even, in some cases, "Sacredly confidential." Every art is used to make the dupe believe his letters are kept safely locked in hidden archives, where the things he has said about his health, his affairs, and his person are carefully guarded from any eyes but the so-called "doctor's."

Now the truth about what really happens to these letters is eloquently told by the documents reproduced on this page. When the patent medicine man, or the quack, has, in the language of their shops, "jollied" the dupe along with false hopes and lying promises until even he becomes suspicious, and he can no longer be induced to send another dollar for another bottle of medicine, then his letter is sold to some other quack who pretends to cure the same disease. That quack coaxes as much money as he can from the victim, and then turns him over to a third; and so the dupe is passed along, in many cases, for several years.

To facilitate this exchange of letters among the quacks there are five or six so-called letter-brokers. They are really clearing-houses where patent medicine frauds and quack doctors exchange, sell, and rent letters. On Vandewater Street, New York, is a big warehouse owned by one of these letter-brokers, Frank B. Swett. In that warehouse are over seven million letters. It is quite possible that if you, any time within the past five years, have written a letter to a quack doctor, your letter is somewhere in that warehouse, and men familiar with the business could find it. Probably your letter has been sold over and over again, and rented and rerented to every quack who plays upon the victims of your particular ailment.

One of the largest of these letter-brokers is the Guild Company, of 132 Nassau Street, New York. They issue a large circular describing the letters they have for sale. A portion of the list is printed on this page. The part here reproduced is only a very small portion, and that the less unprintable part of the circular.

If you have ever been foolish enough to write to any of the quacks and frauds in that list, you may know that your letter is now for sale. You may know that all the things you have said about your health and your person—intimate details which you carefully conceal from your friends and neighbors—are the property of any person who cares to pay four or five dollars for the letters of yourself and others like you.

One very interesting fraud, carried on under the name of the Astropathic Institute by means of this traffic in letters, was unearthed by the Post-Office Department recently. The following is quoted from the records of the Law Division of the Department, which drove this fraud out of business:

"The company begins its operation by purchasing large numbers of letters from letter-brokers. The letters purchased by the company refer to the desire of the writer for a treatment for nervous diseases, and have been addressed to some other company dealing in such matters."

The remainder of the explanation of this fraud, as set forth in the Post-Office Department records, is rather technical and legal. But the way it worked was this: You had written a letter, let us say, to Dr. Blosser, or to the Ozomulsion Company, or to Theo. Noel, or to any other of the scores of quacks whose letters are for sale by letter-brokers. In your letter you had set forth at great length the symptoms you thought you experienced, the diseases you thought you had. This letter of yours was bought by the Astropathic Institute. Then the Astropathic Institute sent you a circular. This circular said the company was in the business of reading your past, present, and future—they sold "astrological readings" of your life. Just to show their good faith, they would send you a "sample reading" free of charge. Glad to get something for nothing you would write for the "sample reading." To your great astonishment, you would get a reply saying that you were troubled with frequent pains in the left arm, poor appetite, and all the details told by yourself, but long forgotten, in your letter to Blosser, or Noel, or Ozomulsion. This proof of capacity on the part of the Astropathic Institute would usually impress you so strongly that you would willingly give up the ten dollars demanded for a "larger and fuller reading."

Quantity	Letters of
Catarrh Letters	
8,470	Anglo Amer. Chem. Co.
29,713	Quaker Oil Co.
19,988	R. T. Booth Co.
79,009	C. E. Gauss
8,234	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.
7,110	E. J. Worst
6,724	W. A. Noyes
52,997	Dr. Blosser Co.
Asthma Letters	
1,326	Cinarsium Co.
4,286	D. J. Lane
946	National Research Soc.
7,609	W. A. Noyes
6,104	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.
Dyspepsia Letters	
7,315	Absolute Remedy Co.
4,923	Absolute Remedy Co.
1,336	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.
Stomach Trouble Letters	
6,420	John Morrow
2,833	Orange Manna Co.
3,592	Dr. A. H. Swinburne
3,874	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.
Deaf Letters	
8,533	Dr. C. M. Jordan
5,184	Morley Co.
907	Dr. C. S. Ferris
1,030	Henry Ullrich
1,434	John Garmore

Quantity	Letters of
Rheumatism Letters	
1,194	Associated Drug Stores
51,920	Turnock Medical Co.
7,918	Jebb Remedy Co.
22,038	Dr. C. S. Ferris
11,948	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.
Obesity Letters	
11,330	Dr. O. W. F. Snyder
6,055	Howard Co.
Kidney Letters	
51,632	Pape Medicine Co.
23,479	Pape Medicine Co.
51,920	Turnock Medical Co.
9,077	Pape Kidney Clinic
3,094	American Buchu Co.
39,639	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.
6,321	W. F. Smith
854	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.
Narcotic Letters	
138	Dr. R. H. Brown
948	St. Anne League
1,983	Peru Remedy Co.
Hair Preparation Letters	
36,419	John Craven-Burleigh
46,652	Pacific Trading Co.
5,786	Burleigh Cash Orders
Heart Letters	
8,288	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.

Here is a letter sent out to a prospective customer by the Star Book Company, which is one of the names under which one of these letter-brokers, C. A. Davis, does business:

"June 16.

"W. W. SELDEN:

"*Dear Sir*—As a usual thing I only rent letters, and the medical letters would be worth $4 for a copy, but if you will buy outright I will dispose of any lots as follows:

"50,000 Dr. Pierce.
"20,000 Ozomulsion.
"30,000 Theo. Noel.

for only $2.50 per 1,000 in order to make room. This is certainly a good chance to get No. 1 medical names.

"Let me hear from you at once.

"Truly, C. A. DAVIS."

Another mail-order medical concern, the Dr. Burleigh Corporation of Boston, seeking investors to buy shares in it, uses this argument:

"We are now able to purchase medical letters in lots of 100,000. These letters are from people who have been patients of other advertising doctors. These names we thoroughly circularize with our attractive and convincing booklets and follow them along for several months, and they always produce extra good results, and at a very small cost."

The Chicago Brokerage Company sends out a circular, part of which reads as follows:

"For 30-Day Copy
"High-Grade Letters

"We are willing to rent for 30-day copy any of the following lots of mail-order letters at a very low figure. Write for samples of ads that drew them and any other information desired. We have over one million letters in stock and are constantly buying more. If you have any letters for sale, send us full particulars and lowest cash price. Many parties using our letters are getting rich quick quietly working some good legitimate schemes. With attractive, convincing literature, they circularize 100,000 or more people who are directly interested in their line in two weeks. Returns sure and quick. No expensive newspaper advertising. We shall be pleased to give you any pointers asked for. Our prices for rental of letters are lower than elsewhere. Our word can always be relied upon. Write us or call.

" 50,000	Dr. Pierce, medical, 1902-3.
" 20 000	Ozomulsion, medical, 1903.
" 300,000	Jas. Wm. Kidd, medical file cards, all diseases, will sort, 1903-4.
" 30,280	Theo. Noel, medical file cards, 1902-3.
" 24,500	Physician's Institute and Edson France, medical, 1903.
" 56,000	Nervous debility, English, Swedish, Spanish, Norwegian, etc., will sort; in original envelopes. Medical,—all kinds, such as rheumatism, dyspepsia, kidney, etc.

"CHICAGO BROKERAGE CO., *Chicago, Ill.*"

Such is the destination of most of the letters which poor dupes send to quack doctors, medical specialists, and patent medicine concerns, under the cynical assurance that their letters are kept "strictly confidential."



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THE THANKSG

PAINTED BY WALT

ber 17 1906



ING PUMPKIN

APPLETON CLARK

PRIDE OF CRAFT

A TALE OF PANAMA



He leaned back in the cayugua and watched the river panorama

BY

HENRY C. ROWLAND

JIM MORGAN, grafter, went to the Isthmus drawn by the same lure which had led his early prototype, Sir Henry Morgan, buccaneer. It was loot which led them both, with the difference that Sir Henry cut the way to his through swamp and jungle and a pack of Panamenós, while the sad changes of the times forced Jim to adopt the tactics of the jackal.

Jim was sprung from a line of looters; his gospel was tragic, drawn from a tragic ancestry. Father and grandfather had both died in jail. Both had been men of crude but kindly human nature, both had been good to Jim, and their parables had taught him to believe that all men were inherently dishonest, some less stupidly than others. Much in his own profession had confirmed this dogma, for Jim was a policeman, by instinct and actual service.

But at heart Jim was an artist, a poet, a dreamer of dreams, an idealist. It was his vivid imagination which made him the terror of the criminal class. He knew by instinct what a criminal would do before the thought had germinated in the unbalanced brain.

Jim loved his profession, but even more he loved the things which stirred his fantasy; books, music, flowers, animals, and great wastes, all gave wider scope to his imaginings than the apprehension or the bleeding of a "crook." He loved to be alone, to dream, to study nature, and to ponder on the lives of simple creatures whose problems were solved for them, whose natures were not seamed by the great chasm separating that which is honest from that which is not. Perhaps it was this love of the primitive as much as the tales of big graft which led him to the Isthmus.

Still, these tidings had reached him, and so he took passage for Panama just as a kite, watching on the wing, might read the tidings of spoil from a brother kite and fly to the scene of pillage. When he arrived he went ashore and walked about the city, a quict, unobtrusive figure. Nobody noticed him; indeed, there was little about him to notice until he had sighted his prey. Then, the long, pale eyes with their small pupils took on the flat glare seen in the eyes of the bird of prey he so resembled, the kite. The delicate lines about his mouth, which women always looked at twice, were set in rigid seams; the straight, narrow brows pulled lower and small depressions formed above them. The mobile and esthetic face grew sinister.

When he had been two days in Panama, Jim presented himself before the Chief of the I. C. C. police and asked for a billet. The officer looked curiously at the boyish face and figure.

"What do you want?" he demanded. Jim's pale eyes flashed up for an instant, then fell again.

"A sergeant's billet, sir," he answered, in his soft, low-pitched voice.

The man raised his eyebrows, but some quality in Jim's swift look smothered his irony.

"What experience have you had?" he asked dryly.

"Sergeant of Honolulu police for one year; eighteen months under Captain O'Brien of San Francisco in Nagasaki, when he was out there reconstructing the Japanese police; two years as opium tracker in Seattle and San Francisco. I have also done some work as private detective, sir."

"H'm . . ." the officer stared. "Have you got your papers?" he asked.

"Some of them, sir. . . ." Jim glanced up and his delicate feature wore the expression of a mischievous schoolgirl caught in a prank. ". . . I was dismissed from the Honolulu police."

"Why?"

"For shooting a fireman from one of our transports. He was beating a Kanaka woman. They charged me with shooting unnecessarily. Kanakas don't count for much out there."

Again the officer raised his eyebrows and stared curiously.

"Kill him?" he asked.

Jim's eyes fell. "At the first shot, sir," he murmured. "I always shoot to kill when I shoot at all."

The officer leaned back and tugged at his blond mustache. His somewhat fishy blue eyes rested thoughtfully upon the modest figure before him.

"Very well," he said finally, ". . . bring me your papers and we'll give you a chance . . . but mind, we don't want any unnecessary killings here on the Zone."

"No, sir," said Jim, demurely.

II

BEFORE he had been a week in the police he began to make his pressure felt. He talked little, seldom smoked or drank, never looked directly at any one for more than an instant, yet in a fortnight's time he had taken the criminal inventory of the Zone. Moreover, he established a sort of jungle telegraphy which kept him in unofficial touch with the outlying districts. At night he slipped through the alleys like a cat, and when he had need of money he would enter some dive, push gently through the squatting crowd of coolies, sniff with appreciation the familiar, sickening reek, then seek out the proprietor and toss him a quick patter of monosyllabics which sounded like Chinese but was not. He never left empty-handed.

But all of this time Jim was watching and waiting; very little escaped him, yet he saw no sign of the "big graft" which he had come to the Isthmus to find. Once or twice he thought that he had struck a hot trail, but the hope proved futile.

In the course of time he was sent out to the Culebra station, and there he formed the habit of wandering about the works and talking with the workers, and little by little there began to grow in him a strange new interest, an odd feeling of proprietorship and responsibility in the achievement itself. Heretofore, the canal had been to him a helpless, full-blooded monster capable of nourishing thousands of parasites, but as day after day he watched the workers and sat in their tents and listened to their plans and projects, an honest wonder fell upon him when he realized that these men were not there for graft nor entirely for pay, but *to dig the Canal!*

The discovery puzzled him; these were intelligent men, men of sound wisdom. They were far from fools in any sense, yet were they not sacrificing pleasure and risking health for less money than he took each month from the dive-keepers? It puzzled him, and then one day he came to understand.

It was a Sunday, and he had climbed alone to the summit of Gold Hill, where for a while he leaned against a tree-trunk and let his pale eyes rest upon the marvelous view. To the north stretched miles of jungle-clad hill and valley, passing from tropic garden to the vague blue of distance until rimmed by the ultramarine of the Caribbean. To the south the tumbling hills of Paraiso trooped away disordered until they marched out into the Pacific, which they dotted with verdant isles. Below him lay the great Canal, raw and eroded through Culebra Cut, but in the distance outlined by jungle-covered banks.

Presently a small, moving object caught his eye; he fixed it with his glass, and recognized the white-clad figure of the Chief Engineer, who with two of his staff was making a tour of the works on the railway automobile.

Jim's eyes swept again the boundless view of hill and valley, swamp and forest, the two distant oceans . . . then turned back to the tiny speck of white. There was a shocking quality in the comparison of the two antagonists; the amazing effrontery of this atom, coolly directing the subjugation of the Cordilleras! And with what? Far below him on the slope there was a splash of movement and color, punctuated by tiny jets of steam; one of the big American shovels had been half-buried in a slide and was pluckily digging itself free again. Jim watched the tiny thing attack the mountain, then looked across to the opposite slope where an old French bucket-excavator had been cutting a foothold for a construction-railway.

"To think of working with toys like that. . ." he said aloud, ". . . what nerve! . . . Good Lord, what nerve!" His eye measured the great upper prism already dug with such toys by the French, and a sort of awe fell upon him.

For several minutes he sat in meditation, strangely moved. Then suddenly he sprang to his feet, his heart thumping, his pale eyes a-gleam. The zeal of the humble workers at Empire and Gatun and Culebra grew suddenly clear to him. There were bigger things than graft! The reward of these men would come later when they should see a stately battleship, her bright work glittering, her guns gleaming, and the Stars and Stripes ablaze against the background of tropic green, march down between the high hills of Culebra, sweep grandly past the rolling slopes of Paraiso, and so on to the broad Pacific through the Canal *which they had dug!*

Jim half closed his eyes and saw the picture; he saw a squadron filing past beneath; a grim line of cruisers winding up from Gatun and on through to meet upon the Pacific the enemy to their flag. He could see the late sun lurid on their war paint, hear the hills giving back the echoes as their bugles sounded "colors," and the ensigns fluttered down.

Then all at once it occurred to him that *he* was a part of it all, a nerve of the great body, a factor of the whole great work. His pale eyes filled, his mouth twitched; he rose suddenly and threw one arm above his head.

"So help me God . . ." he cried to the wilderness. ". . . I'll play this Canal deal square!"

III

WHEN he returned to his quarters he found an Indian loitering about the door. Jim recognized the man as one of his corps of irregulars.

"What is it, Juan?" he asked in Spanish.

"A white man has gone up the river, señor. He was not of the Commission."

"From Matachin?"

"Yes, señor. He had a small cayugua and two polers, men from far up the river. They did not stop at Gamboa nor at St. Cru."

"When did they leave?"

"Before daybreak, señor. It was still dark."

Jim pondered the matter. The Indian, Juan, was his own private spy, paid from his own pocket. He trusted the man. There were practically but three things apt to take a white man up the Chagres; these were bananas, rubber, and gold. The banana buyers were well known; rubber scouts were seldom seen of late years; the chances were, therefore, that the man was prospecting for gold.

That evening while at his supper one of his Jamaican policemen handed him a despatch. Jim opened it and read:

white man initials w d gambler thick-set muscular heavy black mustache swarthy scar over left eye dressed in khaki wanted for the killing of hanford jones and thomas selby clerks i c c and wounding of others dangerous character armed last seen boarding train for colon signed judson

Jim's mobile face set like a death mask, then a smile curved his beautiful mouth. His amber eyes glowed.

"It's Bill Diamond," he said to himself. "I thought he'd show up sooner or later. Bill Diamond . . . wanted for murder in 'Frisco, Seattle, and the Yukon! . . . my man . . . my man."

Daylight found him on the upper Chagres. He had taken a long cayugua and four native negroes, his own men whom he could trust.

His plans were definite; he would go to Alhajuela, the abandoned hydraulic station, and there he would live in one of the old French cabins, apparently as a hydraulic engineer, while he sent out his men to scout the different tributaries. As soon as they had located his man he would go to the spot in person and make the arrest.

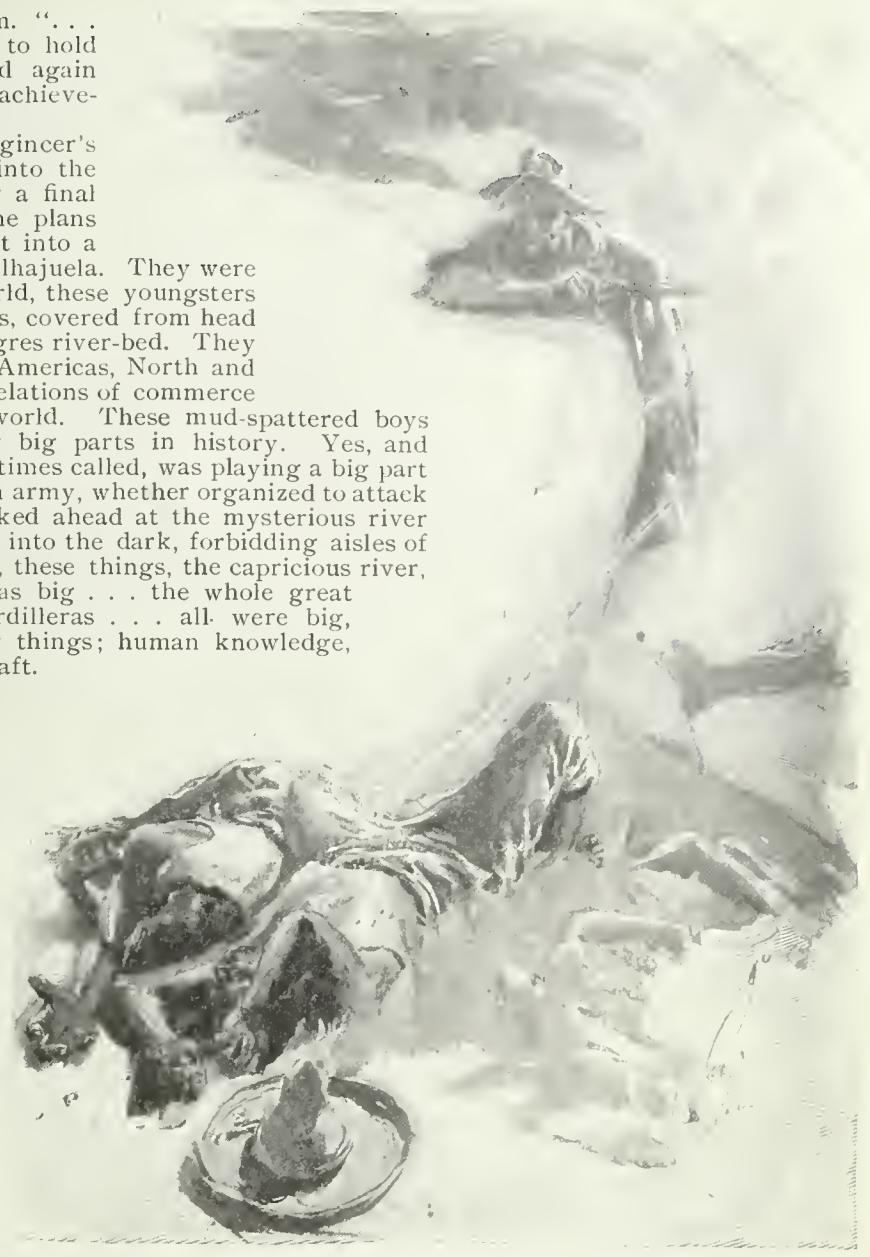
He had no fear that Diamond would try to leave the river until driven out by the rains; by that time the physical appearance of the man would be altered by sunburn, a beard, and the loss of flesh.

He knew Bill Diamond for a dangerous character; a killer, who had carved his fatal initials in more than one mining camp in the Northwest; he knew him also for a reckless fool. No doubt he had money in plenty with which to buy his sanctuary among the up-river folk, but he would rather take a chance than rest there through the wet season. There was really no hurry about finding the man.

He leaned back in the cayugua and watched the river panorama. The Chagres water swirled past, clear as crystal, soft and limpid. On either side rose great trees, shaggy with epiphytes, huge boughs pendent with lianas. A flock of parrots flew chattering overhead, their staccato cries alarming the still air, their wings flashing with each quick stroke. An iguana hung across the limb of a tree, which its brethren had denuded of leaves, and watched their passing. The deep, cool, virgin forest whispered on either side while overhead the tropic sun blazed into the limpid river, painting its bed with ever-changing hues. Crocodiles and alligators baked upon the scorching bars.

The stream was low; in places the long cayugua grounded and the polers stepped out knee-deep and shoved it over the stones. "Yet this trickle shall some day float the navies of the world . . . float them from ocean to ocean . . ." thought Jim. They passed a bare stretch of river-bed where a mammoth tree had stranded, the top downstream, the roots clawing on all sides like the arms of a grapnel. "It would not have taken this creek long to fill a fifty-mile ditch when that fellow came down . . ." thought Jim. ". . . What a job . . . my Lord, what a job to hold her when she's in flood. . . ." And again there rose within him the pride of achievement, the pride of craft.

On his way up he had passed an engineer's camp at Gamboa. They were boring into the deep alluvions of the river-bed, making a final investigation before proceeding with the plans for the great dam which would convert into a lake all that part of the Chagres below Alhajuela. They were preparing to change the map of the world, these youngsters in their flannel shirts and khaki trousers, covered from head to foot with the sticky mud from the Chagres river-bed. They would change the relations of the two Americas, North and South, just as they would change the relations of commerce and diplomacy and power of the entire world. These mud-spattered boys with their diamond drills were playing big parts in history. Yes, and he, "Grafter Jim," as he had been sometimes called, was playing a big part too. Discipline is the first requisite of an army, whether organized to attack hostile men or hostile nature. Jim looked ahead at the mysterious river unfolding before him and peered deeply into the dark, forbidding aisles of the impenetrable forest. They were big, these things, the capricious river, the inscrutable jungle; Culebra also was big . . . the whole great work was big! River, forest, the Cordilleras . . . all were big, yet all were to bow before the bigger things; human knowledge, duty, but most of all, the Pride of Craft.



"What's two niggers alongside a crick paved with nuggets?"

IV

DAY passed day at Alhajuela. Jim lived in the abandoned cabin of the former French fluviographer. Juan remained as his servant; the negroes he furnished with two smaller cayuguas and sent on up the river to scout some of the smaller tributaries.

Most of his time he spent upon the stream, spearing fish and shooting crocodiles, or in the jungle, hunting deer and turkeys and watching the forest life. When the fierce sun was quenched in the tree-tops Juan cooked his supper, and when he had eaten it Jim sat in the door of his cabin and listened to the night sounds of the jungle which marched up to his feet. Once he heard the snuffling grunt of a tapir, rooting in the river-bank; another time there came from the forest depths a weird and startling whistle, followed by a gruesome clacking sound; the boa calling to his mate. At night Jim slept with a lantern by his cot, for the vampires set his mosquito-net to swinging in the rush of air from their wings as they circled the room.

Mornings the swift sun leaped up above the trees and blazed down to set the parrakeets a-screeching. Myriad humming-birds sparkled like jewels. Once he saw a tarpon rush upon the surface of the water and leap into the air, a silvery flame. And so the days passed, but no news came from the criminal, cowering in the bush.

One morning Jim awoke with a numbing headache; the sunlight seemed to shine through his eyeballs into his brain, and his tongue was like the tag end of his belt.

"Fever . . ." he said to himself, "or smallpox." He had met with several natives infected with this disease. He staggered to his door and looked toward the river.

His cayugua was tied to the bank. He thought of the cool, clean hospital wards, the skilled attendance, then of the cases of hemorrhagic smallpox he had seen in Manila, in Honolulu. Then he looked again at the river, at the forest beyond, and with his fever mounting rapidly he thought of the patient toilers boring into the muck at Gamboa; he thought of Culebra . . . of the squadron filing through the cut. . . . No doubt, after all, it was only malaria . . . every one had a touch of fever sooner or later. . . .

"I'll stick it out . . . I'll stick it out whatever it is," he muttered to himself and gulped down thirty grains of quinine. For two days he lay in a semi-delirium, eating nothing, sleeping a fitful fever sleep, and dreaming fantastic fever dreams. The third night he was awakened by the crash of rain upon the corrugated iron roof of his cabin; at the same time he was vaguely conscious of a roaring in his ears, which he ascribed to quinine and malaria.

Toward morning it roused him again, and for a while he lay and listened to it idly, and as he listened it was borne upon him that the noise lacked the even monotone of fever sounds. He crawled from his bed and lurched to the door, threw it open, and gazed down toward the river, then gripped the casement with a cry of dismay.

The torrential Chagres was in flood.

What had been a placid little stream the night before was now become a roaring cataract; in a single night the Chagres had risen twenty feet, and was tearing down through the Alhajuela gorge, red and angry, torn with whirlpools, ripping out the bank upon one side, and inundating the forest on the other.

For minutes Jim clung to the rotting casement and looked down fascinated, bewildered, awed. The change had been so swift, so absolute.

"And to think of harnessing that thing," he said to himself. "To think of stabling it . . . putting it in a paddock and making it work . . . float ships and open and shut locks and run dynamos to light the whole length of the canal it feeds . . . and that is what they are going to do at Gamboa. . . ." He stared down at the swirling, turbid water, and suddenly the pride of the thing swept over him and sent the blood singing through his veins.

The rain had stopped, but a black cloud hung low on the hills upstream. Juan appeared, coming from the river-bank.

"Are the cayuguas safe?" asked Jim.

"The big one is gone, señor," replied the man. "It must have been swept away by a tree. The little one is safe."

Jim took some fruit and coffee, then flung himself upon his cot again. Hours passed and still he lay in a semi-stupor, his racked body the battleground of disease and drug. How long he lay there he could not tell, but when at length he opened his eyes they fell upon a white man who was drying his clothes upon the steps of the cabin. A khaki coat was spread upon the door-sill; the owner was wringing the water from one sleeve, and through the rents in his ragged shirt Jim saw the sinewy, hairy limbs of a great ape. A heavy revolver swung from a holster at his belt.

"Hello . . ." muttered Jim. The man started, then swung about with a vulpine twist of his muscular frame; the face was vulpine also, fringed with a shaggy mane, and with little wolfish eyes set close together. Upon the left side of the forehead there was a small cicatrice which gleamed white against the sunburnt skin.

Jim flung one arm across his face as if to shield the glare of light. Recognition at that moment would have meant swift and merciless death. Through his fever mist, and despite the changes in the man, he had discovered his quarry, the murderer, Bill Diamond, wanted for the lives he had taken in the sheer bloodlust of the killer.

Diamond dropped his head forward and stared at Jim with bloodshot eyes.

"Hullo . . ." he said. "Fever?"

"Yes . . ." muttered Jim.

Diamond reached the side of his cot in quick, catlike steps; he peered down searchingly; some instinct, the vulpine cunning, warned him of an enemy. He glanced at Jim, then warily about the cabin, through the shuttered window at the door, as if expecting it to spring. A vampire fluttered in the rafters; he started, and his hand fell to his hip . . . and all of the while Jim's pale eyes, shielded by his arm, were watching him through their long fringe of lashes.

"Prospectin'?" he muttered, in a heavy, fevered voice.

Diamond moved uneasily at the tone; it recalled some past memory of danger.

"A little," he answered sulkily. "Got flushed out by the rain, so I run down to touch ye for some grub. What *you* doin' here, anyway?"

"Fluviographer," Jim drawled. "Measurin' the damn river."

"Hell y'are. . ."

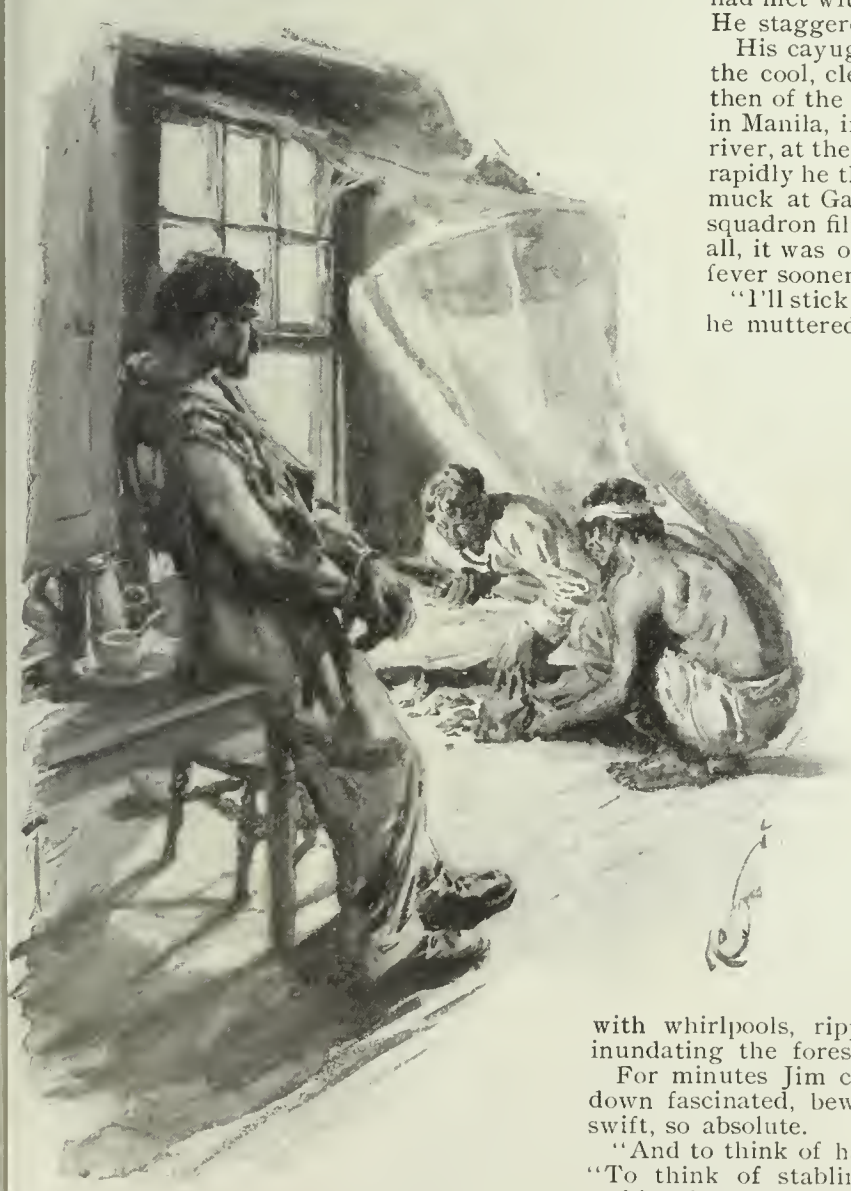
"Any luck prospectin'?"

Again Diamond threw him a quick, uneasy glance. The prone figure reassured him.

"Can't complain," he answered gruffly. He kicked a matting sack which was set by the door-jamb. "Like to see somethin' real pretty?"

Again he looked warily about, then as his eyes came back to Jim he laughed contemptuously. "I wouldn't

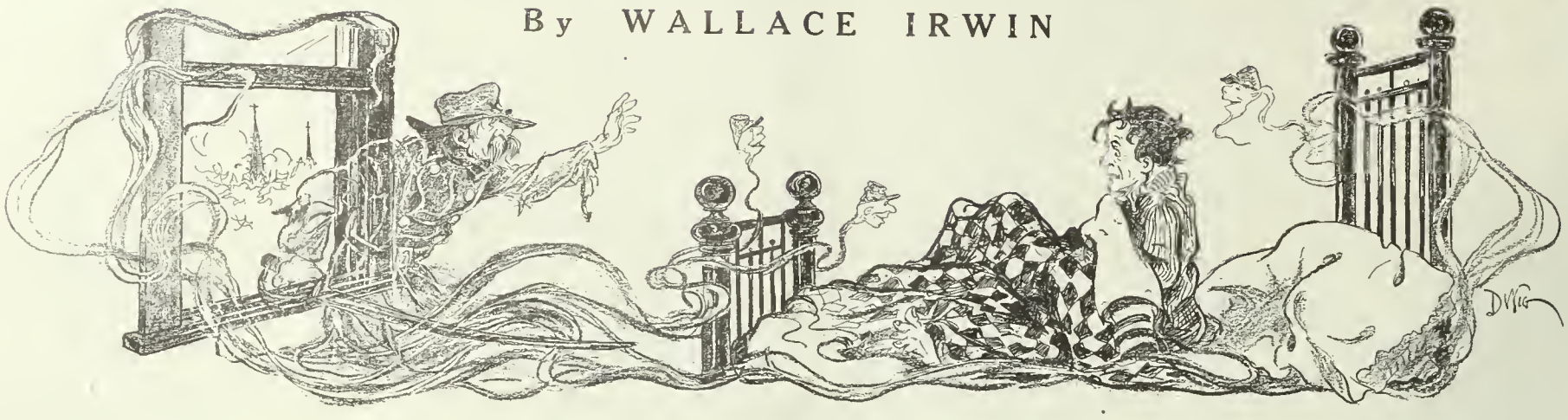
(Continued on page 32)



"Here's a pretty, pretty woman!"

THE GREAT UNTHANKFUL

By WALLACE IRWIN



Showing how a wandering Grouch failed to make a convert of the Average Man

THE Average Man awoke rather late on Thanksgiving morning. In fact, the bells calling gratefully to services were jangling up and down the mediocre street in which he lived. The night before he had gone abroad, had eaten the average dinner, attended the average theatre, partaken of the average midnight supper, and had complained that the average of all these things was so low. But when he had paid the bills he had reflected that the average was pretty high, after all.

This morning the light from the airshaft adjoining his hall bedroom filtered in with a particularly stale pallor, a window lifted itself noiselessly, and an elderly ghost drifted into the room. He was a dejected, tattered military ghost. His eyes were watery, his sword saw-edged and bent. His uniform looked as though it had, in ages past, been rescued from a fire; for one epaulet had disappeared, half the buttons were gone, and the coat hung in tatters at the tails. It was the spirit of General Discontent who seated himself on the edge of the bed and polished his nose with a blue cotton handkerchief.

"Bah!" he exclaimed so abruptly that the Average Man bumped his head against a bedpost. "I suppose, because some old witch-toasting demagogue of Massachusetts happened to be taken unexpectedly cheerful one November day in the year sixteen-hundred and something, that you feel it your duty to get in on the moth-blown fiction and holler 'I'm thankful!' until the police hear you and run you in for dodging jury duty.

"Pooh! I don't know as Teddy Roosevelt's announcing Thanksgiving Day for the third Thursday in November has made me rejoice so as it hurts me. Why don't Teddy make it the second Thursday in November or shove it along into December or leave it off altogether? It's about the only sacred institution in the country that he hasn't jumped on and scared out of a year's growth.

"Not that I don't think most of our sacred institutions deserve jumpin' on and scarin' out of a year's growth. Are you thankful because Mr. Baer has invented a machine that makes the price of coal go up as the mercury goes down; because Senator Aldrich is so busy a-winkin' at John D. Rockefeller that he can't see the Constitution of the United States? Or maybe you're thankful for janitors and open sewers and yellow journalism and automobiles and murders and gentlemen burglars and lady financiers and patent medicines?

"I know your style. You're one o' them Stars o' Hope what thinks that there's a-goin' to be Universal Peace every time the Hague Tribunal meets. You imagine that every feller that gits a Carnegie medal is a hero, and that the United States Senate is run for the special benefit of the Philippine Islands.

"Some yap named Galileo, or Gallagher, or something like that, once got it in the neck for remarkin' that the world do move. Of course, it do—but I ain't a-goin' to say where it's a-movin' to.

"Science and invention! Feller over in Paris discovers radium; in a week it's on the market as a proprietary medicine, guaranteed to cure hemorrhages, hair-lip, hydrophobia, homesickness, heart disease, and any other ailment beginnin' with the letter h, or money refunded. Feller discovers wireless telegraphy and Wall Street corrals it into a corporation. Feller discovers the North Pole and sells out to the Ice Trust.

"Folks is always standin' around a-talkin' about improvin' the world. Say, what *is* Improvement? A political contractor sees a broad and lovely boulevard paved with flawless asphalt, lined with harmonious mansions and shaded by pleasant trees. He drives up and down that boulevard for two or three days a-makin' figures on the margin of a newspaper. Then he sends around an army of Sicilian bandits who attack the quiet picture with pick and shovel, tear up the asphalt, tear down the mansions, lop off the shade trees, throw earthworks over the sidewalks, discharge several boxes of dynamite and stick up on the impressive ruin the sign, 'Street Closed Until Next Election.' That's Improvement, my lad. No, siree," growled the ghost of General Discontent, "this here old planet o' ourn ain't travelin' on schedule time. Its works are rusty and it needs a new mainspring—"



"I tipped him fifty cents—but no use!"

"But, my dear General," interrupted the Average Man, "isn't it true that the world is gradually improving? Won't the armies of General Opinion and General Sentiment finally overcome selfishness and ignorance until the dream of Utopia becomes a fact?"

General Discontent opened his empty jaws and crackled a laugh that was like the performance of a Pianola or a whited sepulchre. "Utopia!" he shrieked. "Say, ever been there? It's positively the slowest town this side of York Centre. I spent jest one evenin' there, and took the New Jerusalem express back for Chicago next mornin'. What's the matter with it? Everything. I wanted to go to the Utopia Hotel, so I got aboard a trolley car. Ladies all got up to give me a seat, which made me nervous, and first thing I knowed the car had took me plum past my corner. 'Conductor,' I yells, 'why didn't you stop at Zion Street, the way I told you?' 'Excuse me, sir,' says the conductor, pulling off his hat—and the next thing I knowed, he had backed the car up to my corner where he helped me off, gave me back my nickel, and handed me five shares of non-assessable stock in the Golden Rule Street Railway Company!

"Then I ordered dinner at the Utopia Hotel—splendid spread includin' all the indigestibles of the season. When I paid my bill (it came to thirty-nine cents) the waiter insisted on givin' me a five per cent discount for cash. I tipped him fifty cents—but no use! He dropped the money in a Salvation Army box when he thought I wasn't lookin'.

"After dinner I went to the Utopia Grand Opera House. The show wouldn't have made much of a ripple on the Rialto. I guess it had been reformed. At the end of the first act the manager came out in front of the curtain and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen; this show is not so very good and the actors range, in talent, from poor to mediocre. I am sure the performance must bore you, so I feel it my duty to give you back your money at the door.'

"But the audience arose as one man and shouted politely, in unison: 'Oh, no! We consider the play perfectly dee-lightful. Go ahead, by all means!'

"So they settled back in their chairs and went to sleep—all but me. I hustled out into the night and called a cab. I ordered the Utopian cabman to drive me to the station, but he hesitated a long time; then finally he opens the trap door on top and hollers down the airshaft: 'Pardon me, sir, but are you sure you can afford this?'

"That settled Utopia for me," said the spook of General Discontent. "Unselfishness like that ain't human—it ain't healthy—"

The Average Man yawned impatiently and sat up in bed.

"I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me," he said. "It is already past noon, and I have to dress. I have an engagement to go out to Thanksgiving dinner with—well, it's important."

"Hoot! bah!" grunted the military shade. "Refrigerated Chicago turkey, embalmed mince-meat, mineral-dye cranberry sauce—serves you good and plenty. Well, you'll rejoice, I suppose, because you ain't got nothing to be thankful for. Good-by, you idiot, and bad digestion to ye!"

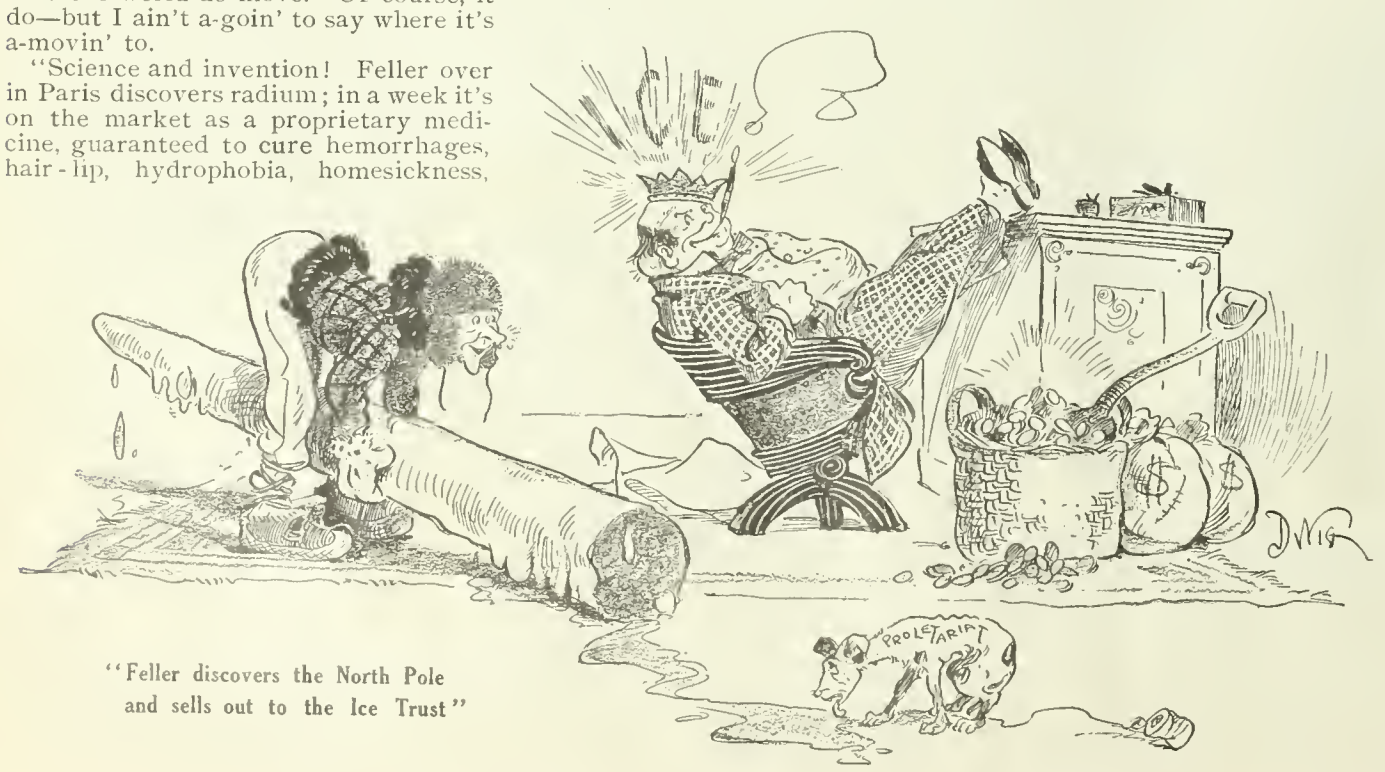
And the spirit of General Discontent faded through a window, kicking a hole through a pane of glass as he disappeared.

The Average Man arose, dressed carefully, brushed his hat, and pinned a red rose in his buttonhole. He paused, during his employment, and read affectionately a few words scribbled on foolish pink note-paper. The note had been written to him by the Average Girl.

The Average Man swung out into the street flourishing his cane. Around the corner a mechanical piano was attacking "Silver Heels" energetically. The Average Man hailed a hansom, named a fondly remembered address and inquired the fare.

"Four dollars and a half," said the cabman promptly.

"Thank Heaven I'm not in Utopia!" said the Average Man as he boarded the piratical craft and sailed jauntily away.



"Feller discovers the North Pole and sells out to the Ice Trust"

THE NEW CLOUD IN THE WEST

The menace of trouble with Japan that is gathering about the schoolhouses of San Francisco



A. ALTMAN
President of San Francisco's Board of Education



SAN FRANCISCO'S SCHOOL FOR JAPANESE, CHINESE, AND KOREAN PUPILS



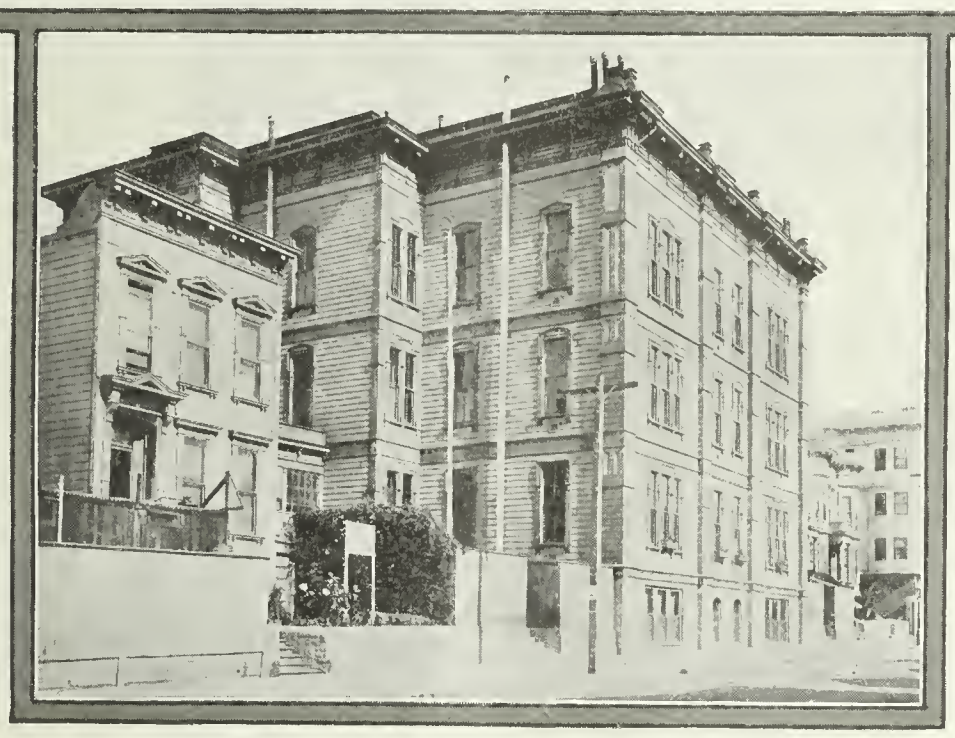
SECRETARY METCALF
Sent to San Francisco by the President to investigate the Japanese trouble

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THE traditional and well-founded hostility to Chinese immigration in California has prepared the ground for an agitation against the Japanese. The matter was brought to a crisis by the fire which burnt out all the schoolhouses in a great part of the city. There was some difficulty in providing for all the pupils, and the Board of Education availed itself of the opportunity to exclude all Japanese from the schools attended by Americans, and confine them to a special school in company with Chinese and Koreans. Japan resented this action, and President Roosevelt sent Secretary Metcalf to San Francisco to try to smooth matters over. But President Altman, of the Board of Education, declined to make any concessions. The Japanese bitterly resent being classed with Chinese and Koreans under the general head of "Orientals." "If our race is Oriental," they say, "so is Mr. Altman's own"



JAPANESE STUDENTS
San Francisco thinks they are too old to go to school



THE PACIFIC HIGH-SCHOOL—NO JAPANESE NEED APPLY



M. H. DE YOUNG (SITTING)
The editor who made the anti-Japanese agitation dangerous

THE first three-cent car ever operated in Cleveland, if not in the United States, was run by Mayor Tom L. Johnson on November 1, when the West Side Line of the Forest City Railway Company was formally opened to the public. The Forest City Company is under lease to the Municipal Traction Company, and the whole system comes as near to public ownership as the law of Ohio allows. It is to be self-supporting, paying a moderate return upon the capital actually invested, without water, but it has not been created for profit. The directors have voluntarily assumed a public trust. But they have anticipated that the lease which they hold may some day be worth millions, so they have asked the City Council to take it out of their power to violate the trust which they have assumed. They have agreed with the Council to operate all of the franchises awarded to the Forest City Railway Company; that they will carry passengers at three-cent fare with transfers; that the city may at any time take over the property at its appraised value, plus ten per cent as a bonus, should the Legislature give the city power to do so. And in order that they shall at all times be under the control of the city, they agree that the council may at all times regulate fares and transfers, and at any time revoke any franchise granted to the company on condition only that the city compensate it for the physical damage to its property. Further than this they agree that all earnings in excess of operating expenses and the rental to the Forest City Railway Company shall be used for betterments, extensions, improvements in service or the reduction of fares below three cents. And in order that the city may be a fully informed partner in the enterprise, the company disclosed its receipts and expenditures and agreed to keep its books forever open to inspection. There can be no machine built upon the spoils system. There is no danger to the taxpayer for the city's credit is not used at all. And, best of all, the street railways are forever removed from politics. For the Municipal Traction Company has no franchises to be gambled for through a control of the city or State



MAYOR JOHNSON ACTS AS MOTORMAN ON THE FIRST 3-CENT-FARE CAR IN CLEVELAND

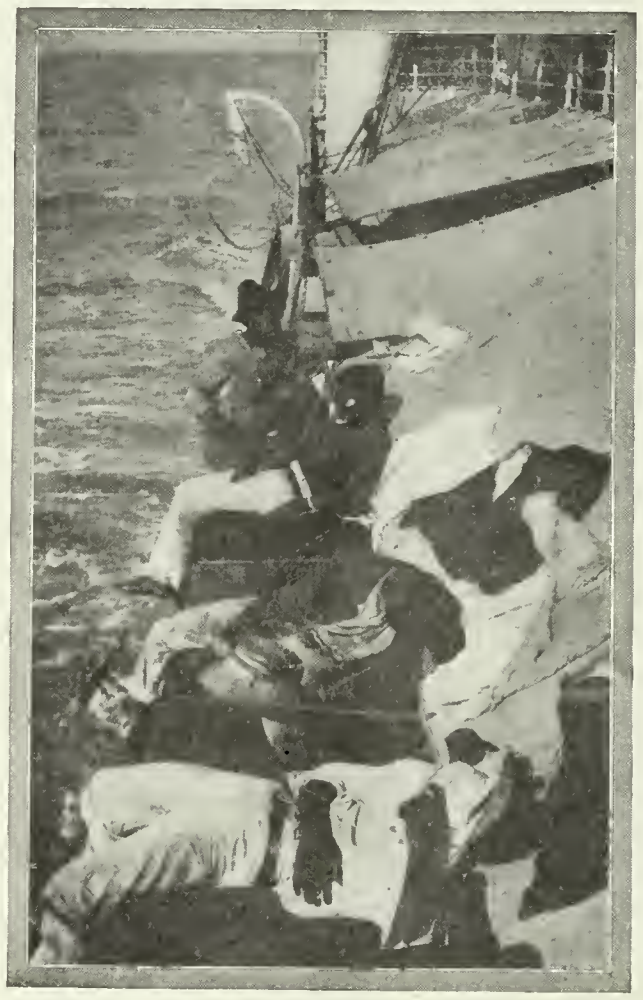
THE OTHER AMERICANS

By ARTHUR RUHL

This is the second of a series of articles dealing with the human side of our South American neighbors. The first article, published in Collier's for November 3, treated of Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, and its people. The next will describe the odd life of the West Coast steamers—"mailboat, freighter, and market gardener in one"—the journey from Panama to Callao, Peru, and the ride thence up the wonderful Oroya Railroad, the highest in the world

THERE are many strange ways of getting about in South America, but I doubt if any of them brings a more complete sense of contrast than comes with walking up the gangplank from the wharf at La Guayra to the deck of a Royal Mail. It is almost as hard to get out of La Guayra as to get into it; one must call on the prefect to demonstrate that one is not an escaping regicide, pay his going-away fees, deposit in gold enough to meet quarantine expenses at the Isthmus so that the steamship agent may violate the company's order to accept no passengers for Colon; and, after pecking at a villainous garlic-greasy luncheon on a hotel balcony looking out on the Caribbean, skirmishing through smelly streets, hardly daring to draw a full breath, and awaiting with the gringo's panicky dread the bite of the yellow-fever mosquito, one has just about forgotten the pretty little capital over behind the mountains, Bolivar Plaza, and the hooded victorias twinkling through the dark, and is ready for comic-opera Latin America at its wildest. Then you step across a bit of planking into the British Isles. It is no less than that. Your luggage is brought by a barefoot *mestizo* sputtering Spanish frantically, and laboring apparently under the obsession that you have robbed him or that the steamer is going to sail without you, and it is taken by a sandy-haired Cockney steward, who says: 'Ticket, sir, if you please, sir," and "Thank you, sir," whether one gives him half a sovereign or tells him that he ought to be hanged. You leave behind the *desayuno* of rolls and *cafe con leche*—hot milk and native coffee, black as ink—and approach a breakfast of toast and orange marmalade, eggs, cold joints, bloaters, and Yorkshire brawn. The decks are lined with steamer chairs whose occupants seem as unaware that the steamer has touched at a new port, full of sights new and strange which they may never see again, as they are of the existence of those reclining on either side of them. They do not see the theatre-curtain town, nor the wonderful brown mountains. They are reading the romances of the Colonial Library, just as they were five minutes after the ship left Southampton, just as they would be if they were sailing east on a P. and O. to whatever queer corner of the Orient. At five o'clock, of course, there is tea and biscuits, and the Colonial Governor, on his way "out" to his new post, tastes, sets down his cup and forthwith summons the head steward: "What *is* this?" he demands, and the steward, wetting his lips and almost turning pale, ventures the opinion that it is tea. "Tea?" rumbles the Colonial Governor. "*Tea!*" He regards the portly steward as though he were some eccentric insect. "Now, my good man!" he begins, straightening up one hand on the hip, "I have drunk tea for forty yeahs, and in all parts of the world, and I know—"

At six-thirty the bugle blows. The Major's big bulldog-toed tan boots, which look as though they had tramped over many miles of fair green, cease their steady pound up and down the deck, the young men rap their pipes on the rail, the young women put down their Colonial novels. At seven all emerge, dressed as though they were dining out at home instead of dozing westward through the tepid Caribbean in the dregs of the northeast trades; soda bottles begin to pop, the squeaky little orchestra plays "The Lost Chord," and airs from the latest Gaiety Theatre success, and the Colonial Governor and the Colonel, at the captain's table, rumble in the fine, sonorous parliamentary manner of the *Dreadnought's* coal consumption, the native question in Bengal, and the laboring men's lack of interest in Nonconformist schemes as though they were reading aloud from "The Spectator" or "The Saturday Review."



The white man's burden-carrier bound for Panama

It was inconceivably British—that ship. I mean that its Briticism was of that incredible sort which, like the complementary kind of Americanism, one expects to find only in the caricatures of novels or the stage. One could imagine it sailing round the world forever and peeping into all the world's strange and wonderful ports and still the steamer chairs would line the deck on the opposite side of the ship from which things were to be seen, still the heads would be bent complacently over the Colonial novels. There were several locomotive drivers on their way to a West Coast railroad—fine stalwart chaps, with that wonderful combination of sturdiness and stupidity which is rarely so well exhibited as in the face of the British working man. I happened to speak to one of them of "the Canal." "W'at canal is that?" said he. I told him that the United States were trying to dig one across Panama. "Aouw"—he said, "are they buildin' a canal there?" with that peculiar accent of the question which seems to imply that probably that is exactly what they are *not* doing. Two ladies sat at the captain's right—austere, scarcely youthful females, who dressed in black lace each night. They might have stepped out of a Du Maurier drawing in "Punch." Any one who was ever housed in that antique and fleabitten caravansary which stands across the plaza from the cathedral at Panama—up to last May, at least, triumphantly the worst hotel in the worst of all possible worlds—will understand how it was almost with grief that a few days after we had landed one saw these poor creatures there nibbling at its villainous *table d'hôte*. It was almost shocking a few days later to catch a glimpse of them on the sun-blistered dock at La Boca, gently bred apparently, certainly inexperienced, jostled by sweating coal-passers and negro porters, picking their way, timorously, to a shabby little half-freighter bound up the Mexican coast. They could not sail for several days, and meanwhile they must exist, there, with donkey engines wrangling all about them and coal dust flying, and bake in one of the hottest ports of the world. It was not until we were well down the Peruvian coast that a young American engineer, to whom they had appealed one day in Panama, told me what it all meant. They were on their way to San Francisco. And to compass a journey, which by way of North Atlantic liners and Pullman cars might have been made in rather less time than a fortnight, they were to travel thousands and thousands of miles, touch at half the fever-stricken ports on the Western continent, and consume, first and last, probably all of two months. "But what on earth—" "Well," grinned the young engineer, "they said it was the only way. They'd understood that transportation was still so crude that it wasn't safe for women to try to cross the interior of the States!"

It seemed to me not the least interesting thing about the fever-breathing strip of coast between La Guayra and Colon that ships like these should be steaming along it only a stone's throw, so to speak, off shore. I thought of it as we lay at the dock one morning at Cartagena, when, with thunder-claps crashing all round us like exploding shells and that rain which only the tropics knows, filling all the world beyond the deck awnings in one solid steamy waterfall, the if-you-please-sir-thank-you stewards began, promptly at eleven o'clock as usual, to patter from chair to chair with their Peek and Frean biscuits and little pink ices. And I thought of it every time I looked overside and saw the flying-fish spattering away from the bow and recalled that behind that jagged brown shore-line were the snow heights and the steamy jungles of the Orinoco and Colombia, and not so very far away Indians as naked and refreshingly savage as any on the continent.

There are two ways of seeing this northwest corner of South America and traversing the several thousand miles that take one from the asphalt and cabs of Caracas to the asphalt and cabs of the capital of Peru. By one way you go cross country, cut your way through jungles, ford rivers full of alligators and snakes, shiver on mountain passes higher than any in the Rockies, get bitten up by all sorts of troublesome insects and elected to a geographical society when you get home. By the other way one coasts along effetely in some such mailboat as this, and endeavors to content one's self by reading "Westward Ho," and consular



Typical street of a Caribbean town

The Colombian Navy in the harbor of Cartagena

The barred windows of Cartagena

The Question of Beauty



is largely a matter of skin cleanliness and healthfulness. Taboo paint, powder, skin foods, lotions and such—make friends with good soap and fresh water — take plenty of exercise—and Dame Nature will do her best for your complexion.

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A soap can either cleanse, purify, soften and beautify the skin—or it can clog, irritate, roughen and injure it.

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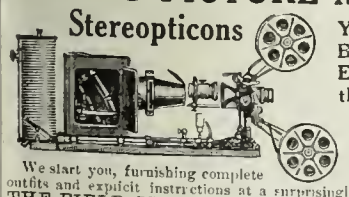
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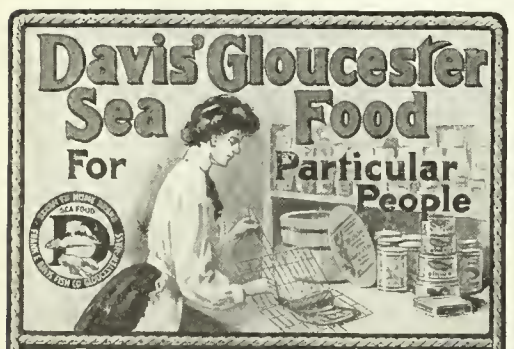
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THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 24)

reports, viewing the moldering dungeons of Cartagena, and speculating about the days when pirates rejoiced in these waters and the Inquisition roasted people on red-hot iron mattresses. If these lines should chance to fall beneath the eye of a Colombian, I hope he will not think that it was any passionate attachment to the society of a steamer-chair which prompted the writer to deny himself the more arduous and more interesting pilgrimage, nor that this mere coasting trip was intended as any affirmation of the notion that the Republic of Colombia is not to be taken seriously. But we have but one life and there are limits to things. There are few cities in South America, for instance, which the wanderer who strays into these parts would rather get a glimpse of than Bogota, the capital of Colombia. So few people from the big world ever visit it that it is almost like some buried city of Tibet. It lies in the interior, ten thousand feet up in the air—so far up that though within five degrees of the equator its average temperature is like our spring. Buried away, as they are, the people of Bogota have preserved more of the Spanish life than their more accessible neighbors. It is away up here that the sonorous tongue of Cervantes and Calderon is spoken most perfectly. Bogota is the centre of that interest in things literary which is perhaps the most typical characteristic of the Colombian when contrasted with his neighbors. It was after he had been at Harvard that a young Venezuelan told me that Bogota was "the Boston of South America" and, to hear South Americans describe it, one might almost think that Bogota reproduced the days of the *précieuses*. If you ask the name of the best novel written in South America you will generally be told that it is "Maria," a story written by a Colombian about Colombia; the delegate which the Colombians sent to the conference at Rio this summer was one of their favorite poets. Yet to get to Bogota, even after one has left the steamer at Savanilla, takes two weeks' travel up the Magdalena River, and by mule-back across the mountains; there is no way to get out except by the way one came—at the best a whole month gone.

It is inaccessibility such as this which has always been Colombia's great drawback, and which has done much to prevent it from reaching a stage of civilization in which the country as a whole could be taken seriously. Colombia is about ten times as large as New York State and, excepting the Caribbean coast and the broad *llaños* of the eastern part, sloping down to the Orinoco and Amazon, the whole land is one tangle of valleys walled in by mountains, anywhere from ten to twenty thousand feet high. One can look from one neighborhood to another, to reach which by the circuitous trails would take days. There are practically no railroads—communication between the capital and the various departments is by horseback, and about the vividest idea the outlying people get of the national administration is when some representative of it comes round to put up the taxes.



CANAL ZONE QUARANTINE STATIONS ON THE BEACH ROAD AT COLON

They write and read a great deal of poetry in Bogota, but the folks who do it are only a tiny oligarchy, superimposed on the country's untrained mass, sloping down grade from merely illiterate *mestizos* to out-and-out savages. Only about one-third of the people are white. Of the future importance of the country, there is, of course, no doubt. Its minerals, in spite of the hundreds of millions the Spaniards gathered up, have, in the modern mining sense, scarcely been scratched. It has coffee and rubber and woods, and several million cattle are now ranging in its eastern *llaños*. It will be the nearest country to the Panama Canal, and it is only five days from New York. But such matters are more the business of consular reports than gossip of the "other Americans," and even the present chronicler must admit that in spite of the culture of its upper class and the charm of certain phases of its life, Colombia, together with Ecuador, and, in a lesser sense, Venezuela, is one of those Latin-American countries which are, in a modern sense, scarcely house-broken. The limpid breath that whispers through the palm trees off the Caribbean would woo the soul away from an iron statue of a Puritan Father and make him forget his country, yet you can scarcely refrain from smiling at the three little toy ships of Colombia's navy, dancing in the sun off Cartagena, or at a land where for a few cents of almost any sort of money, you get a handful of bills in change. It is hard to be quite serious when you spend three days in a little flea-bitten shack on the beach and the hotel proprietor, with a low bow, hands you a bill for $900.

The disadvantage in coming to the Isthmus from any such respectable and unsuspected port as Southampton or New York is that one is compelled on arriving to go to a Panama hotel instead of being hustled away to quarantine. The long arm of Colonel Gorgas and his men, which descends alike on the solitary *stegomya* basking in the rain-barrel, and whole shiploads of people embarked at ports a thousand miles away, had made La Guayra a suspected port, and whoever had come from there must be quarantined until the six days during which the fever develops were past. Our British acquaintances, therefore, went to Panama where, until the west coast mailboat sailed, they could enjoy some of the worst of Spanish-American cooking and awake of mornings to watch the insectivora crawling up the mosquito curtains of their beds back to their daytime lairs. We, from Venezuela, were bundled into a sea-going hack and driven through darkest Colon—which resembles a fishing village on Jamaica Bay when the tide is out—past the big hospital, to a frame cottage, new, screened, and fresh as paint. We thought at the time that we were rather roughly used, but if ever I should visit Colon again I should step out from under the shade of the ship's awning with precisely the feelings of the man in the music-hall song who asked if they wouldn't put him back in his little cell. It was really a delightful place. A certain breeze wanders off the Caribbean, so soft and sweet, that body and spirit fairly dissolve in it as in some faint, exquisite music. But it is a furtive breeze, as difficult

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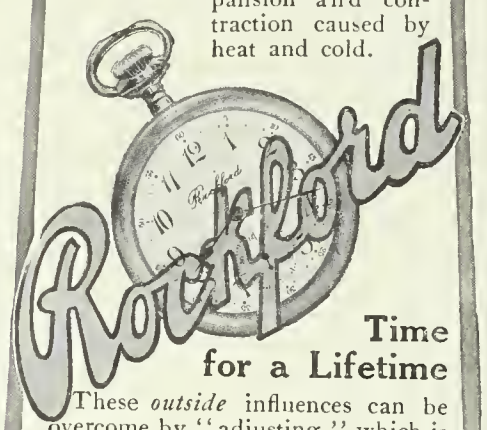
I Pay $25 for the rare half dollars of 1853, $40 for the Stellas of 1879, $200 for the 1880, $30 for the gold dollars of 1875 and $50 for the three dollars 1875, $25 for dimes 1894 m. m. S. $1 to $250 each for the Territorial coins 1849 to 1861, and from $1 to $300 for thousands of other rare coins, stamps and paper money. Send a stamp for an illustrated circular; it may lead to wealth and independence. Address the most reliable coin dealer. 18 years at the present location.

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TWO things cause inaccurate time-keeping in a watch, broadly speaking: Defects in the watch itself and *outside* natural causes, such as the effect on a watch of the constantly changing position in which it is carried and the expansion and contraction caused by heat and cold.



Time for a Lifetime

These *outside* influences can be overcome by "adjusting," which is simply redistribution of weight in the "balance wheel."

But frequently the "balance" and the "hair spring" which controls it are called upon to overcome defects in the watch itself—imperfect parts or inaccuracies in putting the parts together. And such defects, if not righted, soon "throw off" the "adjustment to position" and "to temperature" and the watch gains or loses time.

So Rockford Watches must pass the Rockford Test—must run *without* a hair spring before they are adjusted.

And Rockford adjusting is therefore permanent. * * *

That's why your watch dealer will be glad to sell you a Rockford Watch.

He knows it will not be coming back for constant readjusting.

If you are not willingly supplied with any type of Rockford Watch, write us and we will see that you get what you want.

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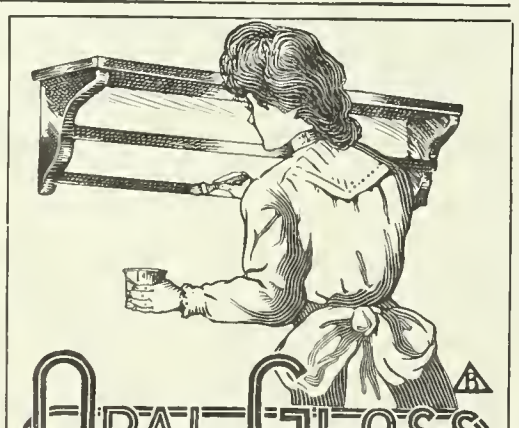
are noted for the excellence of the paper which they contain. The pages will stand daily handling and frequent erasures.

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are identified by the Eagle which is watermarked in the pages. They are for sale in your city by the leading stationers.

Send for free copies of our bright little paper "The National"

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SHINES LIKE A NEW DOLLAR AND COSTS BUT A QUARTER

Many varnishes are mixed with benzine and quickly evaporate when the lid is off the can. Such dry instantly leaving a brittle surface that scratches and flakes off.

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dries gradually and makes a hard brilliant surface that successfully resists daily wear. It may be washed with soap and hot water. It comes in seven shades and may be put to a hundred uses.

FREE PAINT BOX

Send us your paint dealer's name, state whether or not he sells **OPAL-GLOSS** and we will send you a free water color paint box for the children.

THE DAVID B. CROCKETT CO.
25th Street Bridgeport, Conn.

THE OTHER AMERICANS

(*Continued from page 25*)

to grasp as the shadow of Ting-a-ling in "Peter Pan." It particularly likes corners. I mean the outside corners of corners which have a porch. It will blow on people it knows, and who know the precise angle it likes, and make them wonder why any one should think it uncomfortably hot in Panama, but if they presume a bit and move so much as a hairbreadth to one side, it goes out like an electric light and leaves them gasping on what might be a tin roof on the very hottest dog-day at home. There was one of those corners on the porch at Quarantine where you could tilt your chair back, put your feet on the porch rail, watch the ships sailing into the Caribbean and shiver agreeably at the stories of disease and death the other prisoners told. We always talked disease and death. By day, with pipes alight, clad only in pajamas, with the coral drive round our little bay blazing in the sun, it was cheerful enough, but toward evening when the mosquitoes began to swarm over from the marshes in clouds, and one felt, in spite of what the doctor said, that at least one or two of them must be *stegomyas*, we listened like children hearing ghost stories or shipwrecked sailors talking about sharks while clinging to a raft. There were only six or eight of us—a black-and-tan family bound for Panama, some beach-combers, and the rest from the second class were housed in an adjoining cottage—and to the others, quarantines, eating quinine and driving the fever out one's carcass was part of the day's work. One was a Canal employee; he had had the fever in Havana, and had a certificate saying that he was immune, but he had sailed from Savanilla and had been ordered to Quarantine, with the rest. One was a young engineer on his way home from the Nicaragua banana country; you were bound to have more or less malaria, he said, if you had to work in the "bush," but he got a couple of months in the north each year, and that seemed to pull him through. Only once had he "come near to croaking," although that, to be sure, was a pretty close squeak. They measured him for his coffin, and in the thoughtful way they had in that little native hospital, brought it in and set it beside his bed.

The Legion of the Lost Ones

"The good thing is," one of the others said, "you're always out of your head. If you get well, all right, and if you don't, why you go off without knowing it—and that's all right, too." He had just come "out" from home—a young Scotchman, scarcely thirty, yet with nearly ten years' service behind him in every sort of fever-cursed land from the Gold Coast to the Far East. He was a commercial traveler, and he had been down the west coast of Africa somewhere when the "house" had cabled that the man who covered the Caribbean country had died at last, and he must go over and take his place.

"He went off two months ago—at Maracaibo," explained the young Scotchman; "he kept at it too long."

This young man, too, had had his measure taken after the natives had brought him down several days' journey to one of the little ports on the Gold Coast. A ship happened to be in port, and, as steamers didn't pass that way very often, his baggage was packed up and sent aboard, and a cable sent home that his case was hopeless. He had had about every disease in the list of those with creepy names which whisk one off in a night, and his face showed that he had not spent his life looking out of a club window. Yet he was in no sense of the word a hero. He was an agent for a firm of whisky manufacturers. While our baggage was being inspected on the wharf, I had noticed two very solid-looking leather boxes among his luggage, bearing initials not his own.

"Yes," he said dryly, when I spoke about them afterward, "they have seen a good bit of service out here. They belonged to the other man."

You run across them everywhere down here, the soldiers of that strange legion which is always in active service, always on the firing line, yet without a flag and without a name. They are through the jungle ahead of the railroad and over the passes before the engineers. They know the Kaffir and bushwhackers' slang names for food, and to sell a bit of cotton cloth or a phonograph they are ready to speak more languages than a Russian diplomat. They cross deserts and ignore pestilence, and the things that amateur explorers write volumes about are not mentioned when they run across a mailboat, and send back to the "house" a report of the day's work. They don't get any medals or any cheers or any pensions, and they are lucky if they get their name in the paper when the time comes for them to "snuff it" in some far-off jungle, under any flag in the world but their own.

Although prisoners, we could walk along the beach for about the distance of two city blocks to a certain stump beside the water, and if any one passed that the little German doctor would call from the porch and the big Jamaica negro policeman, in khaki and a brown helmet, would start toward us, beaming his superior and Sphinx-like smile. He was a wonderful person, very proud of his position, of the distinguished personage whom he called "Uncle Som," and he spoke the most elegant phrasebook English with a British accent that made the most precise of us feel small and colloquial. It was superb to hear him ask the negro driver of one of the rickety Colon carriages, "Suh—what is yoh tariff?" or to watch him stride in majestically from the other house and request "If I am not incommoding you too much, steward, two moh bottles of yoh aerated watahs."

The Canal Negro Before and After Taking

If all the Canal negroes fitted into their places as perfectly as did this benign and efficient personage, the problem of labor would not be perplexing. I had my first glimpse of the Canal negro when I took the steamer at La Guayra. She had touched at Trinidad, and her steerage decks, fore and aft, were packed with Barbadoes negroes. They were husky, strong-looking fellows, like most West Indian negroes, black and smooth as seals. Some were beautiful, in their chocolate statue fashion; tall, with narrow waists and fine shoulders that showed through their torn shirts like chocolate-colored bronze. Mr. Rowland Thomas, looking down from the upper deck, might have mistaken several for his "Fagan." By day they sprawled in the sun like turtles or amused themselves with absurd games, crawling along the rails like monkeys or begging for cigarettes from the cabin passengers with the peculiar Cockney whine of the negro of the British West Indies; at night they danced on the deck while two or three pounded on the hatchway with sticks precisely the same sort of tomtom song, I dare say, that their relations were beating at the same moment in the heart of the Congo jungle. It was difficult to associate them with hard and persistent labor; they seemed, as much as the palm trees, a part of those sleepy isles the steamer had left behind, with their sunshine and their tobacco and coffee and the rank molasses-sugar smells. They were merely happy tropical animals. Then one day we sighted the Isthmus. Instantly there was a grand scramble. Out of tin trunks and paper bundles came duck suits and rakish flannels, Panama hats with silk-scarf hatbands, barber-pole ties that would have made a Yale sophomore envious—all the conglomeration of British hand-me-down clothing which could be accumulated in

This Gas-Plant Installed Complete for $225.

THAT price includes a genuine "Pilot" Acetylene Generator,—the most *reliable* make known.

—Piping to third floor in the building.

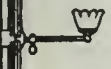
—Handsome, polished brass Chandeliers, with—

50 Lights



—Burners, tips and globes complete. Two days' work free, installing plant.

—Every pipe *concealed* between walls and floors, and *tested* in first-class manner.



—Full and simple explanation of machine by a capable man at your own home.

—Generator loaded and every jet charged with gas ready to touch a match to.

—All for $225 cash—or terms if needed.

This equipment is good for *twenty* years, with very trifling, if any, repairs.

When once installed, it will give you as *much* light as you had before from kerosene lamps at a *third less* cost.

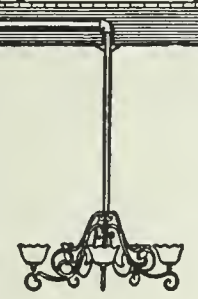
There will be no more lamp-*cleaning*, filling, trimming, nor carrying around.

There will be no more *risk* from lamp explosions or fire.

There will be no more *soot* on curtains, ceilings, walls, carpets nor furniture.

There will be no more *smell* of vile kerosene, and





Nothing to do when you want *light* but to turn a tap, and touch a match to the burner.

Doesn't *that* sound interesting to you, Madam Householder?

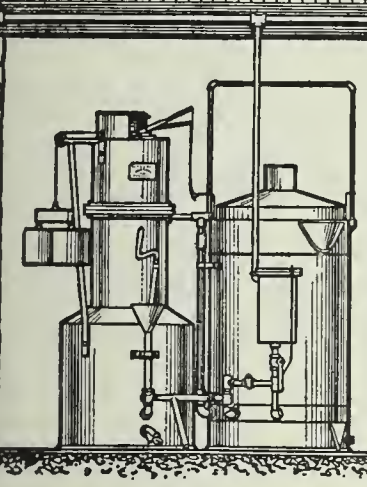
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Then we'll send you a booklet, which will make you wonder *why* you didn't investigate *Modern* Acetylene before.

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Everybody loves piano music, yet not one home in a thousand has a talented musician. A home without talent need not be a home without music.

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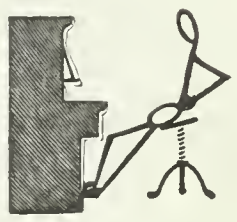
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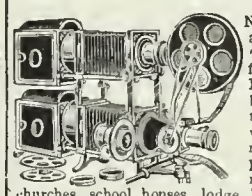
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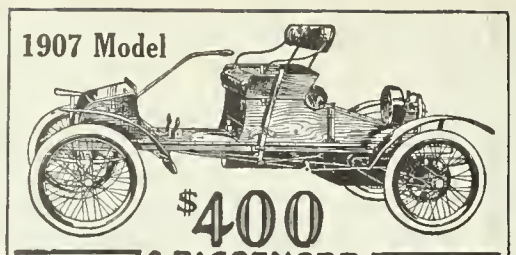
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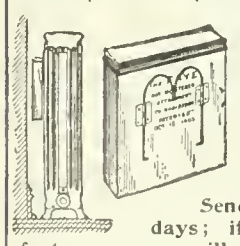
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THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 28)

such a place as the Barbadoes where British clothing is as cheap as it is in London. They had elaborated all the little tricks they had picked up from their British masters. The Panamas were carefully turned up in front and down behind, their ducks were rolled up half-way to their knees, flaming silk handkerchiefs were hanging negligently out of breast pockets. They strolled the deck and leaned on their sticks with the air of Broadway chorus gentlemen, and the same shameless, slovenly children who had begged for tobacco now stared up toward the saloon deck with a "who-the-hell-are-you?" air which seemed to be endeavoring to assure us that we had never seen them before. It was men like these who had come to undertake continuous and exhausting labor under conditions which called for pluck and fortitude of the first order. I do not know how typical this boatload may have been; others, perhaps, had less of this hopeless mixture of barbarism and cheap sophistication. But when one thought of these black men with H. M. S. *Impregnable* hatbands running up against an Irish Canal foreman, for instance, the labor problem opened up a few of its vistas. And it was instructive to recall the look of these men two or three days later when we recognized some of them at work along the railroad—clothes out of sight now, cocky manners out of sight, too, just simple, cagey, Canal negroes, moving so slowly that one wondered how they could keep their balance, carrying shovelfuls of dirt with the elaborate care of contestants in a slow bicycle race.

To those who know them the tropics are not terrible, treacherous though they be; even in naturally unhealthy places like Panama, where such work as Colonel Gorgas and his men are doing has been done, there is scarcely more danger to health than in the temperate north. Such work is part of the romance of modern science—to destroy terror, stamp out disease, defeat what amounted to a hostile army with sharpshooters behind every tree, concealed, indeed, in every rain-puddle and water-barrel; and to do it, not with fighting and smoke and blood, but peacefully, silently, with microscopes and drains and mosquito screens. Its importance can scarcely be overestimated. For it means, not merely making the Isthmus habitable, but changing the problem of the whole tropics and throwing it open to the white man.

Making the Isthmus a Place for White Men

All of the men whom I met on the Isthmus who had work which allowed them to remain indoors away from the sun seemed contented. There was always a breeze, they said, and in the shade it was more comfortable than it was in summer in the city at home. Their lodgings were clean and roomy, and the meals at the commissariat restaurants which cost them thirty-five cents and strangers fifty cents, were much better than those supplied by the average boarding-house in New York. The most satisfied person I met was a man who had spent his life in clubs and restaurants at home before he took up an executive position in one of the departments on the Canal.

"Food's good, do nothing at night but sleep, and it's no hotter than it is in the summer in Chicago," he said. "Gained twenty pounds, and I whistle every morning when I'm taking my bath, and *that's* something I didn't use to be able to do."

These are the cheering things one hears after seeing the Canal and talking with its builders, but few Northerners, used to thinking of "the country" as a paradise in which one rides and plays golf and gets rested and healthy, can journey across the Isthmus for the first time without a certain feeling of creepiness, as though one were entering a darkened sick-room sheltering some malignant disease, or an ambush that concealed an enemy. Outside it is only a strip of jungle land. There is an aisle of tropical vines and creepers, pierced by a railroad, wooded hills presently, and the view now and then of a sluggish river. The very stillness and lethargy of it only makes more oppressive the weight of tragedy that lies upon it—makes it seem more treacherous. Hopes and fortunes and thousands of lives have perished here, and there lies the jungle, flat and stupid and freshly green, innocent as a quicksand. Nature ceases to be our kindly, comfortable mother of the north. One shrinks from her. You do not throw up your chin and fill your lungs; you breathe with a certain dread, as though the very air were poisonous. Through the vines you can see now and then the engines and dump-cars and little cranes left by the French. The hungry vegetation, with the relentness sureness of a python swallowing a "rabbit," has all but submerged them. There is something horrible and uncanny in the inevitableness of this tropical growth, outwardly so fragile and so frail. From the tops of rusty smoke-stacks and steam shovels, pale tendrils flutter and swing in the breeze, pretty and careless, and they seem like the little waves lapping about some dead thing in the water. . . .

The Promise of the Future

It was sunset time when we rode through the Culebra Cut. Work had stopped, and beside the fresh gashes they had gnawed in the red clay of the hillside, the South Milwaukee steam shovels—almost alive and personal they seemed, so wonderfully did they bring into the jungle the strength and sure sweep of that life of the north—rested for the night. The army of workers were returning home. At every station folks poured into the train; clerks from the division chiefs' offices, young engineers with red clay plastered all over their boots and puttees, sweat coming through the khaki between their shoulders, and that tired look across the eyes that comes to white men who have to work and worry in a tropical climate. With them, returning from marketing or visiting, were their sisters and wives and young lady school-teachers in summer shirtwaists. Everybody seemed to know everybody else. It was like a commuter's train going out to Jersey at six o'clock. The young engineers leaned over the backs of the seats and chatted with the school-teachers—some of the wives and sisters brought out candy boxes and passed them around.

"Hello, Mrs. S., how's everything? . . . Well, *she* said. . . . Yes, he's going to get a month's vacation and run up to Utica for. . . . See you at the dance Friday. . . . We got the worst of it cleaned off now, and just as soon as we burn the brush off we'll turn stock in here, by Jiminy, and make a meadow of the whole damn jungle. . . . Lucille's just got *all* the music, an' it's simply. . . . Can't you come over to-night?" . . .

It is hard to explain to one who has not first felt the creepy spell of a fever neighborhood, the hideous inhumanity of the tropical wilderness, just what such ordinary talk from these ordinary people meant in such a place. It seemed to quiet the noisy shouting about graft and plunder, and make it only the red-faced wrangling of a day; for the moment it was the voice of that young, strong, clean nation, which had tackled this job, the sign and promise of the finished work. The cool of evening breathed into the car windows, ravines sank into shadow, wooded hilltops glowed in the sunset; and the treacherous jungle lost its treachery and acquired a sweetness and humanity.



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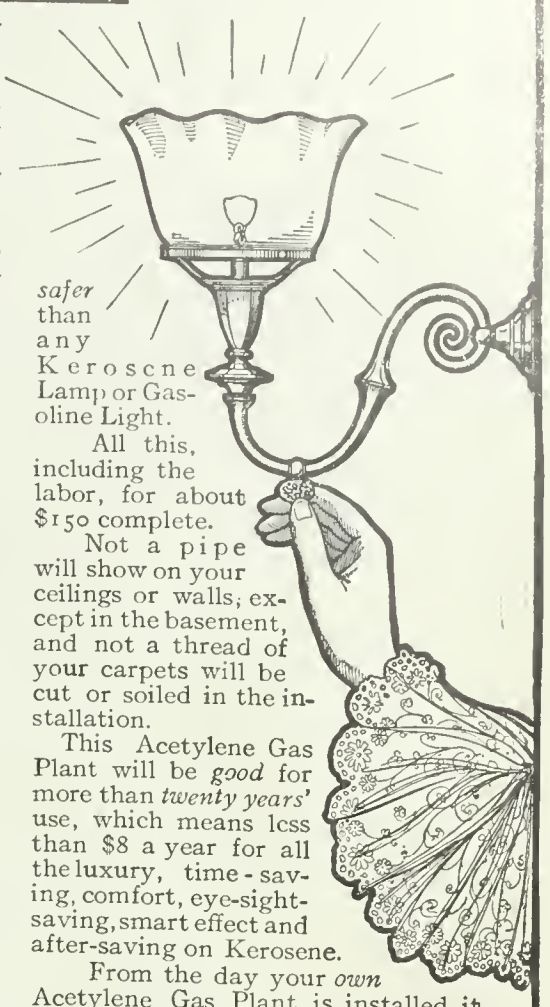
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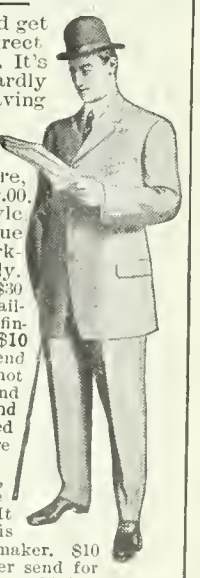
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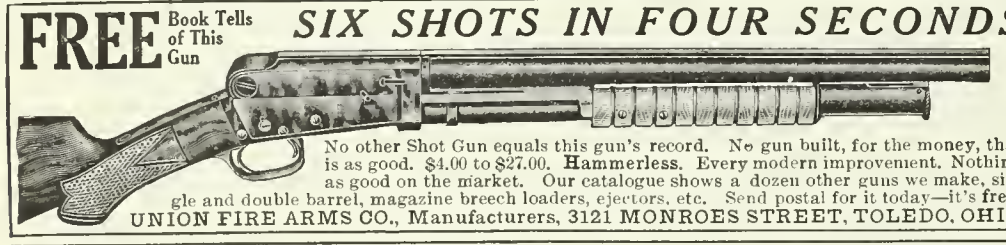
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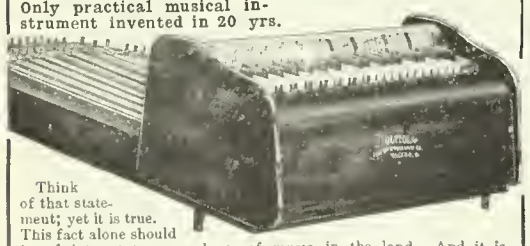
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PRIDE OF CRAFT

(Continued from page 21)

want to show what I got in this here bag to most people," he said, "but I guess there ain't much risk in lettin' *you* see it if you like."

"Just wait till my eyes get used to this damn glare," Jim murmured.

Diamond rose and kicked the bag aside. "Say," he growled, "where d'you keep your grub?"

"Holler for that Injin o' mine," said Jim, "he's gone over to rig some guys on the instrument . . . the fluviograph. Just go to the door and holler."

Diamond walked to the door. Jim's hand slipped up under his pillow and cuddled the stock of his .45. Diamond raised one hand to his mouth and shouted; then he turned and looked into the muzzle of Jim's Colt.

"Hands up, Bill Diamond!" said Jim softly.

V

JIM lay upon his cot and stared in silence at the golden heap which Juan had poured from the matting sack. There were nuggets from the size of a pea to the size of a walnut; a pile of shapeless golden joys.

Opposite him, Diamond, in double irons, stared down at his ravished gold, and all of the fires of greed and hate burned in his murderous eyes.

"You've got the ax in your hand, Jim Morgan," said he, "but you ain't such a damn fool as to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Man, dear, that ain't a fly-speck on what's up the gully where them things come from!"

Jim did not answer; he stared at the pile, and his yellow eyes reflected the yellow of the gold. Suddenly he stretched out one leg and began to sort the nuggets with the toes of his small, bare foot. There was a mocking lilt in his sweet, low-pitched voice.

"Here's an automobile . . ." he laughed and pushed aside a little nugget. "Here's a box at the opera . . ." he pushed another one from the heap; then, with his mellow laugh rippling louder he reached out his foot and pawed at the biggest nugget of the pile. "Here's . . . a pretty, pretty woman!"

A gurgle came from Diamond's throat; his white teeth shone through his matted beard.

"Don't be a damn fool, Jim Morgan," he growled. "You don't see any steam yachts in that bunch, do ye? . . . or any of them palaces that the millionaires build these days? Look-a-here, Jim . . ." his voice whined, ". . . there ain't nothin' for you in a cold hand like this. Suppose that heap is worth two hundred thou . . . which it ain't . . . what's that to a man nowadays? Wouldn't buy him a seat on the bleachers! Let's you and me work this right; we got color . . . now let's draw to fill! I'll play fair, sure I will. I got to have somebody handle the stuff for me. I can go back up that crick and get boatloads; if you'll cash in for me I'll go halves, and when she's worked out we'll hop one o' these here tramps and run for Monte Carlo where we'll set up right, like two millionaire sports!"

Jim's eyes flickered up at him curiously.

"Who was with you when you struck it?" he asked.

Diamond laughed brutally; it was a murderous laugh. Jim's eyes narrowed as he listened; the skin crept at the back of his neck; his pupils contracted and he fingered his weapon restlessly.

"There was two bush-niggers with me when I went *up* that crick," said Diamond. He grinned and his mustache rolled up and showed the white teeth set in pale red gums. "But I come down . . . *alone!*"

Jim rose unsteadily and walked to the door. He looked out across the swirling river, now dropping as rapidly as it had risen. He glanced back over his shoulder at Diamond.

"Flench 'em both?" he asked casually.

"Sure . . . what's two niggers alongside of a crick paved with nuggets like them?"

Jim looked back at the river, the forest, the jungle, fever-filled, but pure and wholesome compared to the murderous brute whom he had trapped.

One bare foot touched the pile of nuggets and a tremor ran through him. They had gripped him deeply, those shapeless, yellow lumps. Why should he give them up? . . . why parley with a rabid dog whose dripping jaws closed upon a fortune? Why not judge him from his own mouth, his own criminal philosophy? Had he not asked what the lives of two negroes mattered beside a fortune? What then did the life of a many times murderer matter beside the same stake? Was not his life already forfeit?

Something in Jim's face, speech, manner, or perhaps some vulpine instinct smote the prisoner with a chill of fear. His querulous voice cut into Jim's meditation.

"What ye dopin' out, man?" he whined. "*You* can't throw down no such chance as this. Didn't you come down here for graft? Ain't you 'Grafter Jim?' Well . . . what more d'ye want, hey?" He kicked with both manacled feet at the pile of nuggets. "Come on . . . you and me can make these here Canal grafters look like blind beggars!"

"'Grafter Jim' . . ." murmured Jim, and looked across the river. The sun glare tried him less than did the seductive yellow glint from the little heap of nuggets. "We are two of a kind, that thing and myself; a pair of grafters. . . ." was the thought passing through his mind. After all, it was a short step from graft to open theft, from theft to murder. What was murder for gain but a sort of graft?

But the gold! Ah, the gold . . . the things which it would give . . . those things for which his sensuous nature panted! The delights which the world held ready to barter for those misshapen yellow lumps! His vivid imagination arrayed them all in cohorts; travel, books, music, pictures, the contact and acquaintance with brilliant folk, bright faces . . . happy, happy hours!

Then all at once he thought of his sacred covenant; his word passed on the hilltop at Culebra. He had passed his word, not to another whom he might deceive, but to himself whom he could not deceive, that he would play the great Canal game square.

He stared for a moment at the river, which was falling fast. Then he turned to Juan.

"Pack up," he said, "we are going down."

"*Si, señor.*"

Jim leaned over, slowly gathered up the nuggets and threw them into the sack. Then he turned to his prisoner.

"You are going to jail, Bill Diamond," he said softly. "You can keep your damn nuggets and see if they can save your neck!"

He raised his hand, his eyes lurid, his sensitive lips quivering. "Don't speak . . . keep your mouth shut, d'ye hear?" A quaver crept into his soft voice; he leaned toward the prisoner. "If you speak . . ." he tapped the weapon at his hip ". . . I'll bark you!" He leaned closer to the man; his voice sank to a whisper and the two pits formed above his eyes. ". . . If you say 'graft' to me again, Bill Diamond, I'll flesh you. . . ." The soft voice sank lower still; it thickened ominously, ". . . and if you say 'gold' to me once more. . . ." he whipped the weapon from its holster and covered the terrified man while his low voice mounted suddenly to a shriek. ". . . by God, I'll *kill* you!"

He dropped upon the cot; sobs strangled his breath; the tears gushed from his eyes. In the adjoining room the Indian went stolidly about his work, packing up the gear.

Slowly Jim's sobs became less violent; his vision cleared; the blood-lust left him; the gold-lust dimmed; a great peace settled upon his tortured soul.

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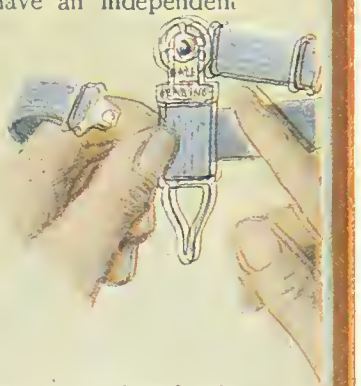
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you get the useful in attractive form. The suspenders and garters together cost only 75 cents. No extra charge for the handsome box, which, by the way, is the most artistic of all boxes ever used for the purpose. There are four different covers from which to choose — Julia Marlowe as Juliet; Viola Allen as Viola; Edith Wynne Mathison as Rosalind and Maxine Elliott as Portia. You run no risk of making a mistake, as most men wear PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS and BALL BEARING GARTERS.



In the Illustration on the right you can see how really comfortable President Suspenders are. The back slides gracefully, quickly, and smoothly — no matter how suddenly one may bend, lift, or reach. They rest so lightly the wearer barely feels them. There is no pressure on the shoulders — no tension on the webbing — no strain anywhere — and the trousers stay smooth. The sliding back does all the work. That's why PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS are so much more comfortable and wear so much longer than any other kind.



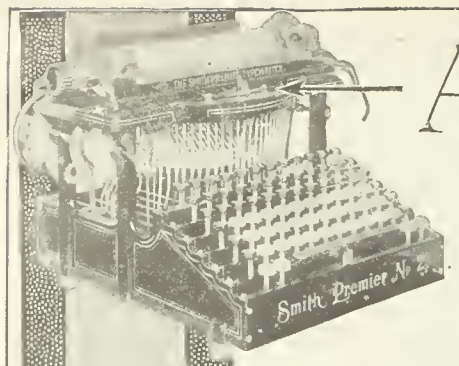
BALL BEARING GARTERS have an independent sockhold, which holds the socks smoothly and securely. No binding, no sagging, no provoking looseness—just the easiest, most comfortable garters imaginable. The Ball Bearing SWIVEL, which separates the sockhold, is the newest and most practical garter device known. Though BALL BEARING GARTERS were introduced only two years ago, their merit has made the sale rapid. Every man who wears them knows how good they are.

You will want one or more of these Combination boxes for Holiday presents. Order now from your dealer. Show him this advertisement, and if he has not already ordered some for his Holiday sale, he will get them specially for you. If not, you can buy from us direct. Upon receipt of 75 cents, we will send you this beautiful Combination package, postpaid; or, we will mail it to anyone you name, with your Christmas greeting enclosed, in time to arrive the day before Christmas.

YOU CAN, IF YOU PREFER, HAVE PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS ALONE (NO GARTERS) IN A BEAUTIFUL BOX FOR 50 CENTS.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.

555 Main Street SHIRLEY, MASS.

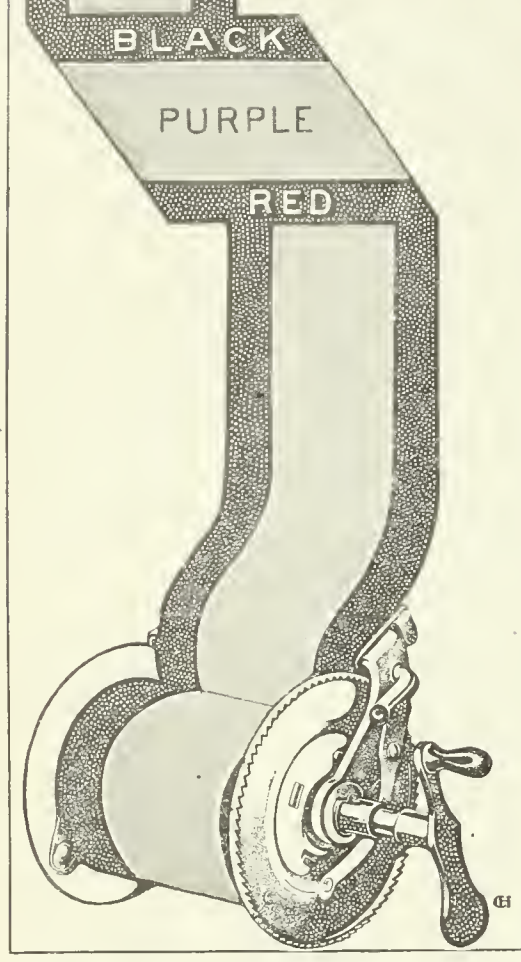


A RIBBON of three colors and a small lever that brings the color desired between the type and the paper—that's the three-color feature of

The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

which enables it to write

black record for documents, purple copying for letters and red for emphasis or display.



It is so simple that the wonder is it was never discovered before. The ribbon-changing lever is as accessible as the keys, making it possible to change from one kind of typewriting to another in an instant.

A stenographer equipped with a Tri-Chrome Smith Premier can produce in proper manner every kind of typewriting any business office demands.

The price is the same as that of all Smith Premier models.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Branch Stores Everywhere

THE FOX TYPEWRITER

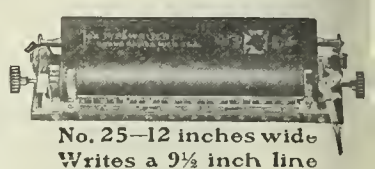


Perfect Visible Writing

Every Other Feature that is Desirable

When you buy a Fox Visible Typewriter of the regular size and find later that the carriage is not wide enough for some special work it is not necessary to purchase a larger typewriter to do the work, but simply a longer carriage which is instantly interchangeable with the one already on the machine. Notice the saving you make. Your work at any time may be such that a long carriage is a necessity—with a Fox it is easy to get it.

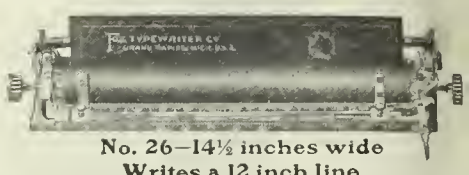
Carriages of Different Lengths



No. 25—12 inches wide
Writes a 9½ inch line

Tabulator

Every Fox Visible Typewriter is supplied with a tabulator, no extra charge, its operation is extremely simple.



No. 26—14½ inches wide
Writes a 12 inch line

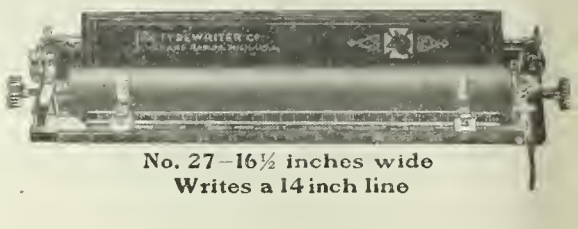
Two Color Ribbon
Self Reversing Ribbon
Oscillating Ribbon

These are only a few of the features you secure when you buy a Fox. When you buy any other typewriter, no matter what kind, you do not find them, though they are recognized as essential to any high-grade machine.

When you buy a Fox you *know* you have the best.

We want to prove this in *your* office. It costs you nothing to find out. Give us the privilege today.

Write our Executive Office.



No. 27—16½ inches wide
Writes a 14 inch line

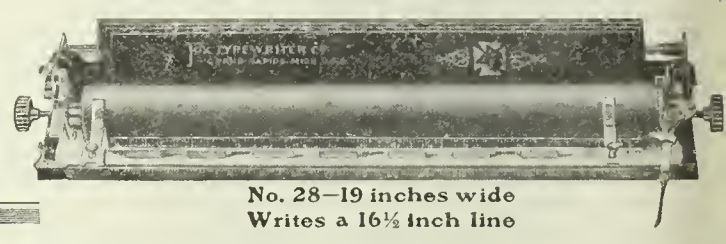
FOX TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Executive Office and Factory

470 Front Street

Grand Rapids, Michigan

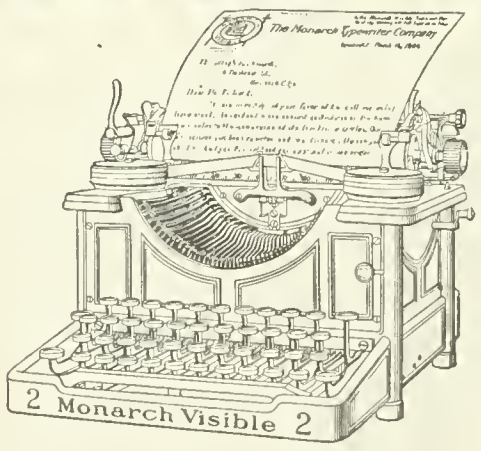
Branches or Agencies in Principal Cities



No. 28—19 inches wide
Writes a 16½ inch line

THE fact that impresses one most strongly about the Monarch Visible Typewriter, is the royal co operation between all of its parts to work quickly, accurately, untiringly, to produce the finest written result, and the most of it,—aiding the operator at every point and at every instant.

MONARCH VISIBLE



The touch of a Monarch type-bar so greatly economizes the strength of an operator, that he can do more work, with less fatigue, with better results in writing, than is possible with the use of any other typewriter.

THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES AND FACTORY

SYRACUSE NEW YORK

SALES OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

We Want Young Men!

Largest Independent Typewriter Company in the World Seeks Young Men of Ability

This talk is addressed to *young men*.

If you are built of the right timber, you can earn handsome incomes representing the Oliver Typewriter.

Some of our Salesmen earn thousands—it all depends on the *MAN!*

There is a bright future for *you* in this great organization, if you seize the opportunity *now*.

—A chance to get to the front

—To build up a business for yourself

—To become financially independent.

It doesn't require a "pull" to get into this business.

But it *does* require a clean record, native ability and a willingness to buckle down to earnest work.

The Oliver Organization is a body of picked men—trained in the Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship.

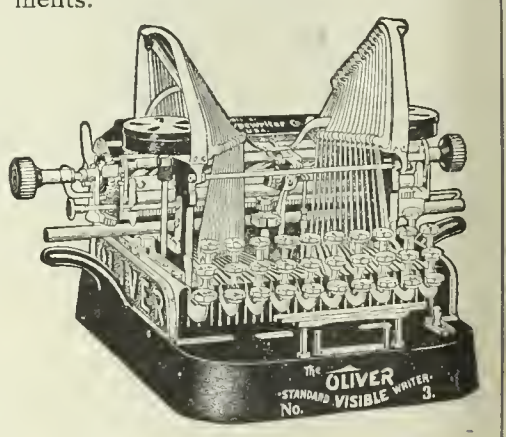
We will give you a course in this School—tuition free and all expenses paid—if you succeed in coming with us.

Our Sales Force receives the loyal support of the General Offices at all times. We back our men with extensive newspaper and magazine advertising, pay the most liberal salaries in the business, and recognize good work by prompt promotion.

And how they work—these Oliver Salesmen!

What keen delight they take in smashing all selling records! Their enthusiasm is resistless—sweeping all obstacles before it.

They *believe* in the Oliver Typewriter, and well they may, for it leads all other writing machines in durability, in speed capacity, in accuracy, in universal adaptation to all requirements.



The unparalleled success of the Oliver is due to this invincible combination:

—A Perfect Visible Writing Machine

—A Peerless Sales Organization

—The liberal, aggressive business policy of a broad-gauge Management.

Do you realize that the largest independent typewriter concern in the world is offering YOU a handsome income?

What are you going to do about it?

The best thing is to get a letter to us by first mail, for full particulars.

The Oliver Typewriter Company

149 Wabash Avenue, Chicago



The Best Home Magazine

If you are a woman---if you are a mother of boys, boys growing up who look to you for guidance, whose reading matter it is your privilege to select, and your greatest pleasure is to read with them and watch them grow and develop into fine, strong, steadfast men;

If you are the wife of a husband who thinks he is too busy to stop and look around him to see what his country is doing, and you feel there are things which he should know and matter which he should read in order to be a better citizen, a better worker and a better man;

If you yourself want to know what all these questions mean---how Carl Schurz became the friend of the great; what Roosevelt does and how he does it; what happened in Montana and who Heinze, Clark and Daly are---if you wish to have in your home a magazine which is an inspiration for the best sort of citizenship for every boy old enough to read---then you want McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

McClure's in 1907

The reporting of the nation, past and present, will be in such capable and well-tried hands as

Carl Schurz the second portion of whose reminiscences deal with the American period and bristle with admirable full-length living portraits of such giants as Lincoln, Douglas, Sherman, Grant, Chase, Seward, Sumner, Conkling and Blaine, whom he knew intimately and whom he describes admirably, and who have never before been presented to the world by one in a position to speak from such close knowledge;

Burton J. Hendrick "The only articles out of the mass of stuff written about Life-Insurance which have made the subject plain and interesting," writes a subscriber of the McCLURE series of articles by Burton J. Hendrick. This writer, who combines the historical faculty with an interesting style, will continue his studies of American life for McCLURE'S of 1907.

George Kibbe Turner who begins his new work for McCLURE'S with a remarkable study of civic organization, to be called "Galveston; a Business Corporation"—one of the real McCLURE kind;

Ray Stannard Baker who has carried the story of railway ownership home to the whole United States, and whose work will have a new significance in 1907 when the railroad question may be a political issue;

William Allen White who has already shown his ability to present a fresh unhackneyed, realistic, living picture of a public man, and whose next contribution to McCLURE'S will be upon President Roosevelt and his work.

The work of amusing the readers of McCLURE'S with that rarest of rare literary products—a good short story—has been happily assigned to such already-loved entertainers as

Ellen Terry the great English actress, "An Elizabethan in the Nineteenth Century," will tell the woman readers of McCLURE'S the story of her stage career—nearly fifty years with the men and women who made the modern English drama.

Myra Kelly who again shows us Miss Bailey's schoolroom with a new comer, a little cousin "Come out of Russia," who brings into this pathetically funny circle the dark tragedy of a race;

Rex Beach whose remarkably expressive use of the language of the outdoor men of the Northwest makes his stories tremendously effective even without the exciting incidents which they describe;

Mary Stewart Cutting who will contribute a series of subtle studies in domestic life. The first of these, "On the Ridge,"—full of warmth and color and abounding in tactful irony—will be a prominent feature of the Christmas number;

Joseph Conrad the greatest living writer of stories of the sea, and whose new story in 1907, called "The Brute," will be also of the sea;

O. Henry equally at home upon the streets of New York and in South American republics, whose humor is particularly and vitally American in quality.

These are selections, and perhaps invidious selections, from the great wealth of really good, human, humorous, vital and helpful reading which McCLURE'S offers in 1907.

When you realize that all this will cost you but one dollar for an entire year, can you possibly find any use for that dollar which will bring so much to you? Send your subscription direct to us, or leave it with any newsdealer. In any case, you will get the magazine promptly and regularly.

S. S. McCLURE COMPANY, 49 East 23d St., New York

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE



Battling for Tooth Health

Sanitol Tooth Powder wages a never-ceasing warfare against impure conditions of the mouth and gives to your teeth a beautiful polish and natural whiteness.

The most efficient preserver and protector of your teeth, the greatest modern force opposed to tooth decay, discoloration and discomfort is

SANITOL TOOTH POWDER

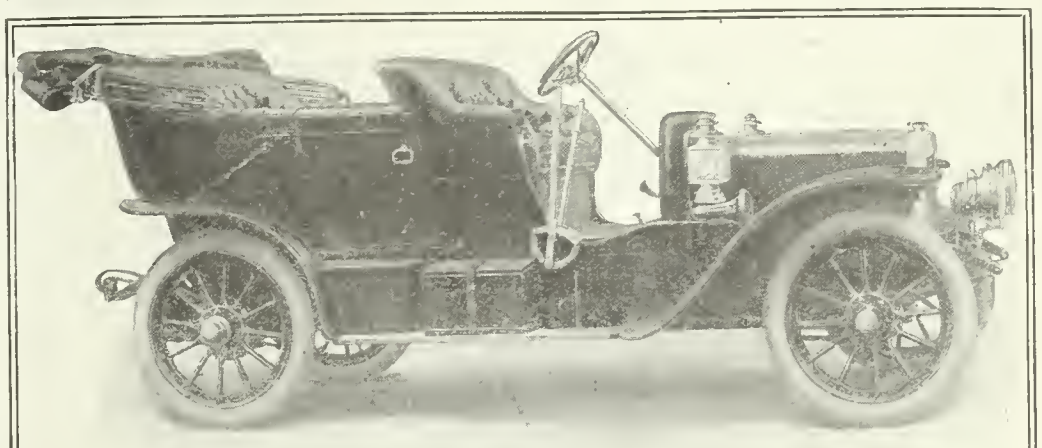
It is called the great American Dentifrice because there are combined in it such remarkable antiseptic and oxygen-releasing properties. Sanitol Tooth Powder accomplishes what others can not.

There is nothing like Sanitol. Its use is pleasant and its effect certain. Try it for a few days on your teeth, and see.

Individual package FREE for the asking, just to show you how good Sanitol really is.

Regular Size at Your Druggist's, 25c.

The Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co. St. Louis, Mo.



YOU'LL NEVER RUN OUT OF GASOLINE

on the road—when you have a Winton Model M.

Every time the tank is filled, two gallons go automatically into a reserve supply tank, and can't be used accidentally, or without warning. When the main tank runs dry, you turn a valve, and the reserve gasoline takes the Model M to a base of supply.

A gage always shows how much gasoline the main tank contains, but you may forget to look. No matter—you'll never be stranded. That two gallon reserve is your constant protection.

This safety idea is one of the very least important features of the Winton Model M. We mention it only to show how carefully every detail is worked out—even to details that offset forgetfulness.

Note these features of the Model M.

WINTON

Seats seven passengers.
40 H. P. four cylinder motor.
Offset cylinders; save power and eliminate the "knock."
Interchangeable, mechanical valves; all on one side of motor.
Single cam shaft; offset to save power.
Multiple disc clutch, will start on any speed from standstill without jar or shock.
Tested to hold 90 H. P.
Four forward speeds, selective.
Direct drive on third speed, with countershaft at rest.
Clutch and transmission run on annular ball bearings.
Carburetor mechanically throttled; hand and foot control.
Positive "Shooting" oiler, mechanically operated.
Improved Winton Twin springs.
Four brakes, all on rear hubs.
Wheels and pinion shaft run on taper roller bearings.
Drive shaft horizontal under normal load.
New roller type universal joints.
Jump spark ignition.
Centrifugal pump cooling.
Wheel base, 112 inches.
Trunk carrier, gas, oil and tail lamps, horn, tools, etc., included as equipment.
Instant access to all working parts.
Bearing surfaces ground to accuracy of 1-10,000 of an inch.
Materials tested to assure safety.
Price, $3500 f. o. b. Cleveland.
Book M gives the details.
Book M1 describes Type X-1-V 30 H. P. four cylinders. Same careful selection of materials and exacting workmanship as on Model M. Admittedly the best $2500 car for 1907.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO., (Member A. L. A. M.) Cleveland, O., U. S. A.

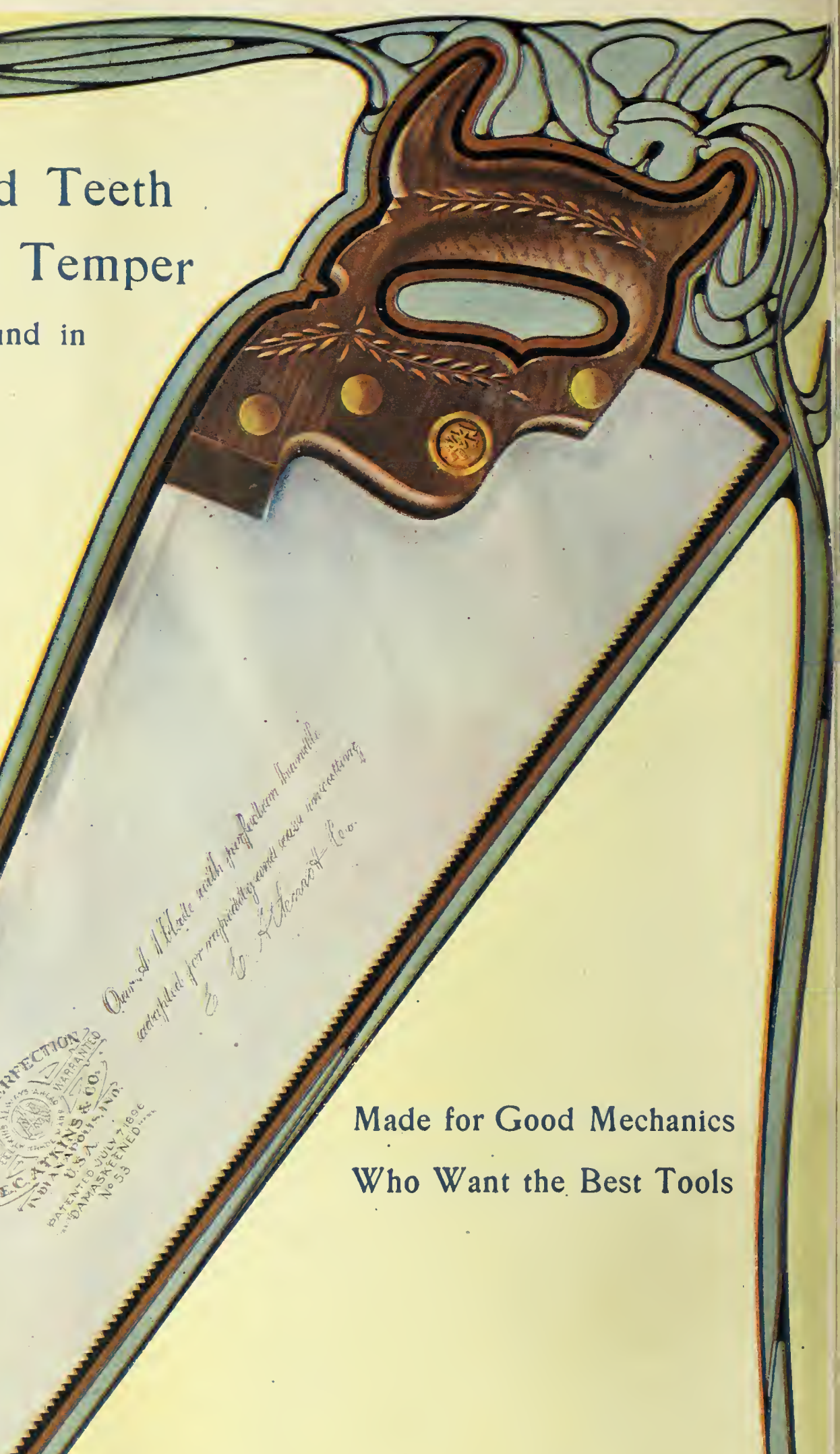


Good Teeth
Good Temper
are always found in

ATKINS

TRADE
SILVER-STEEL
MARK

SAWS



"Finest on Earth"

Made for Good Mechanics
Who Want the Best Tools

Atkins Saws are sold by wise dealers in hardware everywhere. Our name on every blade. Buy the Manufacturer's Genuine brand and get your Money's Worth

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A National Daily Newspaper for Women

f there is an intelli-
it woman in Amer-
a who has not
ged for a great
ily newspaper of
own, full of the
ngs WOMEN want
know, clean, fear-
s, independent,
dy to fight woman-
d's battles and
ndle without gloves
things busy mon-
seeking men are
aid of for "busi-
ss" reasons, we
ve not found her



This great publishing plant, built expressly for The Woman's National Daily, covers a city block and will print, fold, address and mail ONE MILLION EIGHT-PAGE PAPERS IN 200 MINUTES, sending them whirling to all parts of America by the fast night mails. It is owned by nearly thirty thousand small stockholders and has three and a half million dollars capital.

After a year of vast preparation, the building especially for it of the largest and finest blishing plant in America and the largest and fastest printing press in the world at a cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, a great national daily newspaper to circulate from coast coast by fast mail each day has become an accomplished fact. By special facilities this eat daily paper, already having more subscribers than any newspaper in America, can be livered in homes even on rural routes a thousand miles from St. Louis the day of date of ue. Published by a corporation with three and a half million dollars capital, but owned by e people, **fearless, clean, independent and powerful**, it will give the TRUTH of each day's orld events. The only woman's daily newspaper in America, every member of the family provided for in its columns. If you want to know more about what is really going on all er the world each day than the men do, the latest news from Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, e best daily short stories, the latest advance daily fashion notes from Europe, the daily oings" at Washington, what men and women are doing each day throughout the world, with SIDE information about them, all beautifully illustrated, if you are interested in some of the eatest battles for better things for womankind that have ever been fought, you want The oman's National Daily

Simply Send Us a Postal Card

The women of this country have never been united as a force in public life because the ily papers are published for men. The Woman's National Daily will make them a force that ll be felt. We want you to see and read this great daily woman's newspaper, to know what it doing for women, to be better posted, better read. You need not send us any money in advnce. The subscription price is one dollar per year (313 issues, every day but Sundays). Simply nd us a postal card as follows: **"Enter my subscription to The Woman's National Daily for one ar, and if at the end of three months, thirteen weeks, I do not want it longer I will send you 5c for the 78 issues I will have received and you are to stop the paper."** Sign your name and ll address and we will send the great daily to you by fast mail each night, delivered to you ery morning but Sunday. If after three months you do not want it longer, simply send the 25c nd it will be stopped. We know that once you have read it you will always wonder how you t along each day without it before.

IF THE MEN OF YOUR FAMILY CAN TAKE A DOZEN DAILY NEWSPAPERS, CAN YOU OT HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN? After looking over the "news" in your husband's daily paer you will find the FACTS in THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL DAILY and can tell him some things.

The Woman's National Daily

are of LEWIS PUBLISHING CO., = Dept. 34, = ST. LOUIS, MO.



A Snowy **"Standard"** Lavatory of Porcelain Enamel completes the comfort of your bedroom, and by eliminating the unsightly washstand adds a finished note of charm to its intimate beauty. It is pure white and sanitary—an aid to cleanliness—a preserver of health, and a source of unlimited satisfaction to the possessor.

Our Book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," shows many beautiful Lavatory designs suitable for bedrooms with prices in detail. It also tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject, and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage, and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

The ABOVE "*Copley*" Lavatory, *Plate P503-B* can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating $34.00—not counting freight, labor or piping.

CAUTION: Every piece of **"Standard"** *Ware bears our* **"Standard"** *"GREEN and GOLD" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark* **"Standard"** *cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not* **"Standard"** *Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word* **"Standard"** *is stamped on all our nickeled brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.*

Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.** Dept. 38, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.
Offices and Showrooms in New York: **"Standard"** Building, 35-37 West 31st St.
London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C. New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Pittsburgh Showroom: 949 Penn Avenue
Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street Cleveland: 208-210 Huron Street



Two New Models—Both Winners

WINTON

MODEL M

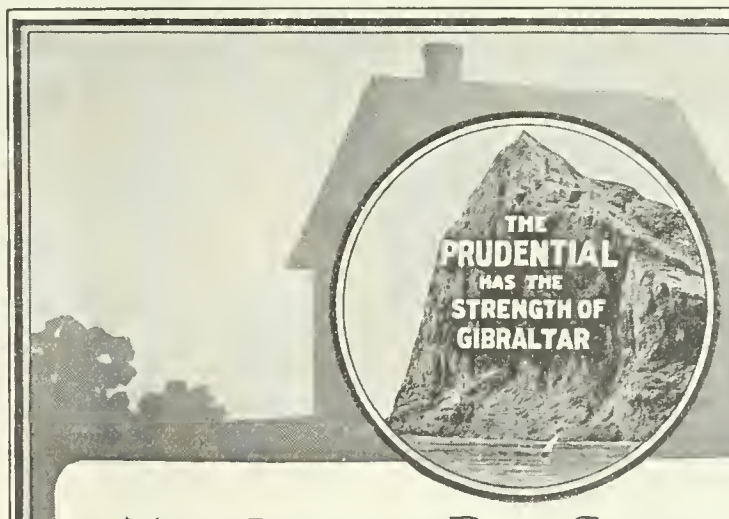
¶ 40 H. P. four cylinder motor.
Carries seven passengers.
Four forward speeds, selective type, sliding gear.
Direct drive on *third* speed.
¶ Multiple disc clutch, takes fourth speed from standstill without jar or shock.
Off-set cylinders—more power; no "knock" in cylinders.
Immediate accessibility of all working parts.
Interchangeable, mechanically operated valves, all on one side of motor.
One cam shaft for all valves.
Off-set cam shaft—less power required.
Horizontal drive shaft.
Mechanically throttled carburetor.
¶ "Shooting" oiler, mechanically operated.
Improved Winton Twin springs.
Four brakes, all on rear hubs.
Bearing surfaces ground to accuracy of 1-10000 of an inch.
Ball and roller bearings, properly distributed.
Jump spark ignition.
Centrifugal pump cooling.
Materials tested to provide safety.
Wheel base, 112 inches.
Gas, oil and tail lamps, trunk carrier, tools, horn, etc., included as equipment.
Price, $3500 f. o. b. Cleveland.
¶ Book M describes Model M in detail.

WINTON

TYPE X-1-V

¶ 30 H. P. four cylinder motor.
Carries five passengers.
This car succeeds the wonderfully successful Winton Model K and is lighter, faster and a greater hill-climber.
¶ Individual clutch transmission—separate clutch for each gear change.
Off-set cylinders—conserve power; eliminate the "knock."
Immediate accessibility of all working parts.
Valves all on one side of motor.
Only one cam shaft.
Off-set cam shaft—less power required.
Horizontal drive shaft.
¶ "Shooting" oiler, mechanically operated.
Improved Winton Twin springs.
Four brakes, all on rear hubs.
One pedal and two levers operate all brakes and gear changes.
Bearing surfaces ground to accuracy of 1-10000 of an inch.
Ball bearings in all wheels.
Jump spark ignition.
Centrifugal pump cooling.
Materials tested to provide safety.
Wheel base, 104 inches.
Gas, oil and tail lamps, trunk carrier, tools, horn, etc., included as equipment.
Price, $2500 f. o. b. Cleveland.
¶ Book M1 describes Type X-1-V in detail.

The Winton Motor Carriage Company
Member A. L. A. M.
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.



"THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE

On the Hill is the Real Symbol of the Strength and Perpetuity of American Institutions. The greatest Legacy a man can leave his children is a sound Education. A child's Endowment Policy in The Prudential creates a Trust Fund for the Maintenance and Education of Children. A heritage of millions is not so valuable to the individual as the legacy of schooling which puts into his hands the tools with which he may carve his own fortune, the weapons by which he may achieve his own destiny. The individual, the home, the nation, owe the founders of safe and reliable methods of Life Insurance a debt of gratitude which words cannot express, but which hearts can feel and homes can show."

Thus writes Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, President National Educators Association and Superintendent Public Instruction of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Do you want to give your children a Good Education? If so, write The Prudential to-day for a complete copy of Dr. Schaeffer's article, sent free. You will find it both entertaining and instructive, as well as explanatory of how you can at small cost, guarantee your boys and girls an excellent schooling. Write Dept. Y.

The Prudential

Insurance Company of America

INCORPORATED AS A STOCK COMPANY BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Prest. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Strap



The Kendal

"Cheral" Patent Colt Lace

Blucher Style

Narrow "Swing" Toe

No shoe can look well that fits ill. Foot comfort is the first requisite to foot-beauty. Florsheim shoes give comfort with style, fit with finish, durability with elegance—and economy in the end.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most Styles sell for $5.00.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

ROAD OF A THOUSAND WONDERS

THROUGH CALIFORNIA AND OREGON OVER THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC

The Old Missions of California are older than the Nation. The original "King's Highway" between them is closely followed by the Road of a Thousand Wonders



SAN FERNANDO MISSION

Founded October 9, 1776, one of seven pictures in current magazines of famous Franciscan Missions along the Coast Line—Shasta Route—between Los Angeles and Portland via San Francisco. Fifteen of these missions are on this Road of a Thousand Wonders. For further pictured information about the scenic side of America, write to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, Room P, San Francisco, California.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



Here are a few exquisite articles of choicest quality from our enormous stock of jewelry.

Any honest person can open an account on our regular easy terms:

20% down, 10% per month

Order by number from the illustrations, or send for catalogue if wider selection is desired. We will ship for examination. If you do not find our goods a finer value than your home dealer can furnish, send them back.

If perfectly satisfied, pay to the express agent one-fifth of the price and remit the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments. We pay all transportation charges. Every diamond is guaranteed and is exchangeable at full price for more expensive goods. Bank references upon request. Ask for Catalogue No. 24

J. M. LYON & CO.
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ESTABLISHED 1843

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2341—Cluster, 12 Rose Diamonds and Opal	20.00
2165—Flat Belcher Diamond Ring	125.00
2145—Tiffany Diamond Ring	40.00
2157—Flat Belcher Diamond Ring	25.00
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1906

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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1906

Collier's Fiction

COLLIER'S wishes more short stories. Our stock of fiction of the standard we try to maintain is not as far ahead of current requirements as we should like. Of the hundreds of stories received during our last quarterly contest eight were accepted; during the quarter previous, eighteen.

THE contest is a continuing one. Every three months we shall give a prize of $1,000 for the best short story received during the period. This will be a bonus in addition to the usual payment for the story. Such other stories as, falling below the prize one, seem to us sufficiently meritorious to print, will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word. Authors having an established price above that rate will receive their rate. A booklet telling in detail the conditions of this contest will be mailed to those who ask for it.

AMONG stories which will be printed in an early issue of Collier's are "An Explanation by the Editor," by Harrison Rhodes. This was the winner of our last thousand dollar prize contest. It is a narrative of an incident in the personal experiences of the Editor of "The Glaive," an editor now old enough to recall with mellow humor how seriously he took his youth. The incident taught him that "there are other things in the world besides real art and real literature and real geniuses; there are, praise God, real mothers."

Our Christmas Fiction

"THE Ghosts of Senzeille," by Arthur Colton, achieves the humor which Collier's continually strives for to balance our somewhat strenuous seriousness in other directions. The scene is a medieval abbey, the time Christmas night. The characters are the abbot, who laughed with "a shaking, a jelly-like oscillation of fat ribs"; the baron, "one of those who know what good living is and follow discretion whenever she leads by green pastures"; and the sub-prior, "a lean man, argumentative, deferential, learned not less in scholastic divinity than in condiments and savors." Besides these, there were a youthful knight who took himself rather seriously for so jovial a company, and the ghosts of twenty-six strangely affected monks whose malady "was a certain extraordinary light heartedness, gaiety, friskiness, or merriment, unedifying and remarkable." This is one of the stories which will appear in our Christmas number.



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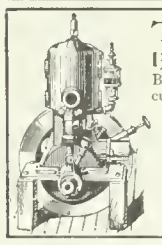
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1906

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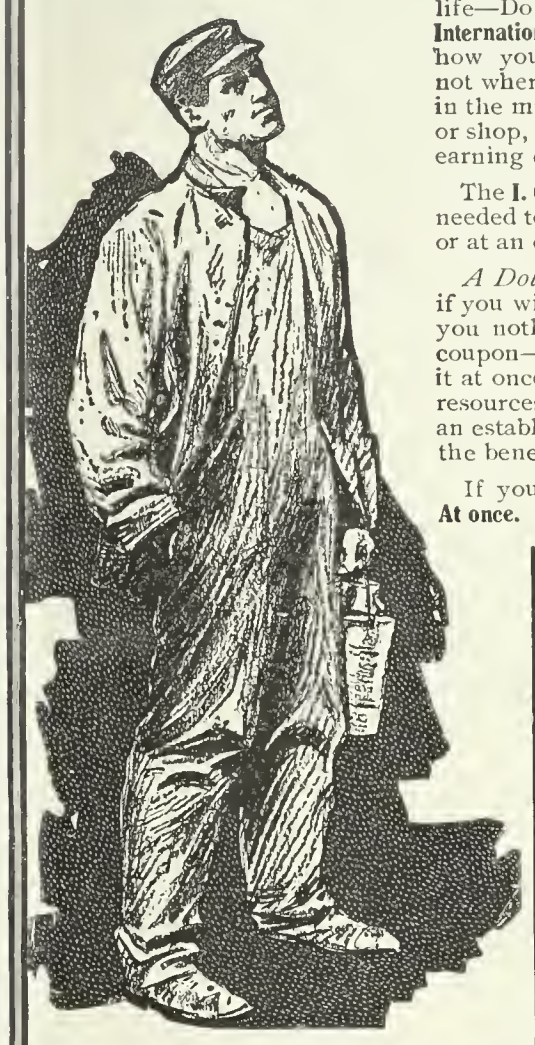
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If you cannot find these guns at nearest store mail price to us for the pattern you want—mentioning kind of barrel, Gauge and Length desired, and we'll ship gun, carefully crated, safe delivery and entire satisfaction in every respect guaranteed.

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The new tackle

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

EVERY PRESIDENT has the right to arrange his Cabinet to satisfy his taste. A few Presidents, in all our history, have subordinated their personal liking and antipathy. GEORGE WASHINGTON, for the country's good, used the services of his enemy, THOMAS JEFFERSON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN called to the War Department a man who had spoken of him openly with contempt. He kept in the Treasury an incumbent who plotted to supplant his chief. He had as his Secretary of State a leader in a faction of the party which had opposed his nomination. Such magnanimity is rare, and, when it is combined with insight into men, is most valuable in a statesman. WILLIAM MCKINLEY had this attribute. He saw deep into men, and he selected them, not from his private liking, but for their suitability to the needs at hand. HAY is dead. The country demanded his retention while he lived. ROOT and TAFT are working in harmony with the successor of their chief. HITCHCOCK, worthy to stand with the other three in service to the country, is about to leave. No selection of MCKINLEY'S showed profounder insight. Without blare of trumpets, so quietly that his personality is comparatively unknown, but relentlessly, without rancor or personal favor, this official has builded solidly toward the newer justice by which rich and poor, enemy and friend, Senator and obscure workman, are to have an equal hearing before the dread tribunal of the right.

HITCHCOCK

MR. HARRIMAN is looking for more fights. The quantity of chips on his shoulder is out of proportion to the number of persons who desire to fight him and are able successfully to fight him. For two years past he has jumped into the arena about once every three months, hurled a defiant and profane insult at public opinion, and then scurried back to the subterranean and rubbershod passages where he does business. Nevertheless, those with a bent for reading shadows believe that a year from to-day this Colossus of Railroads will walk with a chastened air. As Mr. HARRIMAN is the most detested representative of capital in the United States, so is Mr. FISH among the most respected. If the contest between capital and public opinion ever becomes more acute, Mr. FISH, by virtue of having the confidence of the radicals, will be able to render valuable public service as a mediator. Mr. FISH has been for twenty years president of a railroad which enjoyed ideal relations with the public. If all railroads were as his there would have been no demand for a rate law. Mr. HARRIMAN wanted this road. The good old rule sufficeth him,

A BOLD PIRATE

> "the simple plan
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

Mr. HARRIMAN'S instruments were directors whose names and traditions had taught the public to expect better of them. Some were in his bonds by favors past, others succumbed to favors promised. If, among those who walk in Wall Street, there are any who have influence with Mr. HARRIMAN, the word for their wisdom is that this man's defiance of public opinion is the most potent single agency engaged in stirring up the angry discontent deplored in Wall Street.

THERE IS A STORY, now so widely circulated at the New York Republican headquarters as to be no longer a secret, concerning his attitude in the recent campaign. During the ODELL régime Mr. HARRIMAN was a heavy contributor to the campaign fund. During the recent campaign a representative of the State Committee went to Mr. HARRIMAN'S office for a similar donation. Mr. HARRIMAN received him with truculence and treated him with scorn. He would give no money to the Republican Party so long as Mr. ROOSEVELT was the head of it. When reminded that the defeat of Mr. HUGHES would mean the triumph of a reckless and dangerous radicalism, Mr. HARRIMAN averred that he didn't care, he could continue to get what he wanted in his own way. The exact connotation of "his own way" may be interpreted from certain passages of testimony in the Armstrong Insurance Investigation. Doubtless the opinion is correct that legislators and judges who come to the surface of a swirling whirlpool of violence are more susceptible to the inducements which Mr. HARRIMAN offers for "his own way" than men of character and substance and of tried capacity as reformers, who promise formally to do certain definite things. During the last campaign a large portion of Wall Street feared more the definite promises of banking investigation and Brooklyn Rapid Transit reform made by Mr. HUGHES than the general threats made by Mr. HEARST.

HARRIMAN'S CHOICE

A REMARKABLE FEATURE of the recent election in Missouri was the defeat of Senator JOHN F. MORTON. For nearly twenty years Senator MORTON has been a Democratic leader, and was prominent among those who opposed the nomination of FOLK for Governor. For twelve years he has been the recognized spokesman and leader of the corporation interests on the floor of the Missouri Senate. He is an astute politician and a skilled campaigner. His district, a rural one, is normally Democratic by nearly three thousand. Governor FOLK'S first campaign speech this year was delivered in MORTON'S section of the State, and it was there the Governor made his first appeal for the election of none but honest men, regardless of party. When BRYAN came into the State he was taken into MORTON'S district, and there, at Carrollton, Missouri, he made a special appeal to the voters in behalf of Senator MORTON. The appeal was heard in silence. Not a word was said against MORTON in public by any speaker. Apparently there was no concerted effort to defeat him. But the farmers had resolved what to do, and in his own county he lost nearly two thousand Democratic votes. Contrast with this the result in St. Louis. At the opening of the campaign the Republicans were divided, and the Democrats seemed to have an excellent chance to carry the city. The Democratic Convention was dominated by friends of the lawless liquor, race-track, and bucket-shop interests, and by attorneys for the public service corporations. To a Democratic judge who had rendered a decision against "The Big Cinch" a renomination was refused, and a corporation tool was placed on the ticket in his stead. Governor FOLK'S name was publicly hissed in the Convention. Among the Democratic nominees, as among the Republicans, were found ex-convicts. Governor FOLK, in a speech at Fulton, Missouri, stated that if some of the men running on both the Republican and Democratic legislative tickets in St. Louis were sent to Jefferson City, he would instruct the Warden of the State Prison not to permit the convicts to associate with them. As a result about fifty thousand citizens of St. Louis failed to vote at all, and the Republican ticket was elected.

MISSOURI

TWO CONSPICUOUS "Standpatters" in Congress, MCCLEARY of Minnesota and LACEY of Iowa, both old in service and high in power, have gone down to a defeat that seems incredible considering the Republican majorities they have had for ten years past; and the lesson of their defeat is a looming shadow of menace to the party of the tariff. An even clearer significance lies in the defeat of BABCOCK and WADSWORTH, and the calamity which seems destined to fall upon DRYDEN of New Jersey. BABCOCK was potent

HIC JACET BABCOCK

in the party. He was on coveted committees. Certain of his activities came out in the insurance investigation. Others were alluded to in an article printed by us last spring. At the time, we read in the papers of a libel suit against COLLIER'S, but have heard nothing of it since. Be that as it may, the Republican organization found it expedient to appoint another campaign fund collector. Now a hypersensitive constituency has made it easy for BABCOCK to escape the public glare. He was not of the fibre to adjust himself to the new dispensation. He had to go.

WITH BABCOCK has gone WADSWORTH. The two were alike only in both belonging to another era, and in a blindness, almost pathetic, to the light of the new. WADSWORTH is a man of rugged honesty, but notions too old-fashioned concerning the sacredness of vested interests. Few Congressmen were so intrenched in power as he. He is a sort of feudal overlord in the Genesee Valley. He and his brothers and cousins own thousands of acres of the most fertile land in America, and the family have been Livingston County barons for generations. His son and namesake was last year, at the age of twenty-seven, Speaker of the New York Assembly. Mr. WADSWORTH has served eighteen years at Washington; at the election two years ago he had almost two votes to his opponent's one. But last June he obtained the limelight in an unhappy way. He tried to block the Meat Inspection law. At committee hearings he bullied Mr. NEILL, one of the President's Commissioners. There was an exchange of tart letters between him and the President, and WADSWORTH was publicly marked as a reactionary against the Pure Food and the Meat Inspection laws. An opportune enemy bought a banner, painted thereon an honest, meek, and patient cow, and under that emblem of pure beef defeated WADSWORTH. With BABCOCK and WADSWORTH gone, and DRYDEN squeezing frantic fingers on a slender and slippery tail-hold, is the lesson too insignificant for the mightiest of all the reactionaries? For Mr. CANNON?

ET TU, WADSWORTH

DRYDEN MAY YET be beaten. Four Republicans with courage and endurance can save New Jersey from having him stand for her in the Senate of the United States. Two of these there are already; Senator COLBY of course will never vote for DRYDEN, and Senator FAKE has announced that he will not. Two more men of determination and good purpose can win gratitude and fame more than local by giving Mr. DRYDEN an opportunity to devote his time and talent to spreading "philanthropy" and "stimulating thrift among the poor" through the Prudential Insurance Company. The New Jersey Assembly last year consisted of 57 Republicans and 3 Democrats; by the recent election it became 31 Democrats and 29 Republicans. The landslide perhaps was chiefly on the issue of DRYDEN. In Northern New Jersey, where DRYDEN, his insurance company, and his public service corporation are best known, the vote of years was reversed, and solid Democratic delegations were sent to the State Legislature. DRYDEN will not have a single vote or friend from his own county. The total vote in both houses of the Legislature will be 44 Republicans and 37 Democrats. A man of thinner skin than DRYDEN might see the handwriting and spend next winter away from Trenton. DRYDEN, however, doubtless considers that the duty of such fragments of the Republican machine as remain is to die fighting for the noble cause of sending him to Washington. Can these needed two men, bold of purpose and masters of themselves, be found to side with COLBY and FAKE, among the remaining 42?

?

THE LOW STANDARD of American judges might be remedied to a large degree if they were selected at a time when there was no exciting party conflict. The victory of the Murphy-Hearst judges in New York was expected, but the success of the Republican judiciary nominees in Chicago is more of a surprise, for the independent and critical vote in Chicago is more organized and more effective. "Clothes-line Courts" were the central object of attention in the election at Chicago. The situation grew out of an act by the Illinois Legislature abolishing the office of justice of the peace. Citizens of small means and narrow experience will not after December 1 derive their sole idea of the dignity of the law from going into untidy, crowded rooms above small shops, to see how "their honors," in unseemly haste, hand over short-weight packages of justice to collection agency lawyers. They will go to a new municipal court, properly characterized as "the people's court," which is to have such extensive jurisdiction that leading lawyers declare they would be honored if called to places on it. So much is gain. But machine leaders saw to it that the long list of new judicial offices should be filled at the time when thirty-eight other officers—county, State, and national—were to be elected. For the Third Municipal Court list a set of independent lawyers, most of them strong men, permitted their names to be placed on the full ticket of the Independence League, as Mr. HEARST professed to be for a free judiciary in Chicago, seeing no reason there for a step corresponding to his deal with MURPHY about the judges in New York. The Bar Association drew a scathing rebuke from Dean JOHN H. WIGMORE of the Northwestern University Law School for negligence at the time when the partizan leaders made their slates. A non-partizan committee of citizens recommended an eclectic ticket and the independent newspapers did their part, but the Republican landslide, like the Democratic majority in New York, did its usual evil work.

CHICAGO JUDGES

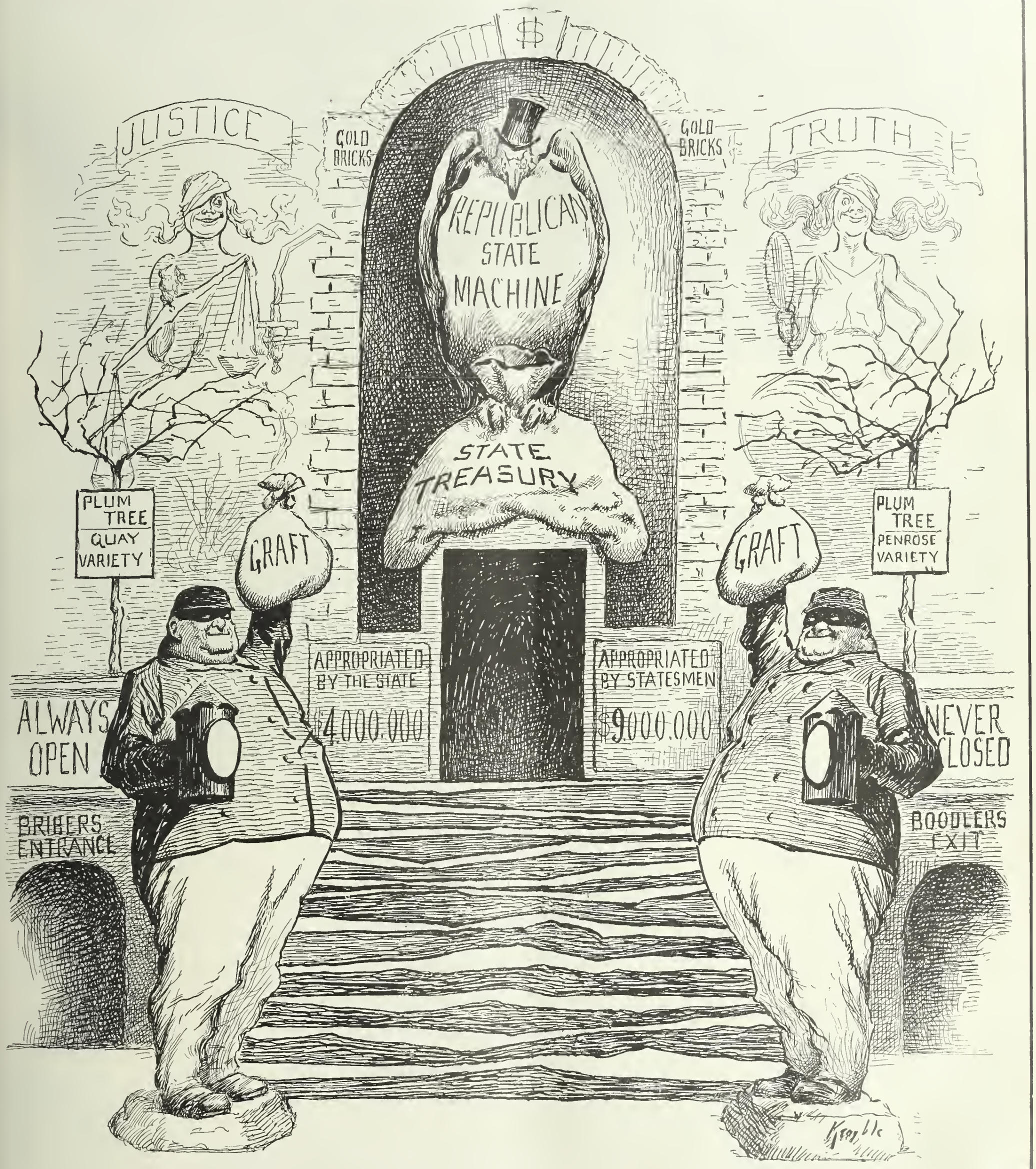
ART THOU THERE, old Truepenny? The railroads don't like the People's Lobby. The "Railway Age" screams indignation, scorn, and sadness. It enumerates the names of the founders of the organization, including BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, MARK TWAIN, EVERETT COLBY, FRANCIS L. HENEY, and others of renown. Then the "Age" hands down this dictum: "Truly, the People's Lobby will bear watching, if its interesting career is not nipped in the bud!" Is the "Railway Age's" skepticism concerning the usefulness of lobbies based on painful memories of the million-dollar one maintained at Washington last year by the Southern and some other railroads? That was the most formidable effort ever made to stifle the expression of public opinion and corrupt its sources. That it failed, with somewhat the effect of a boomerang on its employers, was due to its exposure by a few newspapers. Had the People's Lobby been in existence last year, that exposure would have been a little earlier and more drastic.

RAILWAY BARKS

AS AN IMPORTANT example of cheerfulness ADDISON names a rural English magnate who, in order to promote optimism in the world, offered a cash prize to the contestant who could grin the longest, the farthest, and the most expressively. Optimists in large numbers were entered for the standing broad grin. And among them there were a few pessimists. The first notable contestant was a Frenchman who, in grinning, showed a row of enormous white teeth like an octave of piano keys; the second (nationality unknown) offered a smile so perilous as to cleave his face into a chasm that stretched even to the pregnant hinges of his spine. After the mediocre performances of several obscure smilers there came an English cabman who astonished the judges by a grin which, in depth, was like the yawning of a nut-cracker. This last exhibition would, no doubt, have taken the purse had not a pessimist (from Russia, no doubt) burst into the room and clamored for his right to try for the prize. This fellow's skill was miraculous. Expelling every trace of cheerfulness from his face, he limited himself to wonderful feats in the way of grim grins, sour smiles, paroxysms of ironic merriment and ghoulish levity. The effort was, artistically, so superb that the donor of the prize, although grudgingly, pinned the blue ribbon to the coat of the pessimist. And thus cheerfulness was defeated on its own grounds. Perhaps we might apply this parable to our own anniversary of Thanksgiving, when the Chief Executive has, figuratively, offered a prize turkey to the citizen who can, for the space of twenty-four hours, look and think the most pleasantly. The ordinary citizen may be thankful, in an ordinary sort of way, for plain, domestic virtues and spiritual graces; ANDREW CARNEGIE may be thankful for gifts delivered and JOE CANNON for presents received—but may not the prize, after all, go to some chronic pessimist who, counting his diminished blessings, exclaims like Mr. Blossom's old lady: "I've got only two teeth, but thank God they hit"?

THE DAY WE GRIN

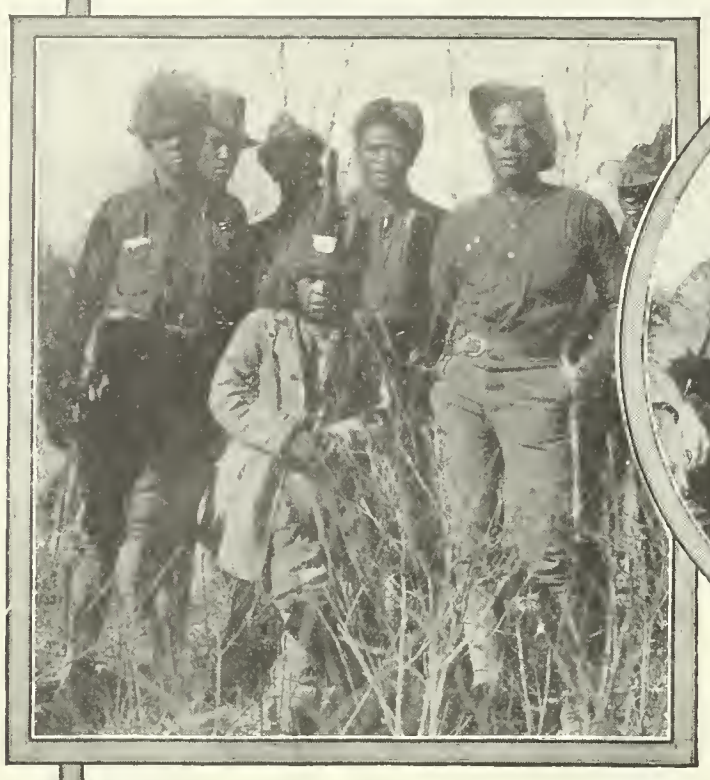
IF ART TOLD THE TRUTH



A suggestion for remodeling the entrance of the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg. The steps are adjusted to suit the movements of the legislators

Drawn by E. W. Kemble

THE CALMING OF THE UTES



Troopers of the Tenth Cavalry, a negro regiment, with a young Ute mascot in the centre of the gronp



Moon Face, the Ute medicine man, who never was friendly with United States soldiers until he met Captain Johnson, Tenth Cavalry (sitting beside him)

Photographs by T. W. Tolman

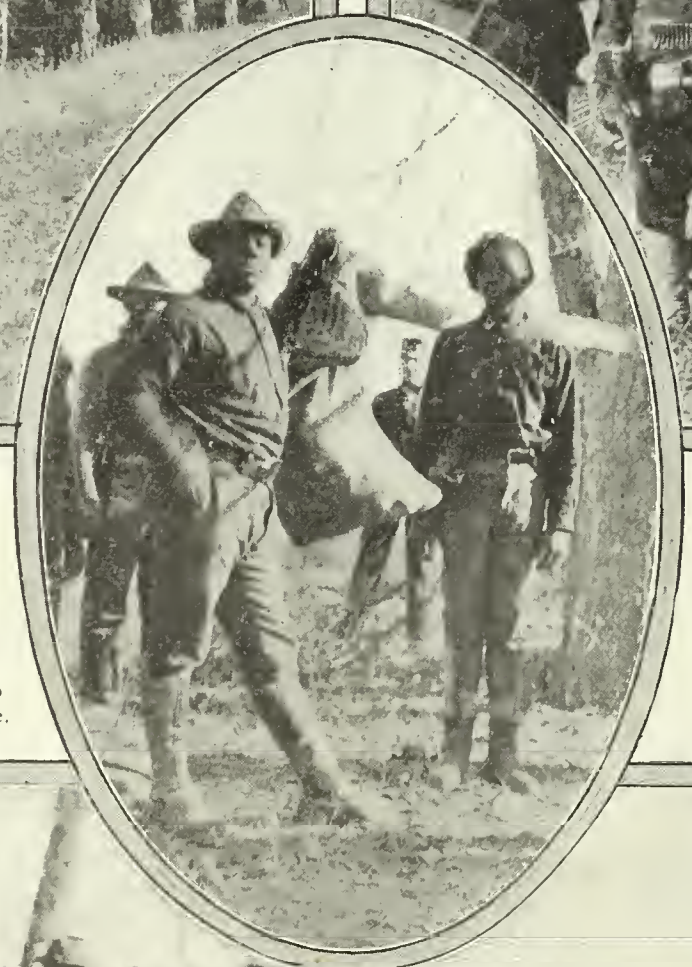


Indians who took a leading part in the Big Talk: Woman Dress, on the left; Red Cap, in the centre, and American Horse



Wagon train of the Sixth Cavalry

SOON after the troops of the Sixth and Tenth Cavalry arrived in the neighborhood of the Big Powder River where the restless Utes had their camp, Captain Johnson, Tenth Cavalry, arranged for a Big Talk with the Indians. Captain Johnson displayed rare diplomacy and obtained great influence over the red men. With the soldiers were two "heap good injun" whose influence was also of assistance.





The Government's representatives at the Big Talk

They were Woman Dress, who many years ago destroyed General Crook's wagon train, and American Horse, who has always been friendly to the paleface. These are shown in the group above with Major Grierson, Sixth Cavalry, Captain Johnson, and an interpreter. The Utes agreed to return south on the promise of the Government to feed them during the coming winter and provide new hunting grounds



Cavalry troopers feasting the Utes the day after the Big Talk

Distrihuting rations to the negro soldiers



The escort of twenty men that will accompany the Utes to winter quarters

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

MR. HILL ON TRADE HANDCUFFS

UNLIKE most monarchs of finance, whose mental operations are limited to devising schemes for annexing more of other people's money, Mr. James J. Hill frequently thinks on large subjects, and is a cause of thought in others. Mr. Hill addressed the Merchants' Club of Chicago on November 10, primarily upon the subject of reciprocity with Canada. Reciprocity is a topic in which Canadians used to take a great deal of interest and Americans very little. Now it is one in which Americans are beginning to take a very keen interest, while Canadians profess indifference. It is fashionable in Canada now to say that the Dominion has no use for reciprocity, but this is the natural reflection of the illiberal attitude hitherto maintained by the United States. A fair American offer would probably change Canadian sentiment.

Professor Goldwin Smith, who had been invited to the Merchants' Club dinner, sent a letter of regret in which he told of his early efforts for freer trade relations, efforts which did not meet with a hearty response upon the American side, and added: "Reciprocity is the voice of nature, and her dictate to all whom she has made partners in her bounty on this continent. I hope yet to see it triumph before I die."

Mr. Hill told the business men of Chicago that, speaking geographically, commercially, or in any other sense except that of politics, their possibilities and therefore their duties were contained, not in a rectangle with the forty-ninth parallel of latitude on one side, but in a circle centring at the southern extremity of Lake Michigan. "Place a pair of dividers with one leg on Chicago and the other on Key West, Florida; then swing the latter to the northwest and it will not reach the limit of good agricultural land. There is the field for your labors."

We have rosy dreams of the South American trade to be won by the Panama Canal, but Mr. Hill reminded his hosts that this trade was only with the little fringe of country between the Andes and the Pacific Ocean, containing three-quarters of one per cent of the population of the world, and having a total commerce with all nations of only $190,000,000 a year—considerably less than Canada's commerce with the United States alone. North of us, separated only by an imaginary line, needing no canal to reach it, "lies a country of enormous possibilities for development, inhabited by between five and six million people. It has 19,000 miles of railways, with several other great projects actually under way. It has a foreign trade of only a little short of half a billion dollars per annum. Its capital invested in manufactures is over $400,000,000, and the value of the product is $480,000,000. Its people have deposited in their savings banks $82,000,000. It has achieved this growth without outside aid, exactly as the United States has grown, by virtue of its inheritance of fertile land, rich mines, and noble forests, and by the industry and integrity of its people. And it is only at the beginning of its development. Its unworked resources are immense. There is land enough in Canada, if thoroughly tilled, to feed every mouth in Europe. There are more than a quarter of a million square miles in each of two Northwest provinces, and there are a quarter of a billion acres of timbered land in the Dominion. This is a neighbor to be taken note of."

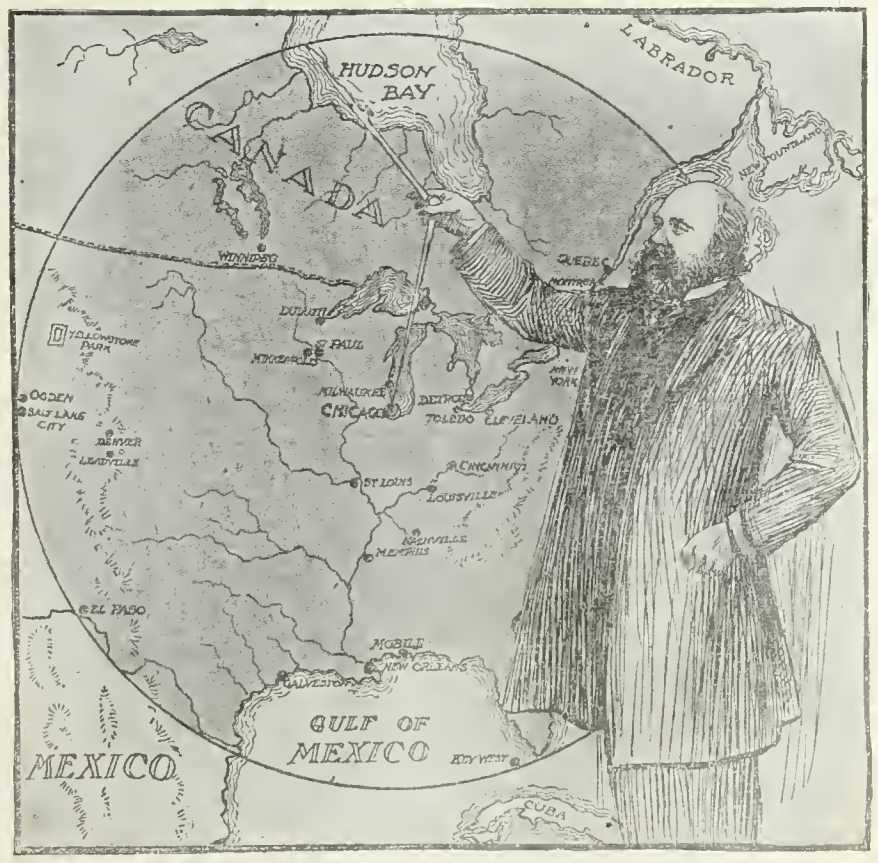
The great central valley of the United States is the body of the nation, and all other parts are only the limbs. Mr. Hill asked us to fancy the possibility of having that precious national possession in some way duplicated. "That," he asserted, "is substantially what unhampered trade relations with Canada would mean." The whole continent had been made by nature one and indivisible. Commercial unity "may be postponed, to the certain loss of both parties. It can not be defeated ultimately." The States of the Union have enjoyed free trade among themselves, thanks to the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution. But for that, "each State would speedily have levied a duty on all commerce crossing its boundaries." Experience has shown that the commercial abolition of State lines has been one of the greatest factors in the wonderful progress of the American Union. Mr. Hill expressed no opinion on the question whether this argument applied to our relations with European countries, but he was very sure that it did apply to Canada, which was "merely a portion of our own Western country, cut off from us by the accident of original occupation and subsequent diplomatic agreement."

The fact that the manufacturing interests of both countries are opposed to reciprocity, each fearing to meet the competition of the other, is curious, but not alarming. Mr. Hill could see no danger in that direction. "We have as much reason to dread Canadian competition as Pennsylvania has to cry for protection against North Dakota. Canada would be as much endangered, no more, as Montana is by the competition of Ohio." Iowa, the first agricultural State of the Union, succeeded in producing $164,000,000 of manufactured goods in 1900 without a tariff against New England. Mr. Hill remembered that a few years ago there was not a smelter on Canadian soil west of the Rocky Mountains. Now British Columbia has six, largely occupied in the reduction of American ores. "Commerce will go her own way, even though she must walk in leg irons. Why not strike them off, and permit her to pursue her journey freely to its end?"

Instead of being rivals, Canada and the United States, in the view of the Great Northern chieftain, complement and aid each other. The American supply of pulp wood, for instance, has been practically wiped out by the demand for white paper, but the Canadian forests can meet that demand for an indefinite time to come. Under reciprocity the Canadian farmer would profit by access to a larger market at good prices, and the American farmer would have nothing to fear because the home demand is rapidly becoming greater than he can supply.

The old arrogant idea of the American protectionists that Canada could be forced into accepting any commercial arrangement we might choose to offer must be outgrown. "Every turn of the tariff screw by the United States," said Mr. Hill, "merely creates exasperation and hardens a determination to achieve industrial independence, even though it be purchased at the cost of industrial isolation. Each year has seen lately a diminution in the Canadian desire for reciprocity." Nevertheless the present opportunity is favorable—more favorable, perhaps, than any that will come again. The temporary failure of the Chamberlain scheme of preference in England has disposed the Canadians to look for other commercial alliances. Now is the time for the United States to attract them by showing, for the first time in a generation, a liberal spirit.

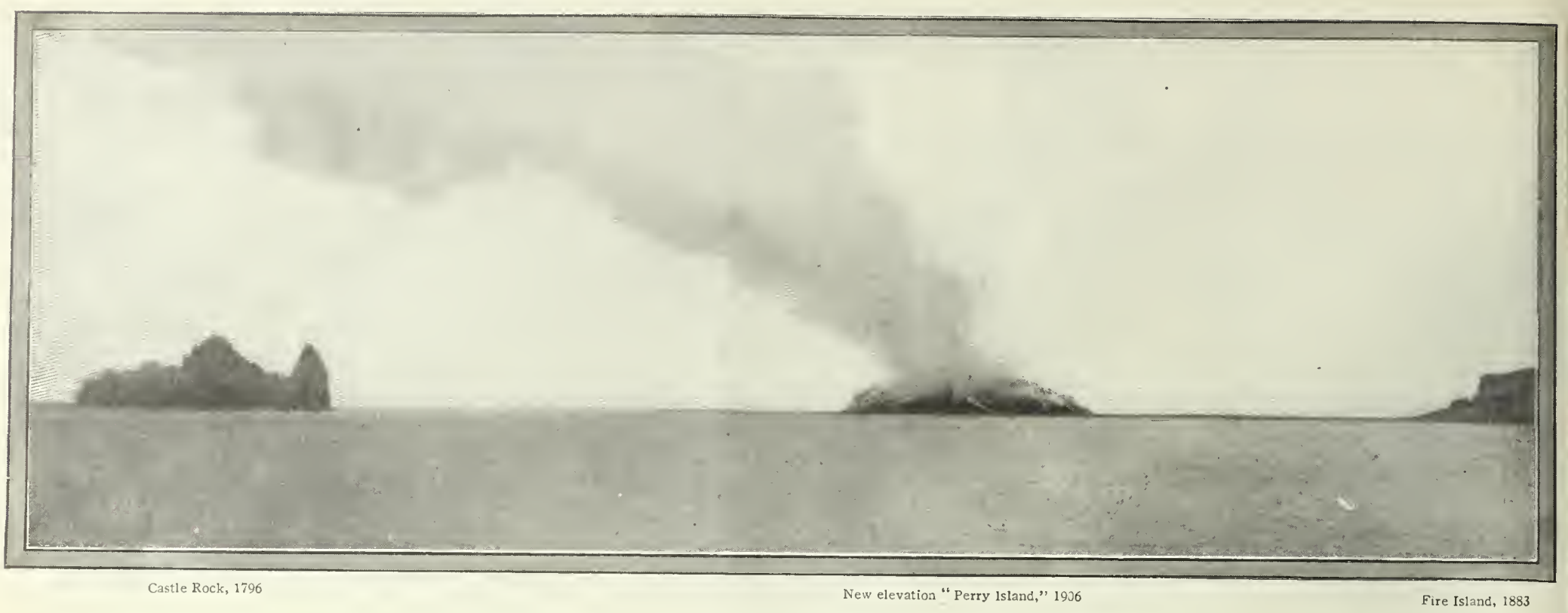
As to the extent to which reciprocity should go, Mr. Hill believes that the ideal arrangement would be the total abolition of the custom houses on the frontier. But if that be considered too strong meat for the economic babes on both sides of the line, there should be at the very least "a free interchange of natural products and raw materials."



A TRADE CIRCLE UNDER FREEDOM

From the Chicago Record-Herald

Geographically speaking, commercially speaking, indeed speaking in any sense except that of politics, your possibilities and therefore your duties are contained not in a rectangle with the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude for one side, but in a circle described from the southern extremity of Lake Michigan as a centre. Place a pair of dividers with one leg on Chicago and the other on Key West, Florida, then swing the latter to the northwest, and it will not reach the limit of good agricultural land. There is the field for your labors. Nature knows no political parties, no race exclusiveness, no division of territory by artificial boundaries.—*JAMES J. HILL at Chicago*



Castle Rock, 1796 — New elevation "Perry Island," 1906 — Fire Island, 1883

CREATING NEW ISLANDS BY VOLCANIC FORCES IN NATURE'S GIANT LABORATORY IN BERING SEA

The Bogoslov group of the Aleutian chain in Bering Sea has all risen from the sea within historical times. This year a new cone seven hundred feet high has been pushed up from the western spit of Fire Island, and at last accounts was pouring out from its crevices a column of vapor that could be seen for over thirty miles. The new island has been visited and explored by officers of the revenue cutter "Perry"

INSURANCE BOSSISM



GEN. HELMUTH VON MOLTKE

Probable German Chancellor

THE public had a shock of pained surprise when it learned from the investigations of the Armstrong Committee that the elections in the Mutual Life, with its half million policy-holders, had been habitually decided by the votes of a few dozen clerks in the New York office. But now that the new laws give all the policy-holders a chance to vote, the management does not seem to have mended its ways. President Peabody and his lieutenants are engaged in a campaign of wholesale intimidation which makes the old plan of having the officers reelect themselves seem dignified and honest in comparison.

In the litigation now pending to compel the Mutual's management to keep its hands off the election it is set forth that the company employs about a hundred managing agents, six thousand soliciting agents, nine hundred office employees, and five thousand medical examiners—about twelve thousand persons in all, of whom nine thousand are believed to be policy-holders and entitled to vote for trustees. As soon as the three tickets from which the trustees for the coming year are to be chosen were put in nomination, President Peabody and Vice-President McClintock sent to each of the one hundred managing agents this telegram:

"All persons connected with this company are called upon to sustain the administration ticket wholly and unreservedly. Any report that any one in this office is not supporting the administration ticket solely and with all his energy is false and malicious."

This despatch was immediately given out for publication, and so became an official notice to each of the twelve thousand employees of the company that they would have to electioneer for the administration ticket or lose their jobs. Thus, in effect, the money of half a million policy-holders, paid in salaries for the necessary work of the company, was diverted from its legitimate use and turned into a vast campaign fund to be used in defeating reforms which a great number, if not the majority, of those policy-holders earnestly wished to succeed.

The management did not rest with mere threats. It proceeded to make examples of refractory employees, "to encourage the others." It happened that Mr. T. Reid Fell, one of the Mutual's managing agents, had been nominated for trustee on both the United Committee's ticket and the Selected Fusion ticket. Mr. Fell was promptly notified that his contract had been canceled, and this fact was published for the benefit of all who might be thinking of dallying with sedition.

The next to feel the ax were Frederick O. Paige, manager at Detroit, and Herbert N. Fell, a branch manager at New York. Mr. Paige had been nominated for trustee on the Selected Fusion ticket and Mr. Fell was a brother of T. Reid Fell, the first victim. Their decapitation was announced in a public statement, which ended significantly: "The Company has no reason to question the loyalty of the support of any manager or agent in its employ."

Finally President Peabody sent for Mr. Edward O. Sutton, a managing agent whose father had been selected as one of the committee to receive proxies for the Selected Fusion ticket, and told him that it was mandatory upon managers to work for the administration ticket. Thereupon Mr. Sutton resigned.

Mr. Peabody vehemently denies any attempt at coercion, but his published notices speak for themselves. Of the moral turpitude of the acts of the Mutual's management there can be no question. If the criminal law can not reach them, then the criminal law is gravely defective.



THE U. S. TRANSPORT "THOMAS" BURNING IN MANILA BAY

The "Thomas" caught fire on October 4 and burnt for forty-eight hours. The Manila Fire Department, the fireboat "Gamecock," and the naval tugs from Cavite finally succeeded in suppressing the flames

A STERN LESSON



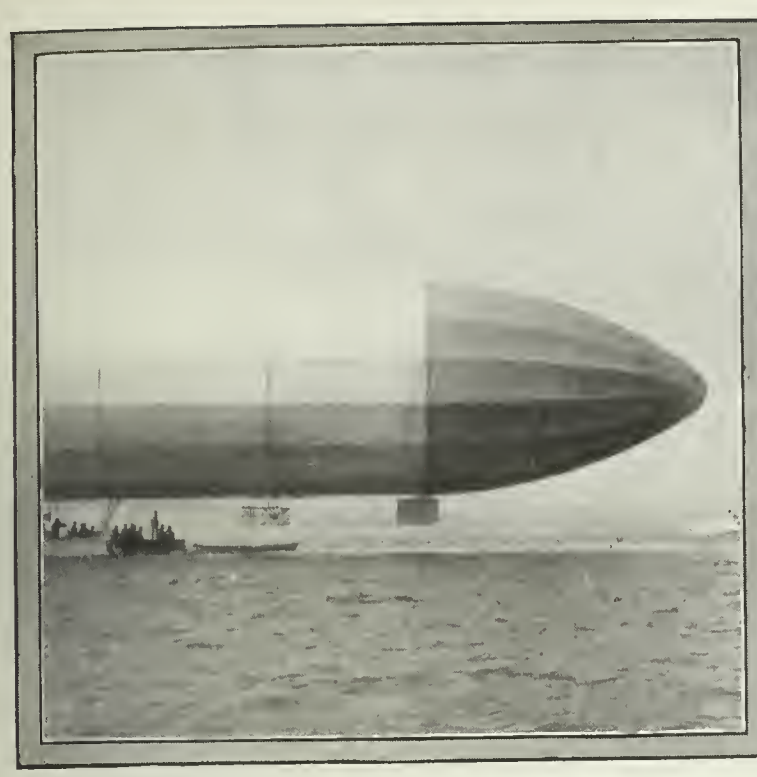
LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON

Possible British Ambassador

THE disorders at Fort Brown, Texas, on August 13, when some colored soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry "shot up the town," have had a sensational sequel. On November 5 President Roosevelt ordered, in accordance with the recommendations of Inspector-General Garlington, that every man of Companies B, C, and D of that regiment be discharged from the service without honor and forever debarred from reenlisting in the army or navy of the United States, as well as from employment in any civil capacity under the Government (that is to say, until the appointing authorities should forget or change their minds). This radical action was taken because the men seemed to be all standing together to shield the guilty, and to prevent the discovery of any clues by which the criminals might have been traced. It was admitted that there were many who could have told nothing because they knew nothing, but the innocent had to suffer with the guilty. General Garlington's report, in which President Roosevelt concurred, insisted that the people of the United States "must feel assured that the men wearing the uniform of the army are their protectors and not midnight assassins or riotous disturbers of the peace of the community."

The President's unprecedented action was severely criticized in some quarters on the ground that such a wholesale punishment by an arbitrary executive order was a violation of the right of every individual to have a fair trial on the merits of his own case. It was said that even if the President had the legal authority to make such an order, which was questioned, it was a violation of an implied contract. Some of the men had served with honor for twenty-five years. They had fought bravely in Cuba, the Philippines, and the Indian country, and in a few years more they would have been entitled to take their ease on retirement pay for life. Now they are thrown on the world resourceless after their working days are nearly over.

The battalion was disarmed at El Reno, Oklahoma, November 12, and some of the veterans wept as they turned in the rifles they had carried so long. Surprise is expressed that the whole brunt of punishment has fallen upon the enlisted men, while the officers, who ought to have been able to prevent the trouble or to find the guilty as soon as it had occurred, have been undisturbed.



Comparative size of the airship and lake boats



Count Zeppelin going aboard the airship



Flying over Lake Constance

THE HUGE NEW DIRIGIBLE AIRSHIP OF COUNT ZEPPELIN

The indefatigable aerial navigator of Lake Constance has just put into commission this new monster, four hundred and twenty feet long, and driven by two motors of eighty-three horse-power each. The balloon is divided into six compartments, each filled with gas. The trials over the lake were completely successful. The balloon reached a height of a thousand feet and traveled for two hours at the rate of two miles an hour

HARRIMAN'S REVENGE



JAMES T. HARAHAN

President Illinois Central Railroad

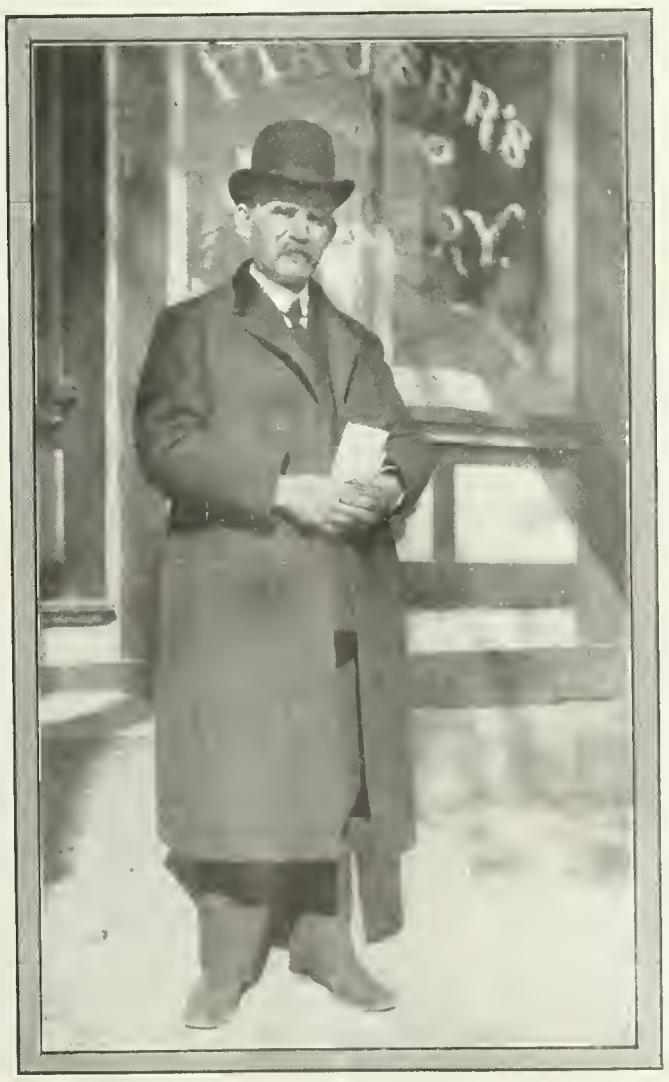
THE effort of Mr. Stuyvesant Fish to protect the interests of the policy-holders of the Mutual Life last winter has brought its threatened punishment. On November 7 Mr. E. H. Harriman deposed Mr. Fish from the presidency of the Illinois Central Railroad, which he had held for nineteen years, and put Second Vice-President James T. Harahan into his place. Mr. Harriman's most active agents in carrying out this scheme in the Board of Directors were President Peabody of the Mutual Life Insurance Company and John W. Auchincloss of the Mutual's whitewashing committee, whose work had been so discredited by the refusal of Mr. Fish to become an accomplice in it. It turned out, however, that there was grave doubt of the legality of the election, and to make a test of that question Mr. Fish and his supporters on the board declined to vote. Governor Deneen of Illinois, who represented that State on the directorate, refused to take any part in the proceedings until he could obtain an opinion from the Attorney-General on the constitutional points involved.

It seems that the constitution of Illinois requires a majority of the directors of any railroad incorporated under the laws of the State to be citizens and residents of the commonwealth. This condition has been ignored for years. Only three members of the present board are residents of Illinois, and only one of those voted for Mr. Harahan as president. Unless the lawyers can find some way of circumventing the constitutional restriction, it appears that both the old and the new administrations will be declared illegal, and it will be necessary to appeal to the stockholders for another election.

While revenge has doubtless given zest to Mr. Harriman's campaign against Mr. Fish, it has not been by any means the only motive for his action. Mr. Harriman is not a person who acts upon revenge, or any other sentiment, alone. He knows how to turn his revenges, like his friendships, into money. The control of the Illinois Central will be an extremely valuable asset to him, in connection with his Union Pacific and other enterprises. It may also help to bring him into collision both with the Illinois and the national laws against combinations of competing lines.

Mr. Harriman's conquest of his new railroad province is not universally welcomed in the financial world. It will be remembered that Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, who is not himself the object of unmixed confidence and admiration, explained that one of his objects in securing control of the Equitable Life was to keep it out of the hands of Mr. Harriman. The London "Economist" warns British investors that there is danger for them in the American market by reason of the manipulation illustrated in the ejection of the railroad president "under whose guidance the Illinois Central became the present splendid property." The "Economist" recalls Mr. Harriman's connection with the Union Pacific dividend scandal as the matter by which his name is best known in England. The Illinois Central coup, with the singular part played in it by the management of the Mutual Life, came too late to have any effect on the State elections, but it was early enough to serve as a factor in the balloting of the Mutual's policy-holders for six weeks.

With the Illinois Central the various "Harriman lines" are capitalized at nearly fourteen hundred million dollars, and form a transcontinental system crossing the United States both ways, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Lakes. Mr. Harriman directly controls an eighth of the railroad mileage of the Union.



JULIUS HAUSER

Elected State Treasurer of New York on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Hauser is a baker of Sayville, Long Island. After the election he went on baking, promising to take care of the State's "dough" later

OFFICIAL SHIFTS



JAMES R. GARFIELD

Next Secretary of the Interior

ON the eve of the President's departure for Panama a new Cabinet change was announced, completing the shift previously arranged. Secretary Hitchcock was to leave the Interior Department on March 4, and be replaced by the present Commissioner of Corporations, Mr. James R. Garfield. It was announced at the same time that Attorney-General Moody would be appointed a justice of the Supreme Court to succeed Justice Brown, retired. Mr. Garfield's successor as Commissioner of Corporations is to be his present assistant, Mr. Herbert Knox Smith. Another change that is to come on the 4th of next March will be the retirement of Mr. William A. Richards as Commissioner of the Land Office. His successor has not yet been selected.

When Secretary Hitchcock leaves office he will have had charge of the Interior Department for eight years, during all of which time he has been a terror to rascals and a never-failing source of aid and comfort to honest men. He initiated the war on the land and timber swindlers that Mr. Heney carried on so effectively in the field—a war that put three out of four of the Senators and Representatives from the sovereign State of Oregon into the prisoner's dock and narrowly missed putting the fourth there at the same time. Mr. Hitchcock protected the Indians from robbery. He fought the attempts of the railroads and the Standard Oil Company to jockey the Government out of millions of acres of coal and iron lands, and he has cooperated with the President in the preparation of the revolutionary order that will reserve for the people all the remaining public lands containing coal.

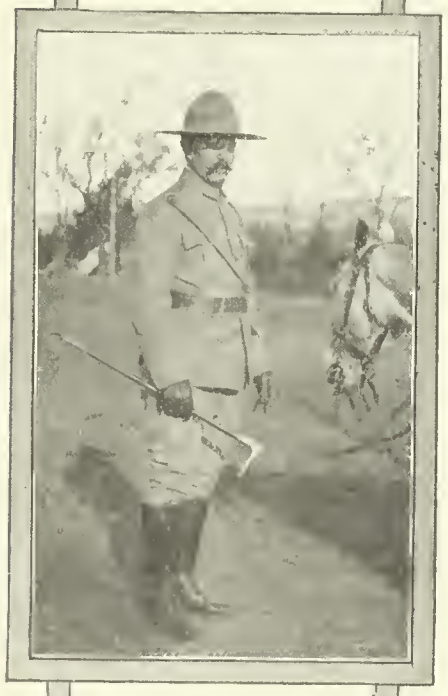
Mr. Garfield will be the youngest member of the Cabinet, and his promotion will enable the President to look down paternally upon two official advisers younger than himself. His work in the Bureau of Corporations has shown him to be in thorough sympathy with the Roosevelt policy, and he is counted upon to carry out Mr. Hitchcock's work against the land, coal, oil, and timber thieves and the plunderers of the Indians. The Interior Department is more beset by politico-commercial vermin than any other branch of the Government, and it needs incessant vigilance to keep them under control. Mr. Garfield is believed to have learned a lot since his first report on the Beef Trust gave immunity baths to so many eminent citizens.



The Rhodesian scouts, 1893

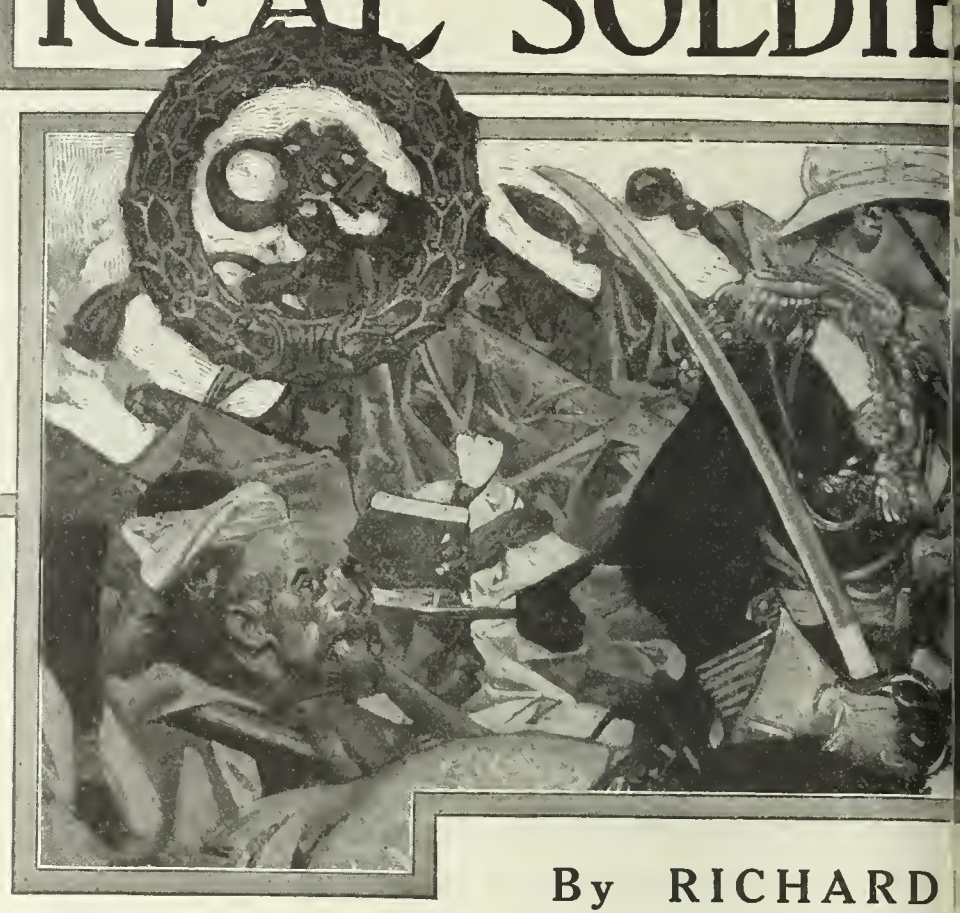


In the first Matabele wai



Burnham at Pretoria

REAL SOLDIE



VI.—Frederick Russell Burnham

By RICHARD

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AMONG the Soldiers of Fortune whose stories have been told in this series were men who are no longer living, men who, to the United States, were strangers, and men who were of interest chiefly because in what they attempted they failed.

The subject of this article is none of these. His adventures are as remarkable as any that ever led a small boy to dig behind the barn for buried treasure, or stalk Indians in the orchard. But entirely apart from his adventures he obtains our interest because in what he has attempted he has not failed, because he is one of our own people, one of the earliest and best types of American, and because, so far from being dead and buried, he is at this moment very much alive, and engaged in Mexico in searching for a buried city. For exercise, he is alternately chasing, or being chased by, Yaqui Indians.

In his home in Pasadena, California, where sometimes he rests quietly for almost a week at a time, the neighbors know him as "Fred" Burnham. In England the newspapers crowned him "The King of Scouts." Later, when he won an official title, they called him "Major Frederick Russell Burnham, D. S. O."

Some men are born scouts, others by training become scouts. From his father Burnham inherited his instinct for woodcraft, and to this instinct, which in him is as keen as in a wild deer or a mountain lion, he has added, in the jungle and on the prairie and mountain ranges, years of the hardest, most relentless schooling. In those years he has trained himself to endure the most appalling fatigues, hunger, thirst, and wounds; has subdued the brain to infinite patience, has learned to force every nerve in his body to absolute obedience, to still even the beating of his heart. He reads "the face of Nature" as you read your morning paper. To him a movement of his horse's ears is as plain a warning as the "Go slow" of an automobile sign; and he so saves from ambush an entire troop. In the glitter of a piece of quartz in the firelight he discovers King Solomon's mines. Like the horned cattle he can tell by the smell of it in the air the near presence of water, and where, glaring in the sun, you can see only a bare kopje, he distinguishes the muzzle of a pom-pom, the crown of a Boer sombrero, the leveled barrel of a Mauser. He is the Sherlock Holmes of out of doors.

Besides being a scout he is soldier, hunter, mining expert, and explorer. Within the last ten years the educated instinct that as a younger man taught him to follow the trail of an Indian, or the "spoor" of the Kaffir and the trek-wagon, now leads him as a mining expert to the hiding places of copper, silver, and gold, and as he advises, great and wealthy syndicates buy or refuse tracts of land in Africa and Mexico as large as the State of New York. As an explorer in the last few years in the course of his expeditions into undiscovered lands, he has added to this little world many thousands of square miles.

Personally Burnham is as unlike the scout of fiction, and of the Wild West Show, as it is possible for a man to be. He possesses no flowing locks, his talk is not of "greasers," "grizzly b'ars," or "pesky redskins."

In appearance he is slight, muscular, bronzed; with a finely formed square jaw, and remarkable light blue eyes. These apparently never leave yours, but in reality they see everyt behind you and about you, above and below you.

They tell of him that one day while out with a patrol o veldt, he said he had lost the trail, and dismounting b moving about on his hands and knees, nosing the ground l bloodhound, and pointing out a trail that led back over the the force had just marched. When the commanding of rode up, Burnham said:

"Don't raise your head, sir. On that kopje to the r there is a commando of Boers."

"When did you see them?" asked the officer.

"I see them now," Burnham answered.

"But I thought you were looking for a lost trail?"

"That's what the Boers on the kopje think," said Burnh

In manner Burnham is quiet, courteous, talking slowly well, and, while without any of that shyness that comes f self-consciousness, extremely modest. Indeed, there could no better proof of his modesty than the difficulties I h encountered in gathering material for this article.

Burnham's father was a pioneer missionary in a fron hamlet called Tivoli on the edge of the Indian reserve of Mi sota. He was a stern, severely religious man, born in Kentuc but educated in New York, where he was graduated from Union Theological Seminary. He was wonderfully skilled woodcraft. Burnham's mother was a Miss Rebecca Russell, well-known family in Iowa. She was a woman of great cour which, in those days on that skirmish line of civilization, w very necessary virtue; and she was possessed of a most ge and sweet disposition. That was her gift to her son Fred, was born on May 11, 1861.

His childhood was strenuous. In his mother's arms he the burning of the town of New Ulm, which was the fun pyre for the women and children of that place when they w massacred by Red Cloud and his braves.

On another occasion Fred's mother fled for her life from Indians, carrying the boy with her. He was a husky lad, knowing that if she tried to carry him further they both wo be overtaken, she hid him under a shock of corn. There, next morning, the Indians having been driven off, she found son sleeping as soundly as a night watchman. In these Ind wars, and the Civil War which followed, of the families of Burnham and Russell, twenty-two of the men were killed. There is no question that Burnham comes of fighting stock.

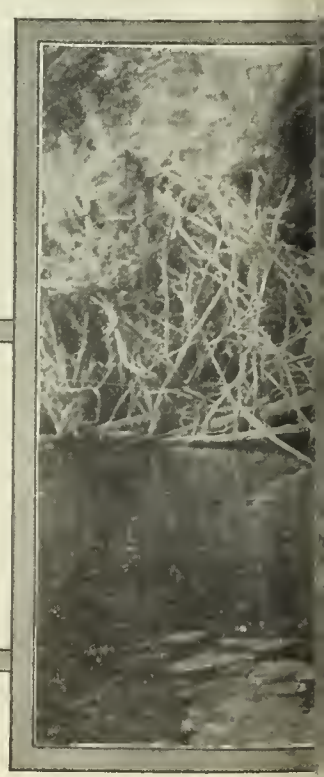
In 1870, when Fred was nine years old, his father moved to



Burnham and Ingram in the first Matahele war of 1893

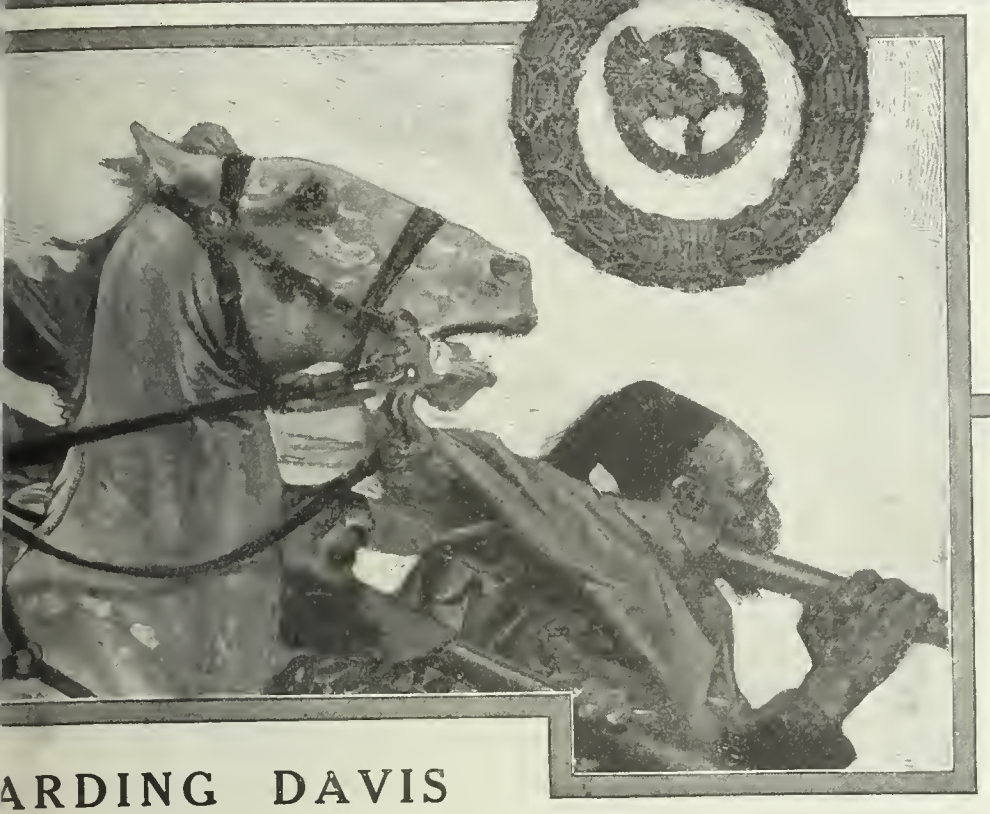


Living-room in Major Burnham's house at Pasadena, California



Burnham's latest portrait

RS of FORTUNE



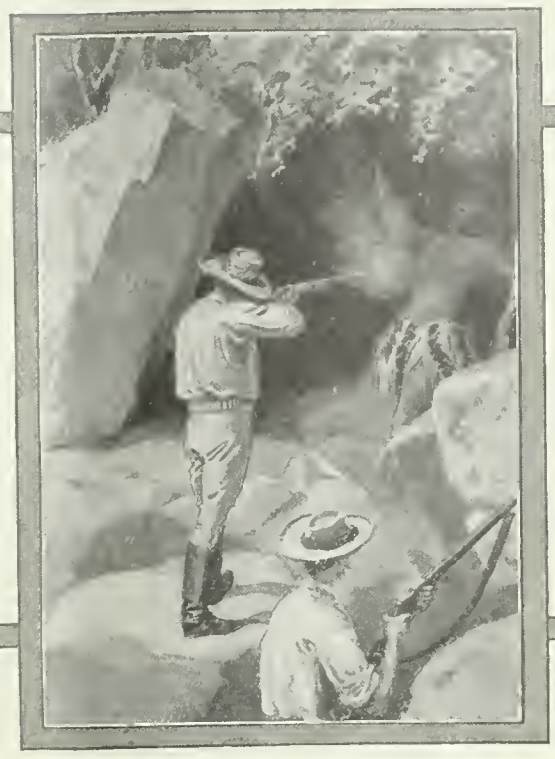
ARDING DAVIS

RD HARDING DAVIS

Los Angeles, California, where two years later he died; and for a time for both mother and boy there was poverty, hard and grinding. To relieve this young Burnham acted as a mounted messenger. Often he was in the saddle from twelve to fifteen hours, and even in a land where every one rode well he gained local fame as a hard rider. In a few years a kind uncle offered to Mrs. Burnham and a younger brother a home in the East, but at the last moment Fred refused to go with them, and chose to make his own way. He was then thirteen years old, and he had determined to be a scout.

At that particular age many boys have set forth determined to be scouts, and are generally brought home the next morning by a policeman. But Burnham, having turned his back on the cities, did not repent. He wandered over Mexico, Arizona, California. He met Indians, bandits, prospectors, hunters of all kinds of big game; and finally a scout, who, under General Taylor, had served in the Mexican War. He took a liking to the boy; and his influence upon him was marked, and for his good. He was an educated man, and had carried into the wilderness a few books. In his cabin Burnham read "The Conquest of Mexico and Peru," by Prescott, the lives of Hannibal and Cyrus the Great, of Livingstone, the explorer, which first set his thoughts toward Africa, and many technical works on the strategy and tactics of war. He had no experience of military operations on a large scale, but, with the aid of the veteran of the Mexican War, with corn-cobs in the sand in front of the cabin door, he constructed forts and made trenches, redouts, and traverses. In Burnham's life this seems to have been a very happy period. The big game he hunted and killed he sold for a few dollars to the men of Nadean's freight outfits, which in those days hauled bullion from Cerro Gordo for the man who later became Senator Jones of Nevada.

At nineteen Burnham decided that there were things in this world he should know that could not be gleaned from the earth, trees, and sky; and with the few dollars he had saved he came East. The visit apparently was not a success and in two years he returned to the West. Even as a lad, in a land-grant war in California, he had been under gun-fire, and for the next fifteen years he led a life of danger and of daring, and studied in a school of experience, than which, for a scout, if his life be spared, there can be none better. Burnham came out of it a quiet, manly, gentle man. In those fifteen years he roved the West from the Great Divide to Mexico. He fought the Apache Indians for the possession of water-holes, he guarded bullion on stage-coaches, for days rode in pursuit of Mexican bandits and American horse thieves, took part in county-seat fights, in rustler wars, in cattle wars; he was cowboy, miner, deputy sheriff, and in time throughout the West the name of "Fred" Burnham became significant and familiar.



The shooting of Prophet Umlimo



Escaping from the Mataheles

During this period Burnham was true to his boyhood ideal of becoming a scout. It was not enough that by merely living the life around him he was being educated for it. He daily practised and rehearsed those things which some day might mean to himself and others the difference between life and death. To improve his sense of smell he gave up smoking, of which he was extremely fond, nor, for the same reason, does he to this day use tobacco. He accustomed himself also to go with little sleep, and to subsist on the least possible quantity of food. As a deputy sheriff this educated faculty of not requiring sleep aided him in many important captures. Sometimes he would not strike the trail of the bandit or "bad man" until the other had several days the start of him. But the end was the same; for, while the murderer snatched a few hours' rest by the trail, Burnham, awake and in the saddle, would be closing up the miles between them.

That he is a good marksman goes without telling. At the age of eight his father gave him a rifle of his own, and at twelve, with either a "gun" or a Winchester, he was an expert. He taught himself to use a weapon either in his left or right hand and to shoot, Indian fashion, hanging by one leg from his pony and using it as a cover, and to turn in the saddle and shoot behind him. I once asked him if he really could shoot to the rear with a galloping horse under him and hit a man.

"Well," he said, "maybe not hit him, but I can come near enough to him to make him decide my pony's so much faster than his that it really isn't worth while to follow me."

Besides perfecting himself in what he tolerantly calls "tricks" of horsemanship and marksmanship, he studied the signs of the trail, forest and prairie, as a sailing master studies the waves and sky. The knowledge he gathers from inanimate objects and dumb animals seems little less than miraculous. And when you ask him how he knows these things he always gives you a reason founded on some fact or habit of nature that shows him to be a naturalist, mineralogist, geologist, and botanist, and not merely a seventh son of a seventh son.

In South Africa he would say to the officers: "There are a dozen Boers five miles ahead of us riding Basuto ponies at a trot, and leading five others. If we hurry we should be able to sight them in an hour." At first the officers would smile, but not after a half hour's gallop, when they would see ahead of them a dozen Boers leading five ponies. In the early days of Salem, Burnham would have been burnt as a witch.

When twenty-three years of age he married Miss Blanche Blick of Iowa. They had known each other from childhood, and her brothers-in-law have been Burnham's aids and companions in every part of Africa and the West. Neither at the time of their marriage nor since did Mrs. Burnham "lay a hand on the bridle rein," as is witnessed by the fact that for nine years after his marriage Burnham continued his career as sheriff, scout, mining prospector. And in 1893, when Burnham and his brother-in-law, Ingram, started for South Africa, Mrs. Burnham



At the age of thirty-three



The day he was decorated by the King



ling off in the Yaqui country



Major Burnham's home at Pasadena, California



Burnham's father-in-law's house in Pasadena

went with them, and in every part of South Africa shared her husband's life of travel and danger.

In making this move across the sea, Burnham's original idea was to look for gold in the territory owned by the German East African Company. But as in Rhodesia the first Matabele uprising had broken out, he continued on down the coast, and volunteered for that campaign. This was the real beginning of his fortunes. The "war" was not unlike the Indian fighting of his early days, and although the country was new to him, with the kind of warfare then being waged between the Kaffirs under King Lobengula and the white settlers of the British South Africa Company, the Chartered Company of Cecil Rhodes, he was intimately familiar.

It does not take big men long to recognize other big men, and Burnham's remarkable work as a scout at once brought him to the notice of Rhodes and Dr. Jameson, who was personally conducting the campaign. The war was their own private war, and to them, at such a crisis in the history of their settlement, a man like Burnham was invaluable.

The chief incident of this campaign, the fame of which rang over all Great Britain and her colonies, was the gallant but hopeless stand made by Major Alan Wilson and his patrol of thirty-four men. It was Burnham's attempt to save these men that made him known from Buluwayo to Cape Town.

King Lobengula and his warriors were halted on one bank of the Shangani River and on the other Major Forbes, with a picked force of three hundred men, was coming up in pursuit. Although at the moment he did not know it, he also was being pursued by a force of Matabeles, who were gradually surrounding him. At nightfall Major Wilson and a patrol of twelve men, with Burnham and his brother-in-law, Ingram, acting as scouts, were ordered to make a dash into the camp of Lobengula and, if possible, in the confusion of their sudden attack, and under cover of a terrific thunderstorm that was raging, bring him back a prisoner.

With the king in their hands the white men believed the rebellion would collapse. To the number of three thousand the Matabeles were sleeping in a succession of camps, through which the fourteen men rode at a gallop. But in the darkness it was difficult to distinguish the trek-wagon of the king, and by the time they found his laager, the Matabeles from the other camps through which they had ridden, had given the alarm. Through the underbrush from every side the enemy, armed with assagai and elephant guns, charged toward them and spread out to cut off their retreat.

At a distance of about seven hundred yards from the camps there was a giant ant-hill, and the patrol rode toward it. By the aid of the lightning flashes they made their way through a dripping wood and over soil which the rain had turned into thick, black mud. When the party drew rein at the ant-hill it was found that of the fourteen, three were missing. As the official scout of the patrol and the only one who could see in the dark, Wilson ordered Burnham back to find them. Burnham said he could do so only by feeling the hoof-prints in the mud and that he would like some one with him to lead his pony. Wilson said he would lead it. With his fingers Burnham followed the trail of the eleven horses to where, at right angles, the hoof-prints of the three others separated from it, and so he came upon the three men. Still, with nothing but the mud of the jungle to guide him, he brought them back to their comrades. It was this feat that established his reputation among British, Boers, and black men in South Africa.

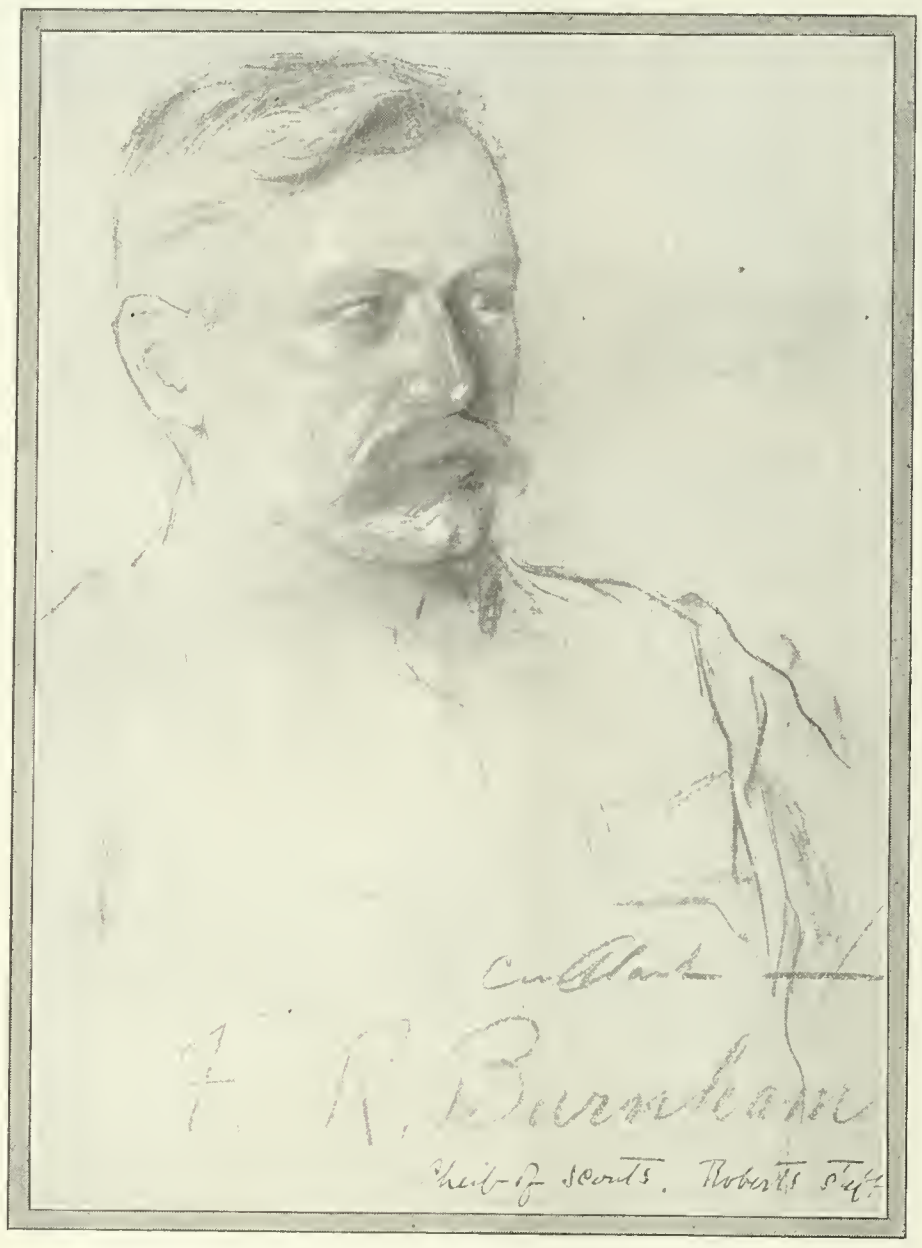
Throughout the night the men of the patrol lay in the mud holding the reins of their horses. In the jungle about them, they could hear the enemy splashing through the mud, and the swishing sound of the branches as they swept back into place. It was still raining. Just before the dawn there came the sounds of voices and the welcome clatter of accoutrements. The men of the patrol believing the column had joined them sprang up rejoicing, but it was only a second patrol, under Captain Borrow, who had been sent forward with twenty men as reenforcements. They had come in time to share in a glorious immortality. No sooner had these men joined than the Kaffirs began the attack; and the white men at once learned that they were trapped in a complete circle of the enemy. Hidden by the trees, the Kaffirs fired pointblank, and in a very little time half of Wilson's force was killed or wounded. As the horses were shot down the men used them for breastworks. Wilson called Burnham to him and told him he must try and get through the lines of the enemy to Forbes.

"Tell him to come up at once," he said; "we are nearly finished." He detailed a trooper named Gooding and Ingram to accompany Burnham. "One of you may get through," he said. Gooding was but lately out from London and knew nothing of scouting, so Burnham and Ingram warned him, whether he saw the reason for it or not, to act exactly as they did. The three men had barely left the others before the enemy sprang at them with their spears. In five minutes they were being fired at from every bush. Then followed a remarkable ride in which Burnham called to his aid all he had learned in thirty years of border warfare. As the enemy rushed after them, the three doubled on their tracks, rode in triple loops, hid in dongas to breathe their horses; and to scatter their pursuers separated, joined again, and again separated. The enemy followed them to the very bank of the river, where, finding the "drift" covered with the swollen waters, they were forced to swim. They reached the other bank only to find Forbes hotly engaged with another force of the Matabeles.

"I have been sent for reenforcements," Burnham said to Forbes, "but I believe we are the only survivors of that party." Forbes himself was too hard pressed to give help to Wilson, and Burnham, his errand over, took his place in the column, and began firing upon the new enemy.

Six weeks later the bodies of Wilson's patrol were found lying in a circle. Each of them had been shot many times. A son of Lobengula, who witnessed their extermination, and who in Buluwayo had often heard the Englishmen sing their national anthem, told how the five men who were the last to die stood up and, swinging their hats defiantly, sang "God Save the Queen." The incident will long be recorded in song and story; and in London was reproduced in two theatres, in each of which the man who played "Burnham, the American Scout," as he rode off for reenforcements, was as loudly cheered by those in the audience as by those on the stage.

Hensman, in his "History of Rhodesia," says: "One hardly knows which to most admire, the men who went on this dangerous errand, through brush swarming with natives, or those who remained behind battling against overwhelming odds."



BURNHAM AT THE TIME OF THE BOER WAR

DRAWING FROM LIFE MADE BY MRS. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

For his help in this war the Chartered Company presented Burnham with the campaign medal, a gold watch engraved with words of appreciation; and at the suggestion of Cecil Rhodes gave him, Ingram, and the Hon. Maurice Gifford, jointly, a track of land of three hundred square miles.

After this campaign Burnham led an expedition of ten white men and seventy Kaffirs north of the Zambezi River to explore Barotzeland and other regions to the north of Mashonaland, and to establish the boundaries of the concession given to him, Ingram, and Gifford.

In order to protect Burnham on the march the Chartered Company signed a treaty with the native king of the country through which he wished to travel, by which the king gave Burnham permission to pass freely and guaranteed him against attack.

But the son of the king, Latea, refused to recognize the treaty and sent his young men in great number to surround Burnham's camp. Burnham had been instructed to avoid a fight, and was torn between his desire to obey the Chartered Company and to prevent a massacre. He decided to make it a sacrifice either of himself or of Latea. As soon as night fell, with only three companions, and a missionary to act as a witness of what occurred, he slipped through the lines of Latea's men, and, breaking through the fence around the prince's hut, suddenly appeared before him and covered him with his rifle.

"Is it peace or war?" Burnham asked. "I have the king your father's guarantee of protection, but your men surround us. I have told my people if they hear shots to open fire. We may all be killed, but you will be the first to die."

The missionary also spoke urging Latea to abide by the treaty. Burnham says the prince seemed much more impressed by the arguments of the missionary than by the fact that he still was covered by Burnham's rifle. Whichever argument moved him, he called off his warriors.

On this expedition Burnham discovered the ruins of great granite structures fifteen feet wide, and made entirely without mortar. They were of a period dating before the Phenicians. He also sought out the ruins described to him by F. C. Selous, the famous hunter, and by Rider Haggard as King Solomon's Mines. Much to the delight of Mr. Haggard, he brought back for him from the mines of his imagination real gold ornaments and a real gold bar.

On this same expedition, which lasted five months, Burnham endured one of the severest hardships of his life. Alone with ten Kaffir boys, he started on a week's journey across the dried-up basin of what once had been a great lake. Water was carried in goatskins on the heads of the bearers. The boys, finding the bags an unwieldy burden, and believing, with the happy optimism of their race, that Burnham's warnings were needless, and that at a stream they soon could refill the bags, emptied the water on the ground.

The tortures that followed this wanton waste were terrible. Five of the boys died, and after several days, when Burnham found water in abundance, the tongues of the others were so swollen that their jaws could not meet.

On this trip Burnham passed through a region ravaged by the "sleeping sickness," where his nostrils were never free from the stench of dead bodies, where in some of the villages, as he expressed it, "the hyenas were mangy with overeating, and the buzzards so gorged they could not move out of our way." From this expedition he brought back many ornaments of gold manufactured before the Christian era, and made several valuable maps of hitherto uncharted regions. It was in recognition of the information gathered by him on this trip that he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

He returned to Rhodesia in time to take part in the second Matabele rebellion. This was in 1896. By now Burnham was a very prominent member of the "vortrekkers" and pioneers at Buluwayo, and Sir Frederick Carrington, who was in command of the forces, attached him to his staff. Carrington was looking about for some measure by which he could bring the war to an immediate end.

It was suggested to him by a young Colonial, named Armstrong, the Commissioner of the district, that this could be done by destroying the god Umlimo, who was the chief inspiration of the rebellion.

This high priest had incited the rebels to a general massacre of women and children, and had given them confidence by promising to strike the white soldiers blind and to turn their bullets into water. Armstrong had discovered the secret hiding-place of Umlimo, and Carrington ordered Burnham to penetrate the enemy's lines, find the god, capture him, and if that were not possible, to destroy him.

The adventure was a most desperate one. Umlimo was secreted in a cave on the top of a huge kopje. At the base of this was a village where were gathered two regiments, of a thousand men each, of his fighting men.

For miles around this village the country was patrolled by roving bands of the enemy.

Against a white man reaching the cave and returning, the chances were a hundred to one, and the difficulties of the journey are illustrated by the fact that Burnham and Armstrong were unable to move faster than at the rate of a mile an hour. In making the last mile they consumed three hours. When they reached the base of the kopje in which Umlimo was hiding, they concealed their ponies in a clump of bushes, and on hands and knees began the ascent.

Directly below them lay the village, so close that they could smell the odors of cooking from the huts, and hear, rising drowsily on the hot, noonday air, voices of the warriors. For minutes at a time they lay as motionless as the granite boulders around them, or squirmed and crawled over loose stones which a miss of hand or knee would have dislodged and sent clattering into the village. After an hour of this tortuous climbing the cave suddenly opened before them, and they beheld Umlimo. Burnham recognized that to take him alive from his stronghold was an impossibility, and that even they themselves would leave the place was equally doubtful. So, obeying orders, he fired, killing the man who had boasted he would turn the bullets of his enemies into water. The echo of the shot aroused the village as would a stone hurled into an ant-heap. In an instant the veldt below was black with running men, and as, concealment being no longer possible, the white men rose to fly, a great shout of anger told them they were discovered. The race that followed lasted two hours, for so quickly did the Kaffirs spread out on every side that it was impossible for Burnham to gain ground in any one direction, and he was forced to dodge, turn, and double. At one time the white men were driven back to the very kopje from which the race had started.

But in the end they evaded assagai and gun fire, and in safety reached Buluwayo. This exploit was one of the chief factors in bringing the war to a close. During the hard days of the siege, when rations were few and bad, Burnham's little girl, who had been the first white child born in Buluwayo, died of fever and lack of proper food. This with other causes led him to leave Rhodesia and return to California.

Burnham did not rest long there. In Alaska the hunt for gold had just begun, and, the old restlessness

(*Continued on page 26*)

FINAL STAGE OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON

This is the last of Mr. Camp's discussions of the changes wrought in football by the new rules. In this paper he reviews the developments of the season in a way to prepare the spectator to appreciate the final games. The All-America Team will be picked, as usual, by Mr. Camp, and announced in a December issue of Collier's

By WALTER CAMP

WITH the football season passing into its final stage it becomes simpler to review the developments under the new code. The ten-yard rule has opened the game to such an extent as to make the conditions quite different from the days of old, when a first-class team was expected to be able, by close-formation plays, to carry the ball, at least once, half the length of the field without losing possession. There are probably no teams who would undertake to do that to-day.

The forward pass has probably given more worry and work to coachers and players than any other play. As a layman can easily understand, the ball may be passed in a variety of ways. It may be tossed with both hands over the heads of opponents; it may be tossed on the level with both hands from one player to another when there are no intervening opponents. It may be thrown with one hand with an overhead swing, or passed low across the field. The ball not being round offers many puzzling features differing from that of basketball passing, and it is safe to say that no individuals and no team have mastered the art of passing as thoroughly as they will in another season if the method is continued. The forward pass has had a decided effect upon both the attacking and defensive game. On the attack, a team may have gained, say, five yards in two downs. Realizing the difficulty, nay, almost the impossibility, of gaining the next five in a single effort, they have then three methods of play. First, the old method of a long punt down the field, thereby surrendering the ball to their opponents, but at a distance as far as possible removed from their own goal line; second, a short kick that shall strike the ground before it reaches the opposing backs, thereby giving the kicker's side a possible, but a rather doubtful, opportunity to secure it, and the ball, if secured by the opponents, will be considerably nearer the kicker's goal than if a long punt has been used; finally, the possibility of a forward pass, which is more accurate than the on-side kick, but which carries with it greater penalties if not properly executed. If the back succeeds in passing the ball accurately to an end, say seven or eight yards in advance, even though the end is at once tackled and there is no opportunity for him to add a run, the necessary distance has been gained and the attack may then be attempted once more with running plays. Cornell in her progress toward Princeton's goal for the first touchdown, as shown in illustration No. 3, played a strong rushing game, but for all that, in the journey between the thirty-five, down to the goal, one break was closed up by a successful forward pass. Failing this successful forward pass, Cornell might not have scored. At the same time there was only this one break in the series of her rushes in covering this distance. Princeton in that same game covered long distances in a straight rushing game by the use of McCormick through the middle of the line. Both teams, however, showed how effective the forward pass could be made to help out the running game at periods of special stress. The forward pass has been most successfully used in diagonal lines just over the ends, but as the defense has improved in judgment and execution the distance gained by these forward passes has been more and more limited to just the point where the recipient of the pass catches the ball. That is, he has been so speedily tackled by the watchful defensive player that he has been unable to make a run of his own. He has, however, been pretty successful in netting the distance of the pass. It can easily be seen that the distance thus gained is gained at far less expenditure of effort than it would be if hammered out by running plays. Very long forward passing has occasionally netted startling gains, but as a regular method has not proved successful. Short tosses of the ball from one man to another have been used on occasions cleverly and have furnished an interesting feature of the play.

Turning to the defense against the forward pass, it is rather remarkable how speedily the defensive backs have adapted themselves to the new methods and with what accuracy they anticipate the play of the opponents, and how practically certain the defense is to locate accurately and quickly the man who receives the ball.

The next important novelty is the so-called on-side kick. There never has been a rule passed which has so materially enhanced the difficulties of the position of the men in the back field as this. Every team has been forced to put two men back—that is, to draw an additional defensive back from directly behind the line, where he has played under the old rules, to some reasonable space to look out for kicks of this kind. Furthermore, when an ordinary kick is made, not exactly a short one, the difficulties of the two men who go back to receive it are infinitely greater. In the old days the man who did not get exactly under the ball, or for some other reason—the sun in his eyes, or something of that kind—was not sure of making his catch, could let the ball bound practically with impunity because the opposing ends who were coming down the field were off-side, and could not get the ball or interfere with him until he touched the ball, and hence he could take his time about getting it. To do this well was nothing for him. When that ball now comes sailing down he knows that he must catch it on the fly, or, failing that, he must scramble for it with one or two men of the opposing side as soon as it strikes the ground, and this scramble is rendered all the more hair-raising for the poor back because he knows that if he gets it he is at once tackled and stopped, whereas if one of the other men gets it the chances are very good for his dashing past him and making a touchdown. No wonder, therefore, that the backs lie awake nights thinking about catching and handling punts. The back's only relief is that, if the ball is coming over close to the goal line on a kick, he can generally count safely on its bounding across the line, and in that event it does the opponents no good, for if it goes across the line without touching a player of either side, it is a touchback whether any of the defenders secure it and touch it down or not. This furnishes a sort of temporary relief, but at the same time it imposes upon the back an additional duty of guessing with considerable accuracy where his goal line is when he is looking up in the air to catch the ball, and also what sort of a bound that ball is going to take after it strikes the ground. To watch opposing rushers coming down the field, to take a casual look at his own goal line, and finally to keep his eye on the oncoming ball present a combination decidedly difficult of execution. Illustration No. 6 shows a kick that has gone diagonally across the field, and is rolling on the ground. Fortunately, as it will be seen from this illustration, the defensive back has a good deal more time on account of the diagonal kick to determine what he is going to do, and it is manifest that he can pick the ball up and run back with it three or four yards before the opposing end reaches him. As can readily be seen, however, if this had been a high kick striking at about the five-yard line it would have been a much more difficult proposition.

With the greater development of kicking and quarter-back running the direct snap by the centre to a man in the back field, instead of the passes with the help of the quarter-back, has assumed considerably more prominence. Illustration No. 2 shows the centre rush snapping the ball directly back to the so-called half-back, who promptly becomes a quarter in that he is the first man receiving the ball. The man thus receiving the ball may not, in running with it, cross the line of scrimmage within five yards of the centre, or the point where the ball was passed back. It does enable the backs, however, to get the ball more quickly for runs around the end.

The so-called "cross-bucks," that is, a back striking the line just on or outside tackle, have become favorite plays, and illustration No. 5 shows Princeton executing such a play in practise. It will be noticed that the end and tackle on the left have secured a very quick start, and the runner with the ball will pass nearly across the spot originally occupied by tackle.

The problem of the defense, as already noted, has become a most important one. In illustration No. 4 we give the Princeton team in defensive formation. In order to make up somewhat for the weakening of the secondary line of defense, due to drawing a man back to take care of forward passes and outside kicks, the centre rush has been played somewhat back of the line, giving him a little greater angle of vision and a possibility or stopping the play coming nearer the guards. This method of defense is, of course, greatly assisted by the ten-yard rule because it is no longer so serious to a team to have the opponents gain the length of the runner in a single plunge. Princeton, however, has one very pretty play with McCormick going through the middle of the line which has proved one of the most effective of the New Jersey team's attacks.

Two of our illustrations, taken in the most exciting point of the Princeton-Cornell game, show the determination of a strong team when the ball has once reached scoring distance, say within the twenty-five yard line, of taking it over without running the risk of loss of possession by a failure in an attempted forward pass or on-side kick. These two pictures show Cornell struggling for a score upon Princeton. In illustration No. 3 some idea of the force of the Cornell pushing attack can be gained by the attitude of the men and the grim determination of the backs on the Princeton team to meet and stop the play.

In illustration No. 1 Cornell has successfully driven her runner through and across Princeton's goal. Although Cornell was thus able to secure the first touchdown of the game, Princeton soon retaliated with another, and in the second half, mainly through runs of McCormick, was able to add eight points more.

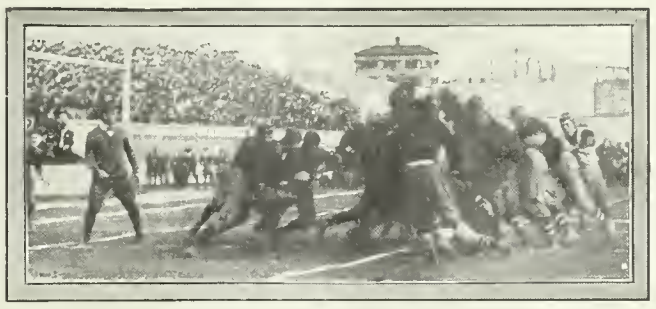
The long kicking game is of even greater importance than of old, and a team must have a good punter. In fact, a good punter and a good sure catcher of punts are two essentials for a successful team under the new rules.



No. 1—Driving the runner through the centre for a touchdown



No. 2—Centre passing the hall directly to the half-back



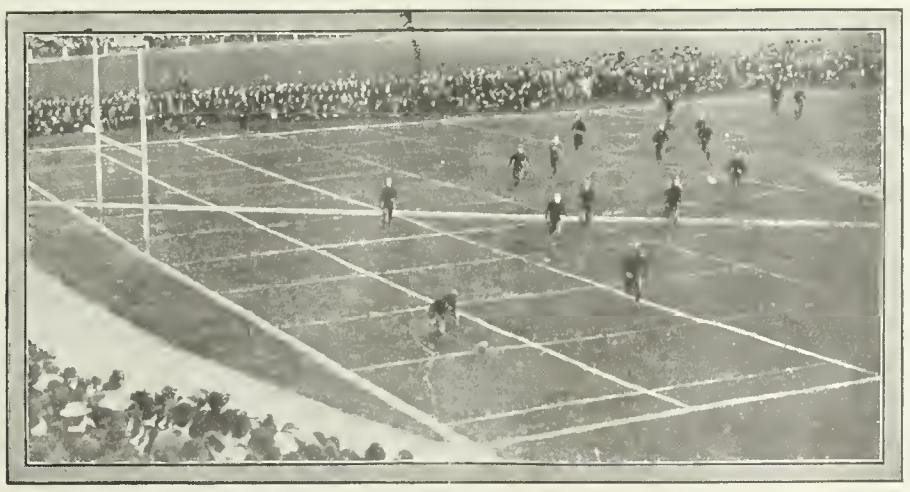
No. 3—Inside the twenty-five yard line taking to the rushing game



No. 4—Defensive formation with centre playing slightly back of the line



No. 5—Princeton practising a "cross-buck" play on left side of line



No. 6—A long kick—comfortable for the back, hard for the ends. The present necessity of catching the ball on the fly or scrambling for it with the ends materially increases the difficulties of the back

PICTURE-GALLERY GEORGE

SHORTY DEVELOPS AN ACTIVE INTEREST IN ORIENTAL ART



"I packed George up the Motomachi like he was a pillow"

Illustrated by F. C. Yohn

BY

STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

SHORTY and Patrick, in liberty blue and new gilt U. S. S. *Oklahoma* hat-ribbons, were prisoners of mine in a pleasant little East Side place of Teutonic flavor. With a table I had barricaded them in a tight wooden alcove and had posted, within hearing of any sudden outcry, a blond, profuse sentinel in white and black. I was determined to be evicted from the balconies of no more theatres that evening—a natural consequence even at an Amateur Night in Third Avenue, when one's companions start putting oranges through the scenery to discourage inefficient performance.

In the alcove my imprisoned sailormen sat in the peculiar, cramped attitude of purely American comfort; on the small of their backs, with their knees up under their chins and their shins wedged against the table's edge. From this position they made feeble efforts, from time to time, with arms moving stiffly from the shoulder, to reach the glasses on the table. They smoked and found that, in this pose, an infinitely difficult operation, ashes having to be disposed of with twists and groanings, and various incidental luxuries abandoned altogether. But for all that, I am sure that they thought themselves supremely comfortable. Their lean, brown faces showed, at least, philosophical resignation to their imprisonment and, besides, a rather smug satisfaction—doubtless in recollecting the details of their recent disgrace. It was Shorty who voiced that amazing state of mind.

"At any rate," said he, sucking his teeth with self-complacency, "the crowd was wit' us."

I was forced to admit that. I remembered how, at the shameful moment, the gallery mob, approving and relishing that emphatic form of criticism, had clambered on its seats and bawled passionate protest at our off-taking.

"The noise was turrible," reflected Shorty proudly. "*Not* only in the Pea-nut, but in the or-chestra as well. Piercin' screams from the or-chestra. Prob'ly society goils, gone bug-house at our puril. . ."

"I think it was a guy fell out o' the balcony," remarked big Patrick calmly, endeavoring to account more prosaically for that.

"No!" cried Shorty, obviously finding in this a touch delightfully spectacular. "Out o' the balcony, hey, the dam' fool? Just delib'rut'ly, I s'pose! Patrick, don't you let me forget to buy a paper in the mornin'."

"D'ye think they'll have it in the papers?" inquired Patrick of me, flattered. Reviewing mentally the various incidents of that episode, I was constrained to believe so.

"Wit' the names?" asked Shorty inquisitively, almost greedily.

"Fortunately not!" I exclaimed with fervor.

Shorty's face fell. "The only time I ever got into the papers," he said plaintively, "they spelt me name so bad I was a liar every time I passed the clippin' around. That was one night at Barnum's. . . .

"Have you got the Bull an' the Papers, sir? T'anks."

"Roll me one," said Patrick lazily. "I'll try again, but I misdoubt I'll lose it in me mouth, like all the rest. It's seegars does that."

"Lick it," ordered Shorty, holding out the rolled cigarette to him, and:

"Ah, ye dude," was Patrick's comment on that extreme of nicety, taking it clumsily in his big paws and spilling half the tobacco. At which Shorty laughed derisively.

After our sentinel had come laden and gone lightened:

"Shorty," I said, "that Barnum's business?"

"That," said he, again sliding down on his back, his glass trembling on one high knee, "was nothin' but the denoomoh! An' the rest of it is spread half over the woild; too long, wit' my liberty up at one, an' the foot o' West Forty-fourth Street miles away. . . ."

Perhaps I stared at this sudden virtue.

"You'll hardly have much of a Mast to-morrow," I tempted him. "You know your skipper's ashore, at the big dinner downtown?"

"No danger this time," said Shorty cynically. "He was tight at the last one an' subsequintly made a show of himself."

"A show of himself!" I cried, at once shocked and delighted at this *lèse-majesté*.

"Well, all I know; comin' up the starb'd gangway from the launch, after, he slips up an' slides down three steps on his buttons. An' says he at that, very fretful: 'I wish,' says he, 'those unconsid'rate Jap coolies would quit oilin' the stairs in these places.'"

"Conclusif, eh?" drawled Patrick. "But what vollums o' histhory's these, Shorty, to take so long tellin'?"

"Well. . . . Have ye forgot our Pitcher-Gallery George?"

Patrick smiled, suddenly for him.

"Ould rosy George, the Work-o'-Art? Faith, it takes me back! Yokohoma, Kobe—"

"'*Nangasawki, Yokohoma,*
"'*Kobe maru hoi!*'—

chanted Shorty, nasally and surprisingly geisha-like. "The whole bunch o' ports, each participatin', wit' malice aforet'ought, in the ruin o' Pitcher-Gallery George." . . .

"Take the credit; 'twas you hounded um to his grave," declared Patrick with deep unction.

"Grave! You'd think he was dead. He's a great man in his line to-day, makin' a fortune, an' me to thank. I'm his philantherpist. I made him what he is."

"You did," assented Patrick, grinning.

"An' what retoin does he make when he sees me long after?" declaimed Shorty passionately, "an' him all bloated up in the mi'st of his successes? On sight, he takes an' tries to jump through me. It needed t'ree cops—

"Wait; I'll tell it from the beginnin'.

"Ye see, George should never 'a' went into the Soivice. He mistook his callin'; he was no sailorman, he was a born hamfatter. One o' them smooth, oily guys wit' a shaved neck an' a bang he could chew the end of. Every move a pitcher. An', stuck on his shape? Say! In the shower-baths he was forever humpin' up his shoulders an' pinchin' his muscles, tryin' to get a hand. He had himself mugged at a bum photographer's in Yoko, in a pair o' swimmin' tights, wit' his arms folded to bulge out his bicepts an' a grin on him to make ye sick to your stummick wit' pity for him. One day the bunch, washin' up, begun to say what a fine developed chest George had. An' George, havin' swelled himself out wit' wind as far's he'd go, hadn't the heart to let it out an' collapse an' spoil the tablo. He got quite faint, just from suffocatin' himself an' had to lie down in the suds an' be slapped. We thought his heart was stopped on him.

"That's the kind George was . . . till I got done wit' him."

"I gather that you disliked George?"

Patrick smiled discreetly and put a disreputable cigar into his mouth.

"I couldn't a-bear him," said Shorty, with dazzling frankness.

"Why?"

Patrick took the most elaborate interest in lighting his cigar. Shorty looked at him swiftly, once—I thought to gage his present faithfulness.

"Well, thishere George, ye see, he had a notion when goils was consoined—"

"Ah, which was it? The New York girl in Hongkong who used to cry to hear the Elevated again? That pretty, red-headed nursemaid at Manila, then? Or some one home?

"Not me; not me!" Shorty protested, reddening. "It was a friend o' mine was doin' this skit. An' George, wit' his shaved neck an' his hair all poifumed offen the barber, comes woimin' his way into it. He fixes me friend wit' her. He tells her to look at the tattooin' on me friend's arm.

"An', at that, they was only two initials there an' one 'Ada' an' a brace o' bleedin' hearts on a skewer. D'youse ever see Kelly, the bos'n's mate? In his young



"'Don't stop the job,' I says; 'Continue, Prof., continue wit'out stint'"

days he got himself that covered wit' goils' names an' silly mottoes he looks like a tree in a picnic grounds. An' yet it makes *him* solid wit' his wife. She thinks he was a heluva feller in his yout'; she can hardly imagine how she come to get him away from the rest. . . . But there's no tellin' from just that one, is there?"

Taking a mean advantage of this moment of reverie, I reached for Shorty's left wrist and jerked his overshirt sleeve. But Shorty, suddenly comprehending, flew into a frenzy of defense. The clatter of glasses and furniture was prodigious. It ended in Shorty's personal victory as, flaming red, he braced his chair in the corner and threatened with his brandished heels. But, of course, he was discovered and knew it.

"If you'll treat me right, now," he said pathetically. "I'll tell this. I'm tryin' to entertain youse, an' you assault me. Any one but you, I'd say it's hardly jump-manly.

"I was goin' to tell how thishere George wasn't satisfied wit' what he'd a'ready done. No. On cruise, whenever we come into a port, George'd make out he'd been dealt a letter from that goil that couldn't stand for bleedin' hearts a year old on a guy's arms. He'd come around wagglin' a chunk o' light-blue paper an' makin' out to read off of it. Oncet on the gun-deck he says to me:

"'Congratulate me, Shorty, I'm goin' to be a marrid man when me time's up.'

"'Oh, are you?' says I, noticin' the lobster was backed up very handy by the open hatch. 'Well, I dessay you'll make a lovely bunch as one,' I says.

"'Nothin' but,' he says, smirkin'. 'The day's set an' I'm happy as a lark,' says he, an' done a clog on the linoleum to prove it. 'An' I consider meself very fortunate that I ain't disfiggered wit' the relics of a disord'ly past, to shock no sweet, young goil,' says he.

"I was in two minds if I shouldn't hand it out to him then and take a chance; wit' one smack I could 'a' put him down a hatch, one deck, onto a pile o' mattresses. But, actu'lly on the point of it, thinks I: 'Wait, Shorty. That there ain't like you at all; it's nearly brutal an' by all means too abrupt. Somethin' longer an' more lingerin'. Somethin' very delicat'ly done an' piled on, little by little, unbeknownst. Somethin' far more woithy of you, Shorty.' An' thinkin' so, on me woid, I begun to grin in his face. It was just that thought, ye see: that one o' these days I'd think o' the proper answer to that there disord'ly past remark an' how supprised he'd be, after clean forgettin' it was ever due him.

"But it was a turrible time to wait, before I did; three mont's, at least. We were in Yokohama Harbor then. Patrick, it was that Isezak'cho night—Theaytre Street, you know."

Patrick, cap off and somewhat joss-like behind a cloud of smoke, nodded benignantly.

"Who was that little fellah in the wrapper we stole his bows an' arrers?" he inquired placidly. "Did he ever get 'em back, I dunno?"

"He had the shootin'-boot' beside that red-whiskered theayter—you know, that place trimmed out in crimson streamers?" Shorty reminded him. "D'ye remember Double-Life Stubbs an' that bunch were inside, seein' the show, when the shootin'-boot' man sicked them insignificant yaller cops on you an' me? An' how ol' Double Life came tearin' an' rampin' fort' wit' reenforcements an' we took all the bows off the counter an' buzzed our way out o' the street?"

"I remimber the shootin'-booth man, at least, was well wounded wid his own weapons," said Patrick with heavy satisfaction. "I done it meself."

"I was lookin' at the result. Where did ye learn rapid firin' wit' a bow, Patrick?"

"A bow! Would I bother wid such trashy ballistics? Pooh! He was gettin' away over a wall; so I chose a handful of arrers an' stabbed him where he vanished."

"*Our* get-away was the divil—wit' them wooden shoes sailin' into us like shells! I can hear 'em now, crackin' on Fatty Mullins's head. Ah—"

"'Twas a grand evenin'," Patrick assented. "I lost you, though, Shorty. Or did yez go wid us to the dancin' up at Number Six? Gay doin's, but Harah spoiled it, pertendin' he was a circus horse an' jumpin' through the paper walls into a room where a bunch o' Japs were pullin' off a weddin' dinner. There's somethin' lackin' in Harah."

"He's no refinement," Shorty assented. "No, I wasn't there. In the stampede out of Isezak'cho I fell in wit' that George, or over him. He was wanderin' feebly about in rings. Some one'd jerked his overshoit up over his head an' tied it there an' then run off wit' an important part of his coschume. I might 'a' left him to 'em; but I rescued him tenderly—for a woise end. I begun to have an idea at that vury moment that me time to answer George was comin' at last.

"Ye should 'a' laid eye to him then, as I hoised him up one dark alley an' down another, avoidin' them pursuin' police insecks. He was, wit'out foither embellishment, the last rose o' summer, gogglin' an' droopin' an' wiltin' an' just delib'rut'ly usin' me for a sofa. As for his attire—the least touched on the more delicat'ly discribed.

"'George,' says I in an alley, lettin' go of him to rip down about thoity foot o' cotton sign off a shop-front, to make him a skoit, 'George, thishere is bad business. There was numerous black eyes handed around in Isezak'cho, an' the Japs, you know, is not the Chinese. There'll be punishments. I can see Ol' Particilar's lamps bulgin' now; his private language'll be a shinin' pattern for the Ship at large. You an' me need alibis.'

"I toined to fit the cotton sign around him and found him reclinin' gracefully in the road under a teahouse lantern, snorin' to rattle the shutters. A small, sleepy guy comes out in dish-abill'—"

"'Dish-abill'?' inquired Patrick. "Ye mean Motomachi?"

"Ho! Listen! Dish-abill's no street, you big cow, it's a nightgown. Though it *was* Motomachi we were in; for the professor roosted thereabouts amidst the native population. He heard us jawin' the sleepy guy in English, no doubt, an' nailed us."

"D'yez ever see that professor again?"

"Never. Nor needed to; *his* hidjous work was well enough done that night.

"Ye see, while liftin' beautiful, drowsy George for foither wanderin's, a voice spoke softly in me ear. Says thishere voice:

"'Jack, can youse spare me the price of a bed an' a hot lunch? I used to be a fine young man, oncet, an' liked me fun; an' now look at me, Jack, down an' out. There, that's a good feller, hey?'

"I got a funny feelin' at the pit o' me stummick—it took me that hard,



"All over his bos'm was the saddest-lookin' sketch I ever saw"

and slammed me back to Chatham Square. I toined around an' there was a poor ol' guy, doin' a shake in a crumby suit o' clo's. He had whiskers all over his face, like he was hidin' in the Park. 'There's a fine, good young feller, Jack,' he cries, wipin' his eyes wit' his paws. 'I was your kind oncet; easy come an' go, gay an' free—an' here I am now, all in, on the wrong side o' the woild, an' never a chancet o' seein' the ol' flag again.'

"'Why, you wheezin' hand-shaker,' I says, cryin' meself, 'how dast you try an' strong-arm me, you dam' ol' crook?' An' I chucked him what I had left; six yens, I think, an' about a pound o' copper cash. We sat down on a penny piazza

"He tol' me he was from N'York, so I give him the last from there; how the ol' places were closin' up under the Elevated an' the sailormen were all gone to Fourteenth Street. 'An' so even Rooney's place is closed, now?' he'd say. 'Ah, it's an ol' man I'm gettin', when Rooney's is done wit' before me. It's time I was movin', meself.'

"When I made the break to get up out o' the wet, he grabs me arm an' says:

"'Ain't there nothin' I can do for you to remember me by?'

"'Why,' says I, 'I don't see what.'

"'A little, full-rigged ship on your arm!' says he, all at oncet. 'A twist of anchors! A nice female figger! It's the only gift I got left now; but I used to be a great tattooer back on the Bowery. Professor McManus—that's me. But here there's nothin' doin'; the Japs seem to have me beat at me own game.' . . .

"I sat puffeckly still, like as if froze there. I tried me voice two or three times before it sounded enough careless an' free.

"'Why,' I says then, 'there's nothin' you can do for *me*, for I got mine on a'ready. But here's me best friend on oith. He's crazy about tattooin'. It's all I hear from him. He'll see a Jap tattooer's place, an' I have to fight him to keep him out of it. "No, George," I'll say, "you'll be sorry. Be patient; don't spoil yourself. What you want is a white man's woik on you. I'm savin' *you* for an artist. An' he's awaitin' for you somewheres wit' his needles. No fear; the lucky day'll come for you." An' here it is!

"'For that, Jack,' says the Prof., wit' feelin', 'your friend shall have the best I'm able. I'll get the needles off a Jap at the end o' the strect an' we'll fix him up there. When he wakes up, how he will wring your hand!'

"Well, joy give me stren'th; I packed George up the Motomachi like he was a pillow. The Prof. hobbled ahead to knock up the Jap—an' a sore Jap he was. But we got in, *an'* in our shoes. It was a queer place inside, judgin' from the folks peepin' through the screens when we made a light. A lot o' sleepy, pretty little kids in red peeked down the stairs an' yelled, and an ol' woman smacked 'em an' chased 'em back to bed.

"'What's the game?' I says.

"'Geisha school,' says the Professor. He looked turrible in the light. His eyes was bright red an' his white lilocks was brushed every*which* way an' all smoked yaller around his mouth.

"But he takes out a yen an' pegs it at the Jap like a king. '*Sake*,' says he. 'Boilin' hot. It's a pernicious habit,' says he, winkin' at me, 'but just this once, hey? It's all right when you can stop any time, as I could if I wished.'

"They mixed the little bowls o' colors an' laid out the needles—an' George. His snores was harrowin'; it was like the line's house in the menagerie to hear him.

"'See here,' I says, lookin' at the Jap, 'no native talent, you know. The good ol' Bowery style. No new art, mind.'

"'Oh!' says the Prof., almost shocked. 'I wouldn't permit him—not one punch. Now then, what sort o' design?'

"I thought for a while, lookin' at George an' lickin' me lips.

"'Well,' I says, gigglin' at len'th, 'he's quite a gay guy wit' the goils, ye know. Somethin' ruther sporty?'

"'A nice female figger?'

"'Exqu'site. But nothin' prim, now.'

"'Oh, no, by no means! Where'll he have it?'

"'Well, s'posin' we say spread over his chest, hey? He's got a fine chest, has George, an' a fine shape. It'll make a swell background—that shape. An' spread it, mind. Nothin' dinky. Ample's the woid.'

"'Jack,' says the ol' cuss, wit' water in his eyes, 'you hoit me pride. Leave it all to me.' Sayin' which he has a horn o' *sake*, takes up the needles an' clears away our George's overshoit. Then stickin' the tip of his tongue out o' one end of his mouth, he begins on him.

"Well, I couldn't stay. I had to go off somewhere an' yell. So I think I hear a friend outside callin' me name.

"'Don't stop the job,' I says; 'I'll be right back. Continue, Prof., continue wit'out stint.' I tiptoes out an' left 'em—will I ever forget it? Our George snorin' on the mats, an' the poor ol' Prof., wit' his tongue lollin' out, punchin' a sporty pitcher decrepitly into that lovely shape! The Jap sat just outside the candlelight, sneerin' at the Prof. behind his hand, an' all the screen cracks had eyes shinin' through 'em. It was a speck creepy, at that . . . but outside I forgot it, just thinkin' o' George, the double-faced, slanderin', naggin', note-wagglin', never-disfiggered fi-ancay! Yow! I beat it for me life, clackin' through the town, over the bridge, across the Concession, down the Bund, on to the landin' an' headfoist into the last runnin' launch, just in time. 'You're full, Shorty,' says Cox'n Carrol, as usual very severe, when I fell over him an' the wheel. 'I am, me dear,' says I, 'an' glad of it.' An' I kissed him on the for'd an' sung 'The Voyage o' Columbus' all the way out to the ship. . . . Well, waiter, do my woids int'rest you?"

It is a fad of Shorty's, when interrupted and refreshed in the midst of yarn-spinning, to forget that an audience hangs on his discourse. With great nonchalance, therefore, he rolled a cigarette and interested himself in what was going on outside our alcove.

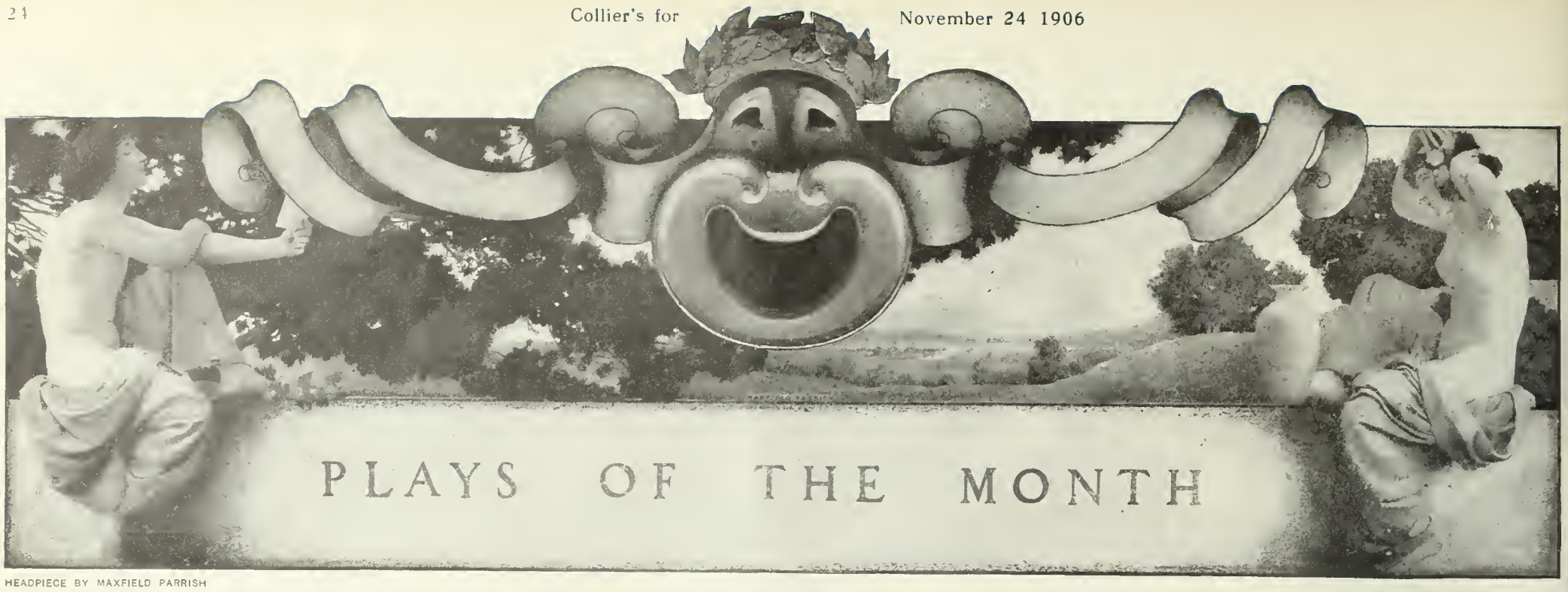
"Hi, what's that, in the hall out there!" he cried suddenly. "Ladies in short skoits? An' a guy wit' horns, in a mask?"

"A ball upstairs," said Patrick without interest. "They've been beatin' the floor this half hour. A mask ball. What of it? Come out of it, you're tellin' a story."

"George, you know, was due aboard?" I hinted.

"Ah, yes. But not till next mornin'. He was rowed

(*Continued on page 30*)



HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

BY ARTHUR RUHL



Miss Rachel Crothers, author of "The Three of Us"

THE mighty, because we are so used to their mightiness, are also interesting, when they go wrong. Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Fitch, the admirable Mr. Gillette, all have been going wrong.

Our one-time Sherlock Holmes appears as a sentimental doctor in the comedy-drama "Clarice," written by himself. It was played in London last year with some success and last spring Boston approved. Clarice was an orphan and the secretary of Dr. Carrington, who had gone down to South Carolina for his health. She was very young and very attractive, and she and the doctor and a negro mammy lived in a lovely old-fashioned house covered with roses. The doctor was writing a book about plants and Clarice made sketches for it. Of course, they fell in love with each other, only Clarice was such a child that it took her a little while to find it out, and the doctor, for various reasons, didn't dare show how much he cared. Indeed, when Clarice's wicked aunt, Mrs. Trent, who had never forgiven Carrington for not falling in love with *her* years before, came down from Washington with young Dr. Denbeigh as a suitor, the poor doctor locked up his feelings altogether, told Clarice that he didn't care at all for her, that things couldn't go on as they had, and she ought to accept Denbeigh and go away. Clarice would have done anything to please the doctor, but as she was going upstairs to think a minute, she looked behind her, and what did she see but poor Carrington kissing a rose that she'd given him, and then tearing its petals off one by one with the most disconsolate air in the world! So he does after all! And Clarice tiptoes downstairs and out into the vestibule where Denbeigh is waiting, and we are to imagine her saying "NO!" with great emphasis out there while poor Carrington sits staring at the ruins of his rose. Then she flutters back, and it all comes out and Clarice says it doesn't make any difference to her even if he has only got a few years to live, her place is beside him, and all the king's horses can never drag her away now.

It is all so pretty and Miss Marie Doro's Clarice so bewitching and Mr. Gillette's doctor so chivalrous, kindly, and charming a gentleman that one can but applaud thankfully and think how nice it must be to be like Mr. Gillette, who can both act so well and write such good plays. The only trouble is that the piece seems all done, just where it is.

As a matter of fact, it is all done. And the rest is very bad, and we shall hurry over it with all speed possible. Conspiracy develops luridly. Prompted by the vindictive aunt, the other doctor makes an examination and tells Carrington that he is likely to die of consumption any minute, though the truth is he's as well as anybody, and Carrington, though himself a physician, and deeply in love, unquestioningly accepts the diagnosis. He sends Clarice away with Denbeigh, takes poison and writhes in an armchair in the lamplight, until at the last minute, Denbeigh, repentant, dashes back, and with Clarice's help smashes in the door of Carrington's study, and with a ferocious jab from a hypodermic needle brings him back to life and a happy ending. Why, the plot being so incredible, should Carrington be made a doctor at all instead of, for instance, a botanist or a harmless literary person? Why, indeed, but that it was necessary, for this lurid last scene, to have a poison bottle and a hypodermic syringe in an adjoining room! Much of the rest is as fortuitous and artificial. There is all that obvious reaching out for points which is so often the fault of actor-made plays, and it is unnecessary to elaborate on the ghastly taste of jumbling up as Mr. Gillette has done idyllic sentiment and the modern pathology of tuberculosis.

Impressive and vivid though he always is, Mr. Gillette's personal performance necessarily borrows some of the weakness of his play. He is charming for the most part in the first act, although even here at times —perhaps because his austere and acidulous Sherlock Holmes is so indelibly stamped on our minds—the spectacle of this lean, laconic gentleman of middle age gamboling in vernal sentiment narrowly escaped one's sense of the ridiculous. Possibly the spectator's narrow and inelastic mind, set on having Mr. Gillette cold, unimpassioned, and all-seeing, protests against his becoming nice and agreeable, no matter how nice and agreeable he may be. That even, metallic utterance, and the trick of repeating, in a preoccupied fashion, the same thought—an effective method in its proper place of suggesting that under a quiet exterior the speaker is planning mighty things, and is presently about to surprise us—becomes in "Clarice" decidedly a mannerism.

Thus if Dr. Carrington should wish to convey to Clarice the notion that 2+2=4, it would reach the audience somewhat in this wise: (*A far-away metallic falsetto, speaking without periods in the same key*) "Two and two are four, you know. Oh, yes–they are —They couldn't be five-you-know-that-wouldn't-do-at all-would-it—[*Mr. Gillette striding rapidly away, his forehead wrinkled up like Mr. Arthur Brisbane at his very cleverest, the metallic falsetto fading mysteriously*] No-no! No-no-no—"

The mannerism has the effect of constantly giving mysterious pseudo-significance to observations which are mere statements of simple fact until one rebels at this forced air of suspense. The unenlightened occasionally object, in listening to Wagnerian music, against what they call its perverse refusal to end a musical phrase as they think it ought to end and so descend to the bathos of a tune. Mr. Gillette's persistent ignoring of periods and the simple categorical sentence makes one feel the same way.



Mr. William Gillette and Miss Marie Doro in Mr. Gillette's play "Clarice"

"THE House of Mirth" is a vivid illustration of the chasm which separates the art of writing a story from the art of constructing a play which will dramatically tell its own story on a stage. That is about the only vivid thing about it. Attached to it are the names of Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Fitch—both of whom have mastery of the technique of their separate fields as unquestioned as is the merit of the novel which they have endeavored to transfer to the stage. Yet, stripped of the fictitious interests which such an attempt always has, the result is empty and meaningless beyond belief. There is a country-house scene across which various persons move and make remarks; a town-house, a yacht; more people, evidently the same ones, although the spectator can not be altogether sure without consulting his programme; more remarks. At last an unhappy young lady in a millinery shop who, after deciding that she can not make hats, drinks from a bottle and observes: "At least there is sleep to-night." It is a state of mind shared by the audience.

One doubts very much if those who had not read the book could even understand what was happening. There might be, as the ingenuous layman would think, at least a conventional interlocutor to forecast the drift of the story by saying in effect: "This Lily Bart is a beautiful and fastidious young lady without a family to take care of her. She has no money, and she has taken to 'living round' with her wealthy friends. She is well-meaning but weak and without any very clear-cut moral standards. She must have luxury, and to get it she will drift over scruple after scruple, and there's likely to be trouble, my friends, before she gets through." A conventional makeshift, to be sure, but it would at least explain what it was all about, why the young lady who wanders round the stage with the others is in a rather different and more perilous position than they. As it is there is no clarifying exposition whatever. Dark hints are dropped that Lily Bart is much admired, a disagreeable maid-servant intimates that she saw Miss Bart emerge from a bachelor's apartment. Lily's mental and moral make-up, which is the whole thing, so to speak, in the novel, is scarcely more than hinted at. It is, indeed, not the business of a play to explain through the mouths of professional expositors, the psychological patterns of its characters. Through action they are expected to explain themselves. And herein, of course, lies the essential difficulty of transferring such a novel as "The House of Mirth" to the stage. A play requires two sharply defined forces struggling for the mastery. There are none such in Mrs. Wharton's novel. That narrative illumines with brilliant accuracy the texture of a certain phase of life. Upon this as a background the pathetic, if

rather exasperating, figure of Lily Bart drifts from one negation to another. Her tragedy is not only psychological but essentially "artificial"; that is to say, it is precisely because it is caused, *not* by the loss of what most people consider the big and important things of life, but by life's mere embroideries, that its tragedy is so savagely ironical and cruel. But that is not the sort of thing for the theatre. A woman may stand on a stage and cry: "You have taken from me my lover, my child, my hope, my life!" and her position becomes tragic; she can not so become by crying: "You have taken from me my discriminating dressmaker, my luncheon at Sherry's, my ride in Bertha Dorset's automobile!" vitally tragic as such losses might be to those whose existence fate had cast in that complex and subtile web which society has spun outside and on top of life. In all this play there is, perhaps, only one place, with the exception of the final catastrophe, where the real bite of the book is transferred and expressed in its equivalent in action on the stage. That is the "curtain" of the first act, where Trenor, having given Lily money, tells her a moment later to come into the house. She does not comply immediately. "Come here!" he says. "I say, come!" And knowing the helplessness into which she herself has put herself she goes, conquering beauty that she is, like a whipped hound before its master.

It would be too much to ask that Miss Fay Davis—miscast into the bargain—could make of this literary echo a creature alive and compelling. Always a figure of distinction, she struggled earnestly; but only occasionally, perhaps most successfully in the last scene, did her undoubted intelligence and imaginative understanding achieve any adequate result. And in the struggle to infuse vitality into the part it seemed as though her mannerisms—especially those of utterance—became more than ever apparent. At one point in the last interview with Seldon she asks: "What's the use of talking like this?" And it is with deep appreciation of the talents which this mannered utterance so often dims, and in all humility, that we ask Miss Davis: "Whad's the uze of talgging ligue thiz?"

The crystalline enunciation of Miss Carlotta Nillson, not only melodious, but—like everything this gifted young woman does—refreshingly authentic and real, recurs to one in the midst of such complaining, and with it that entertaining and uncommonly genuine little play: "The Three of Us." The three were a young woman and her two younger brothers who lived in a Nevada mining camp. One was a schoolboy and the other a young fellow of eighteen or twenty, and it was Rhy Macchesney's task to mother the first, try to curb the surly, selfish, and headstrong nature of the older, manage the little household on nothing a year, and hang on to the claim which their father had left them before he died. It took a great deal of courage and tact and patience, and if Rhy's life was brightened it was not simplified by the fact that two men in this tiny all-together settlement were desperately in love with her. When the one she loved in return struck it rich and told her, and the restless older brother, overhearing, sold the secret to the unscrupulous other man, things became very mixed up and exciting. The courage and charm with which Rhy finally straightened them out convinces the spectator that the young miner who finally won her was a very lucky man.

The supreme merit of this little play is its unaffected realism—a quality displayed no more in the lines and situations than in the really exquisite understanding with which they are interpreted. Miss Nillson's blending of motherliness, sisterliness, and coquetry as Rhy, Miss Eva Vincent's Irish servant, Miss Anne Peyton's good-fellow-girl, and John Westley's relentlessly real acting of the surly, headstrong elder brother, all possess a rare human touch in which actors and author equally share. Mr. Stanley Dark, who portrays a well-meaning, harmless young city man rather out of his element here in the Nevada mountains, says only a few words, but there is one sentence to his wife: "I couldn't have done it half so well, myself, old girl," so perfectly spoken that it, in itself, calls out a flutter of applause, and the same tribute is given to John Prescott's Chinese servant, who moves about the stage for five minutes or more without saying a word.

"The Three of Us" presents to the public a new playwright, Miss Rachel Crothers of the Middle West, where the authors come from. Miss Crothers came from Bloomington, Ill. She studied at one of the dramatic schools of New York, and while there wrote several one-act plays which were acted by the pupils. This is the first play that she has produced on the regular stage, but several others are said to be forthcoming.

TWO MEN OF WISCONSIN

A comparison which shows that a patriot is better than a politician

ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE

United States Senator from Wisconsin



Robert Marion La Follette

DURING his first four months in the United States Senate Robert M. La Follette exposed and stopped the sale and leasing of coal and asphalt lands in Indian Territory.

He led the fight which kept the records open until there can be a full investigation of alleged grafts in Indian Territory.

He delivered the most exhaustive speech that was made on the railway rate bill.

He forced the passage of an employers' liability act. He forced the passage of a resolution authorizing the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate railway and elevator companies for the purpose of discovering whether a combination exists between them by which the farmer is robbed.

He forced the Senate to consider his resolution reducing the hours of labor on railroads in the interest of public safety.

He introduced bills providing for the block system on all railways of the country.

Senator La Follette is a true embodiment of the popular spirit of disapproval which has been aroused against the body of which he is a new member.

He hangs on the flanks of his colleagues and watches for opportunities to raid. He surprises the enemy and catches them in awkward situations.

That is what happened in the case of the Employers' Liability bill. The Senatorial army was sweating through the narrow and dangerous defile of the five-minute-rule debate on the Railway Rate bill when La Follette flashed upon the flanks and offered the liability bill as an amendment. It was germane, in order, and it had been knocking for consideration for exactly twenty years. The eyes of the country were on the Senate chamber.

La Follette demanded a roll-call vote. He said he would not argue. He wanted only a vote. They could vote for or against it as they pleased, but vote they would or they should not advance another step.

Aldrich, Elkins, and Kean (members of the Interstate Commerce Committee, where the bill was being smothered), grabbed a white flag and rushed out to make terms. They promised anything. Withdraw the amendment, and they would report the liability bill next Friday—any old time!

Their promises were recorded in the "Record," and La Follette had won his fight. The twenty years' campaign was ended, and a bill hardly less important than the rate bill had been added to the national statutes.

Again in the closing hours of the session La Follette fell on the cohorts of the regulars. He demanded consideration for the bill to limit the hours of railway employees. In the congestion of business, when little could go forward without unanimous consent, he stationed himself in the middle of the legislative road and drew his oratorical sword. "Vote," he demanded. "Vote to take up this bill and make it the unfinished business. Otherwise I obstruct!" The Senatorial army halted. There were nine roll-calls. Each new call on the motion showed the absence of a quorum; but each call for a quorum showed a quorum present.

What did this mean? Simply that Senators were skulking. They were failing to respond to their names when the roll was called, for the reason that they did not dare vote against the motion of La Follette—and their affiliations with the railway and other vested interests were such that they did not dare vote for the motion. There sat Burrows of Michigan and never peeped. There was the good Mr. Lodge disappearing into the cloak-room when the L's were reached. There were a dozen Senators pretending that the issue was a partizan one, and taking refuge in the plea that they were "paired" with an absent colleague.

But La Follette held the pass, and refused to be moved. They gathered round his desk and fed him with honeyed words. They breathed threatenings of dire consequences if he persisted. But it was of no use. Finally Hale arose and announced surrender. He told his colleagues who were skulking behind "pairs" to come out and vote.

A third time La Follette fell upon the enemy. On this occasion the Senatorial soldiers were gathered together in a quiet place for a division of the loot. The Public Building bill, otherwise known as the "pork barrel," was under consideration. La Follette's "unfinished business"—the bill to limit the hours of railway trainmen, etc.—became the regular order.

Scott of West Virginia, manager of the "pork barrel," asked La Follette to let his bill wait.

"I demand the regular order," was the calm and firm announcement of La Follette. A delegation—a non-partizan pro-pork delegation—hurried over to La Follette's desk and began to gesticulate. His face was like a mask.

Hale saw that the raid must be repelled at any cost, and he sounded his forces to arms.

"Very well," he declared, "then I will move to lay aside the unfinished business, and we will have a roll-call on that."

This was steel against steel, and La Follette parried.

"Of course, my bill merely affects the public safety," said La Follette, with gentle sarcasm. "I know it would be voted down as against a bill of the character of the one under consideration."

La Follette is demonstrating—what has long been a matter admitted in theory—that one man may be a host in the Senate; if only he be willing to pay the price, and to play the game. It is a bold game. But he has plucked the tail feathers from several magnificent gentlemen. The game is still young. His enemies will remember. But the people will not forget.

JOSEPH WEEKS BABCOCK

Defeated Congressman from Wisconsin

JOSEPH WEEKS BABCOCK of Necedah, Wisconsin, has been a member of Congress for fourteen years. Between 1894 and 1904, ten years of his service, he was chairman and manager of the Congressional Campaign Committee. For ten years he was chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia, which has to do with the appropriations for the Capitol City and the granting of valuable franchises. During the eight years he was a member of the important Committee on Ways and Means, which originates all legislation having to do with taxation. In the various campaigns in Mr. Babcock's district, where bitter efforts have been made to defeat him, charges have been made that the chairman had profited by opportunities for investment and speculation in District of Columbia properties, acting on the inside information which his official position gave him. In company with others Mr. Babcock has been charged with permitting a "steal" in the passage of the law authorizing the construction of the new Union Station now nearing its completion in Washington.

Shortly after the formation of the so-called Steel Trust Mr. Babcock introduced a bill in the House of Representatives which consisted of the Dingley schedules on steel and iron, scissored from the text of the present law, and preceded by a clause calling for a wholesale repeal. He worked untiringly for months on this reduction bill. Finally the matter came to a point where Mr. Babcock had the deciding vote. But overnight Mr. Babcock underwent a mysterious change of heart, and when the matter was brought to a test, he voted against the proposition which he had so long championed. The only excuse given for his change of front was an unwillingness to accomplish the result by accepting the support of the Democrats, who were ready at any time to support his measure.

Mr. Babcock became known during his fourteen years of service in the House of Representatives as the particular champion of the brewery and tobacco interests. It was he who openly assumed the championship of the Tobacco Trust by his opposition to the Philippine tariff. In this rôle he also served the Sugar Trust.

Mr. Babcock has acquired much of the property facing the Capitol Park.

In politics Mr. Babcock never has made any pretense of being a purist. As Chairman of the Congressional Committee he was the official "toucher" for the Republican Party. He saw the corporate representatives, and persuaded the beneficiaries of the tariff and other legislation to "come down" in the interests of the election of Republican members of the House. There is ample evidence that he was not above using his influence as Chairman of the District of Columbia Committee to forward the same end. He always has admitted that he believes in the use of money in politics. He so testified at the Insurance inquiry in New York, where it came out that he was one of the Hyde beneficiaries. One of the stories circulated in his district a few years ago, and backed up by some affidavits, showed Mr. Babcock as aiding the railways in securing a high rate for second-class mail matter by acting in collusion with the inspectors who have charge of weighing the mails, and sending many hundred pounds of dead franked matter to his own home address at the time when the authorities had arranged to make the weighing. The good Wisconsin people of his district, through the last election, have refused to send him back to Congress. One of the Washington papers has ironically said: "He will be missed, but he can be spared. The Capitol City will become reconciled immediately."



Joseph Weeks Babcock



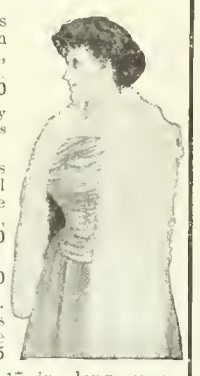
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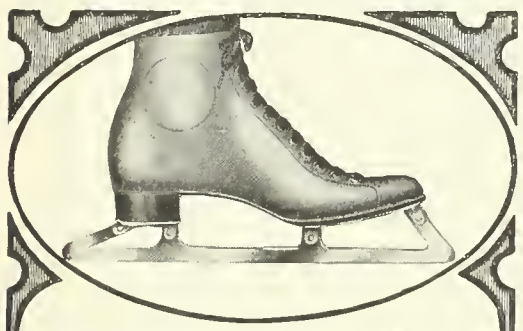
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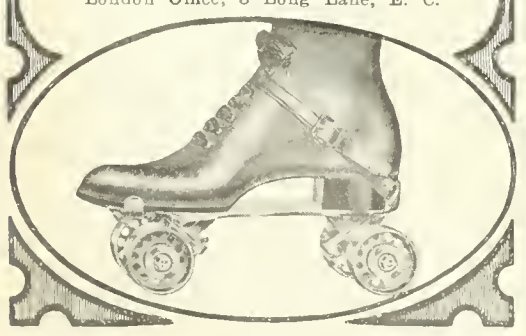
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REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

(*Continued from page 20*)

seizing him, he left Pasadena and her blue skies, tropical plants, and trolley-car strikes for the new raw land of the Klondike.

With Burnham it has always been the place that is being made, not the place in being that attracts. He has helped to make straight the ways of several great communities—Arizona, California, Rhodesia, Alaska, and Uganda. As he once said: "It is the constructive side of frontier life that most appeals to me, the building up of a country, where you see the persistent drive and force of the white man; when the place is finally settled I don't seem to enjoy it very long."

In Alaska he did much prospecting, and with a sled and only two dogs for twenty-four days made one long fight against snow and ice, covering six hundred miles. In mining in Alaska he succeeded well, but against the country he holds a constant grudge, because it kept him out of the fight with Spain. When war was declared he was in the wilds and knew nothing of it, and though on his return to civilization he telegraphed Colonel Roosevelt volunteering for the Rough Riders, and at once started south, by the time he had reached Seattle the war was over. Several times has he spoken to me of how bitterly he regretted missing this chance to officially fight for his country. That he had twice served with English forces made him the more keen to show his loyalty to his own people.

That he would have been given a commission in the Rough Riders seems evident from the opinion President Roosevelt has publicly expressed of him.

"I know Burnham," the President wrote in 1901. "He is a scout and a hunter of courage and ability, a man totally without fear, a sure shot, and a fighter. He is the ideal scout, and when enlisted in the military service of any country he is bound to be of the greatest benefit." The truth of this Burnham was soon to prove.

Burnham Becomes Lord Roberts's Chief of Scouts

In 1899 he had returned to the Klondike, and in January of 1900 had been six months in Skagway. In that same month Lord Roberts sailed for Cape Town to take command of the army, and with him on his staff was Burnham's former commander, Sir Frederick, now Lord, Carrington. One night Carrington was talking of Burnham and giving instances of his marvelous powers as a "tracker."

"He is the best scout we ever had in South Africa!" Carrington declared.

"Then why don't we get him back there?" said Roberts. What followed is well known. From Gibraltar a cable was sent to Skagway, offering Burnham the position, created especially for him, of chief of scouts of the British army in the field.

Probably never before in the history of wars has one nation paid so pleasant a tribute to the abilities of a man of another nation.

The sequel is interesting. The cablegram reached Skagway on the steamer *City of Seattle*. The purser left it at the post-office, and until two hours and a half before the steamer was listed to start on her return trip, there it lay. Then Burnham, in asking for his mail, received it. In two hours and a half he had his family, himself, and his belongings on board the steamer, and had started on his half-around-the-world journey from Alaska to Cape Town.

A Skagway paper of January 5, 1900, published the day after Burnham sailed, throws a side-light on his character. After telling of his hasty departure the day before, and of the high compliment that had been paid to "a prominent Skagwayan," it adds: "Although Mr. Burnham has lived in Skagway since last August, and has been north for many months, he has said little of his past, and few have known that he is the man famous over the world as 'the American scout' of the Matabele wars."

Many a man who went to the Klondike did not, for reasons best known to himself, talk about his past. But it is characteristic of Burnham, that, though he lived there two years, his associates did not know, until the British Government snatched him from among them, that he had not always been a prospector like themselves.

I was on the same ship that carried Burnham the last half of his journey, from Southampton to Cape Town, and every night for seventeen nights was one of a group of men who shot questions at him. And it was interesting to see a fellow countryman one had heard praised so highly, so completely make good. It was not as though he had a credulous audience of commercial tourists. Among the officers who each evening gathered around him were Colonel Gallilet of the Egyptian cavalry, Captain Frazer commanding the Scotch Gillies, Captain Mackie of Lord Roberts's staff, each of whom was later killed in action; Colonel Sir Charles Hunter of the Royal Rifles, Major Bagot, Major Lord Dudley, and Captain Lord Valentia. Each of these had either held command in border fights in India or the Sudan or had hunted big game, and the questions each asked were the outcome of his own experience and observation.

Not for a single evening could a fakir have submitted to the midnight examination through which they put Burnham and not have exposed his ignorance. They wanted to know what difference there is in the dust raised by cavalry and by trek wagons, how to tell whether a horse that has passed was going at a trot or a gallop, the way to throw a diamond hitch, how to make a fire without at the same time making a target of yourself, how—why—what—and how? And what made us most admire Burnham was that when he did not know, he at once said so. Within two nights he had us so absolutely at his mercy that we would have followed him anywhere; anything he chose to tell us, we would have accepted. We were ready to believe in flying foxes, flying squirrels, that wild turkeys dance quadrilles—even that you must never sleep in the moonlight. Had he demanded: "Do you believe in vampires?" We would have shouted "Yes." To ask that a scout should on an ocean steamer prove his ability was certainly placing him under a severe handicap. As one of the British officers said "It's about as fair a game as though we planted the captain of this ship in the Sahara Desert, and told him to prove he could run a ten-thousand-ton liner."

The Boers Capture Burnham

Burnham continued with Lord Roberts to the fall of Pretoria, when he was invalided home. During the advance north he was a hundred times inside the Boer laagers, keeping Headquarters Staff daily informed of the enemy's movements; was twice captured and twice escaped. He was first captured while trying to warn the British from the fatal drift at Thaba'nchu. When reconnoitring alone in the morning mist he came upon the Boers hiding on the banks of the river, toward which the English were even then advancing. The Boers were moving all about him, and cut him off from his own side. He had to choose between abandoning the English to the trap or signaling to them, and so exposing himself to capture. With the red 'kerchief the scouts carried for that purpose he wigwagged to the approaching soldiers to turn back, that the enemy were awaiting them. But the column, which was without an advance guard, paid no attention to his signals and plodded steadily on into the ambush, while Burnham was at once made prisoner. In the fight that followed he pretended to receive a wound in the knee and bound it so elaborately that not even a surgeon would have disturbed the carefully arranged bandages. Limping heavily and groaning with pain, he was placed in a trek-wagon with the officers who really were wounded, and who, in consequence, were not closely guarded. Burnham told them who he was and, as he intended to escape, offered to take back to headquarters their names or any messages they might wish to send to their people. As twenty yards behind the wagon in which they lay was a mounted guard the officers told him escape was impossible. He proved otherwise. The trek-wagon was drawn by sixteen oxen and driven by a Kaffir boy. Later in the evening, but while it still was moonlight, the boy descended from his seat and ran forward to belabor the first spans of oxen. This was the opportunity for which Burnham had been waiting.

Slipping quickly over the driver's seat, he dropped between the two "wheelers"

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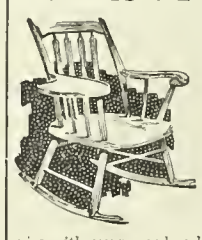
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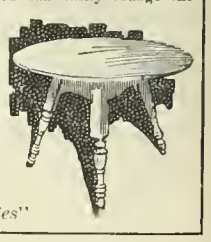
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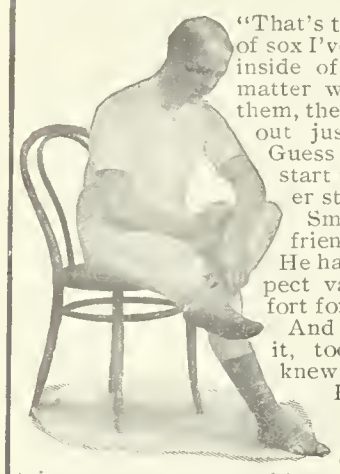
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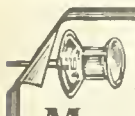
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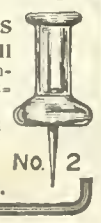
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REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

(Continued from page 26)

to the disselboom, or tongue, of the trek-wagon. From this he lowered himself and fell between the legs of the oxen on his back in the road. In an instant the body of the wagon had passed over him, and while the dust still hung above the trail he rolled rapidly over into the ditch at the side of the road and lay motionless. It was four days before he was able to reenter the British lines, during which time he had been lying in the open veldt, and had subsisted on one biscuit and two handfuls of "mealies," or what we call Indian corn.

Another time when out scouting he and his Kaffir boy while on foot were "jumped" by a Boer commando and forced to hide in two great ant-hills. The Boers went into camp on every side of them, and for two days, unknown to themselves, held Burnham a prisoner. Only at night did he and the Cape boy dare to crawl out to breathe fresh air and to eat the food tablets they carried in their pockets. On five occasions was Burnham sent into the Boer lines with dynamite cartridges to blow up the railroad over which the enemy was receiving supplies and ammunition. One of these expeditions nearly ended his life.

Burnham is Wounded and Invalided Home

On June 2, 1901, while trying by night to blow up the line between Pretoria and Delagoa Bay, he was surrounded by a party of Boers and could save himself only by instant flight. He threw himself along the back of his pony and had all but got away when a bullet caught the horse and, without even faltering in its stride, it crashed to the ground dead, crushing Burnham beneath it and knocking him senseless. He continued unconscious for twenty-four hours, and when he came to both friends and foes had departed. Bent upon carrying out his orders, although suffering the most acute agony, he crept back to the railroad and destroyed it. Knowing the explosion would soon bring the Boers, on his hands and knees he crept to an empty kraal, where for two days and nights he lay insensible. At the end of that time he appreciated that he was sinking and that unless he found aid he would die. Accordingly, still on his hands and knees, he set forth toward the sound of distant firing. He was indifferent as to whether it came from the enemy or his own people, but, as it chanced, he was picked up by a patrol of General Dickson's Brigade, who carried him to Pretoria. There the surgeons discovered that in his fall he had torn apart the muscles of the stomach and burst a blood-vessel. That his life was saved, so they informed him, was due only to the fact that for three days he had been without food. Had he attempted to digest the least particle of the "staff of life" he would have surely died. His injuries were so serious that he was ordered home.

On leaving the army he was given such hearty thanks and generous rewards as no other American ever received from the British War Office. He was promoted to the rank of major, presented with a large sum of money, and from Lord Roberts received a personal letter of thanks and appreciation.

In part the Field-Marshal wrote: "I doubt if any other man in the force could have successfully carried out the thrilling enterprises in which from time to time you have been engaged, demanding as they did the training of a lifetime, combined with exceptional courage, caution, and powers of endurance." On his arrival in England he was commanded to dine with the Queen and spend the night at Osborne, and a few months later, after her death, King Edward created him a member of the Distinguished Service Order, and personally presented him with the South African medal with five bars, and the cross of the D. S. O. While recovering his health Burnham, with Mrs. Burnham, were "passed on" by friends he had made in the army from country house to country house; he was made the guest of honor at city banquets, with the Duke of Rutland rode after the Belvoir hounds, and in Scotland made mild excursions after grouse. But after six months of convalescence he was off again, this time to the hinterland of Ashanti, on the west coast of Africa, where he went in the interests of a syndicate to investigate a concession for working gold mines.

With his brother-in-law, J. C. Blick, he marched and rowed twelve hundred miles, and explored the Volta River, at that date so little visited that in one day's journey they counted eleven hippopotamuses. In July, 1901, he returned from Ashanti, and a few months later, with Mrs. Burnham and his younger son, Bruce, journeyed to East Africa as director of the East African Syndicate. Burnham explored a tract of land larger than Germany, penetrating a thousand miles through a country never before visited by white men to the borders of the Congo Basin. With him he had twenty white men and five hundred natives. The most interesting result of the expedition was the discovery of a lake forty-nine miles square composed almost entirely of pure carbonate of soda, forming a snow-like crust so thick that on it the men could cross the lake. It is the largest, and, when the railroad is built—the Uganda Railroad is now only eighty-eight miles distant—it will be the most valuable, deposit of carbonate of soda ever found.

A year ago, in the interests of John Hays Hammond, the distinguished mining engineer of South Africa and this country, Burnham went to Sonora, Mexico, to find a buried city and to open up mines of copper and silver. Besides seeking for mines, Hammond and Burnham, with Gardner Williams, another American who also made his fortune in South Africa, are working together on a scheme to import to this country at their own expense many species of South African deer. The South African deer is a hardy animal and can live where the American deer can not, and the idea in importing him is to prevent big game in this country from passing away. They have asked Congress to set aside for these animals a portion of the forest reserve. Already Congress has voted toward the plan $15,000, and President Roosevelt is one of its most enthusiastic supporters.

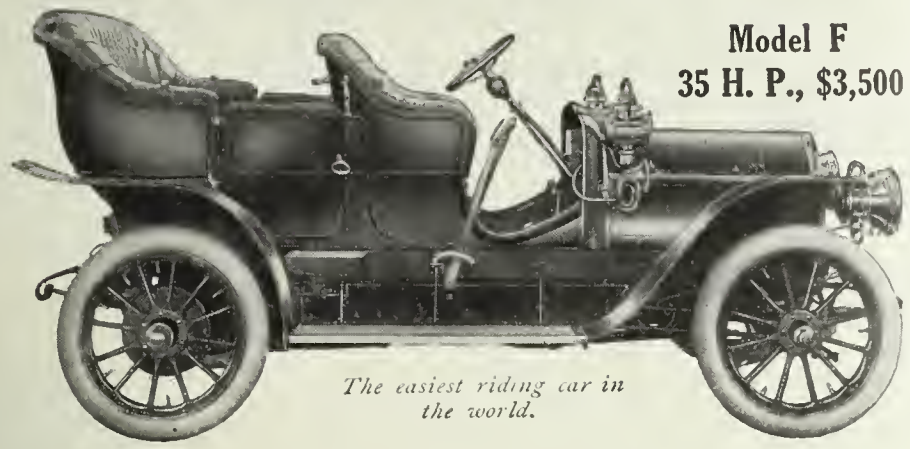
Burnham is Now Cooling Off Among the Yaquis

We can not leave Burnham in better hands than those of Hammond and Gardner Williams. Than these three men the United States has not sent to British Africa any Americans of whom she has better reason to be proud. Such men abroad do for those at home untold good. They are the real ambassadors of their country. The last I learned of Burnham is told in the snapshot of him which accompanies this article, and which shows him, barefoot, in the Yaqui River. It came a month ago in a letter which said briefly that when the picture was snapped the expedition was in the Yaqui country "trying to cool off." There his narrative ended. Promising as it does adventures still to come, it seems a good place in which to leave him.

Meanwhile, you may think of Mrs. Burnham keeping house for her husband in Mexico, and at Pasadena, and of his first son, Roderick, studying woodcraft with his father, forestry with Gifford Pinchot, and playing right guard on the freshman team at the University of California. But Burnham himself we will leave "cooling off" in the Yaqui River, perhaps with Indians hunting for him along the banks. And we need not worry about him. We know that it is a hundred to one that they will not catch him.

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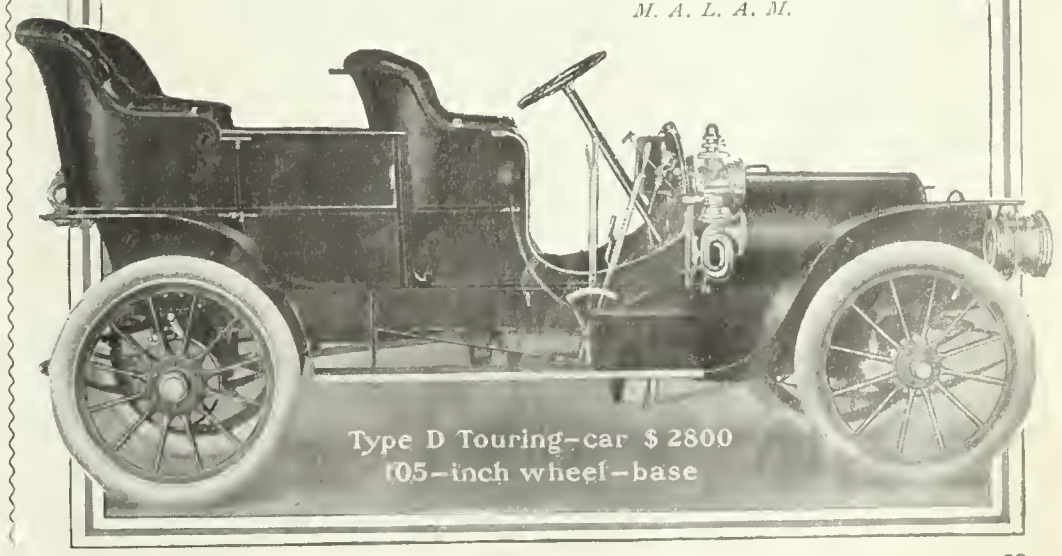
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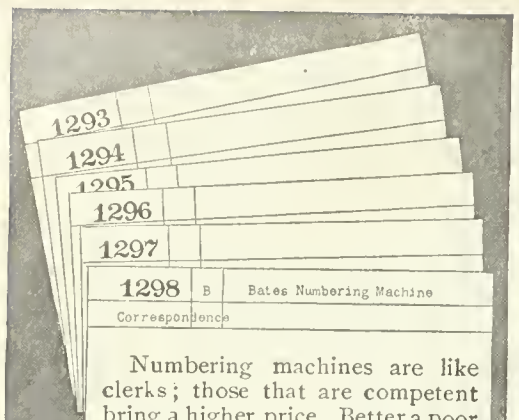
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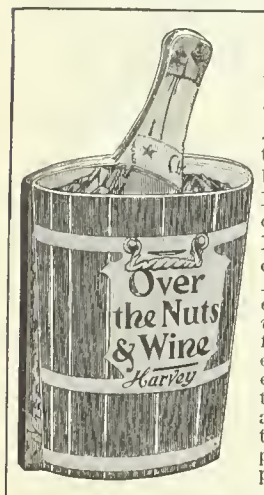
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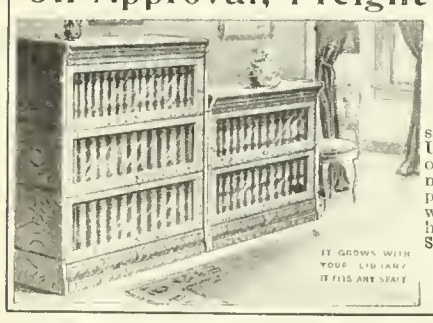
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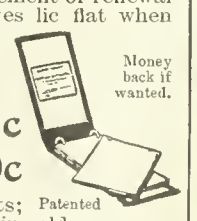
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PICTURE-GALLERY GEORGE

(Continued from page 2.)

out then, after Foist Call, in a sampan, very pale an' debilitated to see. He was some nine hours over his liberty an' Ol' Particilar was tearin' mad at anything. He'd heard officially the Isezak'cho was close to a ghastly ruin an' every sailorman ashore that day he was sure was in it. So at the Mast that mornin' he lit on to our George an' heaved all the extra dooties on the ship at him, completin' the horror. But I'm ahead of meself.

"George comes aboard, ye see, draggin' himself along between decks; it was crammed wit' men there; we were just come in from scrubbin' canvas topside, the mess gear was down an' the marine country was full of undershoits an' half-cleaned rifles. The mixture appeared to annoy our George.

"'Hello,' says I, slappin' him on the back. 'Where was you last night?'

"'How should I know?' says he. 'I wisht you wouldn't slap me that way, it makes me head ache.'

"'I was lookin' for you everywhere,' I says.

"'Was you, though?' says he. 'Phew! Ain't that smell o' breakfast disgustin'?'

"George's overshoit was a little loose at the neck. I says:

"'Why, George! You ain't had yourself tattooed!'

"He makes a dab at his neck.

"'Me?' he rattles in his throat. 'Where? Where?' An', when he'd tore his shoit half off his back, there all over his bos'm was the saddest-lookin' sketch I ever saw.

"It was a nice, female figger, out o' the ol' Black Crook, I should think. Vintage o' '70, when the Prof. was in his prime. She was up on one toe an' as though kickin' George in the chin wit' the other. No, she wasn't prim, by no means—but the woik itself! Oh, what drawerin'! I think the Prof. must 'a' passed away over the last of it.

"We took an' sat George into a barber chair adjacent, an' he actu'lly bust into tears when he seen himself in the glass.

"'I'm ruined,' he moans. 'Whatever got into me to do it! I'll never be the same again!' It was a circus; the crowd ten deep an' more comin' all the time.

"'Don't take on so, George,' I says soothin'ly. 'Why, it's a decoration.'

"'Oh!' says he, 'a decoration! Gawd forgive you, Shorty, for sayin' that!' I pushed out, quite hoit at havin' me taste questioned. Safe on the other side o' the deck, I did a few light steps—quite Black Crookish—an' stuck a friend's head into the dishwashin' machine.

"Well, from that vury day, George begun to change. I noticed it in little things. Foist-off, I didn't have no more pale-blue letters waggled in me face. An' George in the shower-baths was always tryin' to hide the Blaek Crook lady. He'd quite dropped off his ol' game, as a pose plasteek. He kept a little mirror in his ditty-box an' used to sneak off an' look at his embellishments in it. . . . I learned several useful new woids by listenin' attentive to George at such times.

"'It's turrible,' he says one day, 'to think of goin' through life shovin' a sketch like that in front of you. If it was even something else!'

"'Why,' I says, 'then why don't you have it covered up with something else? Something to fit over it, something artistie, reely Japanese—a souvenir, hey? Go to a good Jap tattooer an' tell him you want an iehi ban pitcher laid over that. You won't regret it.'

"'No?' says he, startin' up. 'You think I wouldn't? Could I truly get the mis-ruble thing covered up that way? Shorty, I believe I could. You're all right, you are, ol' scout.' He was quite tickled; we were out of Yoko an' coastin' for Kobe, an' he could hardly wait to get there to try it on.

"At Kobe George was in a poifeet fever to get his liberty an' find a tattooer. An' when he did get ashore, it was the grief o' me life I couldn't go wit' him. 'If only I was goin' to be there to direct it,' I says to him, 'an' see to the particilars.'

"'Never fear for me,' says he, almost fresh for the foist time in weeks. 'I shall do very nieely on me own.' An' he flounces down the gangway into the launch.

"'Oh,' says I to meself, 'almost his sweet self again, hey?'

"But that was only a vury short relapse. He retoined wit' all the looks of a guy fresh from swallowin' a long drink an' suspectin' too late it's wood alcohol.

"'Shorty,' says he, somewhat pale under the light, 'I'm goin' to ask you to look at thishere.' He peels. Patrick seen it—he was there for one.

"Say, as George stood there, I couldn't see him at all. The only thing I could see was a red, blue, an' green geisha, about a foot an' a half high, trailin' all over George. Ye can imagine, when I tell ye her fancy hair-pins was ticklin' his neck an' her skoits finished off under his belt. Seein' it all at once, it dazed me.

"'Well, well,' he snaps out. 'How about it?'

"'Why, George,' I says, as though unwillin'ly; 'it's too big.'

"'Helldammit!' he howls, goin' up in the air. 'That's what I told him! Too big? It's life-size!'

"'Oh, not quite,' I says gently, reprovin' Harah an' Patrick here, wit' a glance, for laughin'. 'Not quite life-size. But it ruther shoeked me, you see, eomin' on it suddenly; it's so awful prominent. If you was off the len'th o' the ship, that's all I could see of you—that lady. An' I don't even think she's a geisha, George—look at that there sash tied in front. It's good you're no marrid man; it wouldn't hardly do for one, would it?'

"'No?' says he in a little, weak voice, sittin' down on a box. 'You don't think so?'

"'*I* should hesitate,' I says. 'If I was goin' to get marrid, it's hardly that style pitcher I'd have punched into me. I'd select somethin' more—more perfessional, more heroyk.'

"'What would you have, Shorty?' he quavers, holdin' his head. 'Tell me true, Shorty, for you're a sympathizin' friend at least, which some ain't'—wit' a look at Patrick an' Harah.

"'Well,' I says, quite eheerful an' ocktimistic, 'why not a naval battle?'

"He stares at me an' gives a ghastly laugh. 'A naval battle!' says he. 'You're out o' your head.'

"'A naval battle's thrillin' an' appropriate,' I says foimly. 'Moreover, the details is confused, impresh'alistic. They can be as mixed as ye like an' none the wiser. You eould almost, I think,' says I, eyin' him over like a doctor prescribin', 'have a naval battle yet, over that.'

"He gets up an' faced me. 'You're a dope,' he says. 'An' I'm the bell pinhead o' the Asiatic Station.' An' draggin' his heels, he takes his Jap lady away wit' him.

"George's tattooin' was the talk o' the ship next mornin'. It was just gettin' painful an' George consequently vury fretful an' every one plaguin' him for a look. For ten cents Amurican money I think George would 'a' ehucked himself overboard.

"Patrick, knowin' the particilars, says to me next day:

"'I think he's gettin' a trifle nutty, Shorty, from worryin' over it. He acks very qucer at times an' goes around mutt'rin' to himself. He's a wild eye. You'd best cut it out.'

"'Cut what out?' says I, vury indignant an' properly so. 'What am I doin' now? *I* was done wit' Professor MeManus. Did I make him go to that Kobe Jap? No; a donkey engine eouldn't 'a' held him back. An' that ain't all. When these pitcheresque guys get tinkerin' wit' themselves they never let up. He'll go on of hisself, now he's got the habit. Wait till we're at Nangasawki; you'll see.' We were out o' Kobe then, an' runnin' south.

"George got a way of huntin' me up an' goin' into mournin' to me about himself. It was all about the tattoo lady. 'It's havin' an effeck on the ship, too,' he says. 'Billy Spratt—you know how religious he is—he says the other day wasn't there some way o' tonin' it down an' makin' it less life-like? He says he thinks it almost ain't just nice; it's nearly as if there was ladies eoncealed aboard—Heaven help us!'

"'Well,' I says kindly, 'there's always the naval battle, George.'

"'Don't talk so,' he says, twistin' his fingers into his hair. 'How can you, Shorty? You know there's nothin' more'll take over this . . . is there now?'



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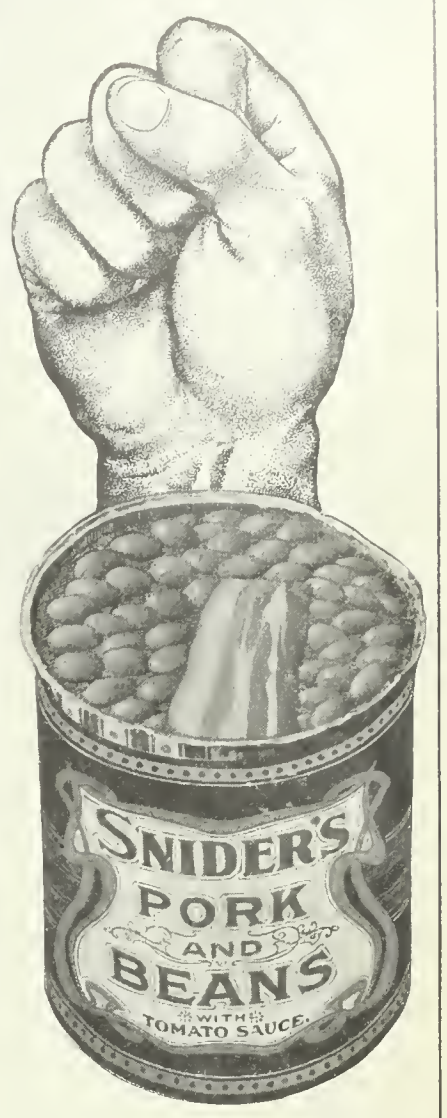
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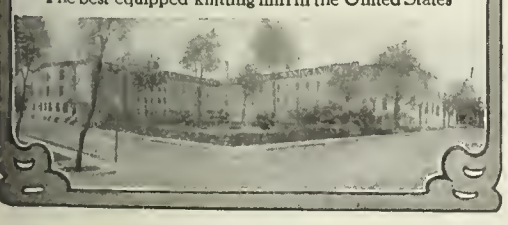
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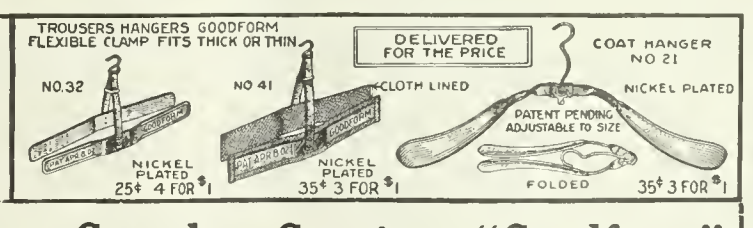
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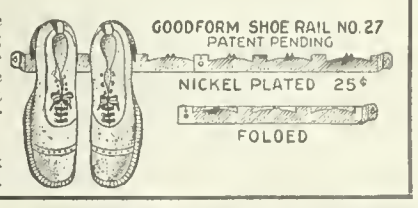
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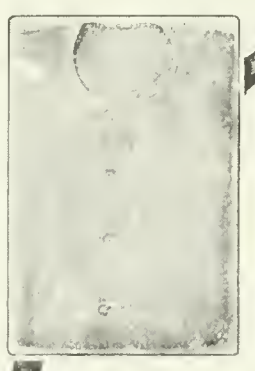
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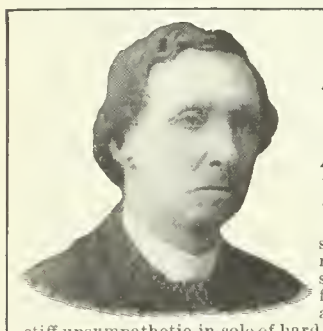
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PICTURE-GALLERY GEORGE

(*Continued from page 30*)

"We came to Nangasawki presently an' it fell that George had liberty on pay day. I saw him through the gun-deck ports, leavin' the side in the launch. By the glassy eyes of him an' the way he fidgeted, I knew. I says to Patrick subsequently, in the for'd turret:

"'Ol' George the Woik-of-Art is gone ashore to do it again.'

"'Shorty, enough is plenty. I can't believe you ain't a liar,' says Patrick, wit' his customary delicacy.

"'All right,' I says. 'But if he ain't made a fresh show of himself by to-night, tryin' to improve his looks, I'll take you up to that Risin' Sun teahouse on the hill an' ruin your linin's. Why, George couldn't stop now, no more'n you could stop smokin'. It's a turrible habit, creepy to contemplate, ain't it? Vanity does it. Get down an' thank Gawd, Patrick, you look like a horse.'

"Well, that night I didn't wait for George to hunt me. I found him on the gun-deck, sittin' on the sill o' the office. He was quite peaked out. He says in a vury subdued voice, on seein' me:

"'I've had a heart-breakin' day, Shorty.'

"'What doin'?' I ast him, in a jolly way.

"'Can't you guess?' he says, looking like he wanted to cry.

"'Not been to no more tattooers!' I shouts, steppin' back in extreme su'prise.

"'Yes, Shorty, I have,' he says. 'I didn't want to, but somehow I couldn't keep away. It was dreadful, tryin' not to do it; but no use. I couldn't stand that incriminatin' Jap figger a minute longer. I've had meself done over. At least, I'm not suggestif any more.'

"'Let's see,' I says, an' motions Patrick, wit' me hand behind me back, to get wise. He came over wit' Harah an' Quinn an' Licks—"

"Not forgettin' Willie Spratt, the moril censor," interrupted Patrick.

"An' Spratt, yes, to give it tone. George balked at the crowd, but I joshed him into bein' nice. He pulls his overshoit carefully up over his head. It wasn't vury light there.

"'Well,' I says, 'ye dude, since when have ye been wearin' that blue underwear?'

"'That ain't underwear,' he answered wit' his voice tremblin', 'that's tattooin'.'

"'Gawd save us!' groans the bunch like one man, baggin' at the knees.

George was tattooed solid, like he had on a sleeveless shoit, wit' enough dragons an' snakes an' reptyles tied into half-hitches an' makin' faces out o' bow-knots to fit out a delirium tremens. An this effeck was shaded off on the arms, most artistic'lly, wit' little snakes, taperin' down to caterpillar-size an' finally just a bug here an' there, to carry off the decoration. I never saw anything like it, anywhere, not even on a Jap fireman's back, an' none o' the rest ever did either.

"'It took all six o' them tattooers all day to do it,' quavers George, from the sill where he'd sat down again in a heap. 'I got scared when they begun to exceed me orders an' tried to stop 'em. But they'd got that int'rested an' woiked up over it they wouldn't take no for an answer. They kep' swearin' there'd be nothin' else like it—"

"'There ain't,' I says. Says Patrick:

"'I seen Red-eyed Coggins yonder under surveillance, just back off the beach. Better not let him see those monsters, George; he'll go into spasms. He's seein' things now in a quiet way. He thought me hair was afire just now.'

"'It gives *me* the creeps,' says Harah. 'You look like a temp'rance lecturer's pitcher of a drop o' beer, magnified a thousand times. Excuse me if I go, George? I like a swallow now an' then; I don't want me appetite scared away.'

"He went away, an' the rest wit' him, unable to find woids. I went, too, for I was hoit to think how he'd chose snakes, when I'd been all for naval battles. . . . So we left George all alone, on the office sill, among his reptyles."

He stopped, with an air of finality. Shorty has, I know well, his own infrangible ideas about a climax.

"An' he never knew," said Patrick, who disregarded climaxes.

"Till long after," corrected Shorty. "But 'twasn't him found it out then, I don't guess. I think it was the goil put him next to himself."

"Ah, yes . . . that girl?"

"How can you tell what they're goin' to do?" said Shorty, enigmatically, examining his cold cigarette. "He was makin' good money, enough for a family, when I saw him, after. In Barnum's. On a platform. Photos, twenty-fi' cents, in a line along the front. You're on?"

"Not—"

"'The next exhibit, leddies an' gents,'" chanted Patrick with the manner of a showman. "So, after all, 'twas Shorty set him up in his perfession."

"An' how ungrateful, how, how—Psst! There, lookin' in at the door, in blue, wit' the little mask on!"

"From the ball upstairs, ye coquette," drawled Patrick, lying back and feeling for a fresh cigar. "The pritty ones don't wear 'em, do they, sor?"

"No? Suppose," cried Shorty, beaming, as though with sudden inspiration, "suppose we patronize an' see?"

Rashly, forgetting the early evening, I agreed. Directed by that kind, blond sentinel of ours, we found around the corner a small, nocturnal shop-of-all-goods, where we procured three amazing noses. Behind these we went demurely to the ball. And Shorty there, without previous introduction, won a Queen of Hearts out of a hedge of frowning young men, all collars and cowlicks. And Patrick, from a whirling, spangled waltz, emerged escorting a bewildered Cleopatra, or some such siren, a queue of disgruntled rivals muttering at his heels. But these things must be irrelevant, touching on extraneous love and war (for war followed inevitably, in which two, blue clad, raged in the cloak-room against heavy odds, like Ulysses and Telemachus among the Suitors). But afterward I noticed something more relevant. For, into the street, while Shorty, the frequently ejected, was taking stock of casualties there, the Queen of Hearts emerged with her escort from the ball. Defying convention, she paused to say good-night to Shorty. And because she properly admired valor exhibited on her account, she rewarded it. In the face of a chagrined cavalier, she tidied Shorty's neckerchief and brushed off his cheeks and rolled down his sleeves for him. But rolling down his sleeves, she stopped and looked close at his arms.

"Well," she exclaimed emphatically, dropping his hands as though they were red-hot. "If I'd known you were a flirt an' a jollier, an' all marked up with other girls' names, you wouldn't 'a' kissed me to-night behind no scenery. Here; take it back!" She hurled it back dexterously at him and fled, dragging away her fist-brandishing escort.

Shorty turned up a dazed countenance to the lamplight.

"Take me oat', all over the woild there ain't no two of 'em alike," said he, as though he were the sole discoverer of that.

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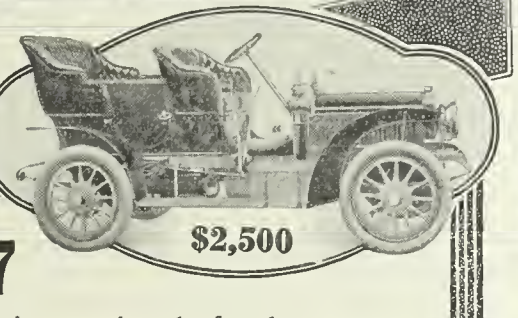
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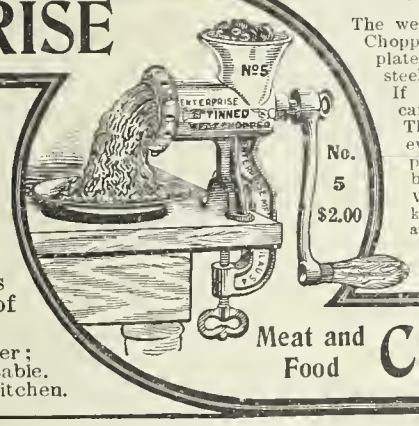
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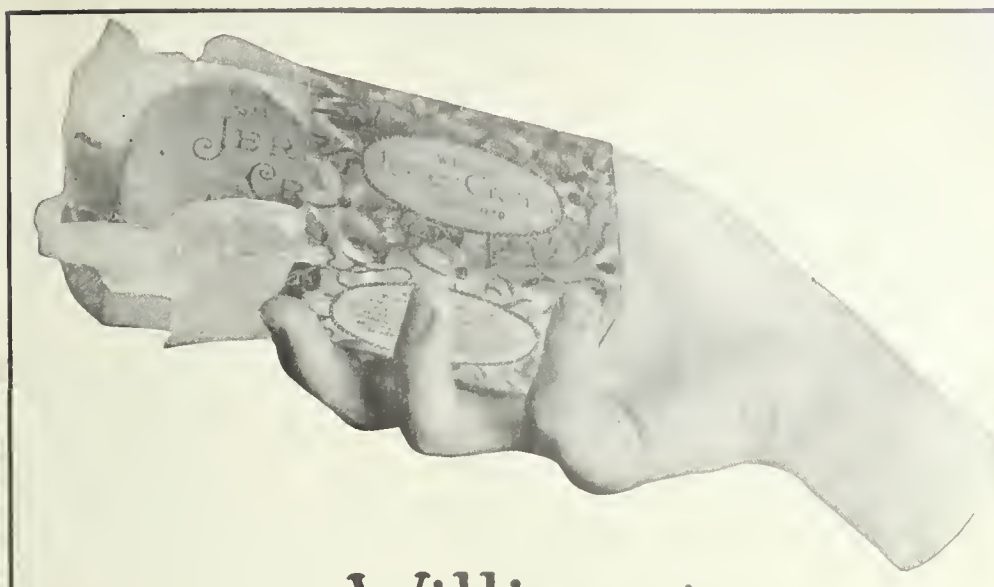
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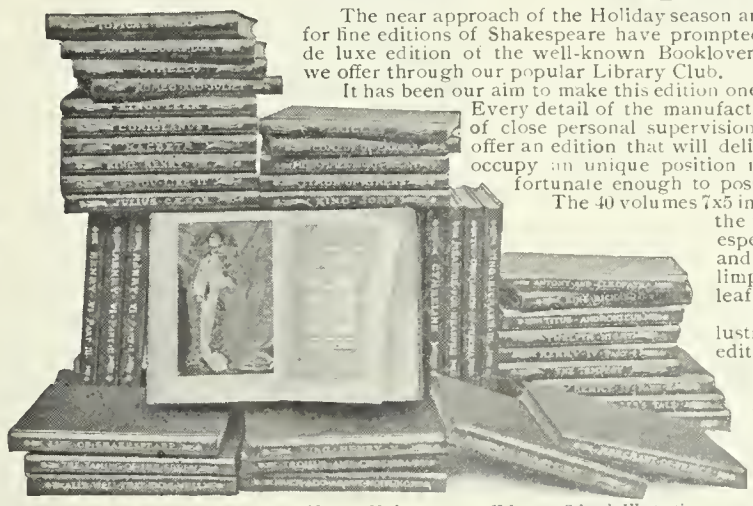
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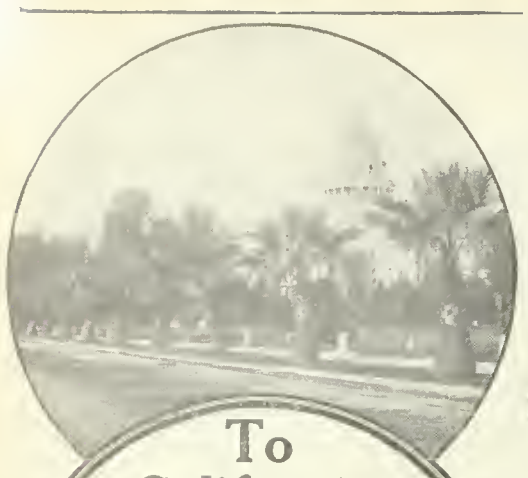
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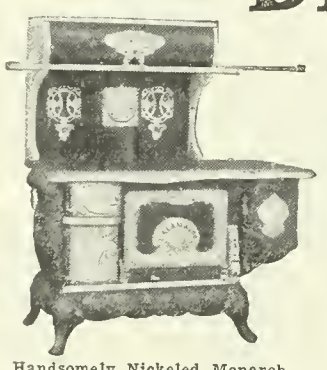
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Dept. D, South Bend, Ind.

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Handsomely Nickeled Monarch Cast Iron Range. For All Kinds of Fuel

You save from $5. to $40.
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You get a stove or range of the highest quality.
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You save all dealers', jobbers' and middlemen's profits.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.



RADIANT BASE BURNER
High Grade Parlor Heater for Hard Coal

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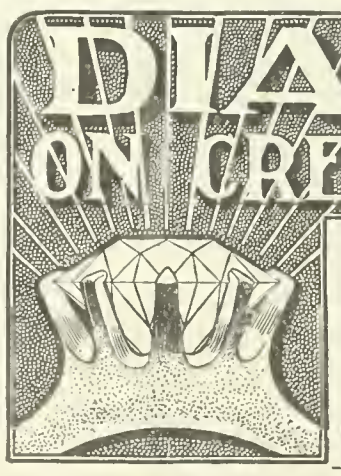
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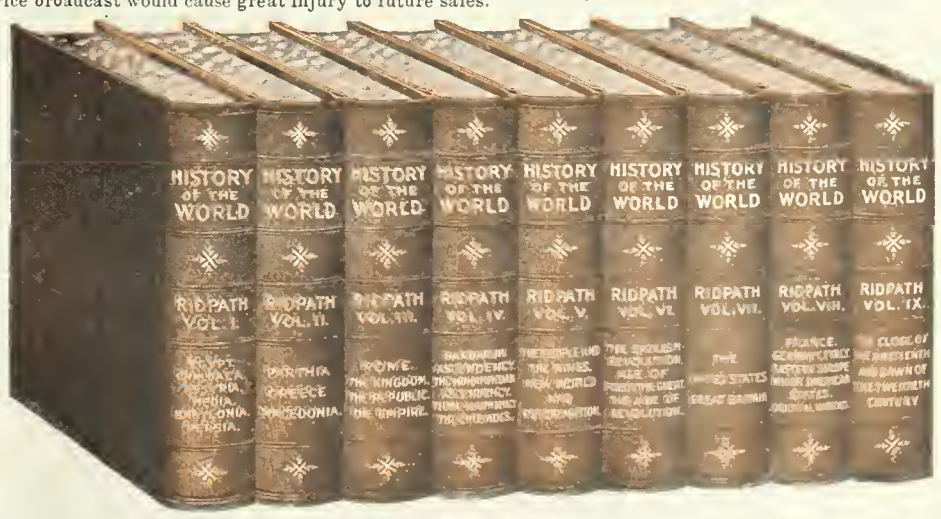
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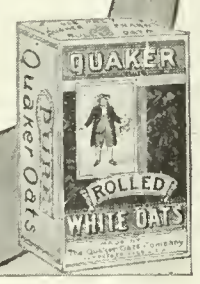
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has a more delicate flavor, a finer quality and is more appetizing and satisfying than any other kind.

You will recognize and appreciate this difference once you eat Quaker Oats. Order a package of your grocer, serve it for breakfast and your family will remark upon its extra goodness.

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ORDER EARLY

Each horn is 30 inches long with a 17 inch bell

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—**Two** vibrating diaphragms to reproduce the sound.
—**Two** horns to amplify and multiply all the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.
—No tension spring and no swing arm to cause harsh, discordant mechanical sounds.
—Consequently, the Duplex produces a sweeter tone and greater volume of music than any other phonograph and is absolutely free from all metallic sounds.

Double Volume of Sound

THE **Duplex** is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get **all** the sound from both sides of the diaphragm.

Because the reproducer or sound box of the Duplex has **two** vibrating diaphragms and **two** horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.

The **Duplex**, therefore, gives you **all** the music produced—with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by **it** with the volume of **any** other—no matter what its price—and judge for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone

BUT that is not all, by any means.

For the Duplex Phonograph not only produces **more music**—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means.

By using **two** diaphragms in the Duplex we are able to dispense **entirely** with **all** springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by its jerking pull **roughens** the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the **squeaking**, squawking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph.

In the Duplex the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth—there is nothing to roughen them—and the result is an **exact reproduction** of the original sound.

Direct From Our Factory

WE ask the privilege of **proving** to you that the Duplex gives a double volume of music, of purer, sweeter tone than any other phonograph made. We want to prove it at our expense. We ask you to let us send you one **at our expense** —under an arrangement mutually satisfactory—for use in your home one week.

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WITH the Duplex Phonograph you can enjoy a delightful selection of songs, poems, piano, banjo, guitar, or violin music, short stories, anecdotes or dialect pieces, all reproduced by the marvelous two horned Duplex with the faultless fidelity of an instantaneous photograph.

You can bring to your family and friends, in all their original beauty, the priceless gems of musical art, the classic performances of famous artists like Paderewski, D'Albert, Raoul Pugno, and Jan Kubelik.

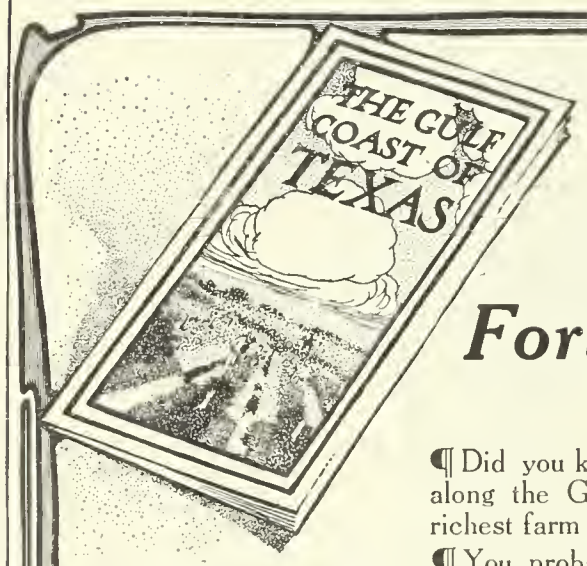
Or, you can listen, entranced, to the magic notes of melody fresh from the throat of a Patti, Melba, or Calve, and the great dramatic tenors, Caruso and Tamagno.

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¶ Then others sank wells — and others — until now there are large areas of productive land. There are still larger areas that only need water to be just as productive — and the water is there, under it!

¶ The watered land costs more, but you have an immediate growing condition. The unwatered land needs a well or a supply rented from your neighbor.

¶ Space will not permit telling of the possibilities of Southern Texas—the book is for that purpose. Send for it to-day — it's free: and so is the information that will accompany it, as to the very low rates for inspection trips — 30 days' limit and stop-over privileges. Write me to-day, for to-day's opportunity is gone to-morrow, in that fast-growing country.

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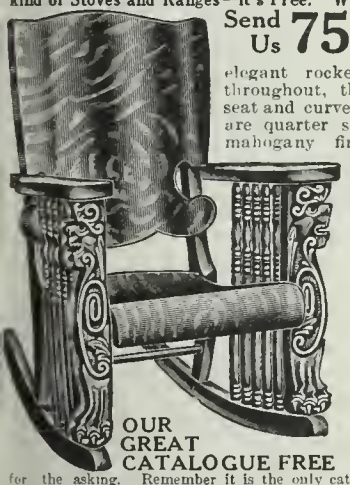
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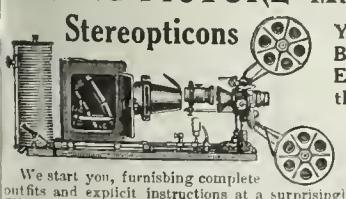
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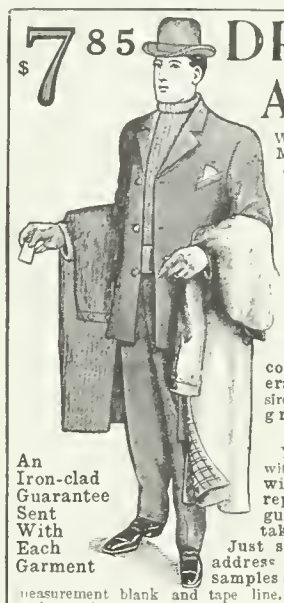
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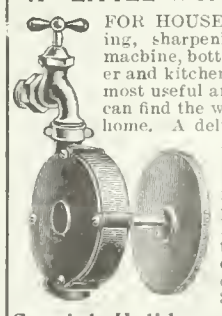
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1906

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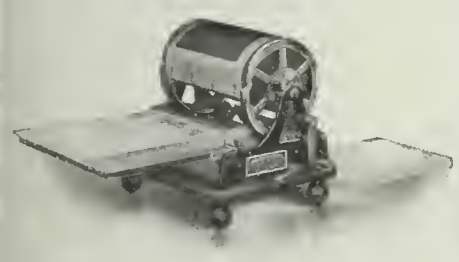
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1906

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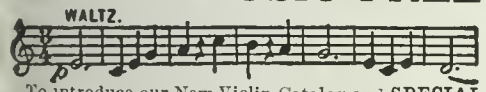
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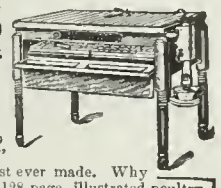
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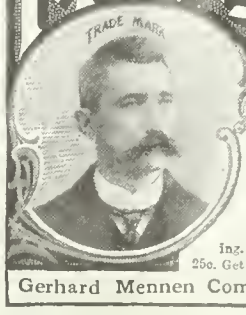
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CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING and all skin troubles. "*A little higher in price perhaps than imitations, but a reason for it.*" Delightful after shaving and after bathing. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free*

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WHEN WINTER COMES

prepare for the Season's pleasures. Remove the effects of Summer Sun and Autumn Winds. Insure for yourself a clear, fresh, healthy complexion that will be immune from redness, roughness and chaps caused by the icy blasts of winter.

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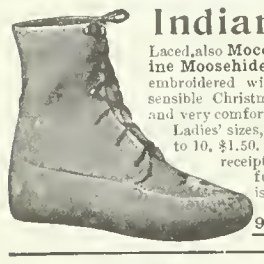
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It is antiseptic and healing and possesses a delicate flowery perfume peculiarly its own.

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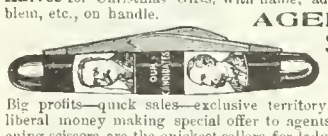
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AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH (We show you how)

Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents.

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shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution.

We want more salesmen.—Stark Bro's. Louisiana, Mo.

STAMPS 100 all different, Venezuela, Uruguay, Paraguay, Peru, Japan, Mexico, Cuba Philippines etc., and Album, 10c

1000 FINELY MIXED 20c; 1000 hinges 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent New List Free.

C. A. Stegman, 5940 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1906

Collier's Christmas Number

IN picture, verse, and story a superb expression of the holiday spirit will be embodied in Collier's Christmas Number, published December 15. The art features will include designs and illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith, Maxfield Parrish, W. T. Smedley, Albert Sterner, J. C. Leyendecker, Frederick Dorr Steele, W. L. Glackens, and F. T. Richards. A more complete announcement concerning the literary and art features of this number will be made in our Editorial Bulletin next week.

ONE of the features of the Christmas Number will be a story by Richard Harding Davis. Competent critics, familiar with Mr. Davis's work, say that this story marks Mr. Davis's best form, and will bring as much pleasure to readers of taste as did "The Princess Aline," or any of those widely popular successes which began Mr. Davis's vogue a dozen years ago. The story is one of adventure, but modern and near at home. It will be the first of three stories dealing with the same set of characters. The story will be illustrated by Frederick Dorr Steele, whose pictures added so much to the effectiveness of the Sherlock Holmes stories.

"Shorty" and "Patrick" have been the chief dramatis personæ of a number of stories by Stephen French Whitman which we have printed. Those who have made their acquaintance will be glad to know that these two engaging seamen will appear soon again in another of Mr. Whitman's stories, "The Fiancées of Cadiz." This story will include, besides these two characters, one "Whitey" and fifty-three ladies of Cadiz. It will please all who love a sailor or a ship, and bring uproarious delight to those who like a humor of which the point is sudden and surprising.

COLLIER'S will print in an early number the first of a series of articles which will cover the history and present activities of the American Tobacco Company. These articles will cover the beginning and rise of the organization; the relations of the trust to the farmer who produces tobacco, to the consumer who buys it, to the retail dealer, to the rival manufacturer, to the law, and to the various State Legislatures. In many ways the American Tobacco Company is the most typical of the trusts. These articles will discuss it as a social and economic phenomenon.

GUARANTEED GOLD BOND



$2.00 HATS

GOOD AS THE GOVERNMENT

WRITE TO-DAY for GOLD BOND *Hat Book* and name of nearest dealer selling GOLD BOND GUARANTEED $2.00 HATS. Every authoritative New York shape decreed "*correct*" by Well Dressed Men. GOLD BOND HATS at $2.00 possess more styling, more quality and more all-round betterment than other makes costing more money. Wear a GOLD BOND HAT and learn the definition of Hat-*smartness and* Hat-*quality.* Gold Bond Hat Mfg. Co., 190-192 Greene St., N.Y.

PRICE $3.50 EXPRESS PAID



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A marvelous and practical little Electric Engine. "It's simplicity itself." Can't get out of order. Has power sufficient to operate small Mechanical Toys or Machinery. "Built-like-an-engine." Will last for years. A 19-cent battery will run it for months as a toy. No smell. No Alcohol or Gasoline. No danger of fire. Runs aay speed desired. The smaliest child can operate it. Ask your dealer for "EXER-KETCH" Patented Games, Puzzles, Novelties, Etc. Write for our free offer and illustrated catalog.

Exer-Ketch Novelty Co., 393 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Presses and creases the trousers over night, takes care of coat, hat and shoes, and has an adjustable shoe tree which holds the shoes so they may be polished while seated. No dirt can escape to muss up the room. The "Valet" Chair saves the clothes and from 50c to $1.00 a week. Made in all woods to match other chamber furniture. Ask for free catalogue showing different designs in natural colors.



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FREE ILLUSTRATED ELECTRIC BOOK

We will on request send to you postpaid, this book, also our special plans by which you can secure any article in our catalog absolutely free. Write today—don't miss this chance. J. Andrae & Sons Co., 112 W. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The BANTA Hatches

lots of chicks easily, cheaply. Our guarantee loads on us all risks. New Banta incubator catalog free.

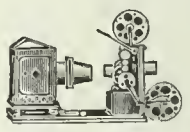


Banta-Bender Mfg. Co., Dept. 62, Ligonier, Ind.

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I Print My Own Cards Circulars, books, newspaper. Card Press $5. Larger $18. Money saver, maker. All easy, printed rules. Write factory for catalog, presses, type, paper, cards. The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

100 Visiting Cards Post Paid 50c

Also Business, Mourning, Birth, Fraternal, Professional and Emblematic. We have cuts of trade-marks and emblems for all railroads, lodges and fraternal societies. Monogram Stationery. Wedding Invitations and Announcements. Samples free.

E. J. Schuster Ptg. & Eng. Co., Dept. AD, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

64 PAGE BOOK FREE

This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent.

O'MEARA & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.

VIEWS IN TEXAS

Illustrated booklet of Town and Country scenes, sent free. Address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Dealer in Texas farm lands, 277 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Write now.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

AS PEOPLE BELIEVE that whatever is said by Mr. HUGHES is fully meant, public service corporations have already shown their intention to introduce reforms on account of his election. They well know why Mr. HARRIMAN so fiercely refused to contribute in his behalf, and why the Republican organization was so lukewarm in the campaign. As Mr. HUGHES has mapped out a series of improvements that may well take his full strength for his little two-year span of office, it may be presumptuous to suggest an added task. Nevertheless, we venture this. Mr. JEROME, in his report to the present Governor, takes the position that it is the business of the Superintendent of Insurance to discover crime—the function of the District Attorney being not to act as inquisitor but to investigate only after a concrete charge is made to him. Now it so happens that the Governor-elect knows more about insurance wrongs than any other man alive. Who better fitted than he, directly or through the superintendent, to point out to the District Attorney, so clearly and decisively as to allow no controversy, what steps should be taken in order to have the rich insurance robbers of the widow and her children face the same nemesis which lowers so relentlessly over the peccadillos of the poor?

A CHANCE FOR HUGHES

INSURANCE FOR WAGE-EARNERS through savings banks has taken a step toward realization. There was one day last month a meeting of a recess committee of the Massachusetts Legislature to consider life insurance. It was addressed by Mr. LOUIS BRANDEIS, who explained in detail the plan about which he wrote in COLLIER'S some weeks ago. He showed that the wage-earners of his State have, in fifteen years, been mulcted of forty million dollars. They have paid that much more for their insurance than they ought to have paid. It has gone to swell the two hundred and twenty per cent dividends paid by Mr. DRYDEN'S Prudential Company, and the twenty-eight per cent dividends of the Metropolitan Company. Under a system of savings-bank insurance the sum would have been saved to the poor. It amounts to forty dollars for every wage-earner in the State who has a policy. One of the claims to distinction of Massachusetts is her long record as the first to introduce reforms of the class to which savings-bank insurance belongs. The hope is probably reasonable that the committee will report favorably on Mr. BRANDEIS'S plan; and since the exposure of the "yellow dog" fund it is doubtful if the industrial insurance companies will dare to oppose the innovation.

HELP FOR THE POOR

A MOMENTOUS CHOICE is about to be made by our Secretary of War. The power companies, their highly paid lawyers, and all the forces that money can focus on its object are endeavoring to induce Judge TAFT to take their view of Niagara and its fate. For the citizens at large, and for posterity, the mustered forces will be less powerful than the worth of the cause would justify. Usually money makes a harder fight than is made by public interest. No clearer outrage against the highest interests of the country could be perpetrated. Certain officials of the International Waterways Commission are much more interested in business and engineering than they are in more remote considerations, and they have been curt and unsympathetic when those working to save the Falls have requested their attention. Secretary TAFT has shown in the Philippines his ability to withstand the force and plausibility of the fighting side of wealth. We believe he will withstand it now.

HOPE IN MR. TAFT

PRIVATE ERRORS or weaknesses often attract more notice and arouse more indignation than qualities bearing more directly on the public functions of a candidate or office-holder. Thousands now bark at Mr. THOMAS PLATT, because of family scandal, who were too much like jelly-fish to prevent his calmly taking a Senatorship away from the people of New York. The Empire State is represented in our powerful national upper chamber by CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW of the Vanderbilt roads and THOMAS COLLIER PLATT of the United States Express Company. Meantime, there seems to be still doubt that THEODORE ROOSEVELT, if he so desires, will be permitted to work in the Senate when his present term is past. Long before 1908, however, it should become necessary to choose men to fill the vacancies caused by the resignations of the present Senators. BLACK is talked of. As well allow PLATT and DEPEW to continue in their seats as to select another of the old breed of politicians.

PLATT

ONE IN A HUNDRED, perhaps, of our readers may remember a ferocious chatter of last winter, between an exponent of this periodical and the managing editor of a Philadelphia journal called the "Ledger." It happens, now, that in the selfsame daily we have been reading a news article of extremest import. It is printed along with the other news, hard by a burglar story and a railway merger, and certainly of vastly greater meaning (see issue of November 15). "In the pine forests of Maine," it begins, and with much poetry tells how a great specialist, amid those virgin forests, put a prompt quietus on the dread disease consumption. But not in the Maine woods alone. Nothing so pale. The cure can be worked in the privacy of your home. The treatment is simple. In fact, the ingredients can be had of any druggist. "Inquiry at the prescription department of one of the leading druggists," the narrative proceeds, "elicited the information" that the name of the drug was So-and-so. All others rank imitations. Never accept substitutes, etc, etc. An excellent bit of scientific news, O esteemed contemporary! The reporter should have a better salary. And what was it we were disputing about in the winter that is past? Oh, yes, the "Ledger" never heard of any medicine influence on the press. Even to hint as much is yellow.

SANCTA SIMPLICITAS

DOES ENGLAND'S PATH point the way of Greece and Rome? The twentieth century, it is clear, will see a constant expansion of England's sphere in Africa, and a British development of that continent through companies analogous to the chartered companies, like the Hudson Bay, which made England great in the seventeenth century. In other parts of the world, her tendency is even more obviously retrenchment. The other day the British garrison on Saint Helena was withdrawn, and left that island, for the first time in two hundred years, without a redcoat. In May the last British garrison in Canada packed its bayonets and rifles and sailed out of Vancouver for England. The recessional passed unnoticed, as an incident in the unperceived change of peace; if it had been done under stress of hostile arms the whole world would have been awed and thrilled to look at such a spectacle as the British army giving up a dominion where it has, for two hundred years, been the ultimate authority. Unless it be a few in British Honduras, or in British Guiana, there is now no soldier of the Empire on the Western continent. Soldiers and garrisons, of course, are but the banners and helmets of national life; these changes might be attributed to the approach of universal peace and passed by as insignificant, were they not accompanied by signs

ENGLAND'S COLONIES

less obvious but more real. Suppose Japan should call upon England as a part of their alliance to compel Canada to admit Japanese on equal terms with other foreigners? The Empire would not dare invite such a test of authority over her daughter of the snows. The most talked-about book in England to-day describes the fine tradition of British sovereignty over Canada and Australia as "impotent" and only saved from being ridiculous "because it has learned the timid wisdom not to court rebuffs." In Canada to-day statesmen in high position privately predict the complete severing of England and Canada within ten years, and count among the possibilities of their own careers responding in the Capitol at Washington to the call of "the Senator from Manitoba." The slender thread of the Governor-Generalship may be severed as imperceptibly as a man wakes up one day to find he has gray hair.

THE INHABITANTS of a beehive, drowsily using their wings as fans for the ventilation of their home, may easily be roused to such activity that the heat engendered by their flight will melt the combs. The restless particles which are the primary constituents of all matter can likewise be stirred to a vibration strong enough to become manifest to the senses. Such is the theory of Molecular Vibration, by which modern physics accounts for the phenomena of heat and light. In the incandescent lamp the molecules of the filament within the bulb are stirred by the passage of the electric current to a high degree of light-producing activity. The German physicist NERNST, who is lecturing at Yale this winter, discovered in the oxide of magnesium a property rarely found in matter, and never before exploited. The longer the current flows through a filament of magnesium oxide the greater becomes its conductivity. The Nernst lamp, therefore, gives more light for less consumption of electricity than any known before. Other oxides of even higher efficiency have been discovered since, but NERNST was the pioneer, and his lamp is another triumph for the faith which underlies the German system of technical education, that the most abstruse research gives results of the greatest practical value.

NERNST AT YALE

THE WORD REVEREND customarily precedes the name of THOMAS DIXON. This gentleman has produced violent fiction, violent sermons, and recently there has been made out of one of his novels a violent play. For gold he plays upon the baser passions. According to the Mayor of Philadelphia, the run of "The Clansman" was encouraged by DIXON's press agent's inciting the sending of letters to all the negro clergymen in the city suggesting that they get together and denounce the piece. The clergymen were so easily duped that they played into his hands and started the agitation which DIXON coveted for its advertising value. If any trick in swelling box-office receipts exists more base than this, no showman has found it yet. Far beyond our powers would it be to express a contempt which would not be unctuously received by DIXON merely as advertising without charge. Has the religious organization, whichever it may be, which gave Mr. DIXON the right to put "Reverend" before his name, ever taken the trouble to withdraw that privilege?

DUTY OF A CHURCH

THE NEW YORK "WORLD," for a week or more, made daily double-column sensations of the fact that an old lady in Concord, New Hampshire, being eighty-six years old, was not so young as once she was. That seems to be the single fact remaining uncontroverted out of the mass of charges and insinuations concerning the founder of Christian Science. It is a pity the "World" fired when half-cocked. If Mrs. MARY BAKER GLOVER PATTERSON EDDY—to give her the names of all her husbands—is a shameless charlatan, there are half a million earnest people in the United States who ought to be shown, patiently but surely, that this is so. To make sensational charges, which turn out to have only a slight foundation in fact, must merely confirm Christian Scientists in their faith. It has for some time been known in publishing circles that "McClure's Magazine" has the manuscript and documents of an elaborate, painstaking, and unprejudiced history of Mrs. EDDY and Christian Science, done with the careful regard for accuracy and adherence to documentary evidence which characterized the history of the Standard Oil Company. The publication of such a temperate history ought to settle, for those whose minds remain open on the subject, just how much of Mrs. EDDY is money-seeking charlatan and how much is seer. Certainly it will uncover a good many incidents in the founder's career which must trouble greatly those who do her reverence. That it will deal adequately with the curious and involved psychology at the bottom of Christian Science and similar "new thought" movements is probably too much to expect of an ordinary historian.

MRS. EDDY

APPRECIATION FROM A CHOSEN FOE occasionally warms the cockles of our editorial heart. Amid the shower of papier mâché brickbats hurled in our direction by the quacks and patent medicine swindlers comes a delicate and fragrant bouquet. The tag upon this floral offering bears the name of the Murine Company. Murine was "among those present" at the round-up of eye-and-ear charlatans in the "Quacks and Quackery" series. It now heaps coals of fire upon our head by advertising in various papers to this effect: "COLLIER'S POPULAR WEEKLY says of Murine Eye Remedy: 'In the Semi-Ethical field Murine has made itself prominent.'" That is all. And it is true, as far as it goes. We did say just that. And we continued, in the very next sentence as follows: "Its claims are preposterous." Unless the Murine Company is so illogical as to have poor vision, in the face of its ridiculous claims to cure all kinds of eye trouble, it is difficult to see how it could have overlooked that little qualifying sentence. When we wrote, suggesting the withdrawal of the offending advertisement, some gentle spirit representing the concern expressed surprise and implied sorrow that COLLIER'S should fail to appreciate the value to itself of the Murine Company's exploitation. He also afflicted our quaking soul with a dark hint to the effect that counsel had strongly urged a suit for libel. What must be, must. In the wake of our headlong flight from impending vengeance we leave this moral reflection, that the garbler of plain print is one degree less honest than the man whose lies are straight and bold. The Murine Company is at liberty to use this, with proper credit to itself and us, in any form of advertising it may choose.

HALF TRUTHS

WHAT, AFTER ALL, is the ultimate of corporation meanness? Stealing pencils from the blind and taking candy from babies was, even yesterday, considered to be about as far as Monopoly would care to go; but the limit was not yet. To-day the adulteration octopus has reached a little further into the home and Graft has entered the bird cage. The Bird-seed Trust is, as shown by chemical analysis, violating the Pure Food laws. A million songsters from Maine to Mexico upraise a chirp of awakening class-consciousness which proclaims the canary a new factor in national politics. His song is no longer a quiver of pure joy, a careless burble of domestic wellbeing. He has entered the ranks of the discontented, and his throat swells with a passion of protest. Picture the predicament of the whole blessed family! Father sits at the head of the table sipping Peruna while Mother nibbles Punk Pills for Foolish Folks. Little Clarence, dyspeptic from indulgence in alkaline candies, gazes sadly on Fido, who is addicted to inferior patent dog-biscuits. Aloft in his gilded cage sits Dick, the canary, his tiny blond head drawn down between his shoulders, one eye cocked critically at the teeming seed-box. "Cheap! cheap!" he shrills petulantly. And he is right; it *is* cheap. Cheap food with an expensive label is the secret of our discontent.

MEAN SEED

"Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough seed in your little inside?"
With a twist of his poor little neck he replied:
"Adulteration!"

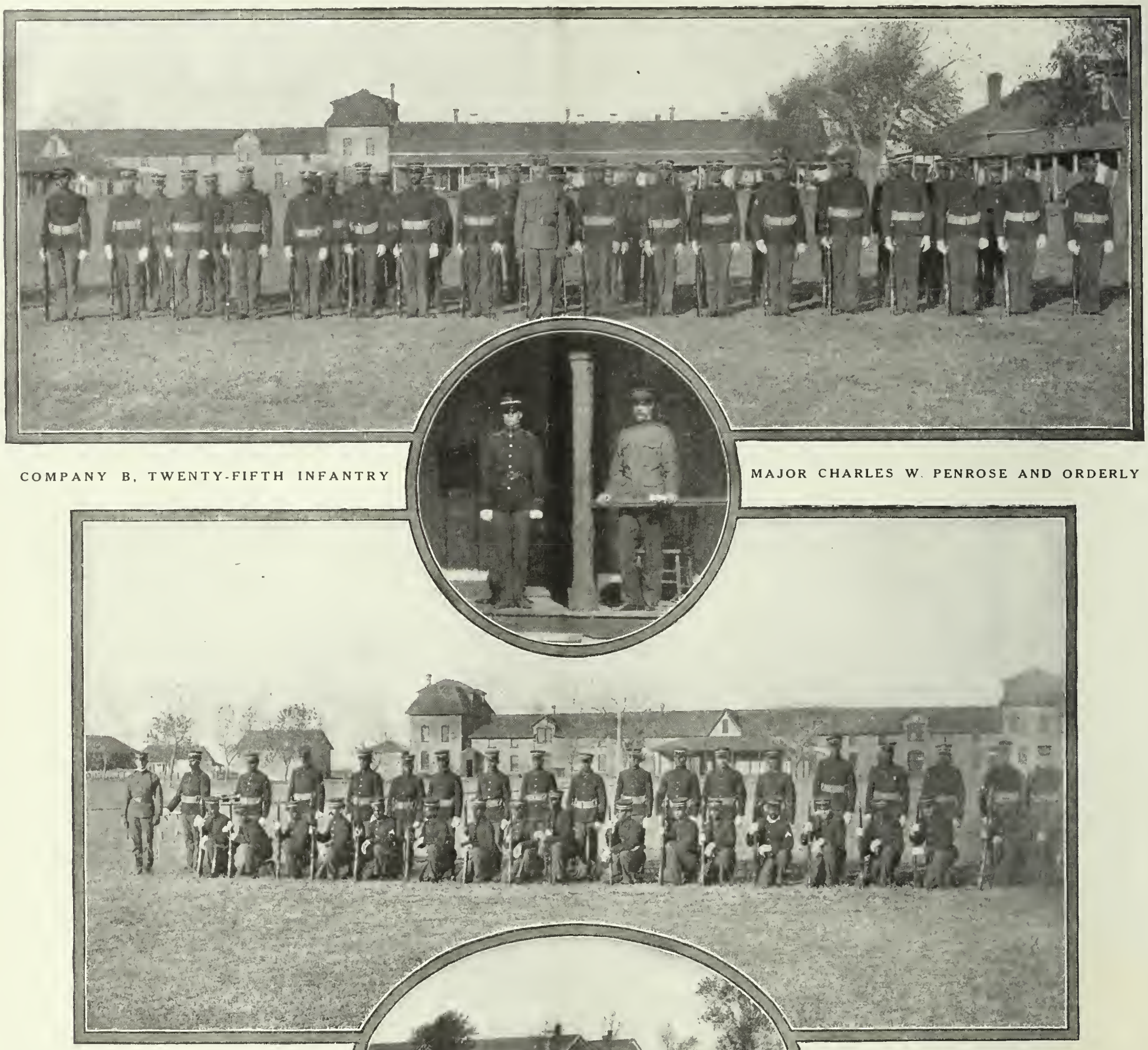
The hand that robs the cradle fools the bird cage. Just as there is nothing too great for business dishonesty to throttle, so there is nothing too small for that industrious monster to despoil. The mill of the Graft grinds slowly, but it grinds exceeding small.

THANKSGIVING 1906



"For these mercies let us be truly thankful!"

THE NEGROES WHO WOULDN'T TELL



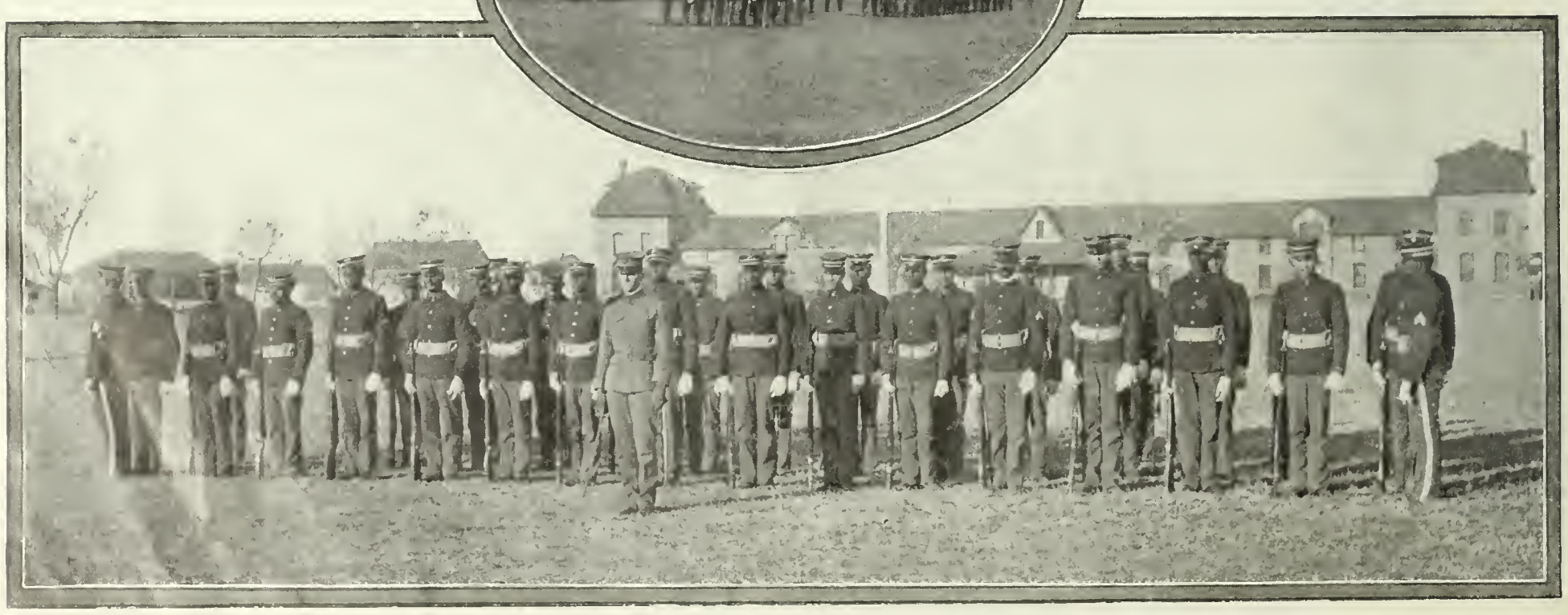
COMPANY B, TWENTY-FIFTH INFANTRY

MAJOR CHARLES W. PENROSE AND ORDERLY

COMPANY C



GUARD MOUNT



COMPANY D, TWENTY-FIFTH U. S. INFANTRY, DISCHARGED FROM THE SERVICE BY THE PRESIDENT, AT DRILL ON THE PARADE GROUND, FORT RENO, OKLA.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE PRESIDENT ABROAD

THE first foreign tour ever made by a President of the United States has passed off auspiciously. The Presidential squadron dropped anchor in the bay of Colon on the afternoon of November 14. President and Mrs. Roosevelt entertained President and Señora Amador on board the *Louisiana* that evening, and early the next morning Mr. Roosevelt began his trip of inspection. The school children of Colon met him, singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "America." At Panama President Amador greeted him in a speech in which he called him "the Commander-in-Chief of the Panama-American forces, allied to perform the greatest engineering feat in the world."

The President whirled through the Canal Zone with a velocity that broke all records except that of Mr. Poultney Bigelow. He saw everything and took a hand in everything. His schedule left him not a minute that the wildest imagination could call one of leisure. After the festivities at Panama he started out at seven in the morning to examine the Culebra Cut. At Pedro Miguel he climbed on a steam shovel and cross-examined the engineer about his work. The engineer, who knew an opportunity when he saw one, took occasion to tell the President that the men who ran the steam shovels, unlike those who drove locomotives, were not paid for overtime. Mr. Roosevelt promised to look into the matter. Next the President boarded a work-train in a driving rain and went along the Cut, turning aside to inspect the site of the Pedro Miguel lock. He watched every operation from shoveling to blasting, with the rain pelting in torrents, inspected the sleeping quarters of the Jamaican laborers, and asked about their food. He found the results of his examination eminently satisfactory and announced that with one exception all the complaints made to him had been unjustified.

IN SAN FRANCISCO

IN fighting the abominations of corruption in San Francisco, Prosecutor Heney has followed his old rule of striking at the top. In Oregon he raked the State's delegation in both houses of Congress. In San Francisco his first shot brought down the Mayor of the city and the lately omnipotent boss. On November 15 the Grand Jury indicted Mayor Eugene Schmitz and Boss Abraham Ruef on five counts. This particular set of charges dealt with extortion from the proprietors of certain French restaurants which have an international reputation for the excellence of their cookery and the liberality of their morals. But this is only the beginning. It is understood that Ruef and Schmitz, with their associates, have drawn revenues from every possible source of illicit profit to an extent that makes the old Tammany gangs in New York, the Durham gang in Philadelphia, and the Butler gang in St. Louis seem like artless amateurs.

It is an interesting fact that while Ruef is notorious as perhaps the greediest boss that American politics ever developed, grave doubts are expressed even by the decent element in San Francisco as to whether it will be possible to convict him of crime. The reason is that he has followed from the beginning the course the St. Louis boodler told Mr. Steffens he would follow himself if he had his life to live over again—he has been a lawyer and taken fees instead of bribes. He has been careful to receipt for every dirty dollar as payment for legal services. And it is a curious illustration of the prevailing standards of legal ethics that while his professional cloth, like the old benefit of clergy, shielded the boss from outraged justice, it does not seem to have occurred to the respectable lawyers of San Francisco to take that protection away by securing Ruef's disbarment and professional outlawry. Ruef has shamelessly levied toll on all sorts of enterprises in San Francisco, legitimate and illegitimate. He is charged with demanding and receiving heavy interests in shady resorts as the price of allowing them to do business. Yet he is a lawyer in good standing, and sells his influence as other lawyers all over the country sell their consciences. He is Exhibit X in the case of the People against the Legal Profession.

THE PRESIDENT

And the Discharge of the Negro Soldiers

Inasmuch as the President's action in ordering the discharge without honor of certain companies of the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry has caused widespread discussion in the newspapers, Collier's cabled on November 15 to Frederick Palmer, its correspondent with the Presidential party then on the Isthmus, asking him to suggest to Mr. Roosevelt that a stay in the proceedings might be advisable until the President's return to the United States. The following reply was received:

COLON, *November 17, 1906.*

COLLIER'S, N. Y.

The President's views are clear and unchanged. The disbandment was due to him. In the first place he took the battalion away from Brownsville to avoid local reprisals and for a regular military trial, in which the negroes, to a man, refused the information necessary to the apprehension of the criminals. Thus they struck at the very heart of military justice and discipline. Had white troops done the same thing, they would have suffered the same penalty. The President entered into the whole case fully because of the vital principle involved, both military and civil. The President's policy has always been to consider every man on his merits, regardless of color. Therefore he has appointed negroes to important positions in the North, the assistant District Attorney of Boston being an example. Of late there has been a dangerous tendency against this and toward racial antagonism. In the Atlanta riots blacks acted as blacks against whites and whites as whites against blacks. The whites made war on the black population and the blacks held together in concealing those guilty of outrages. In the same way the negro infantrymen showed race solidarity in the face of the law's demands. Be the offenders black or white the President proposes to combat race antagonism. His action in the Brownsville matter was taken in the face of much adverse influence and advice before he left. There can be no amelioration of the penalty until the men concerned show their sense of duty, as citizens and soldiers, by giving up the offenders to justice.

(Signed) FREDERICK PALMER.

INSURANCE CRIMINALS

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME of New York submitted to Governor Higgins on November 17 a long report explaining why he had not prosecuted the principal figures in the Mutual Life scandals. Mr. Jerome reached the conclusion that while some salaries paid were "grossly exorbitant" there was no law which made the payment or receipt of such salaries criminal. While the favors shown to the relatives of McCurdy were improper, they were not illegal. Some of the charges for legal expenses were highly suspicious, but there was no way of connecting them with the persons it was desired to prosecute. The activities of Andrew C. Fields were plainly criminal, but Fields himself was protected by turning State's evidence, and there was not sufficient proof against anybody else except Vice-President Gillette, who has been indicted. Campaign contributions were not specifically forbidden at the time when they were made. False reports were made to the Insurance Department, but it can not be proved that the persons who verified them knew of their falsity. The company may have suffered by depositing large amounts of money at low interest in banks and trust companies in which its officers and directors held stock, but no law can be found making such deposits criminal. The syndicate transactions in which officers and directors were personally interested may or may not have been entered into from improper motives, but there is no evidence of statutory wrong.

Thus, while the record of the Mutual's administration has reeked with rottenness, there is no way, according to Mr. Jerome, in which the law can directly connect the criminals with their acts. The policy-holders, of course, are not under any such disability in deciding whether to indorse the management with their ballots. They do not need legal evidence—they can act upon moral certainties.

A TRUST AT BAR

ALARUMS and excursions in the direction of the Standard Oil Company were succeeded on November 15 by a grand assault in force, when a suit for the dissolution of the trust was brought by the Government in the form of a petition in equity in the United States Court at St. Louis. In this action all the batteries of the Government are unlimbered, and the battle that is beginning is described as "the crowning effort of President Roosevelt's Administration." Attorney-General Moody hints that criminal prosecutions may follow. John D. Rockefeller was indicted by an Ohio Grand Jury on the 14th.

SHIELDING THE FAMILY

AN important step toward the introduction of order into the chaos of American divorce legislation was taken by the National Divorce Congress, which was in session at Philadelphia on November 19 and 20. This body, with delegates in attendance representing thirty States and Territories, agreed upon a uniform law, recognizing six causes for absolute divorce. These were:

1. Adultery.
2. Bigamy, at the suit of the innocent and injured party to the first marriage.
3. Conviction and sentence for crime, followed by continuous imprisonment for at least two years, or under indeterminate sentence for at least one year.
4. Extreme cruelty, endangering life or health.
5. Wilful desertion for two years.
6. Habitual drunkenness for two years.

This represents a compromise between the rigor of South Carolina, which permits no divorce at all, and the laxity of Kentucky, which recognizes fifteen causes for divorce. At present one can get a divorce in Colorado for failure to provide for one year, in Idaho for one year's neglect, in Kentucky for ungovernable temper, in Louisiana for public defamation, in Missouri for vagrancy, in Ohio for gross neglect of duty, and in Rhode Island for excessive use of morphine, opium, or chloral (the patent medicine makers are furnishing abundant material for the divorce courts there). These are only samples of the dozens of causes for which marriages may be dissolved in one State or another. In Idaho, Nebraska, Nevada, South Dakota, and Texas divorces may be obtained on six months' residence, while a settler in Massachusetts must be patient for from three to five years. The Divorce Congress proposed to suppress "South Dakota divorces" by providing that a divorce obtained by leaving the State of residence for that purpose, or for a cause not recognized as sufficient under the laws of the State in which the offense occurred, should not be valid in the State whose laws were thus evaded.

This Congress, whose convocation was one of the few things to be entered on the credit side of the account of Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, has, of course, no legal authority, but it is hoped that its recommendations may be heeded by the Legislatures of the various States, so that there will be some approach to harmony in their statutes. Manifestly it is only on the side of the civil law that the proposed reforms can have any effect. In the fields of religion and of private conscience any stricter standards maintained hitherto would still remain in full force.

Public interest in the questions discussed by the Divorce Congress was stimulated by the publication of a book on "The Family," by Mrs. Herbert Parsons, in which the author expressed some rather radical views upon social relations. In describing a number of possible domestic arrangements Mrs. Parsons suggested that it might be well to allow trial marriages, which could be dissolved by mutual consent, in the absence of children, if they did not prove satisfactory. The idea was not new, but the newspapers exploited it sensationally, and a number of clergymen in different cities denounced it from the pulpit. The term-marriage proposition of Mr. George Meredith had already been nearly forgotten, like so many of its predecessors. Mr. H. G. Wells, in his newly published book "The Future in America," as well as in a number of his earlier works, had mentioned various possible changes in the present monogamic family system, but his ideas had not happened to strike the popular imagination with such a resounding impact as those of Mrs. Parsons. Although the general reception of the trial-marriage suggestion was anything but favorable, its discussion served to show how far a spirit of unrest was questioning old social axioms.



VICE-ADMIRAL SHICHIRO KATAOKA

Commander of the Japanese squadron to visit America next year



PRINCE PU LUN, WHO IS COMING TO GAIN IDEAS FOR THE CHINESE NAVY, WITH HIS STAFF

China and Japan, the old and the new in the Orient, are sending naval delegations here, one to learn and the other to teach. Prince Pu Lun has been ordered to study the naval organizations of Great Britain, Germany, France, the United States and Japan, to obtain points for China's new navy. Vice-Admiral Kataoka is coming next spring with a battleship and two armored cruisers to show a sample of Togo's victorious fleet to America, from San Francisco to New York



EUGENE SCHMITZ

Mayor of San Francisco, indicted for extorting money from disreputable resorts

ELECTION AFTERMATH

EVERY candidate for Congress in the late campaign had to answer certain questions put to him by an organization known as the National Federation for People's Rule. An examination of the returns shows that as a result of this questioning one hundred and four members elect of the next House are pledged to support measures for popular instruction of Congress on important subjects, direct legislation by the initiative and referendum, the election of United States Senators by the people, and the election of fourth-class postmasters by the patrons of each office. The Representatives so pledged include some from each of twenty-eight States. Seventy-two are Democrats and thirty-two Republicans. Every one of the sixteen Democratic candidates in Missouri was pledged, and twelve of these were elected. In Wisconsin six pledged Republicans and two pledged Democrats were elected. In South Dakota, whose State constitution already includes the initiative and referendum, all the candidates of both parties made the promises asked for. Of course, the idea of the election of Senators by popular vote is much stronger than these figures would indicate—the House has supported it again and again with practical unanimity. The election of fourth-class postmasters in the same way is considerably more remote from the great tides of public thought, and probably not many candidates have given the idea very serious attention. The chances are that the thing most of the one hundred and four were thinking about when they signed their pledges was popular lawmaking by the initiative and referendum. This idea must certainly be gaining ground when statesmen of such diversity as Senators La Follette, Hale, and Frye, Representatives Hearst and John Sharp Williams, and Governors Folk, Cummins, and Deneen can be brought together on the Advisory Committee of the organization that is pushing it.

It appears that the Republican Party escaped losing control of the House by a much narrower margin than the face of the returns indicated. A majority of sixty members is apparently a very substantial lead. But an analysis of the returns shows that it could have been wiped out and replaced by a Democratic majority if less than four thousand citizens in certain districts had changed their votes. In over thirty districts the Republican candidates were elected by majorities of less than two hundred and fifty each. In each of those districts a Democrat would have been returned by a change of less than one hundred and twenty-five votes, and these changes would have given a Democratic House. A study of such facts as these has convinced Republican politicians that it will be necessary for Congress to walk discreetly if the party is to enter the Presidential campaign with any assurance of success.

There were many more than thirty districts in which the Republican majorities were due entirely to the appeal of President Roosevelt to the people to give him a Republican Congress that would back him in carrying out his policies. If it should appear that the Congress elected in response to the appeal had become an obstruction instead of an aid to the President, the Roosevelt popularity would be turned from a source of Republican strength to one of weakness. Hence President Roosevelt holds the whiphand over the legislative branch of the Government to an extent never approached in recent history. Scores of Republican members of Congress know that their own seats as well as the general success of their party are absolutely dependent upon their identification with the Administration's policies. Hence if the President announces firmly that it is time to revise the tariff there will be few Republican standpatters bold enough or hardened enough to resist him. The time when he needed to compromise and temporize with the Cannons and McClearys is past. It is their turn to follow him.



G. W. RAUCH, D.

Beat the indefatigable Republican orator, Fred. Landis, in the Eleventh Indiana



FRANCIS BURTON HARRISON, D.

Succeeds Jacob Ruppert Jr. of Ruppert's Brewery, New York. Ran for Lieutenant-Governor in 1904



CYRUS DUREY, R.

Succeeds L. N. Littauer of the Twenty-fifth District of New York, expert in gloves



GEORGE R. MALBY, R.

Promoted to Congress from the Twenty-sixth New York for eminent services to corporations in the State Senate



W. S. HAMMOND, D

Beat J. T. McCleary of the Second Minnesota, standpatter and member of the Ways and Means Committee



W. T. WILLITT, D.

Elected by Tammany to succeed C. A. Towne, frozen out of the organization by Murphy

SOME INTERESTING MEMBERS-ELECT OF THE SIXTIETH CONGRESS

REVISION IN 1909

SINCE the elections some of the high priests of protection have admitted that it may be advisable to revise the tariff. Not this year, nor next year, nor the year after, but about the time when the robins are nesting in the spring of 1909. It is taken for granted that there will be a Republican President and Congress at that time to do the work. Secretary Wilson has brought the astonishing news to Washington that Iowa is "discussing the tariff"—a fact that Representative Lacey can confirm if necessary. Mr. McCleary of Minnesota has heard rumors that the tariff is sometimes discussed in his district. The Republican leaders are willing to consider the question of having the tariff "revised by its friends," but they do not want to be hurried. They think there would be no time to deal with such a complicated subject at the coming short session of Congress. After that there would be less than a year before the candidates for the Presidency would begin to canvass for delegates, and, of course, no party could be expected to commit itself to a set of new tariff schedules in such circumstances. Accordingly, all difficulties are to be solved by embodying in the Republican national platform a pledge to revise the tariff at a special session to be called by President Roosevelt's successor in the spring of 1909. That, according to inspired sources of information, is thought "to obviate all difficulties and meet all requirements." There would remain nothing but the mere formality of electing a Republican President and Congress to carry out the pledge, if convenient.

There are only two perceptible weaknesses in this delightful scheme. One is the possibility that the people may be more anxious to get rid of the deformities of Dingleyism than the Republican leaders are, and may show their resentment at Republican delay by electing a Democratic President or Congress. The other is the probability, amounting almost to certainty, that unless we do something within the next few months we shall find ourselves engaged in commercial wars with our second and third best customers, Germany and Canada. Germany bought $234,742,102 worth of goods from us last year, which was more than we sold to any other country in the world except Great Britain and nearly twice as much as we bought from Germany. Canada bought $156,736,675 worth of goods from us, which was more than we sold to any other country in the world except Great Britain and Germany, and more than twice as much as we bought from Canada. Germany and Canada between them bought between a fourth and a fifth of all the goods we sold to the entire world, and a third of all we sold to the whole world outside of Great Britain. They bought from us over $188,000,000 worth more than we bought from them. Their excess of purchases from us represents more than our entire balance of trade outside of Great Britain—in other words, if we should leave Great Britain, Germany, and Canada out of the account our trade with the rest of the world would show a balance of imports. The loss of the German and Canadian export balances alone would upset our financial



THE GREATEST COLLEGE BELL IN THE WORLD

This bell, just cast for the College of the City of New York, is five feet high, nearly six feet wide, weighs seven thousand pounds, and is expected to be heard twenty miles away

arrangements and compel us either to economize or to go into debt to Europe. We sold to Germany last year just about as much as we sold to all South America, Asia, Africa, and Oceania combined. We sold to Canada almost as much as to Asia, Africa, and Oceania, and more than to all South America and the West Indies.

The year's respite given us last winter to come to terms with Germany will expire in a few months. Canada is to revise her tariff this winter, and the general understanding is that the bars will be put up against the United States. Foreign nations display a singular indifference to the exigencies of Republican politics.

THE "SATSUMA"

THE fact that the largest and most powerful battleship in the world has just been launched by Japan is an item of interest in connection with the anti-Japanese agitation on the Pacific Coast. Japan has gone at one bound from the foot to the head of the class in naval construction. The first battleship of any kind ever launched from a Japanese yard surpasses anything ever put into the water by any other naval power. The war with China was fought with foreign-built ships. By the time the war with Russia broke out Japan had so far advanced in shipbuilding resources that she was able to put in line some home-made cruisers of moderate size and good quality, as well as a number of torpedo boats. But all her battleships and her great armored cruisers were still of foreign build. Now at one stroke she outdoes the *Dreadnought* with a native battleship that could probably sink any three vessels of the pre-*Dreadnought* era.

The *Satsuma*, which was launched at Yokosuka on November 15, in the presence of the Emperor—a distinction as unprecedented as the occasion itself—is of 19,200 tons displacement, or 1,200 more than the *Dreadnought*, and 3,200 more than our own *Connecticut* or *Louisiana*, the most powerful ships we have in service or fairly under way. She is to have four twelve-inch and twelve ten-inch guns in her main battery, against ten twelve-inch for the *Dreadnought* and eight twelve-inch for our *South Carolina* and *Michigan*, which as yet exist only on paper, while the *Satsuma* is in the water. This means that the *Satsuma* can throw 9,400 pounds of metal—nearly two tons—from her heavy guns at one round, while the *Dreadnought* is throwing 8,500 pounds, and the *South Carolina* or *Michigan* 6,800 pounds. A ship of the *Connecticut* class could fire 7,380 pounds at one round, but of that more than half would be in seven and eight-inch shells, which would be useless against heavy armor.

The *Dreadnought* embodied the lessons of the Russo-Japanese War, and it was said that her designers had the benefit of all the secret reports in which the Japanese officers told their government how each feature of their naval equipment bore the test of battle. The same information was at the disposal of the designers of the *Satsuma*, and it is even possible that the authorities of Japan "held out" a few points on their allies, with the patriotic intent that they, and not England, should have the most formidable ship in the world.

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A. J. PETERS, D.

Succeeds J. A. Sullivan of the Eleventh Massachusetts, who had a famous row with Hearst in the House



D. W. HAMILTON, D.

Wiped out the nine thousand majority of the ardent standpatter, J. F. Lacey, in the Sixth District of Iowa



RICHMOND P. HOBSON, D.

Hero of the "Merrimac"—supersedes the veteran Bankhead in the Sixth District of Alabama



C. E. WASHBURN, R.

Succeeds Rockwood Hoar as the Republican Representative from the Third District of Massachusetts



ALBERT DOUGLAS, R.

Succeeds the venerable subsidy and subscription-book authority, General C. H. Grosvenor of the Eleventh Ohio



C. V. FORNES, D.

Succeeds William Randolph Hearst as Tammany Representative from the Eleventh District of New York

NEWLY ELECTED CONGRESSMEN SUCCEEDING MEN OF NOTE OR NOTABLE THEMSELVES

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICA

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

This is the last of a series of three articles which diagnose our civic ills. The preceding papers treated of "The County" and "The State." Mr. White interprets our political future with a wholesome optimism. He believes our public sentiment is far ahead of our public service and that our intelligent and honest voters are entangled in an antiquated system of politics which they are sure to overthrow

III—THE NATION

PUBLIC OPINION in this country, in so far as it concerns things political, is focused at Washington. It is the strongest estate of this Government. Public opinion and any one branch of the Government can compel the other two branches of the Government to come to terms. Public opinion and Congress gave the country the Supreme Court decision on the status of our insular possessions in 1901; a counterfeit public opinion and Congress made President McKinley recede from "our plain duty" to Porto Rico, and public opinion and President Roosevelt have just made Congress do a number of things highly distasteful to it. The Rate bill, the Meat Inspection bill, the Panama Canal bill, the denatured Alcohol bill, and the Pure Food bill became laws because the executive branch of the Government gave voice to the public sentiment of the country, and used the people as an estate of the Government. Congress was driven grudgingly to its duty. Moreover, although the Senate is just now an unpopular body in our Government, it responded not a whit less willingly to the demands of the people and the President than the Lower House responded. Indeed, in the case of the Rate bill, the House passed a weak and ineffective bill with a cowardly phrase in it that would have invalidated the bill, and the Senate took the House bill, and after one hundred days of useless debate, upon unimportant constitutional questions, passed a strong, drastic bill under the ten-minute rule which the House accepted with an ill-concealed grimace.



THE only real difference between the attitude of the House and the attitude of the Senate toward public opinion is that the House dislikes to be caught. For the people can attend to the members in the House within a few months after the close of any session of Congress; but with a majority of the members of the Senate it is a matter of years. So the Senate is a bit more brazen, but not less moral, than the House. The Senators are products of the same kind of politics which makes our county officers, our State officers, and, until the recent election, has made our Presidents, since the Civil War. It is a system of politics which shows its hatred and contempt for the people by flattering them, and its fear of the people by truckling to them whether they are right or wrong. Of course, honest men have worked in the system, and have had the rewards of the system, but they have not worked in it freely, and not without galling compromises, and not without much loss of efficiency. It is true also that in spite of the system, which has hampered a full and free expression of popular judgment for many years, the people have been getting about as good government as they demanded. The net results have contained more good than bad, and in spite of the evils that have been unearthed in recent years in our Federal Government, it has been in the main a strong, clean, efficient government admirably reflecting the spirit of the freest and most intelligent populace in the world. For the area of honesty in the men who served the people, either as law-makers, as law enforcers, or as law interpreters, has been infinitely larger than the area of dishonesty, and even many of the worst public thieves have been excellent executive officers who have kept others under them honest and effective. And the worst thieves stole but little in comparison with the vast sums which passed through their hands. The postal scandals may illustrate the point. Only one or two bureaus of the Post-Office Department were found to be dirty, and in those bureaus only a score or two of men were under suspicion. And conceding that these men were guilty, the sums they are accused of taking amount to a fractional part of the millions of dollars they handled. And the total sum stolen, compared with the annual taxes raised by the Federal Government, is about the same as that stolen by county and State officers from the taxes of the people raised by direct taxation. So it may be said definitely that public opinion, in the county, in the State, and in the nation keeps men from till-tapping. There is practically no stealing of the bald unvarnished kind in American public life. And for that matter there is little of that kind of thievery in private life, among people of the sort who occupy positions similar to the public offices. This seems to prove that we are governed by our kind.

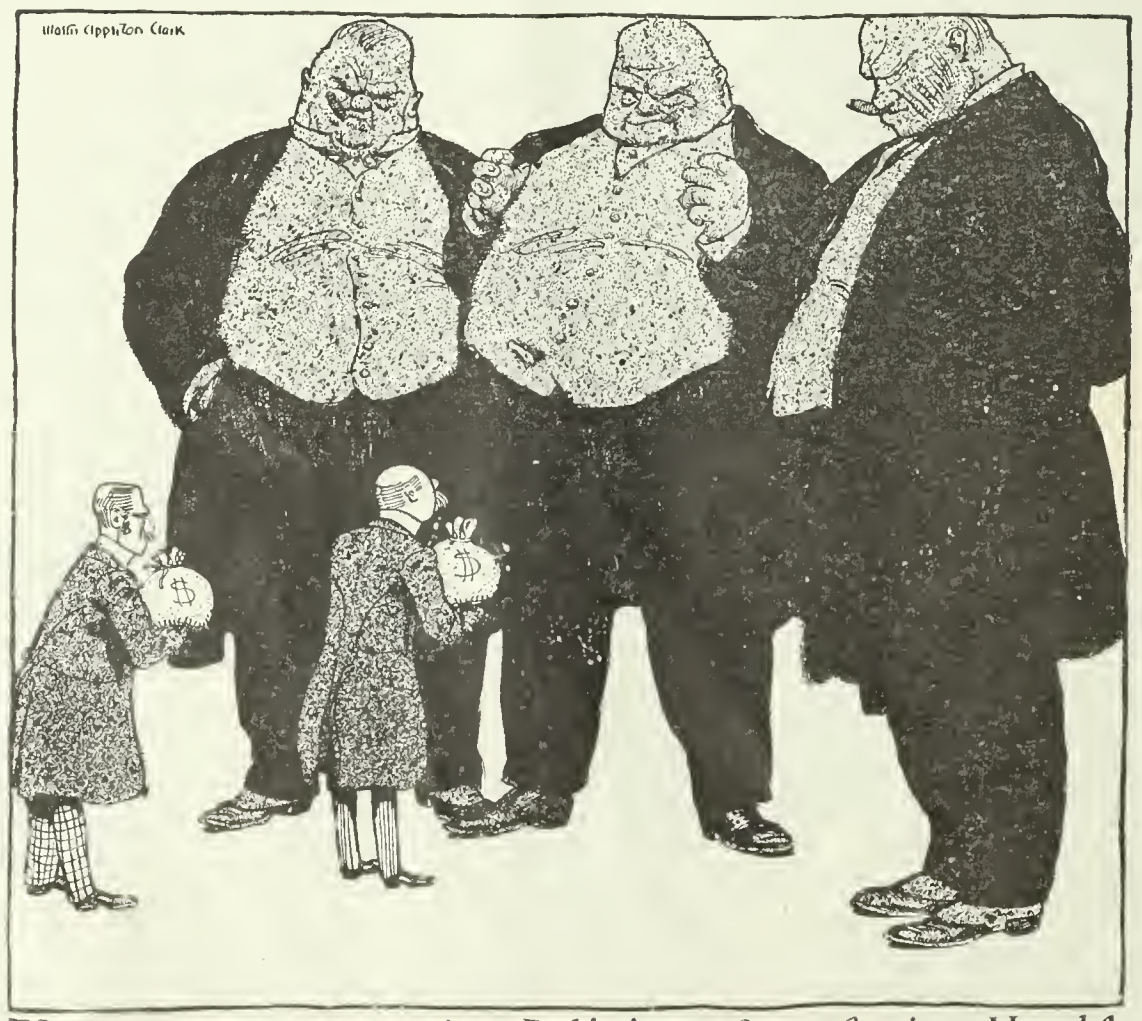


AND being governed by our kind, it is not surprising to find that people in office regard their Federal Government about as we regard it who are out of office. We fear the Federal laws more than we fear our city ordinances or our State laws because, generally speaking, the Federal courts are not manned by our neighbors and friends. And the Federal office-holder has the same fear and respect for the Federal law. But, on the other hand, we regard the Federal Government as fair prey. If we can cheat the post-office into carrying a letter with a photograph at photograph rates, we consider that we have done something smart. If we can cheat the postal service without cheating the mail carrier, we are willing to try. And so our Federal servants are just as honest as we are. Washington is a city of Federal servants. And no manufacturing concern employing a thousand men gets so little work out of them for the same amount of money as we get out of any thousand Federal servants at Washington. Many men in the Federal employ at Washington who would not steal money as Machen stole it steal time, which means money, and are proud of it. If any department of the Federal Government were run by a general manager of a railroad with railroad methods and railroad rules, the people would save so much money that they would see the dishonesty of idleness and thriftlessness in the public service, and would demand a change. That vision will come in time. But before it comes the people must take the motes from their own eyes. So long as we choose our public servants from among ourselves, we must not expect them to be better than we are.



AND yet with the fine inconsistency that is a part of our weak and aspiring human nature, we do expect more of others than we fulfil ourselves, and when those others happen to be public servants we expect much more from them. Hence we have established our civil service laws. And the weakness of those laws lies in us and in the political system which we have tolerated. For the bulk of our public servants are men who are appointed because they have served their parties, rather than because they will serve their country. Congressmen and Senators put men in the Government service who have been useful in the district or State convention. For to an office-holder dispensing patronage "party service" means service to the patronage broker. He to all intents and purposes is the party, and the civil service of this country for thirty years has been recruited too largely from the ranks of successful political tricksters and manipulators of State and county politics. Civil service often has served to protect the incompetents against removal. And while of late years the civil service rules have made it more and more difficult for the incompetents to get into the Federal service, so long as we have political conventions in which men are nominated for public offices by manipulation of delegates, instead of succeeding because the people choose them, those who manipulate the delegates and help to name the successful candidates will be rewarded in some way by appointments in the public service. Indeed, one may go back still further with the evils of our convention system in the Federal Government. For to that system may be traced the mainspring of the desire of Senators and Representatives to usurp the prerogatives of the executive branch of the Government. Federal patronage—and State patronage for that matter—should be distributed by the executive branch of the Government, and not doled out by Senators and Congressmen, as it is doled out to-day. Legislators should have no more to do with the enforcement of laws by naming the assistants and deputies and minor heads of executive departments than they should have to do with interpreting the laws of this country by writing opinions for the judiciary. But so long as a legislative candidate, whether he be United States Senator, a Congressman, or a State Legislator, can not come directly to his constituents on his record as a maker of laws, but has to come before a tribunal of high-caste politicians for a party renomination, so long will he have to come with gifts in his hands—not for the people but for the politicians. They are not in politics for their health. They are afraid of the people when the people are organized, but the people are unorganized and mute nearly all the time. Not one candidate in a hundred knows how to appeal directly to the people. And so public sentiment, the strongest weapon of our Government, often lies rusty in disuse.

And this is what passes for public sentiment: Nearly every United States Senator has in his home State one or two or three, or at most half a dozen, men from whom he hears about things political nearly every day. These men are the high priests of the political craft—the keepers of the inner temple. If he desires to know quickly the feeling of those whom he regards as the people of his State upon a matter of moment, the Senator wires the State boss,



They · · are · · not · · in · Politics · for · their · · Health

the State boss calls up the toll-board of the local telephone exchange and puts in a dozen or fifteen calls in different sections of the State, calling on county bosses, putting the matter before them, and if they are undecided he allows them to call up their friends in the county towns and townships, and within a few hours the Senator knows exactly how all the politicians of his State feel about a given matter. And as the man in the township or the county town generally likes to please the county boss, the little fellow says what he thinks the bigger fellow likes to hear, and as the bigger fellow likes to please the big fellow at the State capital, he hears what he likes to hear, and unless the State boss is particularly honest and conscientious —and too often he is holding his boss-ship because of entirely different virtues—the Senator at Washington opens the telegram from the boss and reads the thing that pleases him and acts accordingly.

AND the people—the rank and file outside of the mafia of politics—wonder why they can not get the laws and the appointments which please them. Generally speaking, and except as Congressmen are influenced by newspapers, the actions of Senators and Representatives for the generation last past have been governed by popular sentiment about as closely as the action of the grand lodge of the Masons or the Odd Fellows. And a man who came with a demand from the people to a State convention of either party in the nineties would have been received with something like the same pitying tolerance that he would have met in a conclave of a secret society.

Only in recent years has there been a change. And the change has come because the people themselves have demanded it. Always in every State there have been men like La Follette, like Folk, like Deneen, like Bristow, like Cummins, like Bonaparte, like Taft, like Hadley, and Hanley and Hogg and Jerome, and the scores of men like these who are making State and often national reputations by doing their simple duty. But heretofore people have laughed at that type of man, or have doubted him and sneered at him, and so men of that type have turned to money-making pursuits or wasted their political fragrance on the desert air as Mugwumps or as Populists, or have become Socialists and ceased enjoying their meals. Thousands of men have known for a generation that the railroads were building up men and cities at the expense of other men and cities just as worthy, and that officers of those railroads were privately profiting at the public's loss. But those who knew these things could not arouse the people with their knowledge. But now the people are aroused. In the early seventies and again in the early nineties the people were told that their money deposited in insurance companies and banks was accumulating, and that a fund from the surplus interest on those accumulations was being used to corrupt the servants of the people in the nation and in the various States. The people heard and did not care. But to-day they care, and they are doing what they can to protect themselves. Movements against corporations contributing to campaign funds of any party are rife in nearly every American State. More than two-thirds of the platforms of the dominant parties in the country this year discuss the question seriously. For the party managers have heard from the people. They have felt the lash of public sentiment on their backs.



They have felt the Lash of Public Sentiment··

BUT party managers generally believe that this is a passing spasm. They think that with the exit of Theodore Roosevelt from the White House political conditions will resume their former calm. The politicians do not stop to wonder if the people did not make Roosevelt, just as much as he made them. They forget that Roosevelt rose gradually; that he had a considerable constantly growing minority of the people behind him or he never would have been Civil Service Commissioner, nor Police Commissioner, nor Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Although these were appointive places, shrewd politicians put him in them because they feared that the people would promote him to other more important places. He was elected Governor, and he was elected Vice-President by the people, but if a man of Roosevelt's type had tried for the Presidency thirty or forty years ago it is likely that the people would have treated him as they treated others of his kind in their day. It must not be forgotten in this connection that when Roosevelt first came into public life his enemies were pleased to call him a Mugwump, and he had to fight for the political independence that delights the people to-day. He and the people have grown wise together. And when he goes from public life, the people will keep on in the way they have set out, for other leaders of his cast now know that the people may be trusted.

THIS government is passing from a hierarchy of politicians to a government of the people. And the change is coming not so much because the politicians have grown more corrupt than they have been, but because the moral sense and the moral enthusiasm of the people have awakened. The schoolhouses and the press have quickened the wits of the people so that they have grown shrewd. But it is a lamentable commentary upon organized religion in this country that the moral awakening of the nation apparently has been unaided by the churches. Lawyers, doctors, reporters, farmers, merchants, laborers, and brokers have become public leaders in the new cause. But although the cause is essentially moral, appealing to quickening consciences, no preacher has become a national leader in it, as, for instance, Beecher was a leader of the Abolition movement. And while many preachers have sanctioned the movement, have given it a blessing perhaps, the only clerical leaders who really have distinguished themselves in connection with the awakening morals of the people are those who have denounced the movement as sensational, as vicious, and as altogether deplorable. Instead of checking the current, these preachers have only attracted attention to their own cupidity. And so in spite of the lack of encouragement from any church as a church, the people have moved on impelled by the school and the press and are making their fight for righteousness and for the establishment between men of that justice which must come before there may be an honorable "peace on earth."

BUT, of course, we are beginning a long contest, and those who look for the millennium to descend upon the land after any given election will be disappointed. For the people are not omniscient—even now. They may be duped by promises, and they may be befuddled on issues, and scoundrels may sit in the high places. The direct primary which is coming merely gives the people a chance to govern themselves a little more closely than they may govern themselves under the convention system. It will give them practise in judging men, and it will enable them to remove faithless public servants who seek reelection, and to remove them without bolting their party tickets. The direct primary also will give each voter a voice in the selection of his party candidates, and will give him a closer, keener interest in his government, thereby bringing him to feel that it is his government, and that men have no right to cheat it. The feeling will promote public sentiment in favor of an honest relation of the citizen and the government, which in turn will require honesty between the public officer and the government. And so popular honesty will move forward a little. But it is a long way to perfection, and, after all, the direct primary is but a machine for the propagation of righteousness. It is not righteousness itself. The direct primary will express somewhat more felicitously the will of the people than the convention system, but unless the people are unselfish the direct primary will reflect their selfishness. Unless the people are sane, the direct primary will reflect their prejudices, and the direct primary will give them only so much of honesty as they put into it. If the farmer continues to let his hedge go untrimmed contrary to law, and votes for public officers who will allow him to violate the hedge law unmolested, he must not complain when the voters of Chicago, for instance, at their first direct primaries vote for a Congressman who would permit the packing-house to sell rotten beef. There is really no efficient public sentiment which is not backed by self-sacrifice. If the farmer and the country town dweller, who form the base of our political system, really respect the law, they must be ready to give up some of their own indulgences for the sake of the law. That public sentiment which demands abnegation for some one else, in order to uphold the law, is merely public clamor, and no administrator of the law need fear it even under a direct primary. For the bawling calf is not ferocious, though he may be noisy.

TO illustrate: the live-stock growers were insistent that the railroads should be made to deal fairly with the public; but when the demand came that the packing houses begin dealing fairly with the public, and quit selling rotten meat, the live-stock men flooded Congress with telegrams clamoring against the square deal for the people in the matter of meat. There will be a square deal in this country only when the sense of justice is developed in men so that they will be willing to give up the special privileges that they themselves enjoy, in order that no one else may be wronged. And it is a sign of hope that during the various contests in Congress last winter and spring, only a few classes, crafts, and professions should have been incited by the holders of special privilege who were on the rack, to put their own small greed above the common good. Twenty years ago it would have been different. But it was real public sentiment and not public clamor that focused on Congress and burnt the bought and paid-for Congressmen and Senators out of their seats to rise and vote with their honest brethren. This sentiment was expressed without the aid of our present political forms. County committeemen did not inspire county chairmen to prod State committeemen to nudge State chairmen to punch up Senators. The people ignored their political organization; it was recognized as obsolete and useless. But through newspapers, and at public meetings, and by petition and from a thousand mysterious sources, the great dynamo of popular will was charged, and began to move. The like of it has not been seen before for nearly fifty years. Old men almost had forgotten how the great engine of popular government worked, and to younger men it seemed a miracle. But it was only what should happen in this country every time a Congress is in session discussing vital issues. And it is what may be reasonably expected to happen when the aristocracy of politics is banished from American affairs. Remove the dough-faces from the gates, and the public servants can see the people. Take patronage away from our legislators—national and State—and men to whom issues and not political pie are important will seek legislative office, and when a man in Congress or in the State Assembly is primarily interested in the business of making laws he will make such laws as the people desire; for with the politicians unable to manipulate nominating conventions in his behalf, a recreant Legislator or Congressman is left naked to his enemies. So it may be hoped that this national awakening of the consciences of men is more than a political movement. It has to do with our national character, and whatever political institution may develop—whether it shall be the direct primaries, or the referendum, or what not of political machinery—will develop because as American individuals we have grown in righteousness in our first-hand relations with our neighbors.

AND in so much as we have grown wiser will our political devices make us kinder. And in so much as we have grown kinder and more thoughtful of one another's rights and interests will the political institutions that we are framing make us happy. And so, although the clash and strife and bitterness of our recent politics seems miserably sordid; and although the day's work in public affairs, even in the greatest affairs as well as in the mean affairs of the country town, may appear futile and without direction, it is all moving toward some end, which has a purpose in the righteousness of the world—and we may know that the progress of the world since men quit their caves had been ordered so. However small and petty and heart-sickening it may be, some great law is holding us in our course toward our destiny, some divine purpose is pushing this struggling blind humanity on. Chance may play in the transverse movements of the flood. Evil may seem to win just before it sinks; liars may rise and thrive; thieves may flaunt themselves; honest men may go down unhonored. Righteousness may seem to faint, and justice may seem to falter. But it is only a seeming. For underneath are the everlasting arms.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE IN 1906

THE ORIGINAL MONROE DOCTRINE

"WE owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfere and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."—*President Monroe to Congress, December 2, 1823.*



JOHN W. BURGESS

IS THE MONROE DOCTRINE ANTIQUATED?

"THERE are, for instance, two tenets which have almost come to be looked upon as sacred, as Articles of Faith in American politics, the abandonment of which no outside Power could even dare to hint at without danger of arousing the enmity of the Union. I refer to the protective tariff theory and the Monroe Doctrine.

"Our politicians seem not to have the slightest appreciation of the fact that both these political tenets have almost got to be antiquated, that the political, geographical, and constitutional changes among the Powers of Europe, as well as the assumption by the United States of its place as a world power, have rendered both almost meaningless."—*Professor Burgess at the University of Berlin in October, 1906.*

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

IT may be frankly admitted that most of the considerations that led Monroe to promulgate his Doctrine have ceased to have any force, and that the Doctrine itself now serves an entirely different purpose from anything in the minds of its inventors. But there is nothing exceptional about that. Every policy, law, treaty, and constitution is subject to continual change in its applications. It is no discredit to the Monroe Doctrine to say that the conditions of 1906 are different from those of 1823. In the nature of things, they could not help being different, unless the world were standing still. The only question is whether the rule that European powers shall not establish any new colonies in America is a good one to enforce at the present time.

To answer that question, we must look at the condition of the world. There are three great world powers, the British Empire, Russia, and the United States. Great Britain, with a population of 41,976,827 at home, has an empire of 11,286,344 square miles. Russia, with a population in Europe of 107,446,190, has an empire of 8,660,395 square miles—a domain hardly touched by the disasters of her war with Japan. The United States, with a population on the North American Continent of 76,149,386 at the time of the last census, has possessions covering in all about 3,850,000 square miles. Thus, with twice the population of Great Britain, the opportunities of the Republic for expansion under its own flag are only about one-third as great. Russia has more than twice the room open to the Union.

Shall the United States be Strait-Jacketed?

The independent republics of the American continents, including the United States, cover, all told, an area of 11,570,000 square miles, or just about that of the British Empire. By the wise forethought of Monroe and Adams, this possible field for expansion has been preserved thus far from the intrusion of European rivals. The question now is whether it shall be given up and the United States of the future forever confined, so far as the territorial basis of population and strength goes, to a position at the foot of the list of world powers. The question is whether this Republic, now that it has become the strongest power in the world, with a population of eighty-five millions, shall abandon a position which it successfully maintained when it had a population of ten millions, and was hardly regarded as a great power at all.

After we have imposed upon ourselves a self-denying ordinance with regard to the property of our neighbors, the Monroe Doctrine applies that ordinance equally to European powers. It says that if we are not to steal Latin-American territory, neither shall Europe, and thus it leaves the way open in the process of time for the gradual extension of American influence by peaceful methods throughout the regions from which we have warned off intruders. It gives us a field for expansion corresponding in a minor degree to those which England and Russia have secured, not by Monroe doctrines, but by the more radical method of forcible annexation.

It is said that Europe has greater commercial interests in South America than we have, and that the South American governments are unprogressive and disorderly. Perhaps so, but in the politics that may determine the future of the world, it is sometimes advisable to look an inch or two beyond one's nose.

Everything that is said of South America to-day could have been said more forcibly of Mexico fifty years ago. Europe's commercial interests in Mexico at that time were greater than ours. Mexico had a government compared with which the unsteadiest governments of the present South American republics are stable. Mexico was remote from the United States. Life and property were unsafe there. Foreign critics asked us by what right we pursued the "dog-in-the-manger" policy of declining to maintain order in Mexico ourselves and refusing to let anybody else do it.

At last, some of our European friends thought that the time had come to throw the obstruction out of the way. We were engaged at home with affairs that left us little leisure to look after the Monroe Doctrine, and Louis Napoleon took advantage of the opportunity to set up an empire in Mexico. But when the American people had attended to their domestic engagements, they reminded the French Emperor of their national policy, and Mexico resumed business as a republic. There were several revolutions in the next ten years, and we had to stand a good deal of European criticism on our conduct in setting back the hands of civilization. But for more than a quarter of a century Mexico has been peaceful, prosperous, and progressive. Her territory has been irrigated by American capital. American railroads link her cities with the transportation system of the United States. We have more of her trade than all other countries put together. Commercially, industrially, and financially, Mexico is part of the American Union. Had we dropped the Monroe Doctrine as applied to Mexico, in the sixties, that country would now have been in fact, and probably in name, a colony of France. Its trade would have been forced by discriminating tariffs into French channels. Its railroad system would have been laid out by French engineers and operated by French corporations. Our commercial progress would have stopped at the Rio Grande.

There are probably few American critics of the Monroe Doctrine to-day who regret that their views with regard to the treatment of the empire of Maximilian forty years ago did not prevail. They all admit now that Mexico is properly part of the sphere of influence of the United States. The place to relax the Monroe Doctrine, they agree, is farther south.

Well, how much farther south? Central America is all part of the isthmus that divides the Atlantic from the Pacific. It is all intimately related with the Isthmian Canal. Very few Americans, whatever their views about the Monroe Doctrine, would consent to tolerate any European interference there. Central America is bound to be linked to the United States as closely by the canal as Mexico is by proximity and by her connection with the American railroad system.

The chief points of friction between the Monroe Doctrine and Europe are found in Venezuela and Colombia. It is here that revolutions most often threaten European interests and that the visits of European cruisers are most often held to endanger the good relations between transatlantic governments and the paramount power of the Western Hemisphere. But will any American seriously urge that Venezuela and Colombia should be thrown open to a European scramble, like the partition of Africa? Both these countries border on the Caribbean, which all American strategists hold to be the proper centre of the future naval power of the United States.

Moreover, these republics are directly in the line of American trade expansion. When we sail to Porto Rico, La Guayra is only a couple of days' run on a slow steamer farther on. The *Deutschland* could make it in a day. The whole shore of the mainland from the Orinoco to the Rio Grande is practically within the sphere of the American coasting trade, and it curves in such a way that one part of it is substantially as near to us as another. All the coasts of the Caribbean will soon seem to us as intimately domestic as those of the Gulf of Mexico.

Where Can the Doctrine be Clipped?

It appears, then, that if the Monroe Doctrine is to be abandoned anywhere, it can not be in Mexico, Central America, or the northern end of South America. At the other end of South America, the question is not likely to become practical. Chile and Argentina have reached their majority, and there is very little danger that any European power will try the "white man's burden" theory on them. Paraguay and Uruguay are manifestly destined to a close connection with Argentina. Bolivia, having no seacoast, is outside the limits of possible European aggression Peru is under a little sub-Monroe Doctrine maintained by Chile. As Ecuador's future does not appear at present to disturb anybody, the matter is really narrowed down to Brazil. The question simply is whether a partition of Brazil among the colonizing powers of Europe should be a matter of indifference to the United States.

In fifty years the United States will have from one hundred and fifty million to two hundred million people. Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, and Colombia will be swarming with American merchants, manufacturers, and contractors. Whether those republics remain politically independent or not, they will be, in a business sense, entirely American. Every railroad, every mine, every factory, every bank within their borders will be in American hands or managed on American principles. In every important town there will be an American business colony. The relations between New York and Caracas will be as close as between New York and Omaha. The air will throb with wireless messages between the manufacturers of the United States and their tropical customers.

When that time comes, and our national energies are beating fiercely against their still too narrow bounds, will it be better for us to have the three million square miles of Brazil open to our enterprise or to have it cut up into European preserves, each jealously fenced in for the exclusive benefit of its masters across the Atlantic? Brazil is the richest field for commercial development remaining upon this earth. It has the most superb system of inland navigation existing anywhere upon the planet. Ocean steamers can load at the docks of New York and unload on the tributaries of the Amazon, two thousand miles from the sea. Forests of rubber and precious woods, vast plantations of coffee, mines of gold and diamonds, all invite the energetic exploiter. Under a friendly republic, they will all be open to American enterprise. Divided among garrisoned European colonies, they will be closed to us until we open them with the sword.

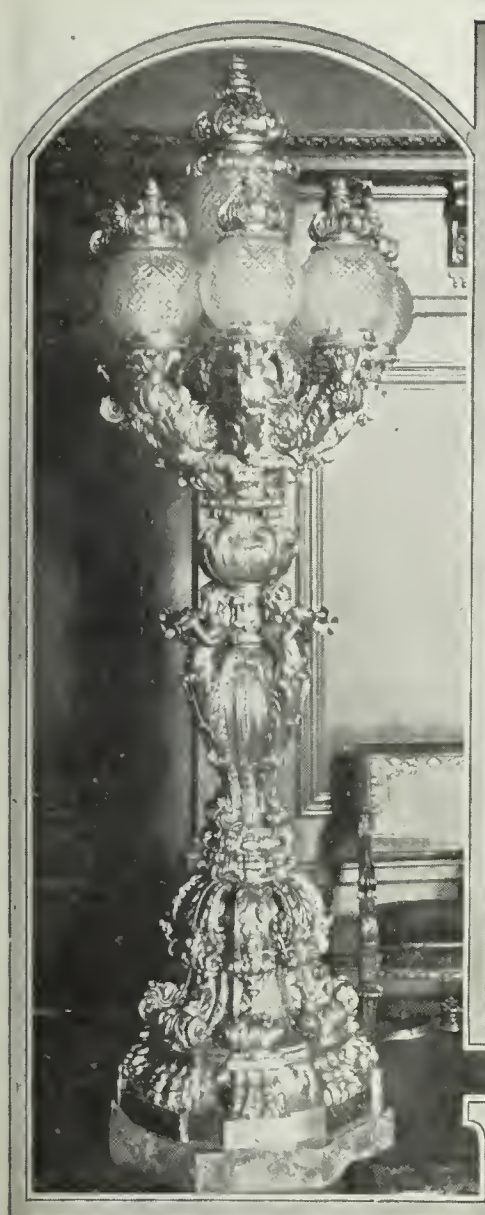
The Open Door and Peace

The Monroe Doctrine means peace, for it keeps open to our expanding energies doors that could not be closed without war.

Each generation deals with the problems nearest to it. Jefferson thought that the destiny of the Republic could not be fulfilled without the possession of the mouth of the Mississippi. He did his duty, and we, a hundred years later, enjoy the benefits of his foresight. Now Brazil is nearer to us than Louisiana was to Jefferson. We do not have to look ahead a hundred years to see the importance of keeping an open door there. Fifty years, twenty-five years, perhaps ten years hence, American enterprise will be pressing so insistently upon that region that our people will demand an entrance if they have to fight for it.

Of course, some of the South American republics have just now very glaring political faults, just as Mexico had at the time of the French invasion. It is a serious temporary annoyance, but all these things will be corrected in time. Perhaps redemption may come by the efforts of wise and benevolent dictators like Diaz; perhaps by the gradual development of political capacity among the people; perhaps by voluntary annexation to the United States. That it will come in some way, when all these regions have become ballasted with American capital and American residents, is certain. The existing evils can be readily cured. The one ill that could not be cured without sharp surgery would be a European military occupation.

We have nothing to alter in our policy. England has work enough for generations to come in the development of her huge empire. Russia has fenced in a sixth of the land surface of the globe, and she has her occupation cut out for her. We have no empire, but we have marked out a sphere of influence within which our children will have room to exercise their minds and their muscles. It includes the Western Hemisphere, and it is ringed by the Monroe Doctrine. If we have any regard for those who shall come after us, if we are minded to do for them what our fathers, who extended the bounds of the Union from the Mississippi to the Pacific, did for us, we shall not contract the scope of that doctrine—the title deed of our national future—by a single inch.



Chandelier in the Governor's reception room — part of $2,000,000 worth in the building



House of Representatives bronze chandeliers — sold by weight

A "carved marble" capital made of plaster of Paris



Senate chandelier — these fittings in the House and Senate chambers alone cost $256,000

ART BY THE TON AND CUBIC FOOT

THE favorite method by which Pennsylvania's Board of Public Grounds and Buildings succeeded in putting nine million dollars' worth of trimmings into a four-million dollar Capitol was to give contracts for articles by weight and measure. Thus chandeliers, paid for by the pound, were loaded with bronze to five or ten times the proper weight. A single side bracket in the Treasurer's office, carrying one light, weighs fifty-six pounds and cost $263, without its glass globe, which cost $46 extra. By such methods the lighting fixtures throughout the building were brought up to a total cost of two million dollars. Furniture was furnished by the foot, and the successful bidder got from two to six times as much as he had offered to furnish the same articles for by the piece. Filing cases by the cubic foot cost over a million and a half of dollars. But "mural art painting" was obtained for the modest price of $14,660.50



Mahogany desk — cost $368 by cubic foot — regular price $88

This chandelier cost $2,510 — twelve times its market value





Armchair in Treasurer's office — cost $138 — regular price $32.65



Treasury Department, showing filing cases whose cost for the whole building was $1,534,856.20



Lieut.-Governor's reception room, with air and furniture charged up together at $18.40 per foot



Senate Chamber — the furniture in this room cost $4.85 a foot. Chandeliers loaded with bronze

THE EXPLORERS

A TIMELY RESCUE DELIVERS THE DOCTOR FROM A DISMAL GATHERING AT THE NORTH POLE



By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

IN my early youth I had vacillated between so many trades and professions that I grew up jack of all. But, strictly speaking, I became a discontented graduate of the Physicians and Surgeons, and began to establish a practise in East Eighteenth Street. Materially I prospered from the first, but mentally I was in a turmoil of other ambitions and desires. It was my tragedy to believe that I was a born forester, landscape-gardener, sailor or soldier, and had elected to live in a city, like a rat in a hole, and minister to the sick. The longer I practised, the more sharply did I feel myself caught between the horns of dilemma; I had neither the money to turn back and recast my lines nor the will to go ahead and land my fishes. Then, as is usual with dilemmas, fate stepped in, or, rather, cast at my door William Dane, the Arctic navigator and explorer, overcome by the June heat.

Even before he had come to his senses, I took to the man, and was engulfed by his personality. He had a head and face and mane like the stone lion of Lucerne, imperturbable and vast; hard, smooth, colossal limbs; a chest like a bay window, and hands at once the largest and most beautiful that I have ever seen: a man formidable in thought and action. "This," said I to Miss Ma, my assistant, "is somebody."

"This is who it is," she said, and showed me on the first page of the morning paper, which I had not had the inclination to read, two pictures—a ship and a man.

While I continued to apply restoratives, Miss Ma gave me brief extracts from the article below the pictures, which was captioned:

"Captain Dane morally certain to find the North Pole"

"Was going to sail to-day," she said; "put it off because doctor gave out—fifteenth Arctic voyage—sixty years old—doesn't look forty, does he?"

"Why did the doctor give out?" I asked.

"Panic," said Miss Ma, and she went on: "Many answers to advertisements for doctor—applicants unsuitable on various scores—Captain Dane says he will sail without a doctor rather than with a narrow-chested one—says that nine-tenths of good Arctic work has been done by blond men with gray eyes."

Here Captain Dane himself interrupted, his transition from insensibility to alert mental equipoise being nearly instantaneous.

"Damn the heat, anyway!"

"I can't agree with you," said I, "since it has brought me so distinguished a patient."

"I hope to be more so," said he, "will you call me a cab? I won't risk the sun again."

"Please call a cab, Miss Ma."

"What is your fee, sir?" asked Captain Dane.

"Five dollars," said I, "but I would like to contribute that much to your voyage. We have been reading you up in the paper while you were coming to."

"I won't prevent your contributing," said he, "if you want to; but five dollars is a great deal of money. Money is a devilish hard thing to collect."

"By the way," I said, "the paper says that you have advertised for a doctor."

"I have," said he, "but the right one doesn't turn up."

A general restlessness and dissatisfaction with life, particularly at the advent of the hot months, impelled me to say: "Would I do?"

"You are built right," he said; "you have light hair and gray eyes, and I see by your diploma that you are a graduate of the P. and S.; but you aren't sure that you want to go."

"How did you know that?" I asked.

"Because you didn't answer the advertisement."

"I didn't see it."

"If you had been keen to go," said he, "you wouldn't have missed it."

"Well," said I, "I wasn't keen to go, that's the truth. But I am now."

"Why?" said he.

"You've made me," I said; "you make me more so every time you speak. I'd like to serve under you."

"Doctor's billet," said he, "is the hardest of all. Even I can lie up if I fall sick, but the doctor can't. I don't even allow my doctors to die when they want to. Up there," he said, thumbing northward, "men go down on their knees and ask to be allowed to die. Some of them I have to let die, but never the doctor. Do you still want to go?"



"When you have waited as long as you can, wait a little longer, then go"

"Yes," I said, stoutly.

"Well," said he, "I'll drive around to headquarters, and if nobody better has showed up, I'll send for you."

"Hold on," I said, "I'm not so low-spirited as that. You can take me or leave me, but I won't dangle on any man's waiting-list."

"That's better," said he, and his voice, hitherto very matter-of-fact, became abundantly hearty. "You'll do."

Then he made me sit down and write a long list of things to get and where to get them.

"Take a cab," he said, "and hustle."

"When do we sail?" said I.

"The minute you're aboard."

"Where's the ship?"

"Off Thirty-third Street in the North River. I call her *The Needle* because she points toward the pole. Have you many good-byes, much to arrange?"

"No," said I, "I'll turn my practise over to the doctor across the hall, give Miss Ma a month's wages; and that's about all."

"Have you no relatives—no entanglements?"

"None of the first," said I, "that matter—and none of the last, not even a professional one."

"Blessed are the pure in heart," said Captain Dane, "for they have strong bodies and leave no trail."

Three hours later we were steaming down the North River through the blistering June heat. Every flag on the river was dipped to us, and all the whistles were blown.

II

FROM the first I was more interested in Captain Dane than in Arctic phenomena; just as, in my profession, I was ever more alive to the bearing of the sick than to their diseases. To which habit, more than to any skill in medicine, or determination to succeed, I attribute the ease which I had had in attracting patients to my practise. But, furthermore, the North is too overwhelming and magical to be interesting: the gorgeous blazing of the sun through the ice, the aurora flaming in the heavens at night, the very shape of the bergs, running to every grotesque of form and every shade of astonishing color, even the atmosphere putting to scorn the clarity of crystals and the sparkle of diamonds, are too astonishing and remote to excite in a man any but his dumber faculties, whose voices are exclamations. No man is truly interested except when his mental processes are engaged in analysis—processes which the Northscape in its mildest moments defies. A time soon came when I was sick to death of those wasted glories, obdurate against the most fascinating rainbow or the most emphatic green of the sea. But Captain Dane held my keenest interest from the start.

Prior to our acquaintance I had often asked myself—or a friend for the sake of discussion—"Why the devil does a man want to discover the North Pole? What's the use of discovering it?" and the like—questions which, properly answered, would, I thought, bring to bear a great light on many occult workings of the human mind. If Dane had any finite reasons which bound him to that grail, he would not give them frankly, or else they shifted from day to day. "It's been such an endless sacrifice of lives," I said to him once, and he answered whimsically: "That's just it."

"Let us," said he, "for the sake of argument, call the pole hunt a nonsensical quest, to which are sacrificed many lives that might in other walks of life be valuable. Well, it's up to some one to stop the drain." Here he named a mighty list of explorers who had lost their lives in the Arctic. "Many of them," he said, "were strong and talented men, devoted thinkers, and brave beyond compare. Until the pole is found there will continue to be lost to civilization a constant trickling of the most elect citizens. Wouldn't it be service enough to put a stop to such a waste as that —a waste that humanity can not afford and ought not to endure?"

"It would certainly turn the course of the adventurous south," said I.

"It would," said he, "toward the other pole. When that, too, has been discovered there will be an end of the nonsense."

"You don't think it nonsense?" said I.

"As an act, yes," he said; "as an accomplishment, no. The man who sets his country's flag on the pole will save, or rather divert into more useful channels, many splendid lives that come after his."

But on other occasions his arguments were all at variance with this.

"Is it for the glory of finding it," I asked him, "or for the glory of being known to have found it?"

"I shall be content to find it," he said, "and to die then and there. You can carry out the proofs, and reap the honors."

"But," said I, "dead or not, your name would go down to the remotest posterity in big type. Doesn't that thought influence you?"

"I think not," he said, "but I will think it over."

The log-book of *The Needle* gives all the longitudes and latitudes, and scientific observations and data, of our voyage. These things are not important to my narrative. Suffice that we passed the winter, the coldest, bleakest, blackest winter, farther north than it had ever been passed before, and in the spring made our dash for the pole. The winter brought out great qualities in Dane—an overmastering humor and good humor, a great gentleness to those who were impatient and sick, an almost godlike tenderness over those that died. He was like a great statue in the making, when each blow of the sculptor's hammer, instead of damaging the marble, brings out new strengths and beauties. Even at that time, before our hardships had fairly begun, we looked on our Captain as on one who had brought us out rather than on one who was leading us in. The day for starting came, and Dane spoke to those who were to go and those who were to stay.

"Men," he said, "it is as hard to stay as to go. Therefore I have divided you equally, as boys choose sides for a game. It is important that brave, patient men go with me, and it is important that brave, patient men remain. I wish I could take only those that want to go and leave only those that want to stay. But you all want to go. So I have had to pick and choose for myself. I shall think of those that stay as of a rock that will wait for me to come. That's the important thing, to find you waiting when we come back. You must not let yourselves get sick; and you must not let yourselves think too much about home; and you mustn't quarrel when you begin to think there is nothing else to do. When you have waited for us as long as you can, then wait a little longer, and then go. God bless you all."

No one of us that went ever again saw those that stayed. We started forever, with laughter and shaking of hands. As long as things went well, strength held, and food tasted sweet, our dash for the pole had in it something of a holiday lark. The dogs, strong, savage, and eager, strained at the sledges, the men lent their backs to the passage of rough places with deep-sea unison. Our supplies were calculated to a nicety, and we knew it. We believed that the plateau (it was neither ice nor snow, but a mixture of the two, at once firm and crumbling like sand) over which we were progressing held all the way to the pole. And at each resting-place, when progress would be calculated, we marveled and rejoiced to know how far and how fast we had gone. Strung out over the white plains in marching order, we looked like some grotesque turn in a circus—a quantity of bears walking on their hind legs, behaving exactly like men, and driving the trains of dogs. It was Dane's scheme that each man should have his turn in leading the procession; thus one day bringing responsibility to one man, the next to another. A great rivalry rose among us as to who should have the credit of leading the longest march. As we neared the pole, excitement and jubilation rose among us. We had but fifty miles to go; there had not yet been any serious hitch. The far north had shown us whatever favors it had to show. We vied in health with our dogs. And then—whether it came from Billy Smith's furs, bought during the winter from an Eskimo, or from where it came from, I do not know—there leapt among us a germ of smallpox. I only know that the disease broke out with awful savageness, that we went into permanent camp at the very gates of the pole, and began to die. Billy Smith was the first to go. Captain Dane knelt beside him for seven hours, exhorting him to stay and do his duty. But the flesh was weak with the sickness, and weepingly suffered the spirit to depart. Captain Dane's face was furrowed with ice where the tears had run down.

III

CAPTAIN DANE looked me steadily in the eyes across a new-made grave.

"Where are my brave, patient men?" said he.

"They have gone," I said, bitterly, "all gone. But God knows I tried to save them."

"At work they were lions," said he, "in obedience, lambs. Not one of them cursed me. Think of that, all you who deride the splendor of the human soul. They came to the gates of the pole, like sheep to the slaughter. I brought them. They said I was their father, and they came with me—Americans, Englishmen, Germans—they all came with me; and they died without cursing —all the nations."

It was horrible to hear the man rave on, his eyes bright with fever, his face set like a stone.

"You must lie down, Captain, and rest," I said.

"Will the fever go out of me if I lie down and rest?" said he. "My God, no! Do you think that with my mortal sickness on me, and the pole just over there, that I'm going to lie down and rest? I watched them all die. When they were taken sick I made them lie down. But there wasn't one of them but would have marched and fought one day more if I'd told him to. When I lie down to rest, the pole shall be under me."



"As for me, I simply sat down and watched him"

I pleaded with him to lie down, to husband his strength, to fight with the fever. I swore to him that I would bring him through. He laughed in my face. And what could I do? He was stronger than five of me, and mad, to boot.

"Go back to *The Needle*," he said, and tell them that I went forward alone, and discovered the pole. Will you go back, or won't you?"

I do not wish to make myself out a hero. If wishing could have taken me back to *The Needle*, or thousands of miles beyond, back I would have gone. But to make that long journey alone, to drive dogs, in which I had no skill, or even to find the way, I knew to be impossible. For me there was nothing but death—death to go back, death to stay. I preferred, not cheerfully, but still decidedly, and all things considered, to take my quietus in the immediate vicinity of the pole.

"I won't go back," I said. 'Let's find this —— —— pole, and have done with it."

"Man talk that," said Captain Dane. "It's this way, Johnny, if we give in here, these men's lives will have been wantonly sacrificed. But if we can reach the pole, and die there, then *they* won't have died in vain."

"Who's to know?" said I.

"The cold," said he, "will preserve our bodies immaculately. Some day they will be found at the pole, with the record of our journey, and our names, and the names of those who died for us. Let's along, boy."

Then began a horrible nightmare that lasted seven days. Captain Dane, all broken out with the smallpox, and delirious with fever, trudged over the plain, laughing, shouting, moaning. Wild words poured from his deluded brain, and yet the idea that he must and would go forward, and his senses for direction and finding the line, by observations or calculating and the deviation of the needle from the true pole to the magnetic, never once forsook him. I think that all that was mortal of him died before we reached the end of our journey, and was dragged forward by his immortal soul.

We struck at length into a region that bore marks of terrific winds. For in many places the black bed-rock was naked and bare of ice or snow. As we progressed, the expanses of smooth, naked rock prevailed more and more in the scrape, until, on the morning of the eighth day, all traces of ice and snow vanished. Here I first began to be sensible of a difficulty, not altogether the result of fatigued muscles, in lifting my feet, which increased from hour to hour. Each of us carried a compass, and I noticed that the needle in mine was beginning to act in a queer, uncertain manner—like a hound that finds a trail, steadies to it a moment, and then loses it. Obviously, we were about to arrive. If I took any mental interest in the fact, it was a feeling of disappointment.

Some point ahead of that black rocky plain over which we were plodding, with feet that seemed to stick like plasters to the rock, was the great goal of explorers. There was nothing to mark it. It might be on a rise or in a depression. Measurements alone could mark it for us. There would be nothing to give one single moment of antemortem excitement to the eye. I was wrong.

We climbed painfully up a little ridge of rock, perhaps a dozen feet high. On the further slope lay seven corpses wrapped in fur.

"Here we are, Johnny," said Captain Dane suddenly. There was a complete sanity in his voice. And he fell to examining the corpses. As for me, I simply sat down and watched him. I was terribly tired, and did not want to die.

"My God!" cried the Captain, "here's an old-timer. He drew a slip of sheepskin from the dead man's glove. "I don't make out the name," he went on; "but there's a date—August 9, 1798. This man discovered the pole, Johnny; take off your hat. And the others came after. Where's the last—here's the last—'98—1898. That was the year Jamie graduated. I belong next to him. Here goes."

Captain Dane laid himself down by the side of that last comer with a sigh, like that of a tired little child gathered into its mother's arms, and when I got to him he was dead.

I had, I think, no feeling of sorrow, or loneliness; I felt neither thirst nor hunger. I sat suddenly among the discoverers, and nodded my head. I sat for hours nodding my head. It nodded of its own accord, like the heads of those Chinese toys you buy on Twenty-third Street. Then a shadow covered me, and it stopped nodding. I sprang to my feet, wildly alert, and looked upward.

Twenty feet above and slowly descending was a balloon; over the edge of the car peered a face, a tiny, brown, man-monkey sort of face. A little fur paw shot up to the face, salute fashion, and a shrill voice called:

"*Salut!*"

The balloon came to earth, and a little Frenchman hopped out (for all his great bundle of furs he actually hopped).

"Is your party all asleep?" said he (this time in French-English).

"No," said I, "all these are dead. They are men who have discovered the pole at different times, and died, and with each the news of his discovery. I was this man's doctor—Captain Dane. He died of—"

A horrible fear seized me that if I said smallpox the Frenchman would desert me. But he uncovered the Captain's face and saw for himself.

"Smallpox," said he. "That is ghastly—what?"

He hopped into the car of his balloon and hopped out with a kodak between his fur paws. He focused the thing on the dead man, made ready to press the button, and suddenly desisted.

"Not nice," he said, "to kodak those brave, dead fellows. Well, it is all very disappointing. Let us be off."

"You will take me?" I said.

"My God! of course," said he.

The little man bowed gravely and stood aside with many polite gestures while I climbed painfully into the car. He followed me with a single hop—like a flea.

"All my ingenuity go for nothing," said he; "all the cold and wind I have swallowed go for nothing. We come too late, the little balloon and I. . . ."

He turned a tiny lever, the balloon began to tug at its braces, and presently to rise.

"Higher up," said the little Frenchman, "is more wind. Once up there we shall leave in a great hurry. . . . Farewell the dead heroes. . . ."

I heard no more. When I came to, we had left the pole a thousand miles behind and were scudding southward.

THE OTHER AMERICANS

By ARTHUR RUHL

This is the third of a series of articles dealing with the human side of our South American neighbors. The first, published in Collier's for November 3, treated of Caracas. The next will describe the Oroya Railroad, the highest in the world

SAILING out into the Pacific from Panama, the Isthmus lies behind, so low and narrow, and understandable, that as you watch the jagged backbone of the continent disappear into the mists on either horizon, toward Honduras and Colombia, it seems almost as though you were looking at a relief map, and that if you should climb to the top of the mast, for instance, you could view both continents from Alaska down to the Horn. This is the beginning of the real South America. And after the third day out, when the ship crosses the Line, the rest of the world seems very far away. One is aware of stepping into new pastures as soon as one boards the steamship at La Boca.

In the North Atlantic, at least, there is nothing quite like these quaint arks that meander down the long highway from Panama to Valparaiso. Large as our smaller ocean steamships, but with an extraordinary amount of deck space, and the staterooms all on deck, they carry everything from mail to fresh lettuce and perform the functions of a houseboat, freight steamer, village gossip, and market gardener. Your beefsteak of to-morrow stands on the hoof gazing up at you from the hatchway below, and on the upper deck, beside the shuffleboard, barnyard fowls housed in a doubledecker coop blink reproachfully through the slats. The captain is likely to be a British "coaster," the officers English or Chilean, and the stewards Chilean *rotos*, who look as though they would be charmed to stick a knife through one's ribs for half a bottle of *pisco*. There are no tourists in the North Atlantic sense of the word, and the inhabitants of the ship, practically all of whom speak Spanish and stumble along at least in one or two other languages, are German, Yankee, and North-of-England drummers, engineers bound for railroads and mines; now and then some little swarthy army officer, or a native merchant traveling with his wife, pallid in her rice powder, awed and quite frightened to death when she goes into the ship's cabin with all its strange men.

It is this part of the ocean, between the Isthmus and Peru, which suggested to the old Spaniards the name Pacific. It is like a millpond. And these strange galleons, with their chicken coops and unhappy steers and unbranded inhabitants, mosey along through the heat-shimmer as though there were no such thing as hurry in the world. An engaging laxity pervades one's ship. It was always a mystery to me just how ours was navigated. There was a "game on" in the captain's room continuously, and no matter at what hour one awoke at night one always seemed to catch the chink of chips coming down through the ventilator from the bridge. The other officers invariably left table before the meal was finished so that they could appropriate the deck golf implements and keep them until the next gong rang. We rarely, big as we were, did more than eight knots, and whenever it was found difficult to make our next port before sunset we would slow down and come in the next morning. It is a trifle over three thousand miles from Panama down the coast to Valparaiso, and the journey ought to be made in ten or twelve days. It now takes—although the Peruvians are organizing a faster line—anywhere from three weeks to a month. It is about fifteen hundred miles from Panama to Callao, and our journey, with stops at Guayaquil and little ports along the coast, consumed a fortnight.



A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN TOWN IN ONE OF THE TRANSVERSE VALLEYS OF THE PERUVIAN ANDES

Slow as they go, express boats cut across the Gulf from Panama to Guayaquil, and all that one sees of Ecuador is the tropical banks of the Guayas River and the walls of Guayaquil. There is always fever here. There were twenty-one cases the day we touched, according to "El Grito del Pueblo," and if "The Yell of the People" admitted that many, so the old hands opined, there must be at least fifty in the town. We contented ourselves with surveying it from afar, in which way it is very pretty, and listening to tales about all the good men who had "snuffed" it there. There are some sixty thousand people in Guayaquil, and the town is the one doorway from this almost forgotten country to the outside world. About one-third of the chocolate which the big world uses comes through Guayaquil, and like Colombia Ecuador has plenty of rubber and vegetable ivory and things in the valleys and *montaña* land of the interior. But it is as yet the least finished of the South American republics, and in spite of such interesting places as ancient Quito, where the unhappy Inca, Atahualpa, used to eat off gold plates, and where to-day you will find plenty of agreeable and quite modern people, the population of the country is only about 1.5 to the square mile, and what with Indians and *mestizos*, less than one person out of every ten is white.

When the ship sweeps down the Guayas River on the swift Pacific tide and passes the town of Tumbez—where that gifted ruffian, Pizarro, landed four hundred years ago to conquer an empire with one hundred and eighty men—green shores are left behind. For nearly two thousand miles southward, until close to Valparaiso, the coast line is as bare as a desert of Arizona. On this western slope of the Andes there is no rain. It is always in sight from the steamer, unless veiled by mists—bare, tawny, with the ramparts of the Andes shouldering up and up, level above level, pale and amethystine, to the white snow-line. Along the foot of this rampart, pasted, so to speak, on sand-flats or tacked into the hillside, are little towns, each walled away from the other, each the gateway to the steamy interior, or to a fertile valley made by the melting snows, and set in the midst of a wilderness of bare rock, like a green tape tacked on yellow carpet. All the Peruvian coast is situated much as Boston and New York and Philadelphia would be if the Rocky Mountains rose up from their suburbs and walled them away from the rest of the country. You may leave Callao, for instance, at breakfast time, and, riding on an ordinary railroad over which freight trains pass daily, emerge from the car early in the afternoon, breathless and shaky, in the frigid air of Galera Pass one thousand feet higher than Pikes Peak. Sometimes a little arm of narrow-gage railway reaches over behind the mountains for the green things of the other slope, and the sugar and cotton, but there are no

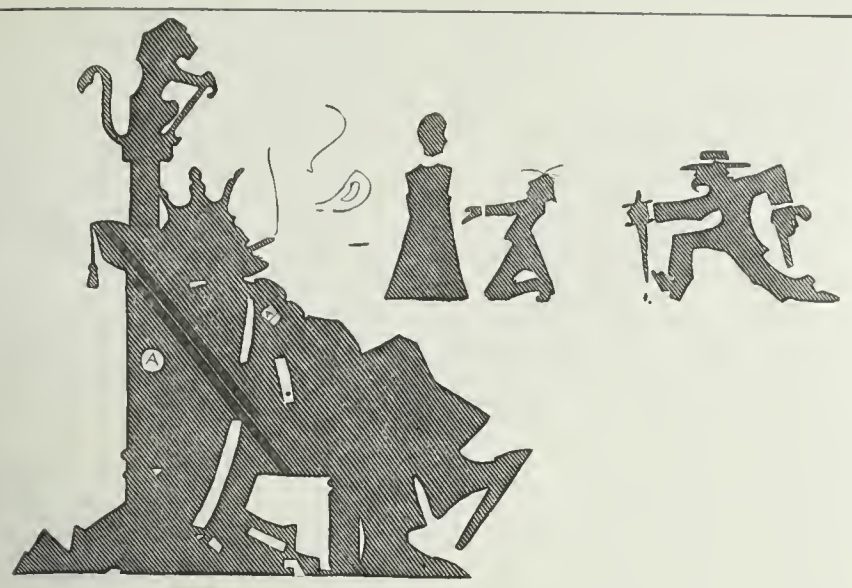
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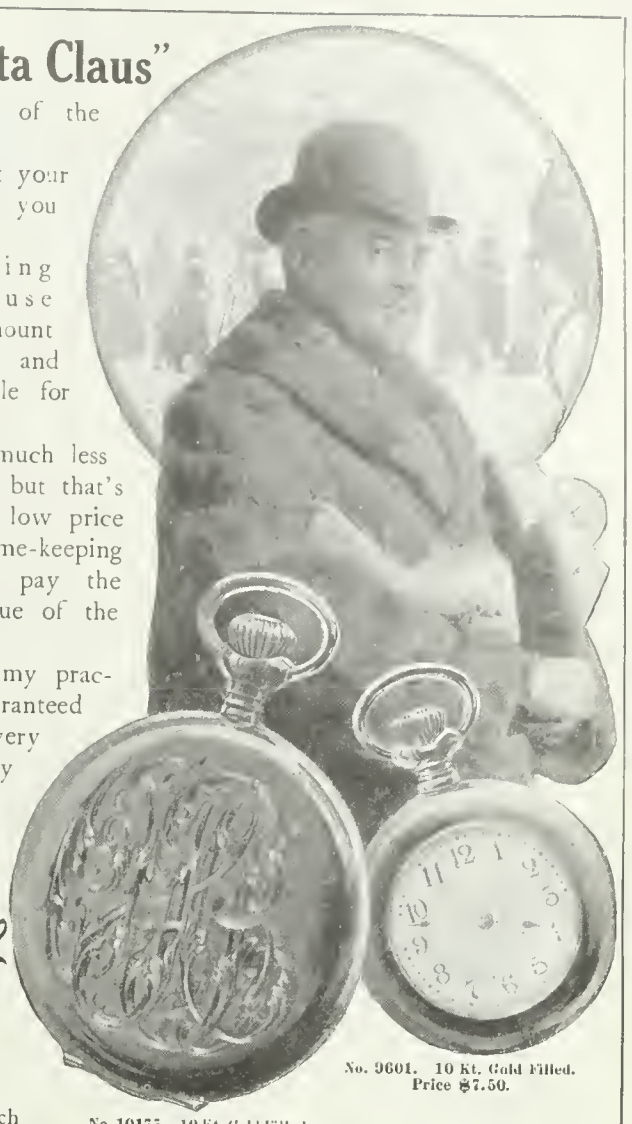
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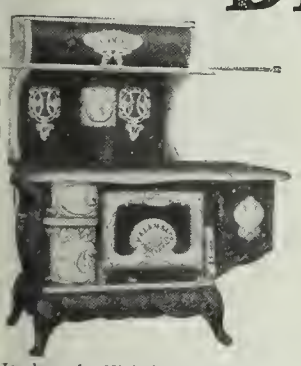
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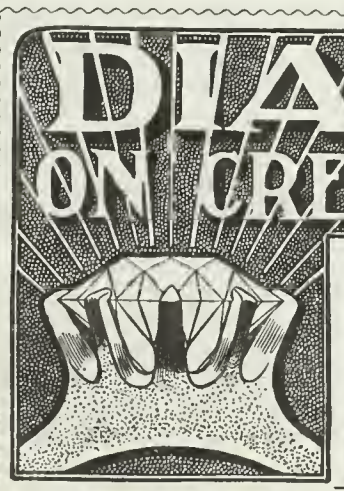


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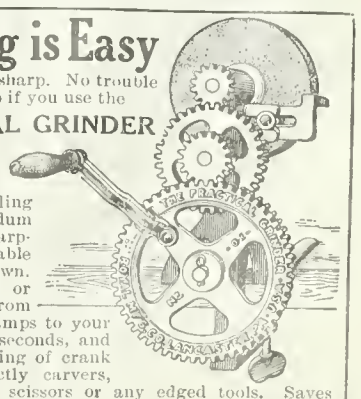
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"Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World."

Special Xmas Offering
Mexican and Indian Handicraft

We are the world's largest retailers of genuine Mexican and Indian Handicraft. We buy direct from native workers and sell direct to you, saving half regular retail prices. We warrant all we sell and guarantee satisfaction—money back if desired. Read carefully these special Xmas Offerings.



Hand-woven Indian Basket 25c

Hand-woven by Indians in Mexico from strong palm fibre. Uniquely colored, durable, useful, ornamental. 8 in. high; fine for den, sewing-room, etc. Warranted genuine. Retails for $1.00, but we will send, prepaid, for 25c (2 for 44c, different designs) as special offer.

Hand-made Silver Swastika Pin 25c

Hand-wrought from pure silver in design of the Swastika Cross, the Navajo Indian's symbol of good fortune. Genuine, artistic, popular. SPECIAL SALE PRICES as follows: ⅝-in. Stick Pin, 25c; ¾-in. Charms, 25c; 9-16 in. Brooch Pin, 40c; Rings, any size, 35c; Fine Fob of 4¾-in. Crosses, $2.00; 5-in. Swastika Tea Spoon, $1.25.



Indian Bow and 2 Arrows 60c

Genuine—made by Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Bow about 32 inches long, prettily figured in Indian design in colors; sinew thong. Arrows feather tipped and metal pointed. Unique and excellent value. Fine for den or library. Regular $1.00 value; special holiday price 60c., charges prepaid. Other genuine Indian handicraft: War clubs, 75c.; dance rattles, 75c.; good fortune gods, pottery, 6 inches high, 75c., all prepaid.





Free Canoe Pin with $1.00 orders

Our beautiful 80-page Art Catalogue of Mexican Drawnwork, Indian Blankets, etc., sent **free** with orders or alone 4 cents.

Orders filled same day received—no delay. Order to-day—satisfaction guaranteed.

The Francis E. Lester Co., Dept. C12, Mesilla Park, N. Mex.
Largest Retailers Genuine Indian and Mexican Handicraft in the World.

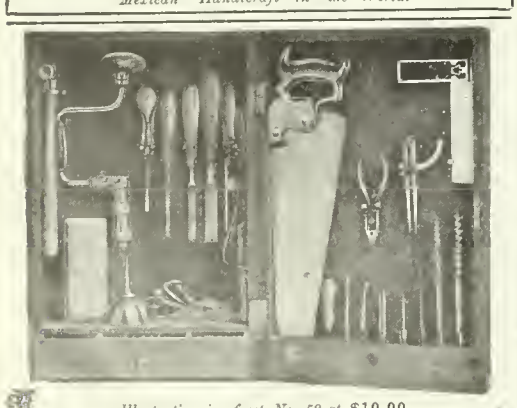


Illustration is of set No. 52 at $10.00

For Christmas

Handsome polished oak, brass trimmed wall cabinets containing an assortment of the best quality, standard size carpenter's tools. The most practical and useful Christmas Gift for man or boy.

No. 47, 21 Tools	$ 7.50	No 53, 36 Tools	$15.00
" 52, 24 "	10.00	" 54, 40 "	20.00

ASK FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR NO. 2055

We issue many special catalogs, among which are the following:

No. 2112 Wood-Carvers' Tools
No. 2113 Venetian Iron and Tools
No. 2056 "Tourist-Autokit"

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER & CO.
Hardware Tools, Supplies and Piano Materials
New York, Since 1848, 4th Ave. and 13th St.

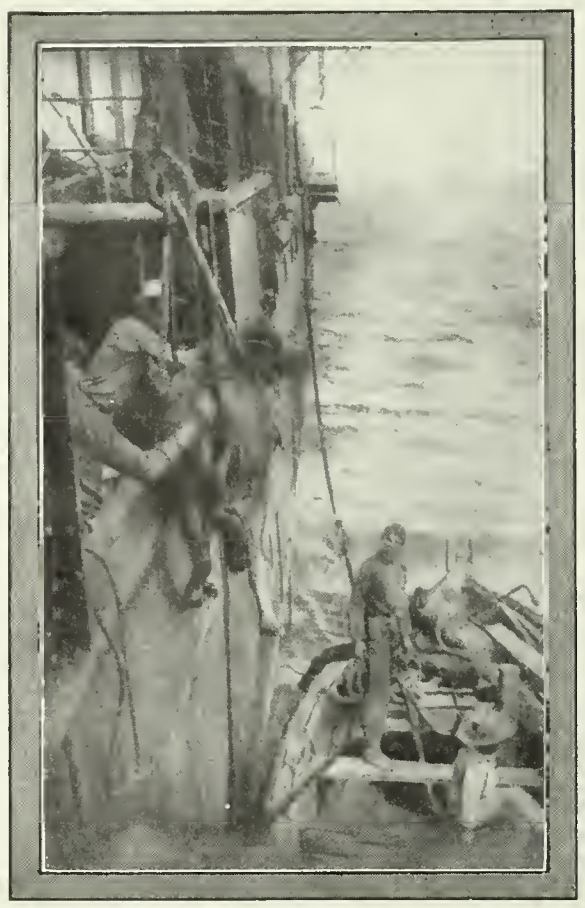
IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 22)

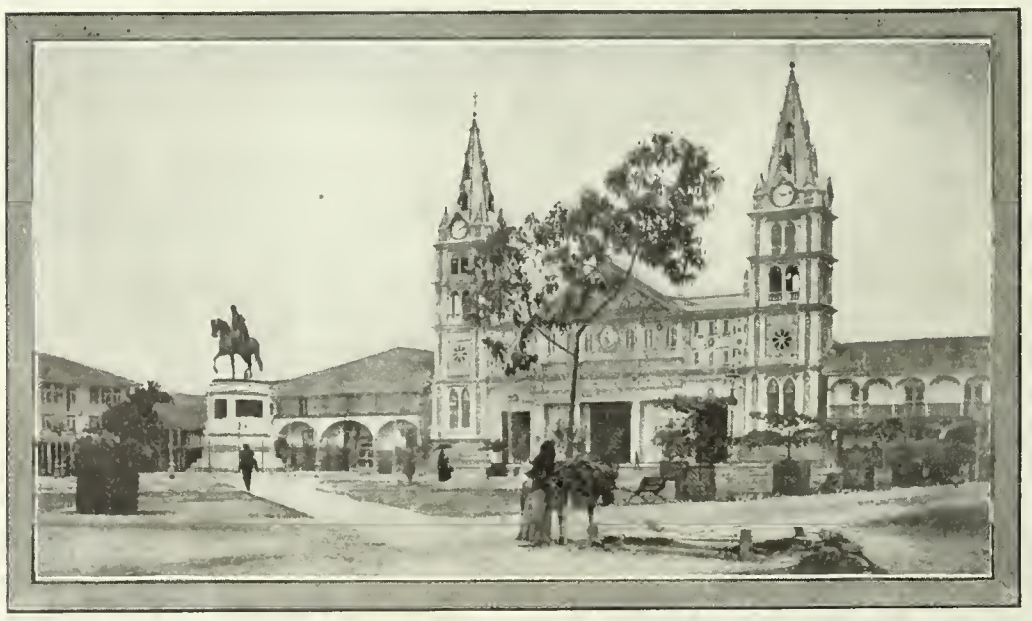
connections north and south. That is what people mean when they talk about a Pan-American road. And so it means a good deal when a ship comes in.

Down past these shore towns—Paita, Pacasmayo, Salaverry, and the rest—our lazy galleon dozed in the warm sunshine. Sometimes there were a dozen lighters full of freight to give or take; sometimes a few score casks of rum and one lone passenger carrying his bed with him would delay us half a day. Sometimes we swung at anchor for hours while the Peruvian doctors with sheaves of thermometers took the temperature of every one aboard, and, mustering the passengers in the music-room and the crew aft, felt everybody's pulse. Except at Callao, there is scarcely a harbor on the Pacific north of Valparaiso, and at all these little ports along the Colombian and Peruvian coast ships anchor half a mile or so off shore and handle their freight in lighters. Away off here, these boxes and bales and casks—with their "Kilo 68—Bordeaux—South Milwaukee—Hamburg—Fragiles—Via Panama—Chicago"—become almost flesh and blood. We would lean on the rail while they came thumping up out of the hold, swung overside with the warning "*A-ba-jo!*"—watching by the hour, just as one might sit at a café table and watch the people go by. International trade became something intimate, human, and touchable. There were no exports or imports; there were Panama hats and sewing machines and milling machinery and fresh chocolate and cotton cloth and pineapples. A sheaf of polo mallets bound for Quito went off with the rest at Guayaquil. Every sling-load had its new whisper. The fascination of barter seized everybody. We all became Phenicians. Before the anchor chains were taut, shore boats loaded with sweets and fresh fruits—"pines" and *chermoyas* and "Panama" hats, and candy made of the raw cane sugar and wrapped in banana leaves—were bobbing all round us. Five minutes after the gangway was let down the ship was a floating bazaar. Below, steerage and stokers were buying fruit and *dulces*, and the flat cakes of unleavened, piecrusty bread which the native women of the west coast countries are forever offering you. Along the deck they were bargaining over everything from "Panama" hats, as fine as cloth almost, to unsmokable cigars, and romances which would have turned the hair of Mr. Anthony Comstock white in a night. Each place had its characteristic product. Thus Pisco gives its name to a white brandy much affected all along the coast; other places had their fruits or the curious sugary native chocolate. Guayaquil and Paita are the places for Panama hats.



Hoisting aboard "the beefsteak of to-morrow"

Buying a hat on one of these boats is an elaborate game. One strolls along the deck, languidly, until, passing a group of fellow passengers, each shouting at the vender in ferocious pidgin-Spanish, the hat man catches one's eye and, observing that one is a person of taste, selects a superior specimen from the bottom of his box. How much? *Setenta, señor. What?* Heaven and earth! *Hombre!* And one strolls on down the deck and looks over the rail, more languid than ever, at the far-off lavender mountains. And yet in the most natural way, half an hour later, he runs across you. Promptly out comes a hat, your hat. He always remembers, no matter what you call him, treasures not the slightest ill-will. Mw*ee* f*ee*no, *señor!* And only thirty-five—just cut in half. One is not insulting now, only tired and sad. Hei-i-gh-ho! How hot the day is! What—a hat? No—no—too much—too much. And again you stroll away. Several times this is repeated. At last the great bell aft begins its warning clangor. The winch-engines draw up their chains, the lighters cast off. The prosperous-looking Indian dames—very fine with their black hair oiled and combed tightly back, their freshly laundered calico dresses trailing the deck—descend the gangway, baskets empty, *dulces* and *chermoyas* all sold. Their boats, affectionately named—*Los Tres Hermanos*—*La Rosa Maria*—*La juven Victoria*—sweep up on the shoulder of the swell and their husbands or sons swing them, laughing, into the stern. Breathless appears the hat man. *Señor! Señor!* The hat—here it is—only twenty now. Twenty? I'll give you fifteen. The hat man looks as though life were no longer worth living. Still—O well—*bueno!* Here it is. This? No, this isn't the hat we were talking about—this coarse-grained straw, cleverly enough powdered with sulphur, but wretched at that. Ah! *Señor* is right. So it isn't. *Here* is the hat—no? Good—*Adiós!* Pleasant voyage, *señor!* Up rattles the gangway, the lightermen yell jokes at the stevedores, the smiling native women, their stiff calico waists slipping off their healthy brown bosoms, wave a good-by, and their little boys drop the oars and put their hands to their ears as the big boat whistles and turns seaward to leave them again in their isolation.



The Cathedral plaza and Bolivar statue at Guayaquil



Carpet Sweeper
An Ideal Christmas Gift

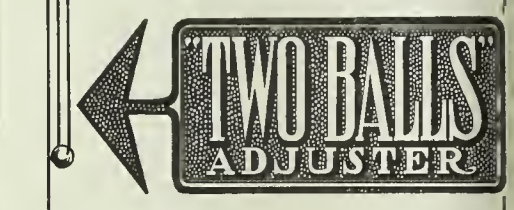
If you are in doubt what to buy for mother, wife, sister or friend, remember that Bissell's "Cyco" Bearing Sweeper never fails to please, and it is a constant reminder of the giver for ten years. It reduces the labor about 95%, confines all the dust, brightens and preserves the carpets and will outlast forty brooms. Prices: $2.50, $3.00, $3.25, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00, $5.50.

A Free Christmas Gift Buy a Bissell between now and Jan. 1st, 1907, from any dealer, send us the purchase slip and receive free a good quality morocco leather card case, without any printing on it. Something any lady or gentleman would appreciate.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Dept. U, Grand Rapids, Mich.
(Largest and only exclusive manufacturers of carpet sweepers in the world.)

Your Light Bills

You can cut them down—and you can get more actual available illumination at the same time—by equipping your drop lights with "Two Balls" Adjusters. They effect a positive increase in efficiency wherever installed in office, shop, store or factory. The





Makes every drop light practically a portable—gives instant automatic adjustment anywhere between ceiling and floor. Sold and installed by electricians and supply houses throughout the country. Address for descriptive literature,

THE VOTE-BERGER COMPANY
Dept. 15, La Crosse, Wis.
Also makers of First-Award Telephones, Switchboards and Equipment for every class of service.

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OFFERED BY THE MAKERS OF THE

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The Sled that Steers

The swiftest, safest, strongest sled ever invented. The fastest sled for boys. The only sled girls can properly control. Steering without dragging the feet lets it go full speed—saves its cost in shoes the first season—prevents wet feet, colds, and doctors' bills. Made of second growth white ash and steel—built to last. We want your father, mother and friends to understand all about this sled so we offer this money for doing some easy errands. Write to us and say "I want to enter for the prizes" sign your name and address. We will tell you what to do.



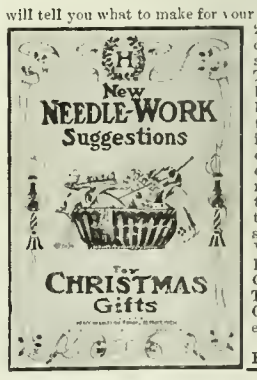
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THE BURROWS BROTHERS CO., Cleveland, O., Dept. B

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

BLADE ECONOMY

With every razor 24 of the best blades ever made. The number increases to 45, by our exchange plan, at no extra cost

Exact size of the Two Minute Safety Razor



Only two parts—the frame and the blade

PERFECT
In design and action

That is the only accurate description of the immensely popular

TWO MINUTE SAFETY RAZOR

Will shave any beard.
Costs less for sharp blades.
No exposed blade corners to cut and slash the face.
Best safety razor blades made.

Simplest in Construction.
Easiest cleaned and kept clean.
Cutting edge as strong as that of the thickest razor blade.
Gives perfect shaves always.

Cheapest Safety Razor to own, because of our liberal blade exchange plan which yields 45 keen blades for 50 cents

Figures That Do Not Lie

The Plain Truth about the Blade Economy of The TWO MINUTE SAFETY RAZOR

With every Two Minute Razor are sent . . **24 Sharp Blades**
Use them until dull and exchange for . . . **12 Sharp Blades**
Use those 12 until dull and exchange for . . **6 Sharp Blades**
Use those 6 until dull and exchange for . . **3 Sharp Blades**
Which really gives every buyer of a Two Minute Razor . . . . **45 Sharp Blades**

That is blades enough to furnish the finest shaves for more than a year—perhaps for two years, or longer. The next two dozen will cost but 50 cents and can be exchanged in the same way until they have increased to 45.

No other Safety Razor manufacturer Exchanges Blades. And there are no better blades made. Most others are not half so good.

The buyer of the TWO MINUTE SAFETY RAZOR gets more for his money than the buyer of any other safety razor.

The Two Minute Challenge

We do not believe that there is a beard that is too hard, too wirey, too tough, or too anything for the TWO MINUTE SAFETY RAZOR to shave easily, comfortably and without pulling or hurting,

If Properly Used

We will therefore pay the sum of $100 and all railroad expenses to Adrian, Mich., and return, from any point in the United States or Canada to the person who brings such a beard to our factory.

Frank A. Freeman, Treasurer of the Pioneer Suspender Company, of Philadelphia, bought a Two Minute Safety Razor April 24, 1906. Under date of July 17, 1906, he writes:

"The Two Minute Razor and blades are simply perfection. I have used the razor daily from the time you delivered it to me and am only on my fourth blade. I find that a blade will last me easily a month. It gives me a nice, smooth, clean shave without pulling or tearing. It is a 'bully' little thing, and you are entitled to credit for making it. I hope you are selling them freely."

Designed and built for the use of men with beards. Does perfectly, the work that the so-called safety razors fail to do. IS A SAFETY RAZOR. Will shave any beard the best barber's razor will shave. Has no faults and no weak points. We have no time to build and send out razors that will not do all we claim for them.

Every objection to all other safety razors is overcome by the construction and action of the Two Minute Safety Razor and the superiority of its 24 superb blades.

Price of Razor Complete, in Fine Leather Case
$5.00 Postpaid

We sell with the positive guarantee that this razor will furnish smooth, (or close if desired) perfectly comfortable shaves, at next to no cost, if properly used. Purchase price promptly refunded if it does not.

Read carefully our challenge offer above and write for literature and detailed information about this, the only perfect Safety Razor.

United States Safety Razor Co.

Shop Office 45—Adrian, Mich., U. S. A.

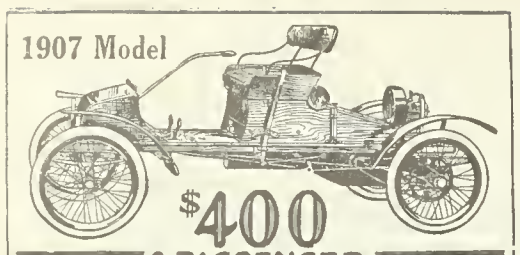
NOTE—*The TWO MINUTE SAFETY RAZOR is not sold in stores anywhere*



The Two Minute Razor with its 24 keen Sheffield blades comes to you in a neat, plush-lined leather case

The guards formed by the lid at the blade corners make the Two Minute a perfectly safe Safety Razor

1907 Model



$400

2 PASSENGER RUNABOUT

World's Champion Motor Car for efficiency and endurance—simplest, smartest and lowest in price—4 H. P. Air Cooled. Speed 4 to 25 miles—an ideal car for all round road work. Catalogue free.

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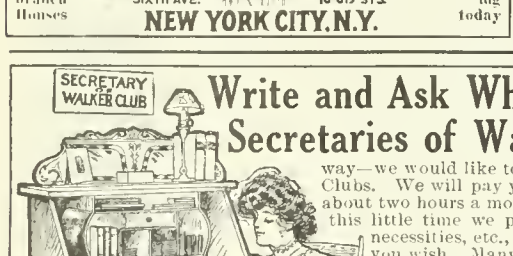
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DOES THE WORK OF THREE TEAMS

The ever ready Parcel and Delivery car for city and country. Indispensable to General Stores, Grocers, Florists, Laundries, Bakers, Dairies, Fruit and Produce Farms. Reliable on any kind of road—asphalt, cobbles, sand, mud. Combines strength in frame, springs and gearing. Speed 4 to 18 miles an hour on ordinary roads.

Active agents desired in unassigned territory. Write for discounts and agency terms.

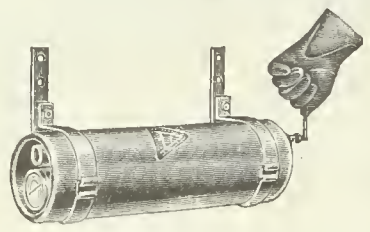
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We guarantee a tank recharged a hundred times to be just as efficient as a new one. Full information free for the asking.

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CHRISTMAS PRESENT



ORDER AT ONCE
We cannot supply more after these are sold

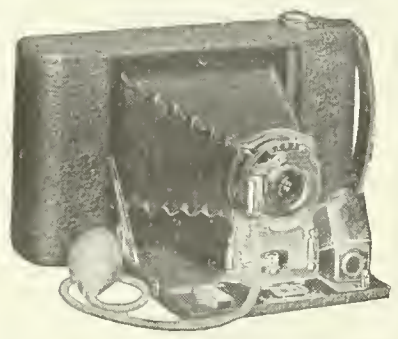
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No. 61x36. Girls' Combination set, consisting of large stylish flat collar, and the latest new shaped muff. This exquisite set is made from the finest quality of white Angora fur, and curly lamb's wool, which is recommended, not only for its rich luxurious appearance, but also for its durable, wearing qualities. The set is exactly as illustrated. Collar lined throughout with heavy, white satin, and the muff is finished with a cord. It is suitable for a girl up to ten years of age. Nothing could be more appropriate, more acceptable for a Christmas present, than this beautiful set, which is shipped by us in a neat pasteboard box. It is positively the greatest value ever offered in a child's fur set; white only.
PRICE $1.00

Send to New York only. We have no branch Houses

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They show the master touch of experience, and attention to minute detail—they appeal to those who know. Every adjustment simplified to the last degree—every lens tested.

They use either Blair, or the Eastman N. C. Daylight Loading Film.

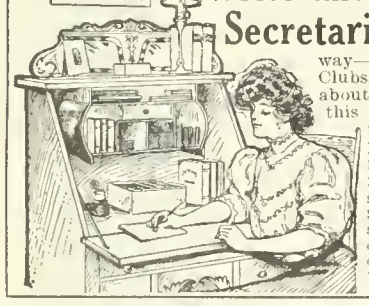
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Write and Ask What We Pay Secretaries of Walker Clubs



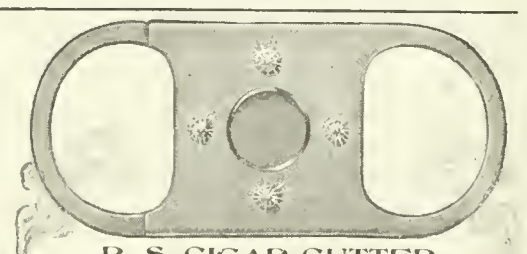
If you have a little spare time each month that you could devote to a pleasant profitable work—work that brings you in contact with friends and neighbors in a congenial way—we would like to have you consider our Secretary Proposition for Walker Clubs. We will pay you handsomely for your trouble. On an average it takes about two hours a month for ten months to handle a Walker Club of ten, yet for this little time we pay you in furniture, wearing apparel, jewelry, household necessities, etc., to the value of $25.00. You can handle as many Clubs as you wish. Many of our Secretaries handle from 10 to 30 Clubs at one time, making a handsome revenue for their work. We permit our Secretaries to make such liberal offers to club members that practically every woman they speak to wants to be a member at once. Don't delay writing for our Club Secretaryship Proposition. We will send you our handsome catalog and other printed matter and explain our offer fully. Do it now—write today. We are responsible—have a capital of $5,000,000 and 15 acres of factories. Any Bank or Commercial House will tell you about our responsibility. Write today and everything will be sent you by return mail.

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Also many choice designs with diamonds, $40 to $100
Sterling Silver, Plain, $1.00
Beautifully Engraved, $1.50
Ask your jeweller, or we will send you whatever kind you wish direct on receipt of price.
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PETTYJOHN MACHINE

the standard, simple, cheap, thoroughly practical. Sand, water, Portland cement, only materials required. Buildings, handsome, comfortable, durable. Worth careful investigation. Write us now.
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We can teach you **by mail** to stuff and mount all kinds of **Birds, Animals, Game Heads**, etc. Also to **tan skins and make rugs**. Decorate your home with your own beautiful trophies. Or increase your income selling specimens and mounting for others. Easily, quickly learned in spare time, by men and women. Highest endorsements. **Write today** for free catalogue and free sample copy of the beautiful Taxidermy Magazine—Free. The N. W. School of Taxidermy, Inc., 5 H St., Omaha, Neb.

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Our big Poultry book tells how to make it. How to breed, feed and market for best results. 100 illustrations. Describes largest pure bred poultry farm in the world. **Tells how to start small and grow big** All about our 30 leading varieties. Quotes lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed for 10c in postage.
F. FOY, BOX 24, DES MOINES, IOWA

FOUND IN THE INCUBATOR

BY WALLACE IRWIN



"The celebrated foreign liberal, M. Maxim Snorky"

II—PARLOR SOCIALISM

Showing how Miss van Bondholder formed a Drawing-room proletariat for the purpose of elevating the upper classes, how she preached equality from a red automobile and did charity work on the East Side (of The Park)

IT is not difficult for a fine-nerved, high-spirited young woman, a damsel reared to domestic comforts and imported luxuries, to pause between a French milliner and a Swedish masseuse to discover that she has joined Mr. Brisbane's ranks of the Socially Discontented. Supposing her millions have been, temporarily, outglamoured by the radiance of some rival débutante; how then can she gain centre-stage more quickly than by arraying herself with the Liberals and waving, for a time, the red cotillion favor of Free Thought? A few weeks spent in Progress and Humanity and all that sort of thing will give a girl a great deal more self-importance than as many years of dancing.

Parlor Socialism is like parlor-football, carpet-knighthood, table-tennis, a harmless, unnecessary game which faintly resembles the real thing and can be played in evening dress without danger of bruises, boisterous behavior, or undue contact with one's social inferiors. True, an eccentric celebrity or two must be called in from the outside; but they may be regarded as entertainers, much as one would regard a palmist or a vaudeville performer employed for the occasion.



How he got in no one knows

During the wintry weeks last spring Miss Marseppa van Bondholder found herself uttering an indignant protest against the Existing Order of Things. Most of the girls of her age in her set had become either married or engaged during the past season; but Miss Marseppa had been left in maiden meditation, still unclaimed. She had been outdanced, outdressed, outspent, and outbridged during those disastrous months. And when her father, the elderly, commercial-rated Van Bondholder, spoke of her extravagance as "frenzied finance" and refused to raise her allowance, Marseppa flew weeping to her room and there found her Ideal. For her the House of Mirth rang with hollow laughter. She would enter a nunnery—no, she would become a Parlor Socialist! For several years she had been interested in settlement work on the East Side (of Central Park), so her friends would not censure her, she felt, if the doors of the Van Bondholder palace were thrown open on Wednesday evenings to invited guests of the Looking Forward Club.

It was only a matter of a half-hour to call to her side her trusted henchmen, Freddie Loafington and Bertie Paperweight, of New York's most exclusive Socialists. With Miss van Bondholder they formed themselves into a committee of three to decide on the details of the first meeting. Decorations, refreshments, invitations were passed on, after some debate. It was at first suggested that the meeting should be called to order in the magnificent Venetian room; but the red room was at last decided on, as its coloring would be more complimentary to the cause of Free Thought.

Promptly at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening the club was called to order, a small but brilliant assemblage. Members and guests occupied chairs facing the rostrum; society reporters and photographers were grouped just outside the door. The red room was decorated with American beauty roses. Miss van Bondholder wore a Neva peasant's costume garnished with rubies, to harmonize with the decorations. Her hair was done becomingly in Marcel-aise waves. Bertie Paperweight, always notable for his bold costuming, enlivened his conventional evening toilet with a flowing necktie of scarlet satin. Servants, disguised as muzhiks, passed Russian cigarettes and vodka at intervals during the performance. The elder Van Bondholder, who, during business hours, plays the stock-market like a tin whistle, sat near the door, modestly withdrawn under the shade of a sheltering palm.

"Comrades," began Miss van Bondholder in a voice quivering with emotion as she extended yearningly her pale-gloved arms, "Comrades, we are met together, a small but determined band, to protest against the existing order of things. Who, driving along Fifth Avenue any fine afternoon, can fail to observe between the Holland House and Metropolitan Museum that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer every day? But already the dawn of a new era is glimmering along Mulberry Bend, touching with its hopeful gleam the rag-draped fire-escapes of our downtrodden Comrades, and proclaiming the fast-growing maxim of Liberty, Fraternity, Equality! Comrades, we have with us this evening the celebrated foreign Liberal, M. Maxim Snorky."

M. Snorky, clad in smock-frock



An ordinary Street Socialist suddenly arose in their midst



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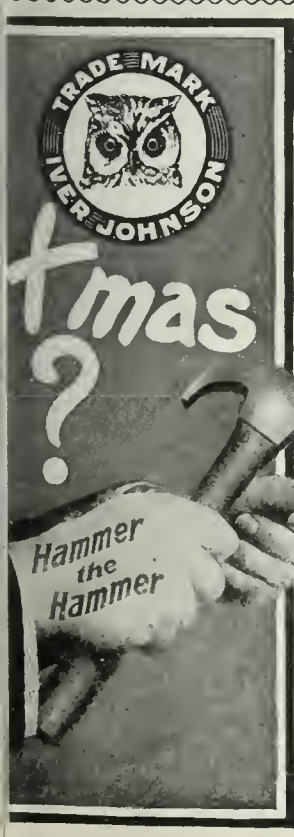
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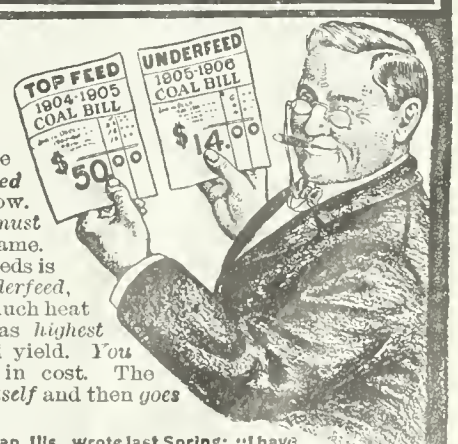
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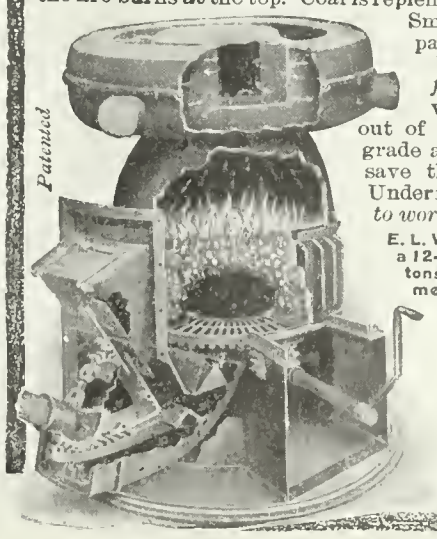
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Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut out to show how coal is forced up under fire. Our Underfeed booklet fully illustrates and describes it. We'll not only send it to you, with dozens of fac-simile letters from people who KNOW, but offer you heating plans and the services of our Engineering Department—FREE. Write to-day—giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

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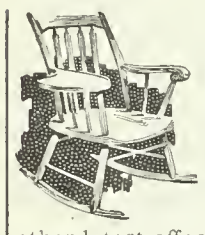
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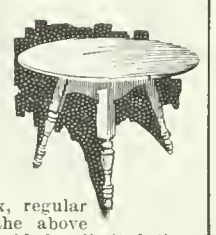
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is guaranteed to be the **most economical** gas heating stove made, and the only one that forces the heat out **along the floor** where most needed. Made of copper plated, die-pressed steel, all heavily nickeled.

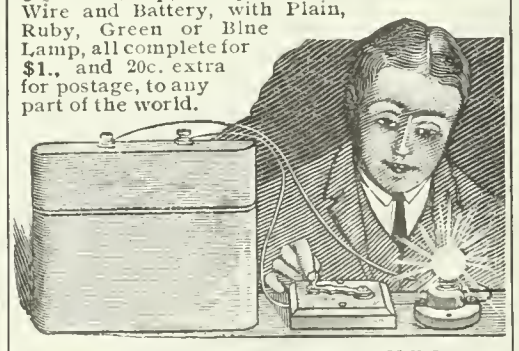
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I Pay $25 for the rare half dollars of 1853, $40 for the Stellas of 1879, $200 for the 1880. $30 for the gold dollars of 1875 and $50 for the three dollars 1875, $25 for dimes 1894 m. m. S. $1 to $250 each for the Territorial coins 1849 to 1861, and from $1 to $300 for thousands of other rare coins, stamps and paper money. Send a stamp for an illustrated circular; it may lead to wealth and independence. Address the most reliable coin dealer. 18 years at the present location.

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Parlor Socialism is like parlor football

PARLOR SOCIALISM

(Continued from page 26)

and top-boots, arose, brushing back his Slavic pompadour. "Gomratz!" he began, "I gan not yet so mooch Inglees spooch, so I vill said it in Rooshunz."

Here followed a series of vocal reports shading in violence from fire-crackers to coast artillery. He rolled his eyes and his r's, shook his first at heaven, rattled at the throat, and delivered an uninterrupted half-hour of artillery duel. Then, with a parting sneeze, he sat down abruptly.

As no one in the audience understood Russian, the speech was a great success. Freddie Loafington split his gloves with applause. Papa van Bondholder, behind his palm, smiled and went back to sleep.

The lady principal of a fashionable finishing school explained her reasons for becoming a Socialist.

"I began to realize," she said, "that the ranks of Socialism are largely recruited from mere nobodies. How noble it would be, I thought, if some persons of real importance should give themselves to the cause. So I became a Socialist. And I often think how right, how unusually right, I was in my decision. Think of the vast amount of good I have been able to do, by giving the cause the prestige of my name! For when the working classes of Europe and America tire of the struggle, I say to them: 'Working classes of Europe and America, do not despair—remember that Mrs. Marmaduke Cropper is with you in body and in spirit.'

"The young ladies of my school represent $125,000,000 of accumulated capital!"

Bertie Paperweight said in brief:

"The great advantage of Socialism, we can not deny, is the fact that it will permit the rich to share many of the advantages enjoyed by the lower classes. Under the new *régime* social favorites of the fabulous '400' need not share honors with prize-fighters on the sporting pages of yellow extras, millionaires need not answer to prying reporters who inquire into their financial methods, millions may marry millions without inciting a riot. Under the Existing State of Affairs a coal king or a beef baron can't go about in public without being buffeted and bullied. By gad, it's enough to turn a chap into a Socialist! I want to propose the following set of resolutions:

"'*Whereas*, Many Life Insurance Directors are deserving men with large families to support, and

"'*Whereas*, Life Insurance is just as much a trade as plumbing and bricklaying, be it

"'*Resolved*, That all existing dummy directors be incorporated into a union, be given union cards, and then

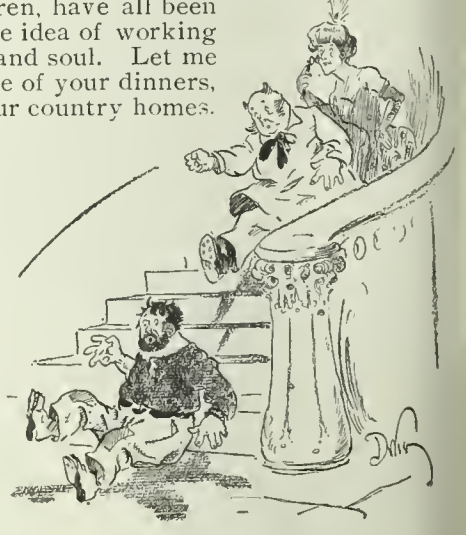
"'Let alone!'"

Scarcely were these resolutions passed than a discordant incident occurred, which, in a most disagreeable manner, closed the otherwise delightful evening. How he got in no one knows; but an ordinary Street Socialist suddenly arose in their midst and addressed the horrified members of the Looking Forward Society. He was attired in a red shirt, rusty overalls, and tan shoes, which he wore open-work at the toes. His chin was like a blacking-brush and his eyes were bright with zeal.

"Brothers," he began, "I am here to welcome you as my equals. I used to harbor ill-will against you, but such feelings have given place to sentiments of brotherly devotion. I too have tired of the existing order of things; I weary of love-feasts amid beer-hall and Bowery Socialists. They have made the mistake of starting at the bottom with the idea of working gradually upward; but you, brethren, have all been wiser. You have started at the top with the idea of working gradually downward. I am with you, body and soul. Let me come and share your club-house here, partake of your dinners, enjoy your operas, ride your yachts, visit your country homes. Hurrah for communism! Welcome, Comrades!"

The butler, disguised as a muzhik, led him away gently by the arm. The embarrassed silence which followed was only broken by the exclamations of the Street Socialist as he hit the pavement without.

Miss van Bondholder closed the meeting with a few impromptu remarks about "pauperizing the masses."



As he hit the pavement without

THE Looking Forward Club flourished expensively for some weeks, the members vying with one another in the extravagance of their entertainments. Miss van Bondholder still flaunted the red cotillion favor with the rest, even going so far as to carry her Socialism into the street. When the enormously eligible Duke of Killicrankie came over she joined him to her Parlor Socialists' Touring Club, who went every Saturday night through the East Side to see how the other half lives. But one night, as the party was coasting through Houston Street, some younger twigs of the Downtrodden Masses beheld the vivid equipage and mobbed it with tomato-cans. At Hester Street the car knocked down and maimed a push-cart pedler; the chauffeur was arrested and the Parlor Socialists went home in hired cabs, pursued by the hoots of angry aliens.

Soon afterward Miss van Bondholder's engagement to the Duke of Killicrankie was announced, and the Looking Forward Society was disbanded, its founder having gotten her social boom out of it. She compromised, however, by promising a donation of $75 to the Sunset Club, a coterie of polygamous proletariat on the East Side.

The Van Bondholder-Killicrankie wedding was such a brilliant social success that the bridal carriage was tipped over twice by the mob which surged about the church. The Duchess of Killicrankie, who is now living abroad, has withdrawn her offer of $75 to the alarmingly liberal Sunset Club. She says that she owes it to her King to be a royalist. She further suggests that America, after all, ought to become a Constitutional Monarchy.

THE NEW VISIBLE FOX TYPEWRITER

Here are the Reasons Why The Fox Typewriter is a Better Typewriter Than Any Other Typewriter Made:

It Has Perfect Visible Writing. The entire writing line is in the direct line of vision of the operator, and all the matter written remains so—does not pass out of sight under any part of the machine.

It Has an Assembling Surface for the Type Bars of 16½ inches (other visible typewriters 4½). This admits of the use of a type bar 7-16 of an inch wide—*an adjustable bar*—gives the Fox Visible the durability and permanence of alignment of the "blind" machines, a hitherto impossible thing in the construction of visible typewriters.

It Has Interchangeable Carriages. This means if you own a Fox that you do not have to buy a new typewriter when you need a *long carriage for your machine. Simply buy the carriage.* It is instantly interchangeable with the one already on the typewriter.

It Has a Tabulator. Every machine is supplied with a tabulator, which for billing, invoicing and tabulating figures is practically indispensable. It is furnished *free with each machine.*

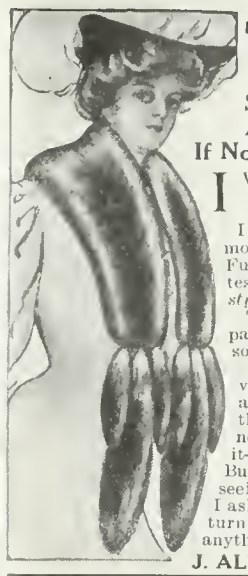
These Are Only a Few of the Special Features of The Fox, Many Others Described in Our Advertising Matter

You ought to have these features in your typewriter to secure the best and most economical results—they are all found only in THE NEW FOX VISIBLE

They place the Fox away in the lead of all competitors. Let us prove this to you in your own office. Catalogue on application.



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This Fur for a Postal Card

Simply Send Me Your Name and Address and I'll Send It to You ALL CHARGES PREPAID—Then, if You Like the Fur—Buy It. If Not, Return It. I Take ALL THE RISK.—*J. Alvin Todd, President*

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When you have thoroughly convinced yourself that my Fur would be a *rare bargain* for anyone at $4.00 and that the best dressed woman in your neighborhood would be *proud* to wear it—Then pay $1.95 and the Fur is yours. But if you are not fully convinced after seeing the Fur that it is worth *twice* what I ask, simply tell your expressman to return it to us at our expense. Don't pay *him* anything—and don't pay *us* anything, for you *won't owe anything.* I can make this kind of an offer because my bargains are REAL BARGAINS—not "make believe." And because they ARE real bargains, I am safe in saying—pay only if you are pleased and not otherwise. You see, MY way *you* don't risk *anything* and I risk *everything.*

There is no "catch" about this—it's a straight bargain for those who appreciate BIG VALUE.

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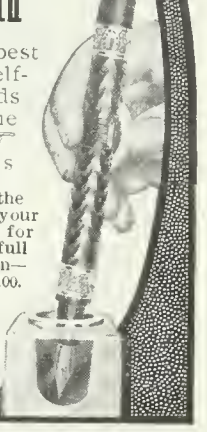
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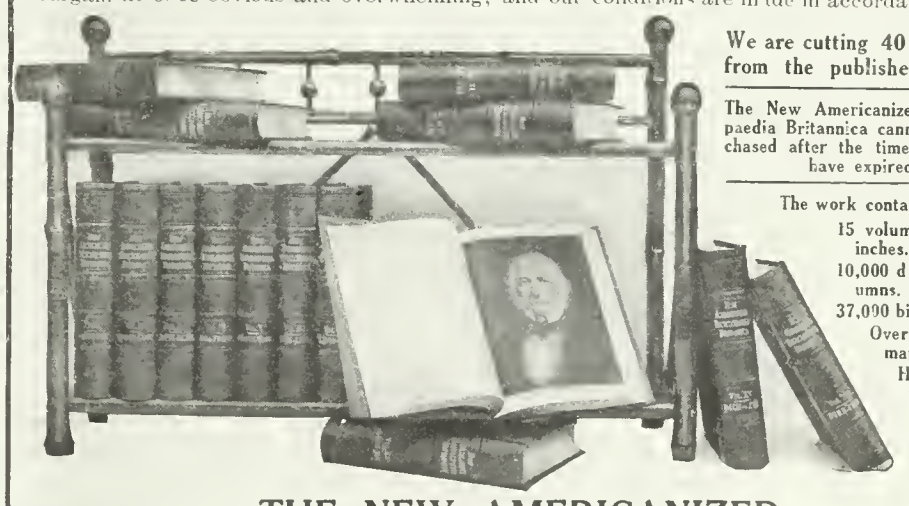
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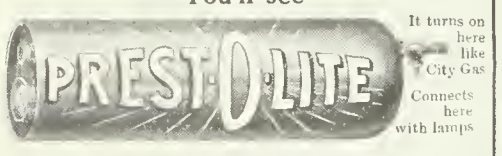
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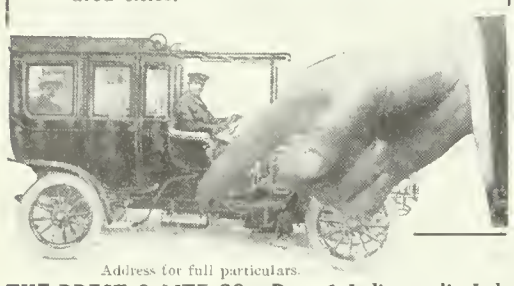
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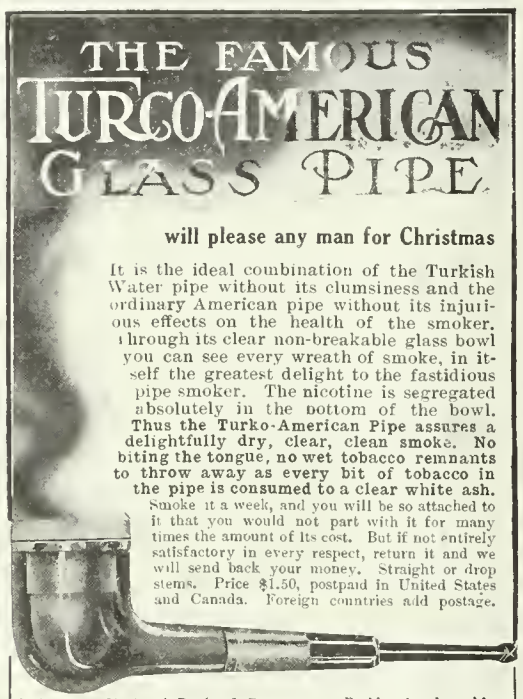
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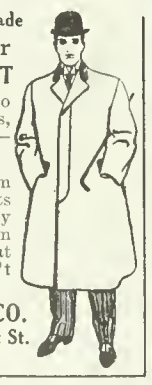
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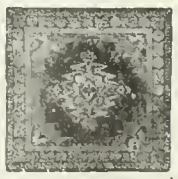
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NEWSPAPER COMMENT

On the President's Action in Discharging the Negro Soldiers

THE DISMISSED BATTALION

From the Washington "Star," November 13, 1906

"It will be difficult in these circumstances to persuade the majority of people that the wholesale dismissal of the soldiers was justified. It does not smack of the square-deal principle. It does not suggest the doctrine of believing a man innocent until he is proved guilty. It savors rather of the policy of wholesale condemnation.

"It must be remembered that the dishonorable discharge of these soldiers carries with it a substantial punishment which will bear heavily upon many of them. They can not now enter the Soldiers' Home in this city, to the support of which they have been contributing for years. They are sent forth with a stigma upon them. Some have carried guns in the ranks so long that they are unfit for civilian duties, and will have difficulty in maintaining themselves. It is positively known that the great majority are innocent, and yet these innocent men are turned out in shame, to suffer suspicion and perhaps to endure severe privations, when they have earned instead the commendations and the considerate attention of the United States in their declining years.

"However, the thing is done. It stands as an accomplished fact. The President is on the seas, and it is altogether unlikely that he will rescind his action on his return. It would later be difficult to do so effectively, when these men have dispersed, even if the Executive experienced a change of heart and decided that justice has been more offended than served by his summary action. It is a melancholy spectacle, which will be sincerely deplored by all lovers of fair play, and all sincere admirers of the President who view the case in a clear light."

PLEAS FOR NEGRO TROOPS

From the Boston "Transcript," November 14, 1906

"Protests are pouring into the War Department, a greater number of them from New England, against the President's action in discharging without honor a battalion of colored troops of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. Critics of the President generally take the ground that the refusal of these men to 'betray' their comrades implicated in the disorders of August 13 last in Brownsville, Texas, is commendable rather than blameworthy. One writer under a Boston date line condemns the President for putting a premium on 'tattling,' and urges the reinstatement of the members of the battalion who did not take part in the outrage at Brownsville."

APPEAL TO ROOSEVELT

From the New York "Evening Sun," November 16, 1906

"One of the first matters which will come under the consideration of President Roosevelt upon his return from Panama will be a set of resolutions from the Republican County Committee of New York County asking that he rescind his order discharging dishonorably from service three companies of negro troops in the Twenty-fifth Regiment of Infantry.

"There was some difficulty about the wording of the resolutions, but as finally adopted they read thus:

"'*Whereas*, There has been issued by the War Department of the United States, acting upon the instructions of the President as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, an order discharging dishonorably, without trial, three companies of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, United States Infantry; be it

"'*Resolved*, By the Republican County Committee of New York County, that we deplore the sacrifice of this battalion of a gallant regiment; and be it further

"'*Resolved*, That we respectfully ask the President to rescind said order immediately, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the War Department, and that we request due representation of this action to be made by the Republican Congressmen of this county to the War Department immediately.'"

PARSONS JOINS IN PLEA FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS

From the New York "Press," November 17, 1906

"Two aggressive steps in the movement to have rescinded the order of President Roosevelt and the War Department dishonorably discharging three negro companies of the Twenty-fifty Infantry were taken yesterday. Three local members of the House of Representatives asked the department to make the order inoperative pending an investigation, and counsel was engaged to take legal action to have the soldiers reinstated if possible.

"Representatives Parsons, Olcott, and Bennet signed a joint telegram to the War Department reciting the resolutions adopted on Thursday by the Republican County Committee, 'deploring the sacrifice of the battalion.' They asked that the operation of the order be immediately suspended and that steps be taken, if possible, to rescind the order and restore the battalion to the service pending a further investigation, or until the Representatives could be heard from further."

"THE MOST IMPORTANT THING THAT HAPPENED"

From the New York "Sun," November 17, 1906

"If the Canal Zone supports a daily newspaper, the substance of the resolution of the Republican County Committee appealing to the President to rescind his order discharging with dishonor the battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry is worth cable tolls. As far as Mr. Roosevelt is concerned, the adoption of the resolution was the most significant and important thing that happened in the United States on Thursday."

AN ARMY PAPER'S VIEW

From the "Army and Navy Journal," November 17, 1906

"The action of the President in dealing with the negro soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry savors too much of Oriental methods to meet with the cordial approval of either civilians or the army. There would seem to have been no sufficient reason for not leaving the matter to be dealt with in the ordinary course, through the department commander and the War Department. If this had been done the Government would have avoided the mistake it has made in inflicting a punishment upon the delinquent soldiers which goes beyond the power of even the Commander-in-Chief. It is unfortunate that General Garlington, upon whose recommendation President Roosevelt acted so promptly, should have overlooked the fact that the power of the President to debar the discharged soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry from Government employment does not extend beyond his term of office, and can not be made perpetual by Executive action. Where does General Garlington find the authority ascribed to the President to declare that these discharged soldiers shall be 'forever debarred from . . . employment in any civil capacity under the Government'?"

TAFT URGED TO SUSPEND ORDER BOUNCING NEGROES

From the Brooklyn "Standard Union," November 18, 1906

"Secretary of War Taft is being petitioned to suspend the recent order of President Roosevelt dismissing without honor three negro companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, because he believed the members had knowledge of the identity of the negro soldiers who created a disturbance at Brownsville, Texas, and who refused to aid the prosecuting officers."

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SECRETARY TAFT'S ARTICLE ON THE PANAMA CANAL, answering many questions which you would like to ask the Secretary if you could see him, is contained in the December Christmas Century.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is to be a contributor to an early number of The Century. His article on "The Ancient Irish Sagas" will appear in the January number, with superb illustrations by J. S. Lyendecker.

"MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S BEST NOVEL," is what people are going to say of "The Shuttle" which began its serial course in the November Century. It is a very powerful international story, telling of the intermarriages of Americans and English, and it will be followed with eager interest by the great public. The heroines, Bettina and Rosalie, will take their places among the best-known of Mrs. Burnett's characters.

DID YOU READ "THE MAGNETIC NORTH"? Elizabeth Robins who wrote it will furnish to The Century during the coming year a serial with the captivating title "Come and Find Me!" another story of the far North and one of most absorbing interest.

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There may be no way of actually determining which of the world's magazines is absolutely "the greatest," but it is easy to see why The Century is so often thus rated. For while magazines come and go The Century with its long record of valuable experiences maintains a spirit of youth and freshness and energy which keeps it always in the front.

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The Century has an individuality which distinguishes it from other periodicals and makes it warmly cherished in American homes.

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See the wonderful color picture of MAUDE ADAMS AS PETER PAN in the Christmas Century,—the finest portrait made of any one on the contemporaneous stage. It is said that Miss Adams was moved to tears when she first saw the original. It is one of a number of superb color pictures which The Century will print illustrating "Impersonations of the Contemporaneous Stage."

Other colored pictures in December, the beautiful Christmas number, are "The Belle of the Ball" by Miss Betts, "Ave Maria" by Horatio Walker, and "The Death of Eve" by J. S. Lyendecker. This number sets a new standard of artistic beauty and literary richness in the magazine world.

New subscribers who begin with the December Century may have November (beginning the volume) free of charge if they ask for it on subscribing. Price $4.00 a year. Any dealer or subscription agent will take your subscription or remittance may be made direct to the publishers, The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

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VOL XXXVIII NO 11 DECEMBER 8 1906 PRICE 10 CENTS

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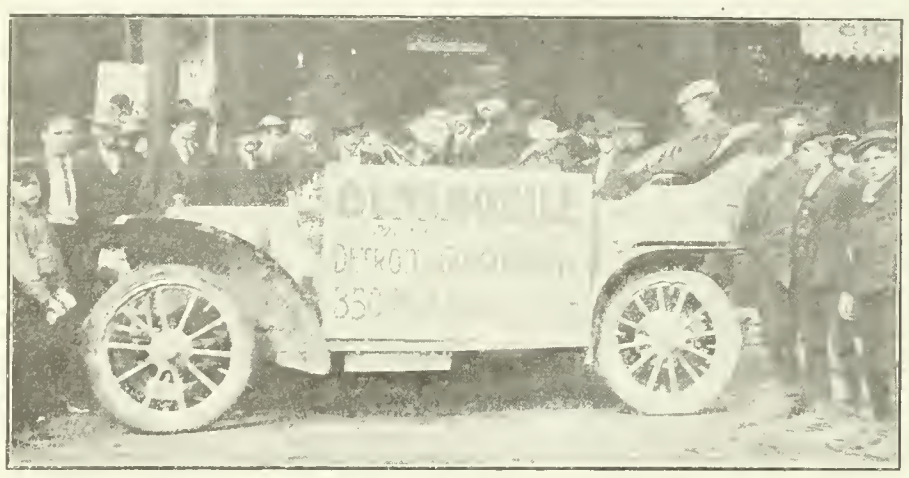
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THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

is not confined to the stories and pictures, nor even to the illustrated poems by Eugene Field, Samuel Minturn Peck, and Wallace Irwin. Christmas pervades the whole magazine and crops out throughout the twelve useful departments in a variety of

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Christmas embroidery designs, Christmas suggestions for the woman who knits or crochets, Christmas dolls to be made at home, stuffed rabbits and Roosevelt bears for the children, Christmas desserts, useful and ornamental gifts for all, and a variety of Christmas entertainments—all these make a real Christmas magazine.

1907

Associated with Dr. Hale, as editors or contributors are the writers you all know and like: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Jack London, Margaret E. Sangster, Myra Kelley, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Homer Davenport, Fannie Merritt Farmer, Alice Brown, Ellis Parker Butler, Grace S. Richmond, Jean Webster, Anna Steese Richardson, and Juliet Wilbur Tompkins. These are the people who will make the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for 1907.

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Woman's Home Companion

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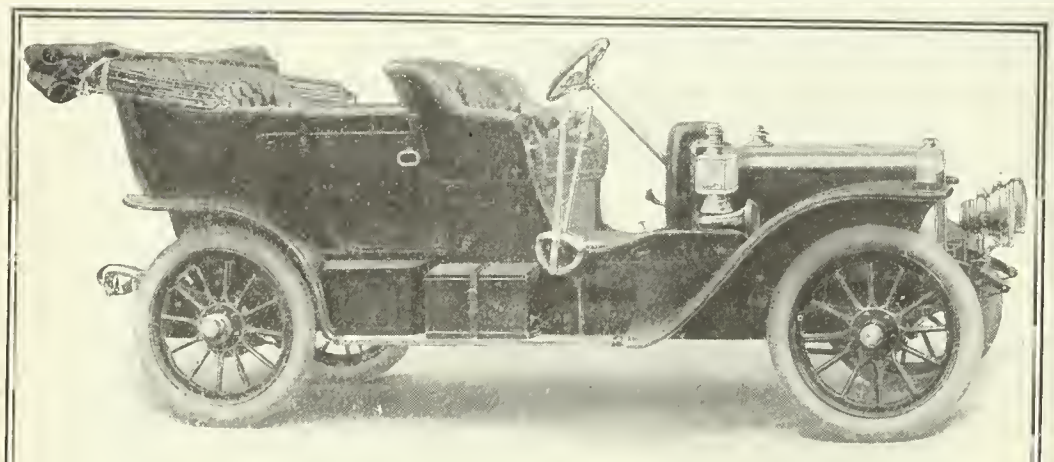
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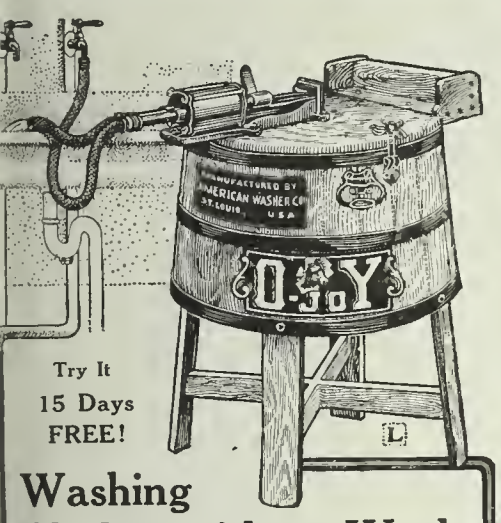


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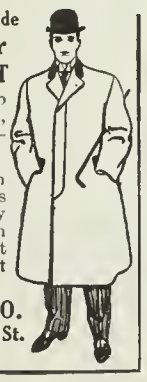
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1906

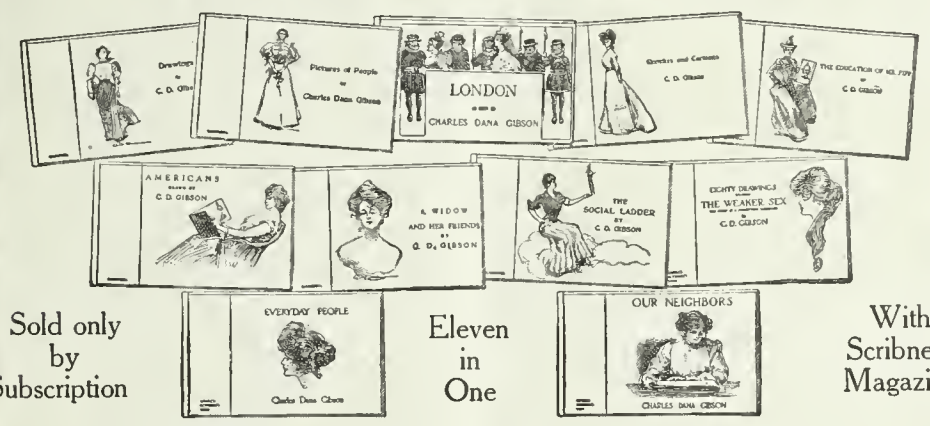
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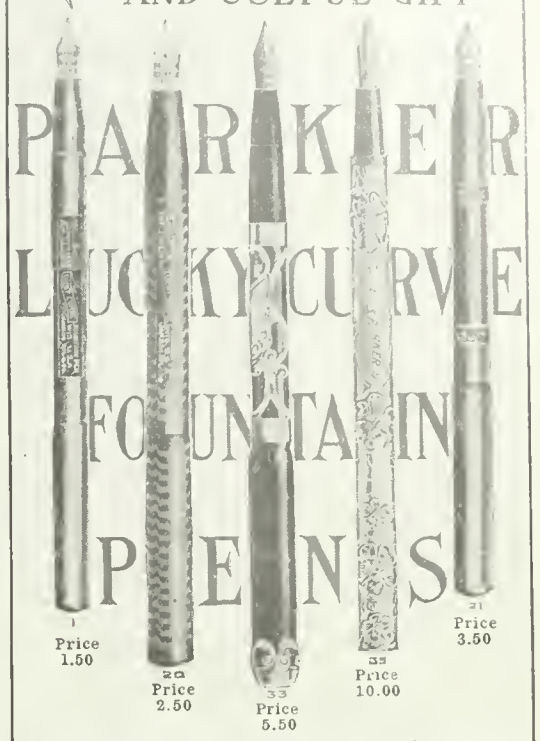
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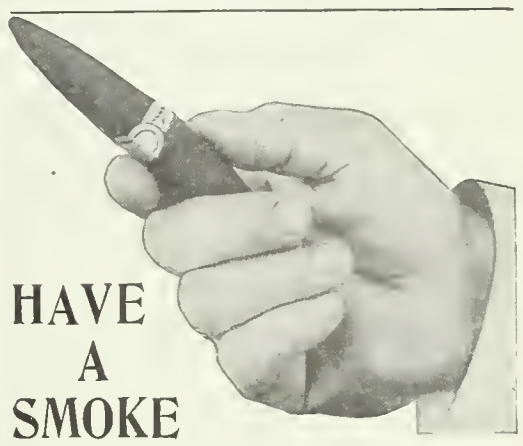
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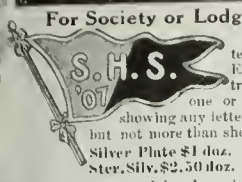
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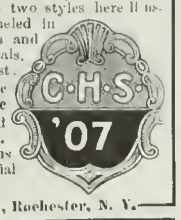
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1906

Collier's Christmas Number

THE next number of Collier's will be, in its art features alone, the most earnest attempt at seasonal interpretation ever made in America. And we feel like expressing the judgment that this number will be, in picture, verse, and story, an unexcelled expression of the Christmas spirit.

The cover, in colors, has been designed by Miss Jessie Willcox Smith. This cover makes opportunity for Miss Smith's happy and alluring effectiveness in picturing children and childish expression; and it embodies as well the spirit of Santa Claus and the children's side of the holiday.

Of Maxfield Parrish's frontispiece, too, childhood and Christmas are the dominant notes. It pictures beautifully a Christmas morning episode. Some other features of the Christmas Number will be the following:

"The Christmas Ghost Story," a double-page picture by W. T. Smedley.

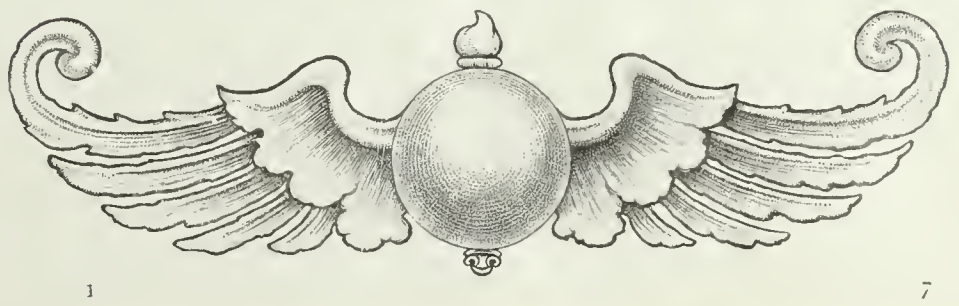
"The Spirit of Christianity," a full-page picture by Albert Sterner.

A full page of cartoons by F. T. Richards. These will illustrate the passing in procession of 1906, its incidents, and its characters.

"Saint Nick and Old Nick," verse by Wallace Irwin. This Christmas poem will be illustrated by J. C. Leyendecker.

"The Ghosts of Senzeille," by Arthur Colton. A story of Christmas night in a medieval abbey. W. L. Glackens will furnish the illustrations.

"The Adventures of the Scarlet Car" is the title of Richard Harding Davis's story. It proves anew Mr. Davis's unique ability to put himself in the mental clothes of young women and young men of twenty-two and speak their thoughts in their tongue. In sparkle and vivacity of style Mr. Davis has always excelled, and this story of a stalled automobile, a lonely house, and an after-midnight hour shows him at his best. Those who read this story will be eager for the two which will follow it, dealing with the same set of characters.

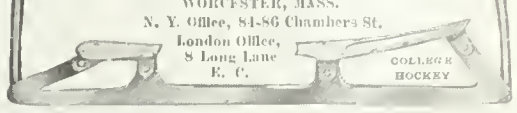


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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1906

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COLLIER'S The National Classified Medium
416 West 13th Street, New York

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

MUCH THOUGHT has been going on in this office. Many policy-holders of the Mutual and New York Life Insurance Companies have sought our counsel about how to cast their votes for the election of December 18, and we have spent weeks in busy and difficult reflection and research. It is not one of those cases in which evil is all on one side, while virtue shines triumphant on the other. On the one hand, we have the men, some merely recreant, and some corrupt, who shared or condoned the intricate burglary of these trust funds. Shall these men be told that, as they have escaped the machinery of criminal punishment, so likewise they shall be whitewashed by the men whose hard-saved money has been stolen? Hardly. Yet, on the other side, as leaders, we find THOMAS LAWSON, frenzied gambler, and a man whom LAWSON described as one who "has either prosecuted, defended, or had an inquisitional finger in every sword-swallowing, dissolving view, frenzied finance game that has been born or naturalized in Wall Street within a decade." Such is UNTERMYER, as seen by LAWSON, and is it any wonder that worry arises like a spectre when they are seen amorously in their financial bed; or when, to follow Mr. LAWSON's images, they make the bullets, pull the trigger, or swallow the swords together?

DOUBT

THE NUMBER OF VOTES cast by the policy-holders of the New York Life and Mutual Insurance Companies will surpass the number cast for any President earlier than VAN BUREN. And the results may well be of greater actual import than the Presidential contest of 1908. After fullest consideration, our decision has been reached. Mr. UNTERMYER is not himself a candidate. His position is that of a financial boss, who, nevertheless, in selecting his candidates, has been compelled to remember that a peculiarly vigilant mood had been aroused. They are, in the main, men of character, who, if elected, will, we believe, cut themselves free from UNTERMYER as they would from any outside power, and will regard any suggestion from him as a little more dangerous, because more cunning, than from any other source in Wall Street. On the administration ticket proposed by the Mutual Company, of the thirty-six candidates twenty-four are at present on the board and fifteen date from the McCurdy régime. The company, and the powerful committees of the company, are to-day in the same hands as when the treasury was looted. In the New York Company, of the twenty-four trustees proposed by the administration only four are not now in the management; and the company's resistance to the public demand for house-cleaning approximates the Mutual's stubborn disregard of public opinion. Therefore, we say, vote against the administration. Vote for the United Committees' Ticket in the Mutual (remembering that the Selected Fusion Ticket is a trick). Vote for the International Committees' Ticket in the New York Life. Vote now.

DECISION

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE reaffirms his belief in taxes on incomes and inheritance. Although we do not approve of all of his methods of conducting this campaign of deep significance, we do share his views, and do believe that the world every day accepts more fully the principle of putting the public burdens in larger proportion on the prosperous. We can hardly be thankful, even at this season between Thanksgiving and Christmas, for the appointment of MOODY because he was known to favor an income tax, or for the pressure on Chief-Justice FULLER to retire and make way for one whose views are more in harmony with the policy of the President, but we are glad to see the question kept alive and urged upon the national legislature. The scarecrow of Socialism fails to frighten us in this field. It is seldom wise for a court, unless driven to it absolutely by clearest proof that a statute conflicts with fundamental law, to set aside the wishes of the Legislature deliberately expressed. The dissenting opinion of Justice BROWN, when the Court upset the former income tax by five to four, is looked upon by a large number of first-class constitutional lawyers to-day as expressing a sounder view than was put forward by the majority.

TAXING INCOME

WHAT OF JUDGE DEUEL? The frequency with which this question is put to us is an encouraging demonstration that a few months are not always sufficient to exhaust the public memory. When, in the fulness of time, the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court hands down its decision about whether Judge DEUEL's activity in selling scandal and hunting coons was consistent with his duties under the statute, the number of persons who will eagerly scan the opinion, to imbibe conceptions of judicial fitness, will be very large indeed.

MEMORY

NOT A SAFE MACHINE to fool with is solemnity unchained. Take a peep into the brain of a correspondent from the State of Georgia. He might have hailed from Vermont or Minnesota, or any other spot upon the map. He sees right through this weekly. Referring to pictures of Mr. ROOSEVELT, intended to be comic, in our issue of November 17, this penetrating cynic pounces deftly upon the words crown and king. A modern CASSIUS, he. List: "Allow me to say that yours is the first of all the rotten republican papers that have been so bold as to refer to the President as 'King.' I have no doubt that yourself and a lot of you would like to grab this government and make a King of ROOSEVELTE; but you will never be able to carry it off." At the same time he knows where shrinks a genuine savior of society. "Your editorial asking Mr. HEARST why he should not reform himself is the limit. Why don't you reform yourself? You have the swollen head worse than any paper in the world and less to show for it. If you were fit to untie the shoes that HEARST wears, then you might feel like you were worthy of. You deliberately deceived the man who gave you the tobacco trust letters; you are one of the trust gang, and GOD hope you may along with the others like you get your full deserts." Ah, well. There are compensations. "A mad world, my masters."

HUMOR

MANLINESS, VERACITY, loyal adherence to a cause once undertaken—these are qualities which sometimes mark a large and strong nature, even when its standards are inadequate or mistaken. RICHARD CROKER recently gave an interview which was startling in its straightforward and undoubting acceptance of political gratitude as a test of judicial fitness, but which also was like a gale of manliness in its contempt for hypocrisy and treacherous self-seeking. CROKER stood out, as QUAY did, among politicians of the old régime, because, sharing their unfortunate mistakes, he was greater than they in ability and character. When, in this last spontaneous outburst of his energetic nature, he describes HEARST's efforts to win his help, or COCKRAN's chameleon weakness, the reader feels, no matter how much he laments Croker politics, that RICHARD CROKER himself is at least a man, and he can understand how, when, after long absence, he returned to America to unseat JOHN SHEEHAN, the Democratic politicians

AT LEAST A MAN

of New York lay down before him as before a giant, just and impartial according to his lights, toward whom their emotions were those of trust and awe. Wickedness in plenty has he been guilty of, but not of meanness or of fear.

DO MORMONS still practise polygamy? Not long ago we copied from an official Mormon organ a highly laudatory obituary of a venerable Mormon who stood high in the church, was "true to his testimony to the end," and left forty-five children, only five of whom are dead. It is to be assumed that this venerable father must have had several wives, and that they were more or less simultaneous. But on this point the church paper, in a biography otherwise complete and detailed, was silent. Again, JOSEPH F. SMITH, President of the Mormon Church, was arrested lately and fined three hundred dollars for practising polygamy, the incident being the result of the recent birth of President SMITH's forty-third child. And before that there came, not from Utah, but from Idaho, an odd account of the defeat of a law compelling the registration of all births, deaths, and marriages. The bill passed the House, but was defeated, after a sharp debate, by some Mormon Senators. They argued that the occasional cases of illegitimacy which occur in every community are purely personal matters, and that it is highly indelicate for the State to inquire about them. So charitable and high-minded an argument against a law for the registering of vital statistics was never put forward outside a Mormon State. Such a law would, of course, reveal polygamous marriages. The Mormon Church, in 1890, made peace with the Government by promising to abandon polygamy. Whether it has lived up to the promise is at this moment a political issue in several Western States outside of Utah. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a growing organization, with a vigorous propaganda and zealous missionaries eagerly proselyting in every region of the world.

POLYGAMY

CHILD LABOR is destined to bring into the coming Congress an issue as close to the people, and as squarely moral, as meat inspection and pure food—and as potent in stimulating into motion the great engines of public opinion. Federal suppression of child labor is to be accomplished by the means on which the National Government has so often relied for power to legislate where its jurisdiction is uncertain. Senator BEVERIDGE has announced that he will introduce a bill prohibiting the railroads from carrying as freight any article upon which children of less than fourteen have labored. This would, with practically perfect effectiveness, stop child labor in the cotton mills, in the coal mines, in the glass factories—everywhere. The twenty-first century student of the evolution of national legislation in the United States will marvel at the things that were done under the authority of the third paragraph of the eighth section of the first article of the Constitution: "The Congress shall have power . . . to regulate commerce . . . among the several States." Yet this provides about the only effective means for the public opinion of one region to master the will of another; and there is no more reason to doubt the constitutionality of this child labor measure than of the pure food and meat inspection bills.

CHILD LABOR

THE MORE WE KNOW of the forces which mold the world the less possible it seems to predict an end of change. The rise and subsidence of continental shores, the shifting of oceanic currents, the tearing down of mountains and filling up of valleys by moisture and frost, even the slow circling of the poles, all produce changes imperceptible to us; but there are corners of the earth where geological forces may be seen in the swing of rapid work. During the earthquakes of last spring a new bit of what may some time be dry land appeared between venerable Castle Rock, aged two hundred and ten, and Fire Island, a mere youth of twenty-three, in the Aleutian group. This new island was pictured in our November 24 issue. At the birth the sea boiled and steamed for miles around, and the little stranger, throwing out clouds of smoke and fumes, was an *enfant terrible* to the few fishermen who watched its birth. But American enterprise was not lacking. The revenue cutter *Perry* was soon on the spot, and while the surface was still too soft and hot for pleasant walking Perry Island was formally pronounced American territory. It is now, presumably, open for homesteading by any one who desires a warm foundation, or by some man of science wishing to study the growth of germs in sterile soil.

PERRY ISLAND

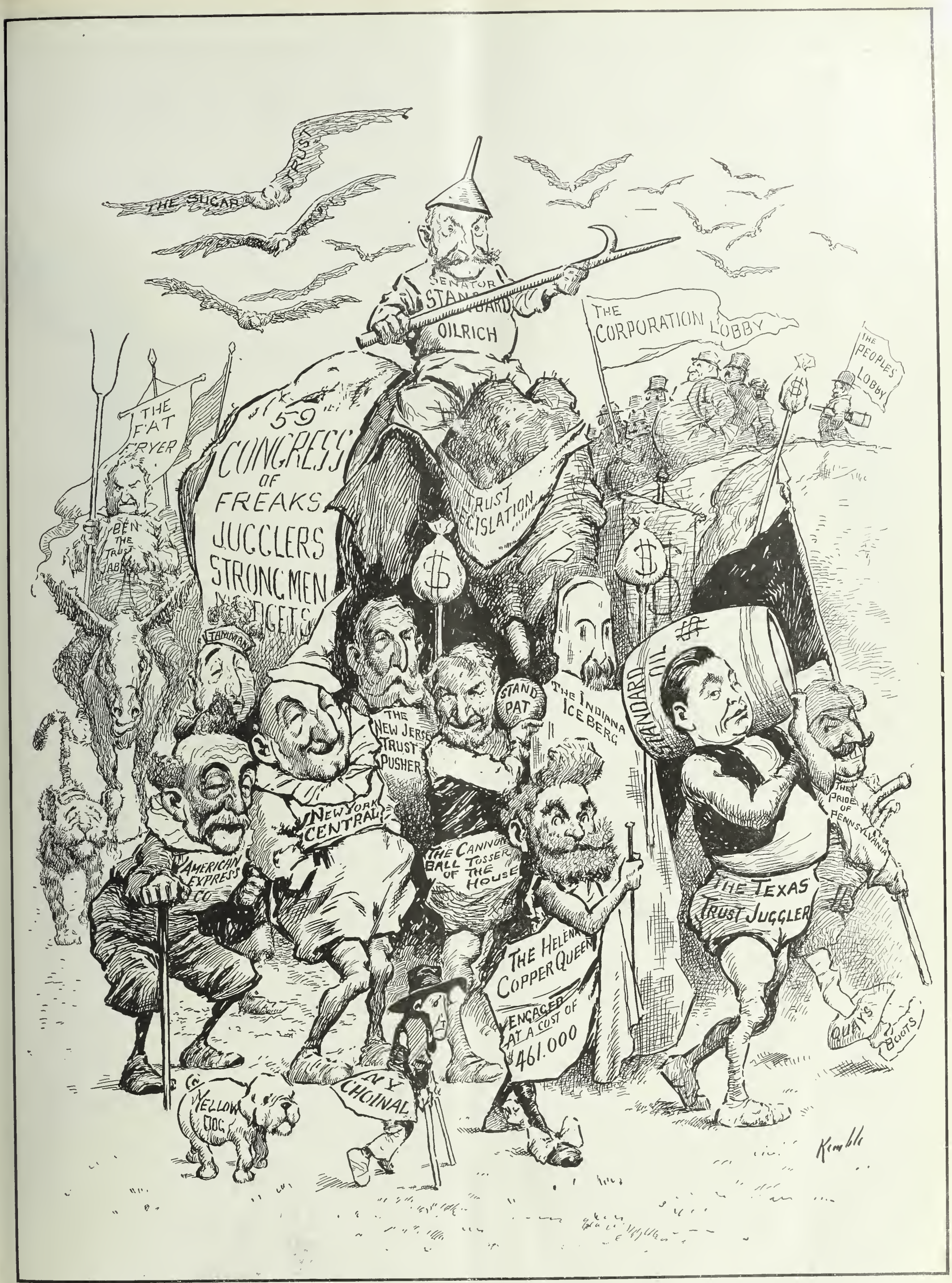
PAUSE, SENSITIVE READER, and reflect upon the huge quantities of ingenuity, industry, wealth—one might say even genius—which are lavished every day on the tremendous task of making the world ugly! Think of the furniture factories, novelty works, wall-paper concerns turning the busy wheels of production in a thousand departments in order to flood our curio-burdened land with exotic flora and fauna, machine-daubed roses, hybrid inkstands, dwarfish tables, and ghoulish chocolate pots destined to adorn the modern flat and shriek forever at the harmony of the universe! The world is annually supplied with enough hideous table lamps to add a baneful radiance to our planet. The table lamp, in fact, seems to be a special pet of the professional uglifier. To him comes, occasionally, a prophetic vision of Art. "To-day," he says, "I feel a masterpiece struggling to be born. I am going to create something in form vaguely resembling a Chinese pagoda supporting a ketchup bottle. The base of this creation shall be a series of art-nouveau swivels terminating in brass knobs, and its apex shall be a Rogers group rampant on a field of German silver. The whole structure shall be liberally adorned with miscellaneous skew-gees, barnacles, doo-dads, cameos, and cart-wheels, and the job shall be recklessly gilded and lacquered and set on a pedestal of imitation onyx." Long time the creator labors thoughtfully at his Great Idea, and when at last it has assumed mis-shape before him he sighs in satisfaction, steps away a pace or two, cocks his head to one side and asks: "What touch can I add to this to make it just a little more ugly? Ah, I have it!" So with skilful hand he gums an Ionic column to each corner and puts the job on the market as a table lamp. In this generic and loving spirit most of the ugly things we see are given to the world. During the year 1906, on a rough estimate, something like thirteen billion violent objects of art were presented to the populace. The output of beautiful wares was somewhat smaller. To transpose from OMAR:

UGLIFYING THE WORLD

> And that "hand-painted" Jug whose howling green
> Adorns the jig-saw Desk on which we lean—
> Ah, lean upon it lightly, for we know
> That colors can be Heard as well as Seen!

WHEN WE FOREIGNERS came over and took possession of America we found Indians conducting their business in a manner at once naive and slipshod. The New Jersey tribes were scalping where they listed without even an organization or State charter, and the New York aborigines, the Manahattoes, were grazing their ponies on strips of real estate easily worth a thousand dollars a front foot. Although we had no WILLIAM TAFT in those days we were able to put America on a Business Basis and to practise benevolent assimilation—with benevolence on a sliding scale. Ever since then the Indians have been on our hands—and occasionally on our consciences. Now comes FRANCIS E. LEUPP, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, full of a suggestion which seems to be in sympathy with the times. Why not incorporate the American Indian? he asks. Why not form him into a trust, present him with shares of non-assessable stock, and give him an interest in himself? An inspiration! It is easy to predict a golden future for our little red brother. Chief I-Got-All-That-Is-Good-For-Me will lay down the rifle and take up the fountain pen, assuming the vast financial irresponsibilities of the Apache Life Insurance Company. Young-Man-Whose-Father-Owned-Stocks will become a dummy director, and Willing-Talker-Not-Afraid-of-Kerosene will go to Washington to represent the interests of the Navajo, Piute, and Ute Railroad. Merely as a matter of local color, courses in stock irrigation, subsidies, rebates, and trading-stamps should be given in the Indian schools, and the President should do his share by scolding them now and then on the subject of illegal rate-making. Thus it may be possible, even at this late date, to take a few thorough and far-reaching steps for the welfare and Americanization of the Indian.

INCORPORATED INDIANS



THE OPENING OF CONGRESS

The same old show, and the same old stunts

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

THE MAN AND THE MACHINE



The President and the Steam Shovel: These Two will Dig the Canal

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

THE affair of the discharged negro soldiers has developed into a tangled snarl. The official reports of Major Blocksom, Lieutenant-Colonel Lovering, and Inspector-General Garlington, who were supposed to have investigated the matter as thoroughly as possible, made a strong prima facie case against the men. According to these statements, the people of Brownsville had been strongly opposed to the presence of the colored troops there, and their opposition, shown in various ways, had been resented by the soldiers. One grievance was the fact that the negroes were not allowed to drink with white people at the principal bars, although in some saloons separate bars were put up for them. Another was the action of the local inspector of customs in knocking down a colored soldier with his revolver for jostling his wife on the sidewalk. On the day before the riot the wife of a white citizen was seized by the hair and thrown to the ground by a negro of the Twenty-fifth, who ran away. This caused so much uproar that the men were confined to barracks, which heightened their feeling against the townspeople.

On the night of August 13, according to Major Blocksom's report, the first shots were fired from the barracks, and "the soldiers, nine to fifteen, possibly more, then jumped the wall and started through town." They fired about ten shots through a house containing two women and five children. The lieutenant of police, a man "universally respected," rode toward the shooting. Although he did not even draw his revolver, the raiders, whom he estimated to be about fifteen in number, fired upon him, killed his horse, and shot him in the right arm, which afterward had to be amputated below the elbow. Then they fired seven or eight shots into a hotel, killed the bartender of a saloon, slightly wounded a Mexican, fired five or six shots into another private house, two of which went through the mosquito bar over a bed in which a woman and two children were sleeping, and then apparently ran back to the barracks. The officers at first thought that the firing had come from the town side, and the men had no trouble in getting back and cleaning their rifles. When the soldiers were questioned not one would admit any knowledge of any trouble.

According to these reports the soldiers were the sole aggressors, and then stood together to prevent the punishment of the guilty. On that showing the President's action was natural, although it did involve hardship to the innocent. It was not a question of punishment, but one of ridding the army of known rioters and murderers. Accepting the statements of the reports as true, a certain considerable proportion of the three companies concerned consisted of men of this kind, and owing to the determination of their comrades to make common cause with them there was no way of telling which men were murderers and which were not. The only way to clear the battalion of the stain of having its ranks made up in part of assassins seemed to be to make a complete change in its membership.

But now comes a private organization, the "Constitutional League," with an investigation of its own contradicting the official reports in every particular. The League alleges that "no soldier was connected with the Brownsville riot, and that no evidence exists to show such connection." It asserts that the riot began in the streets when the soldiers were asleep, that the reason the rifles were found clean was that they had not been used, that there is nothing to show that any bartender was killed or any police officer wounded, and that only a few of the soldiers were examined in the official investigation, and those in a way not calculated to bring out the truth.

What are we to believe? The only thing in the whole melancholy business that appears entirely beyond dispute is that it was a miserable mistake ever to send a colored regiment to a Texan town in the first place, especially after the citizens had protested against its presence. There are plenty of places, from Boston to Zamboanga, in which negro troops can be stationed without stirring up the rage of the vicinage.

It has been especially unfortunate that since the trouble began the whole affair has been treated on race lines—the very thing President Roosevelt was most anxious to avoid. There is no reason to believe that the action taken in the case of the Twenty-fifth has been at all different from that which would have been taken on the same information in the case of white soldiers. The information may or may not have been misleading, and the action may or may not have been hasty, but the thing the President had in mind was the maintenance of the discipline of the army against all offenders, whoever they might be.



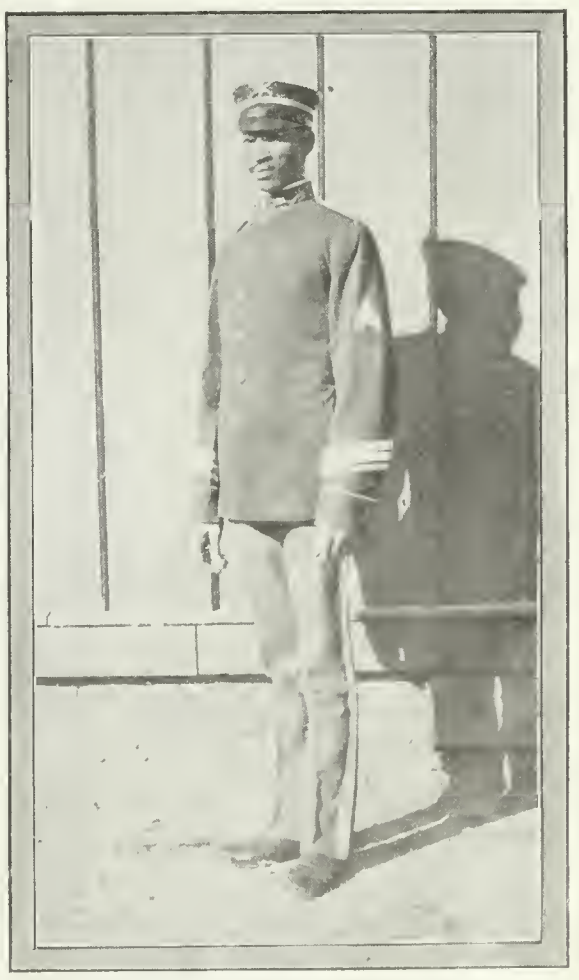
"DISCHARGED WITHOUT HONOR"

Sergeant Sanders, Company B, Twenty-fifth Infantry. A member of this company twenty-five years, and First Sergeant since 1900. His bands show six enlistments and three campaigns—one in Cuba and two in the Philippines. He had only eighteen months to serve before retirement

ELECTION WAR CHESTS

FOR the first time it has been possible to obtain an idea, based on something more than guesswork, of the cost of a political campaign in the United States. The various parties in New York have filed very complete financial statements under the new law requiring publicity of campaign contributions. Of course New York is not the United States, but it is a sufficiently important part of it to give a good line on the whole. A larger vote is cast for Governor of New York than is cast directly for any other official in the world. The Presidents of the United States and Mexico are chosen by electoral colleges. The President of the French Republic is elected by the Chambers. The President of Brazil is named by popular vote, but not by universal suffrage. The Prime Ministers of Great Britain, Russia, Germany (including Prussia), Austria, Italy, Spain, Turkey, China, and Japan are named by the sovereigns, with or without Parliamentary sanction. No other country in the world has as many people, not to speak of voters, as the State of New York.

It appears that this year's election in New York has cost about $2,500,000—almost equivalent to the entire endowment fund of Princeton University. The Republican State Committee collected $333,923, of which it turned over $145,500 to the various county committees. Including this amount,



"DISCHARGED WITHOUT HONOR"

Sergeant Frazier, Company D, Twenty-fifth Infantry. The three white bands on his cuffs indicate three enlistments. Two of them are wide, commemorating two campaigns—one in Cuba and one in the Philippines. Sergeant Frazier helped pull down the Spanish flag at El Caney

the county committees handled about $430,000. The Democratic State Committee received $80,169, of which Mr. Hearst gave $57,000. Mr. Hearst's total sworn expenses were $256,370.22, the greatest ever officially acknowledged by a candidate, although doubtless there have been Senatorships and attempts on Senatorships which have cost the aspirants more. This did not include the money spent in obtaining his nominations and working up the preliminary organization of the Independence League. Counting that, the cost of his Mayoralty campaign last year, and of his fight for the Democratic Presidential nomination the year before, it seems plain that Mr. Hearst's new-born political ambitions could not have cost him less than a million dollars.

CONGRESS

ACCORDING to the curious system by which a popular verdict in America remains in a state of suspended animation for thirteen months, the old Fifty-ninth Congress, whose successors had been elected a month before, met again on December 3. Little but the passage of appropriation bills is usually expected in a "short session," but as a matter of history some of the most important measures on our statute books have been passed at such times. The President does not venture in his message to recommend a revision of the tariff this winter, but events may force his hand, and even that of a "standpat" Congress.

The President, who has been accused by the Democrats of stealing their clothes in his railroad regulation and anti-trust policies, secures most of their remaining wardrobe in his advocacy of a graduated inheritance, and if possible an income, tax. The former he urges on the frankly radical ground that it is desirable to "put a constantly increasing burden on the inheritance of those swollen fortunes which it is certainly of no benefit to the country to perpetuate."

The President's lecture to California on her treatment of the Japanese, his defense of the Monroe Doctrine, and his advocacy of national control of marriage and divorce are matters useful for reproof, for counsel, and for meditation. But Mr. Roosevelt actually expects Congress to do certain things at this session—namely, to prohibit campaign contributions, to give the Government the right to appeal in criminal cases, to grant subsidies to American shipping, to pass Senator La Follette's bill limiting the hours of service for railroad employees, and to give relief to the Philippines in the matter of the tariff.

PARLOR FOOTBALL

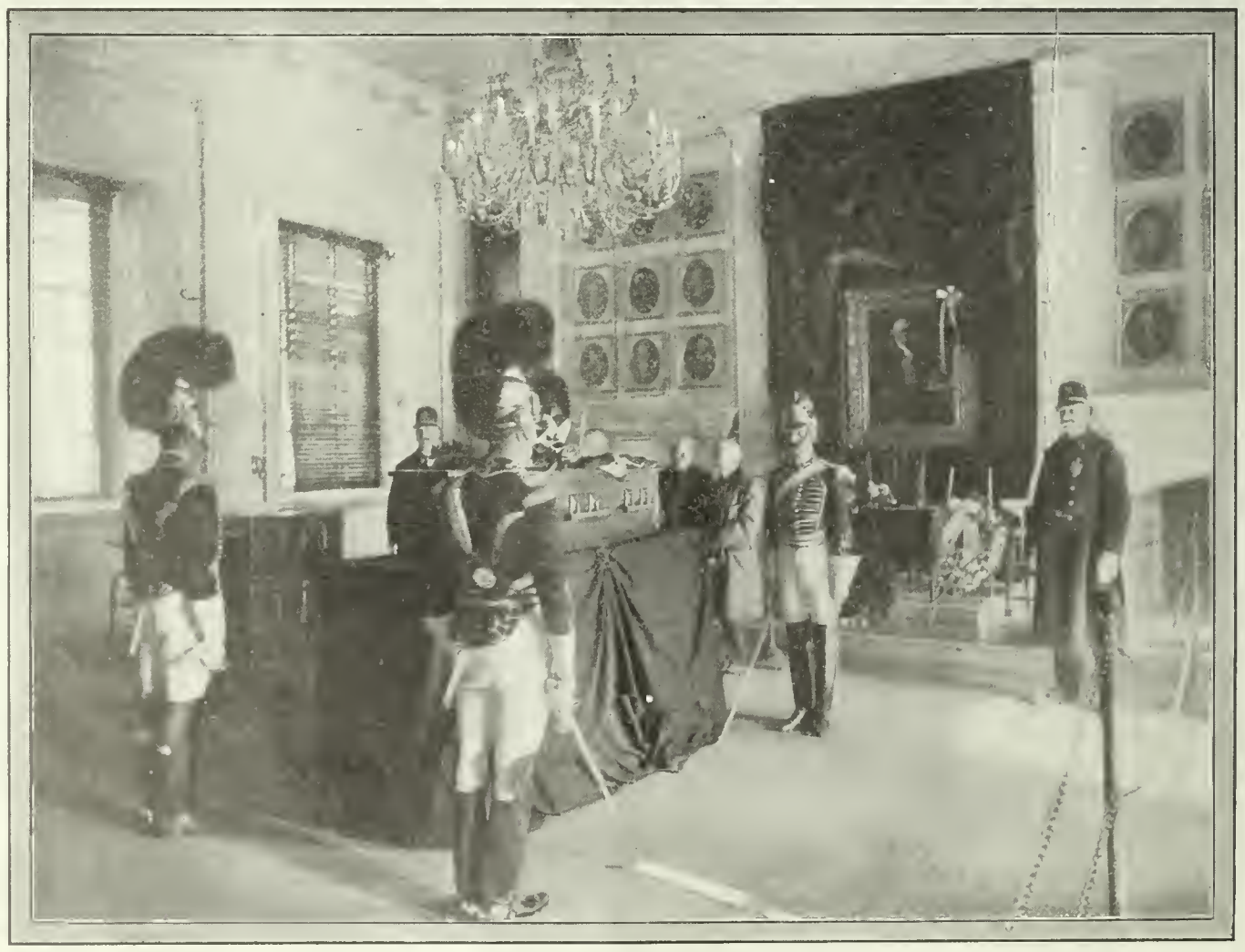
THE close of the football season of 1906 has brought a gratifying decrease in the rate of mortality. Only eleven players—just enough for one full team—have been killed this year, and only a hundred and four have been sufficiently injured to get their names in the papers. Last year the casualties were eighteen killed and a hundred and fifty-nine seriously wounded. The new rules, therefore, may be credited with saving seven lives, perhaps more, for if the old methods had been persisted in the death rate would probably have increased. They have also prevented the manufacture of at least fifty-five cripples. Football under the new "debrutalized" arrangements which have converted it into a "parlor game" has killed only eleven times as many Americans as the naval battles of Manila and Santiago. Seven of the eleven players who were killed this year were high-school pupils, and none of the other four represented any of the larger colleges. The hardened athletes of these institutions came through the campaign without the loss of a single life.

The first season of Christianized warfare on the football field made it clear that under such conditions Eastern culture was far in advance of that of the West. On the same day Michigan and Minnesota, the Western champions, were buried by the same score of 17—0 by Pennsylvania and Carlisle respectively.



THE CRUDE METHODS OF RUSSIAN TRAIN ROBBERS

In this affair, at Rogow, near Warsaw, a hundred revolutionists fired volleys at the train, blew up the mail car with bombs, and killed seventeen people, while one skilled American road agent would have secured everything portable without firing a shot



HONORS TO THE LATE GENERAL JAMES WILSON

The body lying in state at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, guarded by a detail of the First City Troop

AN ART ERA

A NATIONAL art gallery came into actual existence on November 26, after a phantom life of sixty years. On that day the collections of the late Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston were opened to the public in the lecture hall of the National Museum. This is a small beginning, but the start of the National Museum itself was smaller. All an institution needs in Washington is a start. When it once makes itself visible, and gets a staff interested in its growth, Congress does the rest. "National Galleries of Art" have had a legal existence ever since the foundation of the Smithsonian in 1846, and now they are to become a reality. The next step will be the construction of a suitable building. An appropriation for that will be forthcoming in due time. One building is already assured by the contract between Mr. Freer, of Detroit, and the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Under this agreement the remarkable Freer collection will be transferred to the Smithsonian after Mr. Freer's death, and a building to cost half a million dollars will be put up to hold it. This, although devoted exclusively to the Freer collection, will be made to harmonize with the rest of the National Galleries. The Corcoran Gallery has served adolescent Washington well, but now that the American capital is growing to the stature of a world metropolis it needs, and will eventually have, a national art centre that will hold in its field the rank held by the Library of Congress in the world of books. Only a few years ago that library was tucked away in a corner of the Capitol, its books piled up on the floor or buried in boxes in the cellar, and its catalogue carried chiefly in the head of Librarian Spofford. Now it is truly a National Library. The National Galleries of Art will have a similar fortune.

PEARY'S STORY

COMMANDER PEARY'S detailed account of his conquest of the farthest north, published in the New York "Herald," makes it plain enough why the Pole has remained a virgin fortress through all the centuries of its siege. It used to be thought that even if there were no land extending all the way to the Pole, at least there would be found a bridge of solid ice, so that covering the distance would be merely a matter of patience, endurance, and careful preparation. But Peary has proved that even in winter there are wide stretches of open water, impassable for sledges, while the ice fields are in constant motion.

In every respect this expedition represents the high-water mark of skill, daring, and fortune. The *Roosevelt* was taken three hundred miles north of Greely's base at Cape Sabine. She was locked in the ice for the winter on September 5, 1905, and for nearly five months, from October 12 to March 6, the explorers had not a glimpse of the sun. Peary's cured whale meat turned bad, poisoning his dogs, and several tons of it had to be thrown away, leaving the dogs and Eskimos to live on the country through an Arctic winter. The mild weather that ruined the ice crops of the United States and Canada seems to have extended all the way to the Pole, for there never was a time when Peary did not see long leads of open water, and on Christmas night his ship was threatened by a complete break-up of the ice.

In February the sledge parties started northward along the coast of Grant Land, and cut loose from shore at Point Moss at the beginning of March for the dash across the Polar Sea. Peary, with several supporting parties, made his way due north to latitude 85° 12′, where he was delayed by a storm that raged without ceasing for six days, and drove him seventy miles to the eastward. When the wind lulled Peary found that he had been completely cut off from communication with his supporting parties, and the only chance left for him to accomplish anything was to dash forward at top speed with the least possible load of supplies, and keep on among the treacherous floes and the yawning leads of open water until he had barely provisions enough to bring him back if luck held. He abandoned everything he could possibly do without and plunged due northward again, making thirty miles the first day and overtaking an advance party the second day. Pushing on with seven men and six teams, each drawing less than half a load, he came to a region of increased ice activity, the eastward drift becoming more rapid as he went farther north. The pace told on the dogs, and as one after another collapsed it was fed to the survivors. At last, on April 21, with open channels all around, with swaying floes drifting eastward faster than the dogs could travel north, and with barely food enough to carry them back to land in the most favorable conditions, it seemed foolhardy to struggle further. Peary had reached 87° 6′—thirty miles beyond the farthest reached by any other explorer, but this record seemed a small thing to him in the face of his disappointment in his failure to win the supreme prize he had striven for. "I thanked God with as good a grace as possible for what I had been able to accomplish," he said modestly, "though it was but an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel for which I was straining my life."

Leaving his flags flying from the highest pinnacle, with a bottle near containing a record of his journey, Peary started on his return course. But it was soon found impossible to retrace his steps. Storm Camp, where the party had been held up for six days on the way north, was reached, but after that the wind and currents took command. For five days the party drifted eastward on a broken floe. Then it cut its way through what Peary describes as "such a hell of shattered ice as I hope never to see again; a conglomeration of fragments in size from a paving stone to the dome of the Capitol." At last, on May 12, the explorers crawled ashore on the coast of Greenland, where they found hares and musk-oxen, which kept them alive until they could make their way back to the *Roosevelt*.

NIAGARA POWER

THE simple issue of preserving the scenic beauty of Niagara Falls has been considerably complicated by the questions of national policy growing out of the ownership of the Falls by two separate countries. Either of these countries has the power to destroy the cataract, and measures of precaution taken by one are of little use without the cordial cooperation of the other. This complication has been conspicuous in the hearings given by Secretary Taft to the representatives of the civic associations that are trying to save the Falls, and of the corporations that are trying to deplete them. The Burton Act allows the Secretary of War to grant permits for the importation of limited amounts of power from Canada. Mr. J. Horace McFarland, President of the American Civic Association, Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, and others offered cogent arguments against such importations. If the United States had controlled both sides of the river there would have been nothing more to be said, but unfortunately it was shown that the refusal to admit Canadian power would not prevent the diversion of water from the river, but would merely stimulate the use of the power on the Canadian side. The only thing that could really settle the matter in a satisfactory way would be an international agreement, such as is contemplated by the Burton Act, whose nature is avowedly temporary. Mr. McFarland reminded the public of some interesting things not usually realized. For instance, he showed that contrary to the usual impression that the Horseshoe Fall is purely Canadian, the international boundary cuts it in such a way that two-fifths of it belong to the United States. Thus Canada's share of the great natural wonder known as Niagara Falls consists of three-fifths of the Horseshoe, while the American share includes two-fifths of the Horseshoe and the whole American Fall, with the islands between. Hence the United States may well take the initiative in preserving its beauties.



ONE OF THE OLD SOUTH'S HEROES OF WAR AND PEACE

Unveiling an equestrian statue of General Wade Hampton in the State Capitol Grounds at Columbia, South Carolina, November 20



REVIEWING THE ZONE GUARD

A battalion of marines under Major Long is the only military force on the Isthmus

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THE PRESIDENT

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's Spe

IT is not often that we undertake to sever a continent; and when we do, the President of our United States is warranted in breaking a precedent. What an inspection of the railroad lines they control means to Hill and Harriman his visit to the Isthmus meant to Theodore Roosevelt. Although his authority is not so complete as theirs, Congress has, nevertheless, conferred on him more power in the execution of the greatest public work of our time than it ever entrusted to any other Executive.

The bold stroke of a man of action cutting the knot of indecision has signalized each forward step in the enterprise. It was the President who determined that the choice of one route or the other was better than an eternal dispute as to their relative merits. In order that we might have the concession which we needed he stood as godfather to the birth of a new republic; he insisted on a zone under our rule for the sake of sanitation; he fought for pay and power for the chief engineer; and, finally, while many consulting engineers were still of many minds and the work halted for want of a definite plan, he took the advice of the chief engineer and decided in favor of the 85-foot level lock canal which Congress accepted.

Digging the Canal Himself

There are times when men connected with the Canal work say in exasperation: "The President is digging the Canal himself"; and the same men a month later may be repeating the same words in praise and thanks. Of the truth of the remark there is never any question among those around him. After three years fraught with many setbacks he was to see with his own eyes the work for which Congress had made him personally responsible to the nation. His curiosity was as warrantable and as natural as it was intense.

The *Louisiana* arrived sixteen hours ahead of her schedule, but to no avail. Although the wireless which the President sent asking that he be met at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th instead of on the morning of the 15th had been answered with an "O. K.," there was no one on hand to receive him. The author of the O. K., who certainly was not any one in authority, remains unidentified. Chairman Shonts and Chief Engineer Stevens were at the other end of the Isthmus, intending to come over on the evening train.

In sight of the promised land of the results of his leadership, our strenuous President, overflowing with the stored energy of a restful voyage, must perforce remain aboard throughout the afternoon or else break an international program. For Dr. Amador, the President of the smallest American republic, must welcome the President of the United States and the President of the largest American republic must return his call.

Breaking a Precedent

Of Mr. Roosevelt's three days ashore, one was largely occupied by this business of officially setting his foot on foreign soil. Every one connected with the Canal passes in and out of the Canal Zone so frequently that he never thinks of the boundary. To the American on the Isthmus the Breaking of the Great Precedent could mean little more than the passing of a Presidential train from Indiana to Illinois. The Panamans, fully conscious of the august feature, accepted it as their due. They are becoming used to international events and the visits of distinguished foreigners. Frock coats and high hats—as suitable in the tropics as a medieval helmet and arctic furs to a midsummer holiday—without which no international episode would be dignified, first called into service by the visit of Secretary Taft, had scarcely had time to accumulate dust since the visit of Secretary Root.

The actual crossing of the frontier took place when the President was driven from the very new Canal Commission Hotel Tivoli into the plaza of the old city, which is now the capital of a nation, thanks to a bloodless *coup d'état* which received his tacit consent.

Panama lies on the level by the sea. In the Zone the settlements are on the hills. They are exotic and fleeting, the camping-places of an alien race to whom the tropics is death in the end. When the mosquito-barred hospitals and the barracks with their broad verandas of Northern wood are in decay, and the doctors and nurses and steam-shovel men are gone, the Spanish houses of stone and stucco with Castilian balconies will remain. While they sat idly by, this polyglot people has seen malaria and fever sap the strength of Northern conquerors from Balboa to De Lesseps, who came hither to join the Atlantic and the Pacific with caravans or spades. Let us hope that our Canal of Theodore's strenuous days will endure as long as the old sea wall, still the most imposing public work in Panama, built by the glorious old devil of a Spaniard of Philip's strenuous days.

He Saw a Clean Panama

The pity is that the President could not have seen Panama as it was under the rule of Colombia. In this way only could he realize the contrast with the present régime, which is tempered by the paternalism of Governor Magoon, who literally took the artillery and ordnance of the little republic in storage. Of all Central American towns, Panama is to-day the cleanest and most presentable. A people who formerly were overrun with petty dictators and tax-gatherers from Bogota are spending the money which the canal brings them at home, and they are happy, even though a little resentful of a stronger hand than the local police, which holds back revolutions and makes cafe talk more commercial than Boabdilian. At first they complained about the sewers and pavements as innovations that interfered with settled habits. It is enough for us to know that now they would not give up these improvements upon which we insisted.

They do not thank us for benefits received, but ask us for more and more and think us a little soft and easy, knowing that in their diplomatic relations with us the size of their republic is all to their advantage, for it gives them a stronger ally than battleships in a Nonconformist conscience which came over in the *Mayflower* about the same time that the Spaniards built a paved road across the Isthmus with forced native labor. Those who believe that it is our duty to help the weak did not commend the method by which the Panama Republic was made. If they will go to Panama to-day they will see how the weak have been helped, not by editorials, but by action, and how the weak are ready to help themselves on all occasions, too.

If the President had gone to England, consider the pomp and show! Or even to Ottawa! But the precedent was not to be broken in Canada, or in Mexico for that matter. A destiny, not to mention a Presidential inclination which reception committees might not control, set the ceremony for a plaza in Panama. The situation was quaint and bizarre. You pinched yourself to make sure that it was really the President of the United States who was speaking from the dais on the Cathedral steps before two or three thousand Central Americans. In what foreign territory could he better appear than in that which was foreign by an act of his own Administration? Germany with the same opportunity would have made it domestic.

For President Amador, and particularly Mrs. Amador and the Panamans, this event was everything. To the Americans working on the Canal it was an incident. Having finished with ceremony, Mr. Roosevelt took off his frock coat, put on his Panama hat and a duck



DISCUSSING THEIR WORK WITH FOREMEN A

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HIS TRAIN PASSES OVER TRACKS WHICH ARE UN

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THE PRESIDENT, MRS. ROOSEVELT, AND MR. STEVENS

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EES THE CANAL

Correspondent with the Presidential Party

uit, and addressed himself to the business in hand a manner which belied any inferences of a kind f grand official parade which might be drawn from ne fact that he had come on a first-class battleship scorted by two first-class armored cruisers.

Only the Panamans and the Zone school-children, whom a word later, prepared any display or any onventional welcome. Perhaps I might make two xceptions. Item One: "We will do our best to help on build it," saluted the President on bunting from ne side of a steam shovel. This was the steam-shovel ngineer's own idea. It was individual, American, eal, upstanding in its good humor. Item Two: As e passed through the gorge cut in solid rock at bispo, suspended above our heads like a campaign anner on Broadway was an American flag whose right colors struck the eye suddenly on the back-round of gray sky and gray earth and forbidding bstacles which American determination is to over-me. As the President lifted his hat the heart of ery American gave a thump, and the division en-neer—covered with mud—who had hung it there was ghtly pleased with himself.

The Presidential inspection was as matter-of-fact, as anting in punctilio and ceremonial, as a general's ride along the lines of khaki in a lull in a battle. And a battle it is we are waging on the Isthmus; a modern battle of science and organization against the backbone of a continent; a Port Arthur where you do not storm the hills but you carry them away to a dump pile. The conflict is with the climate as well as with the walls of earth of Genesis which are a barrier to the world's commerce.

Probably no ruler in history had ever before been received by hosts who had consistently wished for bad weather during his visit. Those who are doing the work wanted the President to see the Isthmus at its worst. Their prayers were fully answered. For the six days ending November 16, $10\frac{24}{100}$ inches of rain fell; for the twenty-four hours ending November 16, $4\frac{68}{100}$ inches, and in one period of thirty minutes $2\frac{5}{10}$ inches fell.

Measure that amount up in your washbowl and think what it means on a hot August day, not to a man walking on a sidewalk, but to a man working with pick and spade. The difference between the dry season and the wet season to the engineer is the difference between hell and paradise. If you see the Isthmus in the dry season you may wonder why more has not been accomplished; if you see it in the wet season you are amazed that so much has been accomplished. The odor of mildew was in the nostrils, garments were saturated with hot moisture from which there is no escape except in a drying-room. The soil of the cut trickled with seepage; car tracks sank in slime and the Presidential train itself on Saturday ran in water so deep that a line of sediment was left on the sides of the passenger coaches. We passed a locomotive overturned into a stream where the roadbed had given way like a sherbet under a hot iron.



SPEAKING TO THE PANAMANS

From the steps of their cathedral he warned them against the folly of revolutions

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He Kept Them Guessing

"How could the President see anything in two days?" is a question I have been asked. Bear in mind that he was not inspecting the length and breadth of a State or an intricate system of government, but the beginnings of a cut in the earth broad enough to take ships covering a distance of forty miles through which runs the arterial tracks whose many branches carry the soil away.

"But hadn't *they* swept out the corners and shined up the doorknobs carefully and locked the skeletons in the closets during the two months of warning that they had?" pursues the skeptic. Of course. *They* are human. The Commission went to the Isthmus beforehand, and the official Man from Cook's was ready to receive the distinguished tourist. But in two months you can not take away enough dirt from Culebra Cut to make a year's showing, nor can you bring into existence an organization which keeps fifty steam shovels busy. Besides, the sum of the work done stands checked off on the line as clearly and indubitably as the working of a time register in a factory. Yet *they* were worried. Everything was not as *they* wished it to be, and they knew, as every American knows, that nobody on earth can tell just what Theodore Roosevelt is going to do.

"What I Want to Know IS!"

With the President on the rear platform of the car was his right-hand man and his left-hand man in the enterprise. In these two he has centred all the agency of execution. The other members of the Commission, which number seven by the Senate's decree, are consulting. Shonts, the big business man who made a fortune out of railroad manipulation, accustomed to do big things as the head of a board of directors, was chosen for his ability to hold all the parts of a large organization in working unison. Stevens is of a type as different from Shonts as a doctor from a banker. He belongs to a great profession. He who fought the Rockies on the snow-line for Jim Hill has now the task of cutting the tapering tail of the Rockies on the tropical Isthmus for the Canal. A quiet man he is, who turns away wrath with a story of the Lincoln type, and then goes back to the business of measuring up working costs on the amount of excavation done. For the sum of the problem is dig, dig, dig, just as the sum of war is work, work, work. And the engineers are the heroes of this mighty battle, they and Colonel Gorgas and his doctors who have killed the mosquitoes which have killed the diggers.

To them, to Shonts, to the day laborer the President was uniformly direct and earnest as he aimed at any hidden point with his "Yes, but what I want to know *is*—"

When we came to the first steam shovel, in the language of the negro porter of the train, the President "chawged." Here was something of more interest than a Precedent—the first glimpse of the thing that he had come for. Now this is no place to mention the cold, judicial way in which Root, when he visited the Isthmus, approached a steam shovel. But the folks on the Isthmus are making certain comparisons, and they are speaking of steam shovels as exponents of character. The President went up the steps in the manner of a man who had just bought a half interest in the implement, and was about to ascertain what it could do. Some one laid a handkerchief over the iron seat he was to occupy. He looked at the handkerchief gingerly and then brushed it aside as if he feared that it would bite. Thus began the ruin of his duck suit, while he saw the working of that monster which has made Western railroad expansion possible, and now makes the Canal possible. In our modern dispensation its steel sinews under the touch of levers take the place of the sinews of the slaves who built the Roman aqueducts under the touch of the lash.

A Glimpse of the "Square Deal"

When Grey had finished his demonstration the President asked him if he had any complaints. Grey had one and he was not slow to name it. The Panama Railroad Company is a corporation separate from the Isthmian Canal Commission. The railroad pays its steam shovel men for overtime and the Canal Commission does not. Grey, as I understood the situation, had been transferred from railroad to canal work and had not received his railroad overtime. Immediately we



SHOVEL MEN AT SAN PEDRO MIGUEL

RWOOD



AS A RESULT OF THE HEAVY DOWNPOUR



DINING AT AN EMPLOYEES' MESS

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had an exhibition of the "square deal." Stevens and Bolich, the division engineer, were sent for. They climbed into the steam shovel and stated their side; Grey reiterated his. The President of the United States, seated like a judge on the iron bench of a steam shovel, with his "But what I want to know *is*—" put many questions, and he concluded that Grey was entitled to his railroad overtime. The question of occasional overtime on the canal work where the men frequently worked only six hours was another matter.

When you have seen one steam shovel you have seen all. The power of each of itself is uncanny, and the greater the number at work the mightier the impression. In action they remind you of an elephant piling timbers. Their great mandible dippers feel of a heavy rock as the trunk feels of a heavy stick, but when they get a hold, with an elephantine grumble they lift it out of place. From his car the President had a panorama of these giants burrowing in the cut alongside the dump cars, which are drawn slowly forward as one after another is filled; and above them, on the hillsides, were the houses and barracks of the employees and the laborers' quarters, and beyond lay the jungle.

His Own Guide

At a word from the President the train halted; at a word from him came the blue-prints and the explanation, and any one from a laborer to a sanitary inspector was sent for. The skeleton of the program had been officially outlined; the disposal of his time en route was the President's. At his side was Mr. Latta, his stenographer (Loeb, his private secretary, he did not bring), to whom he turned with occasional comments which enabled us to witness a special message to Congress in the making. As an investigator, the President obviously has facilities denied to magazine writers, and possibly this explains the size of his output.

Our commonplace Presidential tour moments were aboard the train. Our interesting moments came when he left the train so promptly that the Jamaican porter, good of intention but tropically slow of action, was never able to get the step ready for him. "What next?" we wondered, as the party—official and otherwise—hastened after this head of a nation who acted as his own guide, aide-de-camp and reception committee.

It was on these occasions that the President met the men on the job, upon whom, more than upon plans, investigations, or commissions depends the success of the enterprise. De Lesseps had great engineers and good machinery, but the men on the job failed him. The workers on the Isthmus are composed of distinctly two castes. Broadly they are known as "gold" and "silver" employees. The "silver" employees do manual labor. They include not a single American citizen. The gold employees are all Americans, engineers, foremen, clerks, and mechanics. They constitute a community which makes New York seem provincial.

Hereafter I shall recommend any one who wishes to see all America, and truly to get its best spirit in a great endeavor, to go to the Zone. This strip of tropical territory forty miles long and ten miles broad is like a microscopic slide, revealing the blood corpuscles of our national life. North and South and East and West work together. On the same mosquito-screened veranda of Washington pine put up by a New York carpenter, perhaps, you heard the New England twang, the full vowels of the Pacific Coast, the drawl of Missouri and the soft accents of the South.

Theodore Roosevelt, the all-round American, who had known the types in their own States, found them in a group here; the head of eighty-five million people was inspecting a congress representative of that whole, in our vast country, which you may know only by thousands upon thousands of miles of travel. It was his idea originally to give to the work on the Isthmus the same character that marks most private enterprises, where employees are chosen for efficiency rather than for pull. His policy—the policy for which he has fought so hard—he saw justified. In order to keep the Canal out of politics he has had to grant patronage in other channels to appease recalcitrant political leaders. The vagrant of politics who wants a snap has crept in, of course, but he is rare, much rarer than a year ago.



WATCHING THE GIANT DIPPER OF A STEAM SHOVEL LOADING ROCK ON DUMP CARS

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In the married quarters he found that backbone type of American family where one of the sons sticks to the farm, another becomes a railroad engineer and a third enters a profession. He went into their rooms; he asked them many questions; he tramped through the mud from building to building. At the Isthmian Canal Commission hotels, which are really big public messes, you may, if you come in from the steam shovel or the shop, eat in your shirt-sleeves at one end of the dining-room, or if you make blue-prints or hammer a typewriter, or you are fresh out of the technical college getting your first practical experience on an engineering job, you may take the end of a room where the diner must wear a coat. Thus in a democracy is the distinction that starch and bluing make in some minds preserved. The steam shovel "sharp" gets twice and frequently more than twice the pay of the young man out of the technical college, who is not worried about overtime, but, ambitious to get a start in life, goes plunging through the jungle with his theodolite, heedless of rain or sun or malarial mosquitoes.

The President ate twice at Isthmian Canal Commission hotels. In both instances he dropped in unexpectedly, and he got a good square meal with as much variety as he usually has at home. On the second occasion he went to see where the meal came from, catching a cook by surprise in the midst of after-dinner litter and the roar of dishwashing.

A Clean Kitchen

What was the cook to do? A cook who was conscious of the importance of certain preparations when a President calls or one is to have his photograph taken! Nothing, except to let the President see for himself. The President did not say, "But what I want to know *is*—" a single time. He found a clean kitchen, and he was well pleased, even if the cook was not, and never can be, when he thinks of how much better it would have been if all the pots and pans were shining and in place and the dishes stacked. The cook might have observed, however, that his jacket was as presentable as a certain duck suit whose back Canal officials, policemen, reporters, and photographers had been following through the downpour.

To every employee the President offered an opportunity to be heard. In fact, he was on the Isthmus looking for grievances, and he devoted the evening of the first day of inspection to listening to them from every quarter, while the heads of departments were kept waiting. To his ears, at all events, the "gold" employees offered no complaints about either quarters or food. But all did want a raise in pay. As the President observed, however, this was not a unique request.

The "silver" employees bring us to another question: to that human assistance whose need machinery has reduced to a minimum but which it can not entirely replace. Some type of man with sufficient cerebellum to direct his muscles in answer to orders must lift and carry in the moist heat of the rainy season and under the tropical sun of the dry season. You wonder if the grumbles of the methodical steam shovel are not due to the inferiority of the labor which places the ties and the rails under the monster's body as he is advanced into the bin of earth upon which he feeds.—(*Continued on p. 32*)

FULTON OF OREGON

The story of the Senator's attempt to protect two political friends who were involved in the land frauds

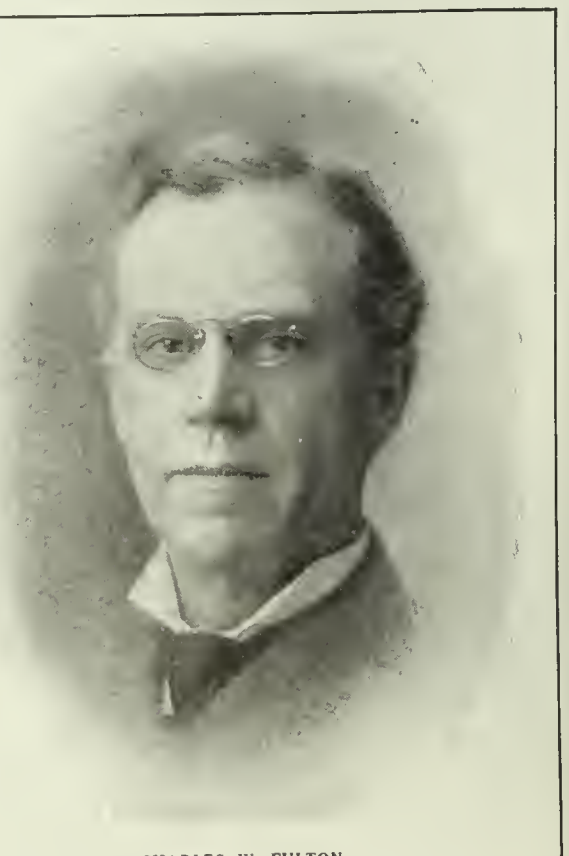


FRANCIS J. HENEY

Prosecutor of Land Frauds in Oregon

CHARLES W. FULTON, United States Senator from Oregon, in conformity with the custom which has grown up in Congress, named four constituents, one after the other, for an important Federal office in his State. On examination into the qualifications of the men proposed, every one was found to be unfit! In despair, President Roosevelt threw up his hands, and told Senator Fulton that he would nominate his own man. He did. Since then, in all appointments relating to the Department of Justice and to the Department of the Interior—the Governmental machinery directly involved in prosecuting the land frauds—the senior Senator from Oregon has not been consulted. Nominations have been made over his head. Behind his failure to fight openly the confirmation of these nominations, as other Senators would have done were their sacred prerogative attacked, is a grave matter relating to Fulton's standing as a Senator. To the facts in the case the people are clearly entitled.

The story is an incident in the history of the Oregon land frauds. Three years ago, the whisper came east to Washington that wholesale frauds were being committed in connection with Government lands in Oregon. With it came the information that these frauds permeated and tainted every circle of life and every stratum of business in the State. Business men of high standing were engineering the steals; lawyers at the head of the bar were attending to the details, and bankers were financing the deals. Most of the State and Government officials, it was said, were either directly concerned in the frauds or else were on such intimate personal terms with the criminals that the United States Government could not rely on them to prosecute. And even if there were an official in Oregon fearless enough to take up the work, he would face a public opinion so hostile as to make his efforts use-



CHARLES W. FULTON

Member of the United States Senate from Oregon

less. This was the situation which has since been so graphically described by the phrase "the land conscience."

Under these circumstances, somebody outside the State must be secured to prosecute the thieves. Attorney-General Knox suggested a San Francisco lawyer who had come to his attention. Francis J. Heney had made a record under similar circumstances in Arizona, where he had been Attorney-General before the age of thirty-five. Heney took the appointment at the sacrifice of his profitable law business in San Francisco. When he arrived in Portland, the very air seemed charged with hostility to him. A local bar association adopted a resolution protesting against the appointment of a "carpet-bagger" to prosecute the land-fraud cases. At every turn Heney met open defiance or subtle hampering of his work.

But courage could withstand the hostility of a whole community, and Heney had been selected for courage. From one man in the State, however, he must have active cooperation and assistance. That man was United States Attorney for the district. On him Heney must depend for assistance in putting in operation the legal machinery of prosecution. Obstruction on the part of this officer would undermine all the energy and astuteness that Heney could bring to bear.

The occupant of the office at that time was John H. Hall. His term was drawing to a close. And no Government official ever fought to retain his office as did Hall. The knowledge of how much there was at stake inspired his frantic efforts to hold on for another term. Hall's conscience told him that he himself was liable to prosecution. He knew that at least one United States Senator from Oregon, two Congressmen, and half the prominent politicians in the State could not be saved from indictment unless he stood between them and Heney.

Brownell for States Attorney

But although Hall so keenly desired to remain in office, the United States Senators from Oregon had planned to shelve him. They proposed to use the United States Attorneyship to pay a political debt. Charles W. Fulton, whom Senator Mitchell had selected for his colleague, in getting himself elected a United States Senator, had incurred many political obligations, and of these none was so pressing as that to George C. Brownell, president of the State Senate, who had parceled out the committee assignments to further Fulton's candidacy, and had aided him in every way. For this valuable service he was promised the United States Attorneyship, and to this promise Senator Mitchell was a party. Just how fit Brownell was to fill this important office may be judged from the fact that he has since been indicted for subornation of perjury. Additional light on the character of Brownell and his candidacy is furnished by the following official report made to the Secretary of the Interior by Special Agent Greene of the department:

"George C. Brownell, a sloughed-off politician from Kansas, who has been living off his wits in Oregon for ten years, and who by the grace of Senator Mitchell, for whom he voted at his last election, is now President of the State Senate of Oregon, has been an aspirant for the position of United States District Attorney to succeed Hall. His record is so unsavory that even Mitchell has at last concluded that it would be unwise to recommend him for the position, and is now seriously considering the candidacy of J. U. Campbell for the appointment. Brownell and Campbell both live in Oregon City, and until a year or so ago were partners in law practise. I have it from unquestionable authority that the arrangement is for Campbell to get the office and divide the revenue with his former partner Brownell, in consideration of the latter bringing the support of the delegation to Campbell. To have either of these men in the position of prosecuting attorney would be equivalent to giving a free rein to every violator of the law in Oregon. Neither one is a lawyer of even moderate ability, nor has either one of them any practise worth mentioning. They not only lack prominent standing at the bar, such as should be one of the qualifications for so responsible a position, but they lack clean records as citizens and local officials. Both are notaries public and have been for several years. I have before me as I write documentary evidence that they have made false certificates in connection with fraudulent surveys in this State. I charge Brownell of being guilty of uttering false certificates, and of conspiracy to defraud the Government of the United States. As for Campbell, I shall be able to prove him guilty of uttering false certificates and of conspiring to defraud the Government of the United States."

This, then, was the situation Senators Fulton and Mitchell earnestly desired the appointment of Brownell; failing that, the appointment of Brownell's law partner, Campbell. On the other hand, Hall was determined on his own reappointment, and he threatened his rivals with prosecution in order to force them out of the race. Then he hastened to Washington to secure Senatorial indorsement of the bargain he had made. What took place at the conference with Senators Fulton and Mitchell is clearly set down in a most remarkable letter. It bears date January 18, 1904, and at the top of the first page, in the handwriting of Senator Mitchell, is the warning: "Strictly Confidential." The letter, which was sent to Brownell, covers four typewritten pages. The important part of the communication is here given:

"My dear Senator and Friend:

. . . . . .

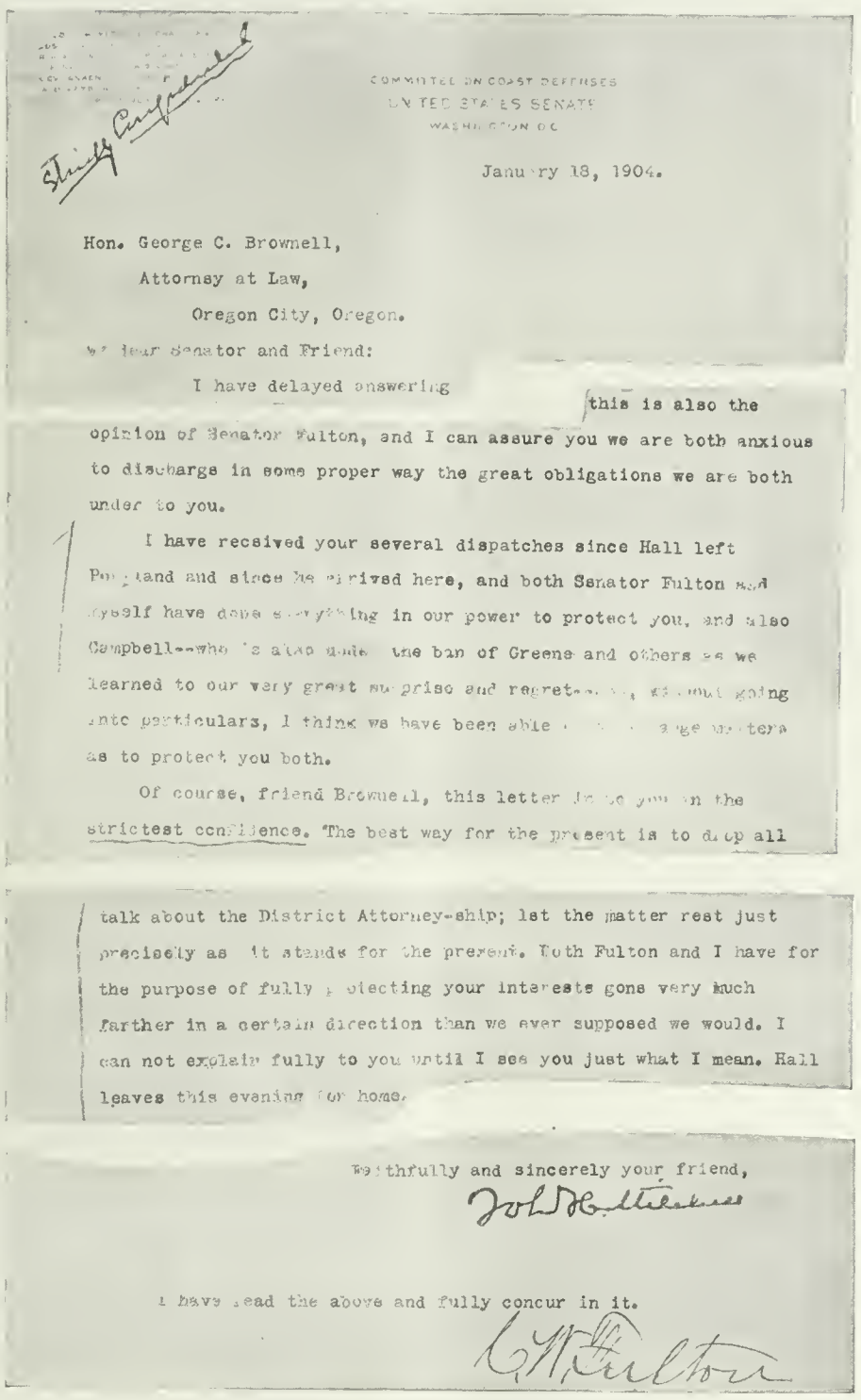
"I have received your several despatches since Hall left Portland, and since he arrived here, and both Senator Fulton and myself have done everything in our power to protect you, and also Campbell—who is also under the ban of Greene and others, as we learned to our very great surprise and regret—and, without going into particulars, I think we have been able to so arrange matters as to protect you both.

"Of course, friend Brownell, this letter is to you in the *strictest confidence.* The best way for the present is to drop all talk about the District Attorneyship; let the matter rest just precisely as it stands for the present. Both Fulton and I have, for the purpose of fully protecting your interests, gone very much farther in a certain direction than we ever supposed we would. I can not explain fully to you until I see you just what I mean. Hall leaves this evening for home. My advice would be for you to say nothing to him whatever, unless he says something to you. Just let the matter drift for the present. *This is all important.* Faithfully and sincerely your friend,

(Signed) "John H. Mitchell."

"I have read the above and fully concur in it.

(Signed) "C. W. Fulton"



COMMITTEE ON COAST DEFENSES
UNITED STATES SENATE
WASHINGTON D.C.

January 18, 1904.

Hon. George C. Brownell,

Attorney at Law,

Oregon City, Oregon.

My dear Senator and Friend:

I have delayed answering this is also the opinion of Senator Fulton, and I can assure you we are both anxious to discharge in some proper way the great obligations we are both under to you.

I have received your several dispatches since Hall left Portland and since he arrived here, and both Senator Fulton and myself have done everything in our power to protect you, and also Campbell--who is also under the ban of Greene and others as we learned to our very great surprise and regret--and, without going into particulars, I think we have been able to so arrange matters as to protect you both.

Of course, friend Brownell, this letter is to you in the strictest confidence. The best way for the present is to drop all talk about the District Attorney-ship; let the matter rest just precisely as it stands for the present. Both Fulton and I have for the purpose of fully protecting your interests gone very much farther in a certain direction than we ever supposed we would. I can not explain fully to you until I see you just what I mean. Hall leaves this evening for home.

Faithfully and sincerely your friend,

John H. Mitchell

I have read the above and fully concur in it.

C. W. Fulton

PART OF A LETTER FROM SENATORS MITCHELL AND FULTON TO GEORGE C. BROWNELL

The letter consists of four typewritten pages; only the most important portions are reproduced

What did the letter mean? This: That in Washington, on January 18, 1904, a secret agreement was entered into between United States Senators Fulton and Mitchell, on the one side, and United States Attorney Hall, on the other, by which it was agreed that the Oregon Senators were to use their influence to procure the reappointment of Hall to the office of United States Attorney for the District of Oregon, and that in consideration of their doing so Hall was to protect George C. Brownell and J. U. Campbell from indictment and prosecution.

$500 was Offered for the Letter Shown Above

What Senator Fulton thinks of the significance of this letter may be inferred from the fact that on the fourth day of January, 1906, Senator Fulton's brother, by appointment, met the recipient of the letter and offered him five hundred dollars for it. When Brownell did not produce it, G. Clyde Fulton warned him in this language:

"If you have given up the correspondence of Mitchell and my brother, it will be your ruin, and you will be a traitor and an outcast."

Hall faithfully kept his agreement. Neither Brownell nor Campbell was indicted, and when Francis J. Heney took charge of the land-fraud cases he found that the statute of limitations had run against their offenses. But the bargain made in Washington was never carried out. Heney, having his suspicions of Hall aroused, secured his discharge from office, and finally indicted him.

When Heney began to suspect that Hall was using his official position to protect the land thieves, when he was tired and disheartened by the united front of opposition with which the people of Oregon met him, he went to the one man in the State in whom he had learned to have confidence, and from whom he received sympathy—a judge who is now dead. He asked this judge if there was any lawyer in Oregon to whom he could go, not necessarily in a professional way, but for impersonal aid. This judge recommended, as the best lawyer in the State to rely on, William C. Bristol. Later, when he got the evidence to convince Washington that Hall was not filling his office in good faith, he recommended that Bristol be made United States Attorney. Acting on this suggestion—for he had ceased to receive such recommendations from Senator Fulton—the President sent to the Senate the nomination of Bristol to be United States Attorney for the District of Oregon. The appointment caused Senator Fulton much uneasiness. He was under strong pressure from the boys back home in Oregon to head off that appointment at any cost.

"I want to urge you [reads one wailing letter sent to him] to defeat the confirmation . . . of the district attorney . . . if it is possible for you to do so. There is no disguising the fact that when the President went around you in making this appointment, it was a serious blow to you in this State; but if you can prevent his confirmation, it will reinstate you here by showing that you wield a strong influence in the Senate. But, whatever you do, do not allow this appointee to be confirmed if you can possibly prevent it. I have discussed this question with a number of your best friends and they heartily agree with me upon the proposition. We would rather see you fight and be beaten than to give in. To fight and lose would strengthen you more than an acquiescence. Very sincerely your friend,

"John H. Hall."

The writer of this communication had all of that strong personal interest in the matter which the somewhat anxious tone of his letter indicates. He is the same Hall who was discharged from the office of United States Attorney and subsequently indicted. If he goes to jail it will be through the efforts of the United States Attorney for the District of Oregon. Naturally Hall has an anxious personal interest in who shall fill that office.

The Attack on Bristol

Finally, Senator Fulton, seeking some way of preventing the appointment, made a charge against Bristol's professional standing. He claimed that Bristol had once been guilty of unprofessional conduct. This turn in affairs brought undiluted satisfaction and blooming hope to the boys back home in Oregon.

"Dear Senator [one of them wrote to Senator Fulton], I congratulate you on the way the good work is progressing in respect to our friend B. Do not let the matter rest. The boys are shaking hands with each other over the result. The idea was a good one. The least suspicion of graft on the part of B. is enough in itself to cause the President to recall the appointment. I think the matter will take care of itself now. As ever, yours,

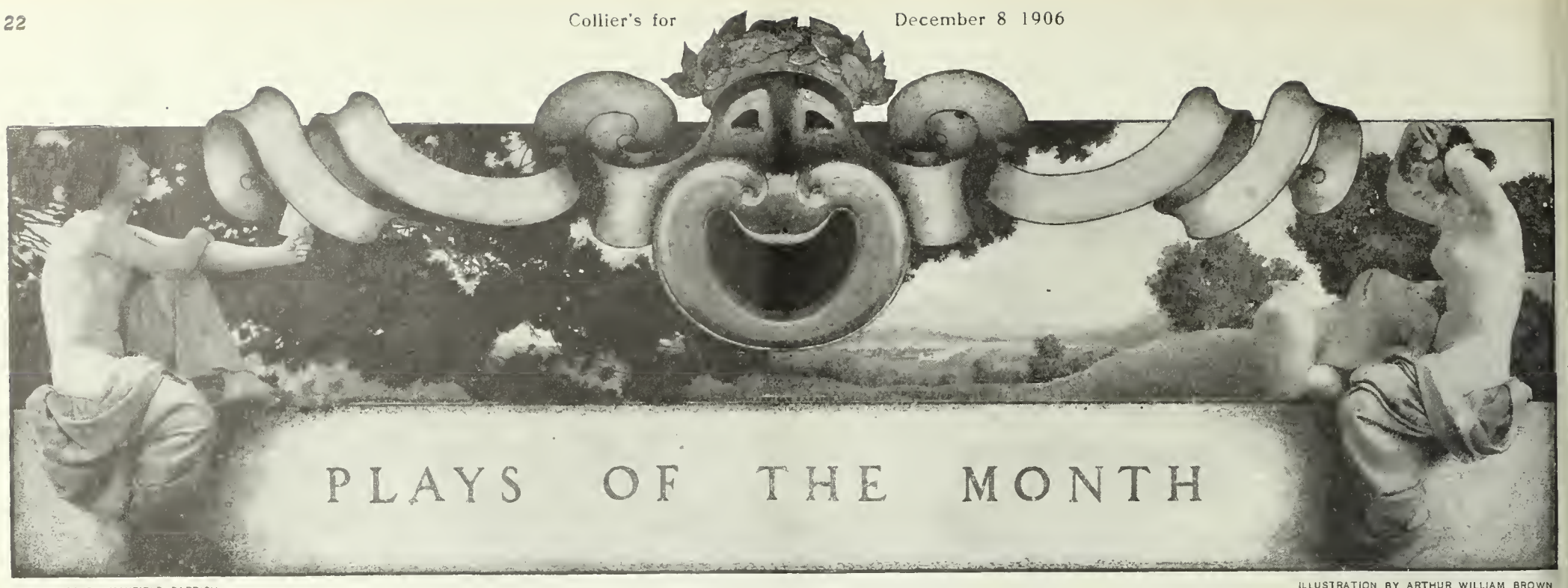
"Charles F. Carey."

The writer of this letter, like Hall, had an intimate personal interest in the appointment. His law partner, a wealthy man named Mays, like Hall, was under indictment and awaiting trial for land frauds. If he was ever to go behind the bars it would be largely through the energetic efforts of a vigilant United States Attorney for Oregon. Naturally, Mr. Mays and his law partner, Mr. Carey, had interests in the appointment of that official strong enough to appeal to Senator Fulton.

All the evidence Senator Fulton had concerning Mr. Bristol's unprofessional conduct consisted of an old letter. This Senator Fulton turned over to the President. The President submitted it to four members of his Cabinet, all lawyers. They examined the letter, and cleared Bristol. Then the President stood by his guns. Under strong pressure from the boys under indictment back home in Oregon, Fulton maintained his whimpering bluff, and wailed loudly for Senatorial Courtesy.

And Senatorial Courtesy came to his comfort. When the Senate adjourned last June, Bristol's appointment was still unconfirmed. Immediately, the President made a recess appointment, good until the Senate meets again. By virtue of this, Bristol is hard at work, making heaps of trouble for the boys back home in Oregon, certain thieves of high degree who have strong claims on the sympathy of Senator Fulton. One of these, whom he convicted last summer, was the wealthy man Mays mentioned above. The Senate having met again, doubtless Fulton will again call for Senatorial Courtesy, and the Senate of the United States must either stand by its rule in an odious case or yield to the President in the matter of appointing William C. Bristol as United States Attorney for Oregon.

While the responsibility rests on the Senate as a whole, the direct burden must be borne by two members of the Committee on Judiciary—Senators Foraker and Kittredge. They know what manner of man is their colleague from Oregon. Yet they gave ear to Senator Fulton, and refused to report a nomination which President Roosevelt had made to insure the prosecution of criminals engaged in stealing the public domain of the United States.



HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

BY ARTHUR RUHL

MR. BERNARD SHAW once announced that after witnessing the performances at the London theatres his bones began to perish. He fell from heights and broke them in pieces. The doctors told him that he had not eaten meat for twenty years, and that he must eat it or die. Mr. Shaw told the doctors that he had been going to the London theatres for three years, and the soul of him had become inane and was feeding unnaturally on his body. What would Mr. Shaw say if he should come upon his own "Cæsar and Cleopatra" after he had been going to the New York musical comedies for three years?

Undoubtedly he would declare that the sight of it filled him with acute misery. "You," he would say, "see in this an occasion for merriment. I see sorrow and horror and shame. You say it is funny. I say: It is so funny that it makes all the musical comedies, burlesques, attempts at joke-plays whatsoever, seem the pale gibbering of starved souls, the mere desquamation of desiccated minds. I look on this play and say: Why can't somebody else write like this? Pity and sorrow oppress me. Is sorrow funny? Is starvation a joke? If 713 doddering old women are picking up crusts in the street, is it amusing to see the President of the Bun Trust whirl past in his automobile? I—"

In other words, having no reputation to sustain in the paradoxical vein, one may commend this comic-opera-without-music whole-heartedly and utterly. It is a privilege which Mr. Shaw does not always permit us. He is at times cruel and unprincipled. Being brilliant beyond all reason, he is able to take $\frac{1}{100}$ truth and $\frac{99}{100}$ wit and polemic skill and make it seem $\frac{100}{100}$ truth. Then, further arming himself by assuming the virtuous air of an Exposer of Sham, he sallies forth, slapsticking the easiest victims he can find in the places where they are tenderest. A purely egoistic amusement, it is, of course, rather brutal, not to say cowardly. It is as though Mr. Jim Jeffries should walk down the street knocking down all the children he met, feeling his biceps the while and saying: "I'm the only one with the courage to do this. Am I not brave?" A man with Mr. Shaw's cleverness ought to have some sort of sense of responsibility. His brain is a Trust. He ought to be regulated.

Insulating a Live Intellect

IN "Cæsar and Cleopatra," however, our Intellectual Slapstick Man turns, so to speak, from breaking babies' rattles and knocking schoolgirls down, and, mounting a platform, gives a bag-punching exhibition which exhibits all his agility and skill and can't possibly hurt any one. The play scarcely offers more ground for critical examination than musical comedy, which in general point of view it follows. The difference is that the wit is Mr. Shaw's instead of that of the usual libretto-carpenter, the point of view that of a man of genius who plays with intellectual ideas infinitely more nimbly than the libretto-carpenter rejuggles what pass for ideas on Broadway.

For those who have seen the play, therefore, nothing can be said about it which the lines do not say a thousand times better for themselves. For those who have not had that amusement it might be said—if one must indulge in the unprofitable business of explaining jokes—that perhaps its most characteristic quality is the manner in which its ancient Romans and Egyptians, whenever the author so wishes it, under a thin veil of local color and words slightly figurative, speak the language of complete modernity. Mr. Shaw, of course, declaring that the human race has not improved in the last sixty-seven generations, would conclude that such anachronisms are impossible, but for ordinary purposes of explanation they may be said to exist. Observe, for instance, Brittanus, a captured Briton, taken to Egypt by Cæsar as his secretary. National character being a product of climate, the ancient Briton, Mr. Shaw avers in one of his notes, would exhibit the characteristics of the modern Briton not in a lesser but in a greater degree, inasmuch as "modern Britain disforested, drained, urbanified, and consequently cosmopolized, is presumably less characteristically British than Cæsar's Britain." Brittanus appears, therefore, in a Roman toga and a long, sandy, drooping mustache and talks with complete lack of humor in a broad British accent. Through him and his observations, the author, engages in characteristic fashion with imperialism, the Irish question, and various aspects of British Respectability.

"Is it true," asks Cleopatra, for instance, "that when Cæsar caught you on that island you were painted all over blue?"

"Blue," observes Brittanus, lifting his eyebrows, "is the color worn by all Britons of good standing. In war we stain our bodies blue, so that, though our enemies may strip us of our clothes and our lives, they can not strip us of our respectability!"

Mr. Shaw's Improvements on Shakespeare

THROUGH Apollodorus, "a dashing young man of about twenty-four, handsome and debonair, dressed with deliberate estheticism in the most delicate purples and dove grays," Mr. Shaw is able to hoot at artists and the esthetic pose in general. For instance, Apollodorus, on his way to Cleopatra with some beautiful carpets, is stopped by the matter-of-fact Roman sentinel, a wiry young man armed with a pilum.

SENTINEL (*not at all impressed, pointing to the carpets*): "And what is all this truck?"

APOLLODORUS: "Carpets for the furnishing of the Queen's apartments. I have picked them from the best carpets in the world; and the Queen shall choose the best of my choosing."

SENTINEL: "So you are a carpet merchant?"

APOLLODORUS (*hurt*): "My friend, I am a Patrician."

SENTINEL: "A Patrician! A Patrician keeping a shop instead of following arms!"

APOLLODORUS: "I do not keep a shop. Mine is a temple of the arts. I am a worshiper of beauty. My calling is to choose beautiful things for beautiful Queens. My motto is Art for Art's Sake."

SENTINEL: "That is not the password."

APOLLODORUS: "It is a universal password."

SENTINEL: "I know nothing about universal passwords. Either give me the password for the day or get back to your shop."

This last episode is not presented, the third act being omitted, but it is typical of the general point of view and drift. Thus Theodotus is brought in to accuse Cæsar of setting fire to the Alexandria library.

"You will go down to posterity as a barbarous soldier, too ignorant to know the value of books!" cries the excited old gentleman.

"Theodotus," observes Cæsar, with that benign and Jove-like smile of which Mr. Forbes-Robertson is such a master, "I am an author myself; and I tell you it is better that the Egyptians should live their lives than dream them away with the help of books." Having slapped the contemplative life, Mr. Shaw with characteristic vivacity a moment later causes Cæsar to deplore: "Oh, the military life! this tedious, brutal life of action! That is the worst of us Romans; we are mere doers and drudgers: a swarm of bees turned into men. Give me a good talker—one with wit and imagination enough to live without continually doing something!"

A New Caesar and Cleopatra

CÆSAR is made fifty-four years old and Cleopatra sixteen. He is a very engaging, wholly self-sufficient person, gracious, passionless, never at a loss, and gifted with an exquisite sense of humor. These qualities are brought out and thrown in more salient relief by the girlishness of Cleopatra. She is made quite a child, a child-princess of ancient Egypt—utterly ignorant of the world outside her own feminine instincts—romantic, capricious, ardent, and wilful. She is first revealed just as the dawn is spreading over the desert.

"Blackness and stillness," observes Mr. Shaw, including in a stage direction the lyricism he disdains in the text, "breaks softly into silver mist and strange airs at the dawning of the moon. It rises full over the desert; and a vast horizon comes into relief, broken by a huge shape which soon reveals itself in the spreading radiance as a Sphinx pedestaled on the sands. The light still clears, until the upraised eyes of the image are distinguished looking straight forward and upward in infinite fearless vigil, and a mass of color between its great paws defines itself as a heap of red poppies on which a girl lies motionless, her silken vest heaving gently, and her braided hair glittering in a shaft of moonlight like a bird's wing." Cæsar enters, and addresses an apostrophe to the Sphinx. In the height of it Cleopatra awakes and, peeping cautiously, calls out: "Old gentleman!" and begs him not to run away.

This the first meeting of these historic personages. She and Cæsar get on tremendously in a sort of little-girl-and-her-uncle fashion, although she must admit that, in appearance, he is old and rather stringy.

Cleopatra likes young men with round, strong arms, though she is rather afraid of them. She remembers such a one, Antony, who came over the desert with many horsemen when she was only twelve years old. She wishes Antony had come with Cæsar. Perhaps *he* wouldn't think she was a mere kitten. Could she possibly be his first love? Cæsar fears that is doubtful. Antony is much admired. And is he still beautiful? Do his strong round arms shine in the sun like marble? "He is in excellent condition," observes Cæsar with urbanity.



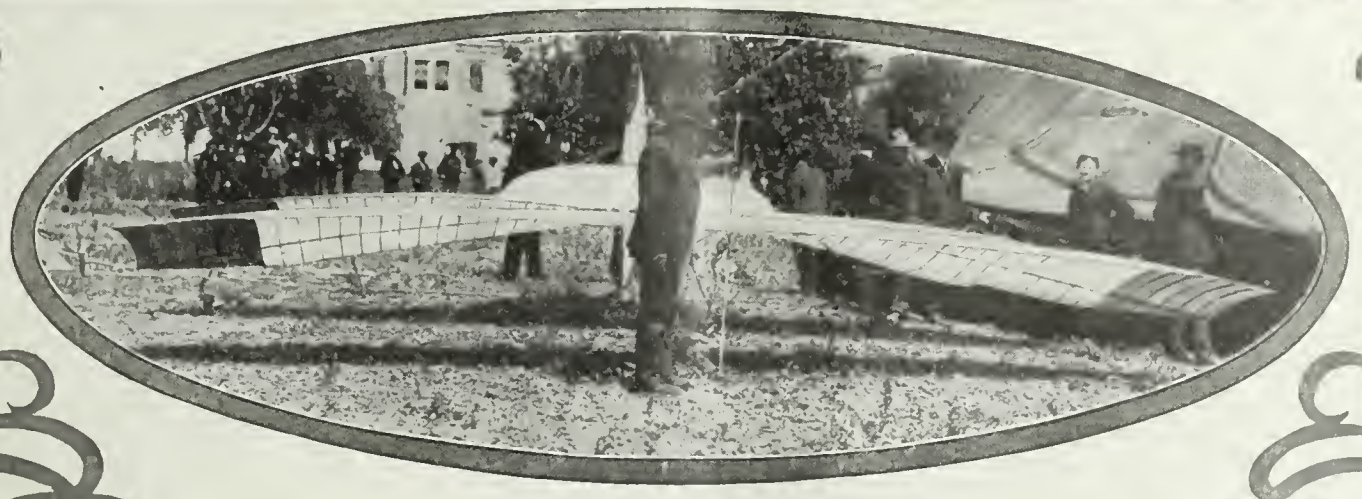
Mr Forbes-Robertson as Caesar

Real "Play" in its Best Sense

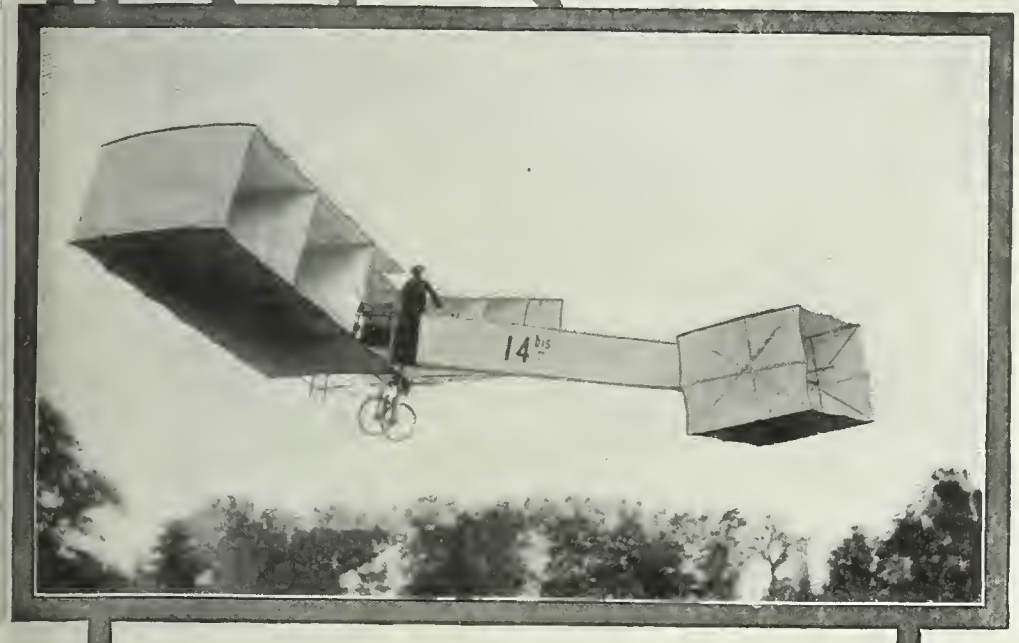
WITH all his pyrotechnics and mere "jollying" Mr. Shaw has somehow managed to give both his principal characters personalities not only plausible, but gifted with a very unconventional charm. There is something about this slim little princess calculated to puzzle those who believe that Mr. Shaw is innocent of "heart" or of any real warmth in his gizzard. Not a little of this happy impression is due to the exceedingly neat performance of Miss Gertrude Elliott.

Those familiar with Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet need not be told what beauties of voice and diction, what grace and distinction of face and of manner, he brings to the rôle. Without ceasing at any time to be Cæsar, in the sense of his dignity and power, he at the same time speaks and suffuses his countenance—as it were, surveys his part—with a certain finely intellectual and Jove-like humor which is the very soul of it. The production is handsome and elaborately thought out. To have so much high talent applied upon what, in the best sense of the word, is "play," calls for gratitude to author and players alike.

DEVELOPING THE AEROPLANE



Montgomery's flying machine, a product of California



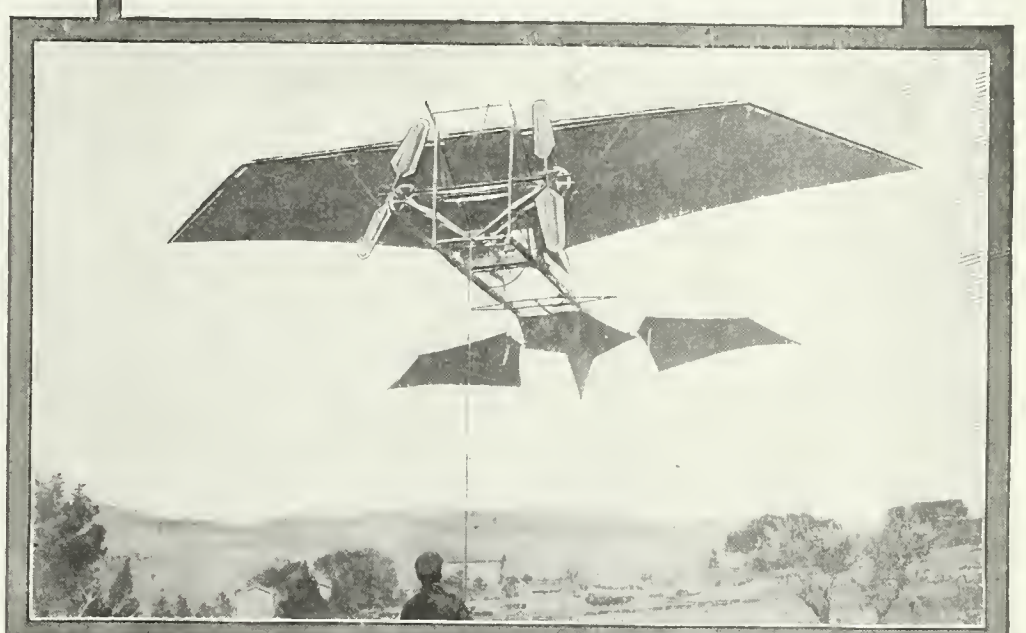
Santos-Dumont's latest development of the aeroplane



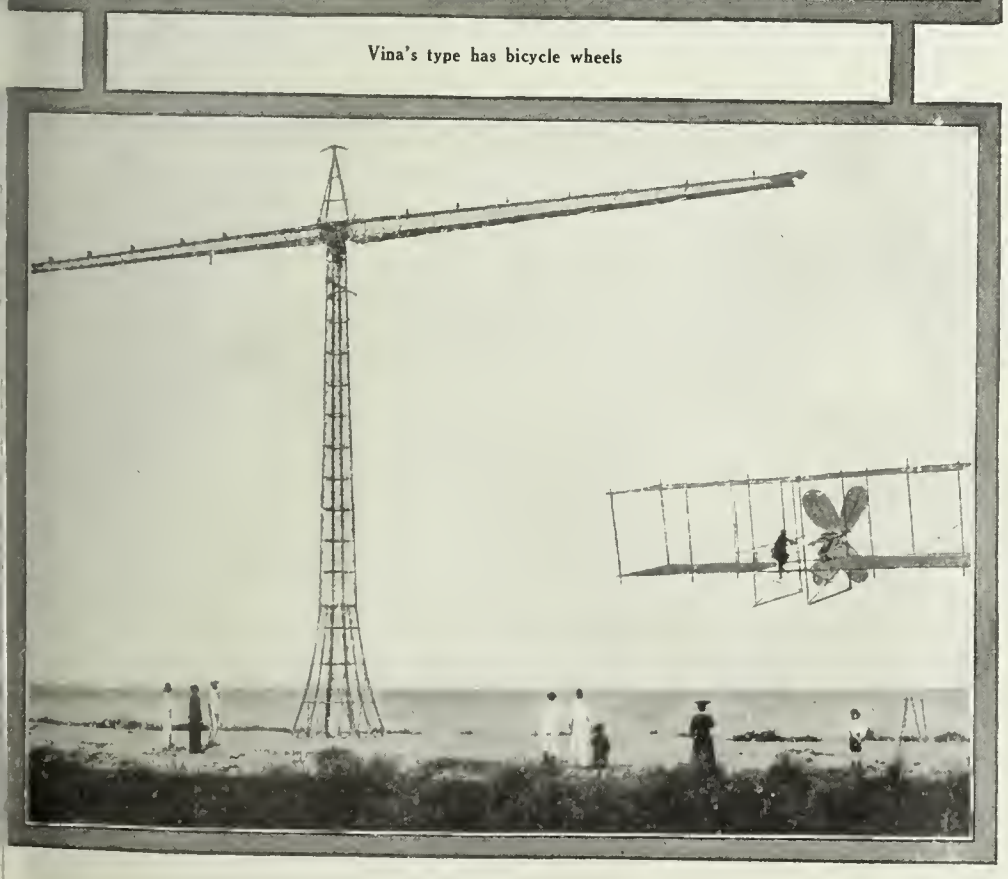
Blinot's aeroplane in operation near Paris



Vina's type has bicycle wheels



Barlattie's machine flying near Marseilles



The French army's machine for experimenting with aeroplanes



Professor Graham Bell's "Tetrahedral Kite"

SANTOS-DUMONT says: "Within a year the aeroplane will be in common use for flying"

FORSAKEN MOUNTAIN



A DEAD MAN WHO WOULD NOT STAY DEAD

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

SNOW, snow, snow. Steadily, pitilessly it had come down, for a week. Not a train had run through to cheer our isolation. We hung to the warm, full-blooded world only by the slim nerve of the telegraph wire that stretched invisibly into the distances, Wayne and I; and to us there clung, avidly and desperately, by another reach of the metal thread, two more isolate than we. For around us cowered the little hamlet of Garrawold, while Mowbray and Jackson of the Government Survey's outpost on Forsaken Mountain reckoned us their nearest neighbors, and we were thirty-two miles across the frozen northern highlands from the station where they had wearied through the winter in two-man loneliness.

The whiteness and silence had got on our nerves. And if it was hard on us, judge how much worse it was for that pair, winter-marooned as they were. Little enough chance did they give us to forget it. The wire kept hot and tingling with their irritation and complaints. Most often it was the crisp, staccato telegraphy of Mowbray, who was an expert operator.

"Coming down harder and faster than ever. Did you ever see such a curse of weather!" Then he would ramble off into speculations on the genealogy of the weather man.

Next, Jackson, the assistant, would take hold and send his unpractised Morse stumbling along the wire. Queries were his way mostly. "Clearing any down in your direction?" or: "Get any weather news from the East?" or maybe a half pitiful hope: "Can't be much more left, can there?"

One or the other of them was at it half the time, particularly in the evenings. It was all they had to do, you see, and strict attention to a telegraph wire will sometimes keep a man from seeing and hearing things that aren't there. If you've ever spent weeks in a cut-off world you'll know what I mean.

One noon, when Jackson had finished filtering out the morning's news—it concerned itself with his failure to shoot a storm-strayed bird with Mowbray's revolver, for they needed fresh meat—Wayne turned to me and opened a new line of inquiry.

"What kind of a duck do you figure this Jackson to be?"

We knew Mowbray pretty well, but neither of us had ever seen his companion. He had come to his post from somewhere West, dropping off a way-train on the further slope of the mountains, and since then the snow hadn't given him much chance to make any visits. So our acquaintance was wholly by wire.

"By his Morse he's a tenderfoot," I said, with the scorn of the newly adept for the amateur. "His o's are all broken up into double-e's, and his l's are so long that—"

"Don't I know that?" broke in Wayne. "What do you figure him to look and be? That's what I'm asking you."

"Well, that flurry way of his on the wire means he's a slack one. His touch is heavy; he's variable and uncertain, and he gets rattled if you break in. I seem to see a big, sloppy-built sort of sour-faced chap who maybe mightn't be quite all there if you wanted him at a pinch. Probably I'm away off, but there's something queer about his tick-talk. Something besides inefficiency, I mean."

"Think so?" said Wayne, looking at me hard. "I reckon perhaps you're right. From what I once heard he's a queer lot. It wasn't very definite, but there were drugs in it."

"Whew!" I whistled. "Not a very pleasant chum for poor, nervous Mowbray."

"I'm for going up there to take a look if this old bliz ever breaks," remarked Wayne. "Someway there's something about the messages I don't just favor. Just a little smell of some trouble I don't quite savvy."

It was the eighth day, I think, of uninterrupted snowfall—a Sunday morning—when the trouble began to take shape. Jackson called up early, and his introductory "M-Q; M-Q; M-Q" was more puttering than usual.

"I'm sick," he ticked out painfully. "My head's all hot and wrong. My eyes ain't good, either." Then the hopeless question, grown sorrowful by iteration: "No signs of clearing yet, I suppose?"

"Nothing yet," I answered him. "Cheer up, old man. Better go to bed and have Mowbray give you a dose of whisky."

The answer gave me a jolt. "Mowbray can't touch me. I'm onto him. I don't want to die just yet."

"Let me have the wire," cried Wayne; and as I relinquished the button to him he sent a call for Mowbray which presently got a reply. Wayne sent a brief query.

"Yes; Jackson's 'way off," came back in Mowbray's virile, clean-cut Morse. "Went off his head yesterday evening and came for me with a chair. Had hard work standing him off. This morning he's been muttering about showing me up to you fellows, bu—"

Right in the midst of the word it broke off. Wayne and I came to our feet and stared at each other. The clock on the end wall put on extra pressure immediately and began to tick off the seconds like a trip-hammer. One minute—two minutes—three minutes: and I pictured at the other end of the slender steel wire, two men tight-locked, who gripped at the living breath in each other's throats. I jumped as if shot when the wire resumed:

"Just went for me again. I had to hit him with the gun. Now he's sitting in his chair crying and saying that he knew I wanted to murder him. What will I do? What will I do?"

Wayne went back at him with one word: "Crazy?"

"Delirium, I reckon. Pretty high fever and his eyes are wild. He's got some stuff he says is medicine, and he takes it pretty steady I can't get him to bed. He sits there across from me with his elbows on the table and his chin in his fists and just stares at me." So far the message had run clean. Now there was a sudden, startling sputter to the wire. "My God, boys; I can't stand this long! Can't you get a party through someway?"

Wayne and I looked at each other and then out into the wild blur of snow. "We'd be lost, ten rods from the shack," said I.

"No need to tell me that," said Wayne, and he wired: "Start as soon as ever we can. Old Man Winter has sat right down on the track, but I don't reckon he can keep set much longer without getting cramps. Give us a little leeway and we'll be there."

"That's all right, and thanks." Mowbray had control of himself again. "I know it would be sure death to tackle the trip while she's coming down like this. If I can keep awake, we'll pull through O. K."

"Keep awake? What for? Better get some sleep."

"With him sitting there? What mightn't he do to himself—or me?"

"Well, keep us wise. We'll want to know how you come along."

"All right." Then, hesitantly: "You wouldn't mind if I should call you up maybe in the night?" There was a long pause. Then: "I'm frightened."

"Poor devil! Poor devil!" half-whispered Wayne. Striding over to the window, he stared vindictively into the white maelstrom. It only came down the swifter.

That evening we got our last message from the living Jackson:

"Help! Help! Help! Help! Help!"

That was all; those five stumbling, long-l'd, piteous appeals. Before we could make any move Mowbray supplemented the message:

"He's worse. Been muttering and prowling all evening. Got to the wire while I was after water. Now he's back in his place with his chin in his fists, staring at me again.' The wire birred for a moment as if the hand at the key had been convulsed by a chill. "He's a devil from hell," it chattered.

Wayne and I looked at each other aghast. "Mowbray, too!" he said. "He's going the same way."

I got to the instrument. "Steady, steady, old man!" I sent. "Get onto yourself. Remember he's a sick man. It's up to you to take care of him."

"Right." The response came a little more calmly, though the style was still strained and unnatural. "I won't let his eyes phase me again. But they're red and fiery inside."

"Bad business," commented Wayne hoarsely.

In the middle of the night I heard the same remark from his bunk. I wondered what *his* picture of the shack on Forsaken Mountain might be. From the fact that he hadn't been asleep I judged it might be a twin to mine.

Monday morning came with a rise of wind. That was hopeful; any change was hopeful. I wired this to Mowbray, but got no response. Nor to anything else. How bitter long that morning was! Not a tick could we get from the men on the mountain, though both of us tried, time and again. Then at 3 P. M. the wire went crazy.

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q," over and over again. Just our plain call, but oh, the sound of it!

Something there is in the electric current that carries not only the words but the spirit of the sender. Every operator knows this. Once I heard a message from a poor devil of a railroad despatcher shot through the lungs, and each separate letter was like a throb of agony. Now in the panic haste of Mowbray's call, I caught the note of a freezing, frenzied terror. To throw open the switch and answer was the work of a second, but when I closed for the message the call continued until my frazzled nerves rang with it. Wayne, who had been outside, came in at the leap.

"Who's that?" he exclaimed. "It ain't—yes; it is Mowbray. But what in Heaven's name is the matter with him!"

I threw up a hand. "Hush. It's coming."

It came. How it rattled from the sounder, words fleeing in huddled fear from their own meaning!

"He's dead. Dead, I tell you. He sits there with his elbows on the table and his chin in his fists, staring at me. He don't speak. He don't move. He don't breathe. He's dead, and his eyes are open and they burn like fire. *M-Q; M-Q; M-Q; M-Q.* Can't you answer? For the love of the pitying Christ, come and get me!" The wire wailed and clacked into silence like a sick man's weeping.

My fingers slipped from the key, cramped and nerveless.

"You do it," I said to Wayne. "I can't."

As he ticked off his message his hand shook so that I should never have recognized the work.

"Pull yourself together, old man," he wired. "We'll stick by you. We're right here. Keep up your nerve. Perhaps he isn't dead. If he was he couldn't hold his head up. He's only unconscious."

"No; no; no." The words fairly sprang from the sounder. "He's dead. He's waiting for me to touch him. Then he'll grab me with those stiff arms of his and drag me down to hell with him."

"Now, Mowbray. Now, old fellow," soothed Wayne. "Don't you go getting notions. You just shut your eyes so you can't see him, and stick to the key while I talk to you."

As he rattled it out he whirled on me and fiercely whispered—whispered, mind you, for fear he'd be heard by that poor, haunted creature, thirty miles away and more—"Quick! Tell me what to say to him."

What it was I told him, what it was he put on the

wire I have mercifully forgotten. In the knowledge that we were fighting for a friend's reason against a horror that I dared not picture, my brain went blank, and I think I babbled. Soon Mowbray began again:

"Dead! dead! dead! I saw him die. He cursed me and said: 'Mowbray, I won't go alone.' Then there was a click in his throat and the life went out. All but his eyes. They're burning me now. May the God of all the Devils—" and the message tailed off into horrible, vacuous blasphemies.

All that afternoon we two, spell and spell, toiled and sweated over the wire, pouring out our feeble encouragements. From time to time we would get a reply; always the same reply.

"He died cursing me. 'I'll not go alone, Mowbray.' That's what he said. Lord of pity, what had I ever done! What had I ever done!"

It was a message of Wayne's that for a moment got him on another trail.

"I can't think; can't, I tell you," he replied to Wayne's plea. "I can't pray, either. I tried. If only I had a Bible." Then—"That's what he said, just before he died. 'I'll not go al—'"

Wayne cut off. "Get out your Bible," he shouted at me. "Not got any?" He cursed savagely. "Hustle for one, then. Try Stack's wife. Women usually—"

Before he got any further I was out of the door. When I returned, it was with a frayed old King James, and the only three able-bodied grown men in the settlement. For three hours thereafter four gray-faced creatures pored over the Book of Comfort copying out texts for a fifth man to translate into code and put on the wire. Of us five in that room Jim Harting was an outlaw and murderer; Rustler Cobb, a braggart atheist; Michaels, a stranded barkeep; while Wayne and I—well, we weren't exactly church members. But it was no time for fine distinctions. All that could be heard above the ticking of the instrument was: "How'll this do? '*Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son*';" or "This ought to hit him: '*Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness*'"—and then the soft shuffle of a pencil. I'll bet there hasn't been that much Holy Writ on a wire since old War Correspondent Forbes held the line all night with the Book of Genesis.

It was near nine o'clock when we got the first encouragement. Wayne's face brightened. "He's sent a repeat call for that," he said.

Again he gave Mowbray the passage: "*I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in him will I trust. . . . Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. . . . For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.*"

"That means something," came Mowbray's answer. "There's light and hope here." Once more and very slowly Wayne gave it to him. Have you any notion how solemn dots and dashes can sound? I give you my word, that promise, as Wayne sent it in the code, was like soft music in a cathedral. Michaels, the barkeep, cried; he doesn't know whether three dots means the letter S or Johnny-get-your-gun, but he cried like a baby.

"Mowbray's coming around," said Wayne, as the wire responded again. He translated the message freely from the ticker for the benefit of the others.

"He says he's over it now; that he's been off his head, but feels better. He says he'll bury Jackson tonight."

"Bury him! Alive?" cried Cobb.

"You'll have to hold him from that, Wayne," added Harting. "On his own showing Jackson ain't probably no more than unconscious." For we had outlined the situation to them, and they had drawn their conclusions. But toil as he might, Wayne could get no further reply from Forsaken Mountain. Mowbray had left his end. My imagination annihilated the distance, and I pictured two figures, one stiffening beside a frozen sepulture at which the other toiled, and the blizzard whitely shrouding both. I must have said something sane about starting a rescue party, for Wayne turned on me and said:

"Don't be a fool, Sid. You'd better go to bed."

No bed that night for me; no bed for either of us. At midnight the three men went home, keeping very close together as they passed out, I noticed. Every fifteen minutes Wayne or I called Forsaken Mountain. At 2:40 in the morning Mowbray replied:

"Jackson is buried. Pray for me that I can sleep."

It was his good-night. Nothing further did we get from him. Toward five o'clock I dozed off several times, but each time some unformulated message from the wire seemed to flicker dimly in my brain. It was as if some very faint but very insistent instrument were calling me. Yet I knew it was not our sounder. Afterward I was to recall this with a dreadful interpretation. Daybreak found us in our chairs. Wayne sent a message to Deluray, the next station eastward, where Doc Whiting was expected that day, asking the doc to come up at the earliest break of weather. Then he suggested bed.

Well, I wouldn't have thought that I could ever sleep sound again, but I was off like a shot as soon as my head touched the pillow. Any length of time it might have been—as a matter of fact, it was only four hours later—when I came broad awake at a jump. The wire did it.

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." It was Mowbray all right. But another Mowbray from the sender of the night's wild messages. Wayne was already stumbling toward the big room.

"Sounds better and more reasonable," I called to him.

But his sense of wire-talk was keener than mine.

"Don't like it," he growled. "Don't like it for a cent. All the vitality is out of that touch. Sounds like a—" He checked himself and amended: "Something's 'way wrong."

By this time he had reached the table. He acknowledged the call and the message came very steady and deliberate:

"Jackson has come back."

Nothing more. Just that simple, appalling statement.

Wayne lifted his head and grinned vacantly. "What did he say?" he asked in a sick, thick sort of voice. I tried to repeat it. There was no need. The wire did it for me.

"Jackson has come back."

The grin died out of Wayne's face, but I began to laugh. I laughed out of the window because there was more air to laugh in. After Wayne had rubbed some snow into my neck hard, I began to cry.

"That'll do you!" he cried furiously. He sprang at the button again and worked it with a fury that threatened to shatter the instrument. He might as effectually have drummed on the table. Not a click came in response.

That was a long day, Tuesday, March 11. If we sent the B-R call once we sent it five hundred times. Between two spells of calling, about five o'clock that afternoon Mowbray opened up.

"Oh-h-h!" groaned Wayne. "Listen to that style. I hate to take it."



For three hours four gray-faced creatures pored over the Book of Comfort

Lifeless, dull, flaccid, like the voice of a man spent with long illness—that was Mowbray's wire-talk. Yet it ran smooth enough, and sensible enough taken word by word. It began without any signal call whatever. "He's come back and he sits opposite me with his elbows on the table and his chin in his fists, staring at me. He's dead. I buried him. But he's come back. You remember what he said: 'I'll not go alone.' That's what he said. Then he died. Just a little click in his throat and he died. Jackson died. But he's come back."

Into the pause I rushed with a wild appeal. The answer came quite coolly:

"Yes; I take you all right. I'm not insane. You don't understand. How could you? If it's a hallucination it's a strange one, for I've touched it and it's cold."

That sent me to the open again for more air. Wayne took the key.

"Just hang on, Mowbray. We start to-morrow morning. Weather Bureau reports warm spell due." As if in derision of this impromptu lie a furious gust clutched and shook the building until its bones rattled. Moreover, the gale of the night before had cut us off from the east. The wire to Forsaken Mountain was now the only one left.

As a heartener Wayne's proffer was a dead failure anyway.

"Not the slightest use," Mowbray sent back in his deadened, sodden Morse. "I'm a doomed man. All I want is not to go with Jackson. I must get him buried. Snow isn't enough to keep him down. I'll have to thaw the ground and give him a real grave in earth."

"It'll take him till midnight to build a fire and thaw the ground enough to make any kind of grave," muttered Wayne. "We'll get nothing further till he's finished. Let the boys watch, and we'll turn in." For our three friends had volunteered to relieve us.

At 1 A. M. they called us to get Mowbray's message. Brief enough it was. He had interred Jackson and hoped for peace.

"Or death," he added simply. He was to go to bed and advised us to do the same. You would have thought that we were the suffering ones, and he the kindly adviser; but his calmness, we well knew, was the calmness of despair. Sending the watchers home, we turned in, one of us at least, with a hateful and certain foreboding of what was to come on the morrow. But there was much between us and morning light.

At three o'clock I awoke suddenly with a strong sense of summons. It was the identical feeling I had experienced when dozing in my chair the night before, but much intensified. In the same mysterious way it connected itself with the telegraph instrument. I leaned out of my bunk and heard Wayne stir.

"What's the matter, Sid?" he asked. "Hear something?"

"I don't know that I exactly *heard* anything," I replied. "I just sort of felt a call. Nerves, I reckon."

"Had 'em myself, then, a few minutes back," he said. "The ticker?"

"Yes."

"That's queer. I could have sworn—"

It cut him off sharp as a blow on the mouth. Both of us leaped out and rushed to the instrument. For it was softly, faintly fluttering. Yet I knew with all the deadly certainty of terror that it was not Mowbray. And every other wire was down! The little, metal bar stammered and choked into silence.

"It's trying to say something; trying so hard," whispered Wayne pityingly. He spoke as of a suffering creature. His hand went out; I believe he was about to fondle the instrument, but it birred sharply once and was still. Had it tried to tell us the dread secret hidden in that room on Forsaken Mountain?

Daylight found us still close to the wire, but there had been no other attempt. At eight o'clock I fell asleep in my chair. Nine o'clock came; ten, eleven, and still no word from Mowbray. Was this a good omen or an evil? With that imperative call still tugging at my spirit's sleeve, I could believe nothing but the worst. To call Mowbray we would not venture; the sound might wake him from a sleep that was refreshing his reason. But at noon he took the wire himself.

"Jackson has come back."

The same dread message in the same dreadful, lifeless Morse. This time it was the less shock, in that we both expected it, though it would have been hard to say why. Wayne turned from the table with what was well intended for a curse. But I think it was a sob.

"He means what he said," went on Mowbray. "He cursed me before he died. 'I'll not go alone, Mowbray.' That's what he said, and now he's sitting there opposite, with his elbows on the table and his chin in his fists, staring at me. I found him when I got up this morning, and I've been sitting it out with him ever since. It's no use. He can't tell me what he wants. His lips are frozen. He longs to speak, but he can't. But I know. 'I'll not go alone, Mowbray,' he said. And his eyes burn like fire. I must think; I must go outside and lie down and think."

"He'll freeze if he does," I gasped.

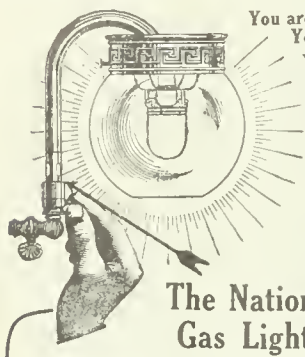
"It's an easy death," returned Wayne grimly. "Jackson'll not go alone."

"Stop it, damn you!" I shouted, and Wayne snarled back at me:

"Well, ain't it been enough to drive any one nutty?"

Mowbray was not to go by the easy path of freezing. His nerveless touch on the key, some two hours later, roused us from the apathy into which we had fallen. "I have made up my mind," ran the dull, even ticks. "He has come back after me. 'I'll not go alone, Mowbray.' That's what he said. So, he's come to get me. I must bury him all over; and when he comes back I must bury him again and again and again. But sooner or later he'll find me asleep and then—" The sounder

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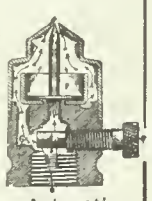
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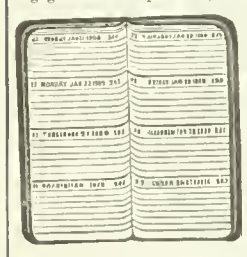
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FORSAKEN MOUNTAIN

(*Continued from page 25*)

paused. For the ending we were left to our own imaginings. It continued: "I want a prayer to say over his grave. I forgot it before. Perhaps that's why he won't let me rest. Send me a prayer for the dead."

We filled the wire with supplications, begging Mowbray to keep his mind fixed on our messages and forget Jackson. But we could get only one reply: "Send me a prayer for the dead. I must have it within three hours."

At three o'clock we sent him all that our combined memories could recall of the burial service, beginning: "I am the resurrection and the life." It must have been a pitiful travesty, but Mowbray answered with, "Thank you and God bless you." At ten o'clock we got this for a good-night:

"I've buried him deeper than before and said a prayer for both of us."

At three o'clock that morning, I awoke to hear the weird flutter of the ticker and to see Wayne hurrying out into the big room. In a few steps I was beside him.

"The wire is finding its voice," he said. "Listen. Oh, listen!"

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." It was very faint, but quite readable.

"Do you recognize it?" whispered Wayne.

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." It grew more distinct. I tried to find my voice, which seemed to have encountered an obstruction half-way up my throat.

"Don't you know who that is?" insisted Wayne. "Could you ever mistake that stammer in the dash?"

My voice broke with a sudden clamor. "No; no; no! It *isn't* him!"

"Jackson it is," said Wayne, coolly. I marveled afterward that the words didn't strangle him. "Take the wire while I get something."

Lighting the lamp he brought from his locker the bottle of brandy kept there for emergencies. "I've a notion we may need it," he explained quietly.

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q." Loud and clear, now; there was no mistaking that hesitant, nervous touch. Yet there was something unlike, too; something that stabbed my heart like a fanged poison. I threw the switch open. Straight on my answer the call clicked again. From above me came a gasping sob. I whirled in dismay to look into Wayne's face; but he had instant control of himself and said, steadily:

"All right, Sid. I'll take charge now."

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q," sounded the patient, stammering signal as Wayne seated himself.

With a sure hand he returned the acknowledgment of the call. But as he leaned forward over the table it was with a shivering whisper: "Help me stick it out, O Lord!"

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q," clacked the metal again, and there followed that strange, convulsive birring which had so startled us before.

I started to speak, but Wayne checked me. "Sh-h-h-h! Here it comes."

Then I heard the message that shall ring in my brain till I die, staggering into fearful meaning from the wire, as slow words are gasped out in man's final agony. It seemed to come not so much from the wire as from the whole unseen world of terrors that enfolded us; the dim, horror-saturated atmosphere thrilled and throbbed in its every particle to Jackson's slow-fluttering invocation.

"For—God's—pity—let—me—rest. For—God's—dear—love—let—me—lie—quiet. In—the—name—of—the—pitying—Father—bring—me—peace—and—unbroken—sleep."

A strangled cry from Wayne recalled me to the moment. His hands were groping blindly along the table. One of them struck the brandy bottle. "Ah!" he cried, laid hold on it, and worried at the cork with savage teeth. It stuck fast. At one blow he shattered the neck and pressed his lips to it, swallowing the fiery liquid in great gulps. Blood welled from the corner of his mouth, ran in a quick stream down his chin, and spattered upon the table. Through it he gasped:

"You heard it, Sid? You heard it?"

"Yes."

"What was it? What does it mean?"

"Jackson."

"No living Jackson ever sent that. It's the dead Jackson, begging for rest." His face was absolutely ghastly.

"Jackson *can't* be dead," I insisted. "I'd swear in court to that wire."

"I'm going to find out, anyhow." Wayne's voice was growing steadier under the stimulus of the brandy. He seized the button again.

"Mo; Mo; Mo," he clicked furiously, giving the personal call for Mowbray.

Instantly it was acknowledged.

"Did you send that?" queried Wayne.

"What? No; I sent nothing," came the quick answer, in the unmistakable expert Morse, with the weight of ineffable weariness on the touch. "Your call woke me up."

"Who called, then? Where's Jackson?"

"Buried. Wait. Let me think. How did I get here at the key? I can't remember coming here. Your call roused me and I found myself at the table in the pitch dark. And I went to bed after burying Jackson. My feet are all numb; frozen, I believe. Don't answer for a minute. I want to think."

After a brief pause he resumed.

"No; I can't make it out. I'm here in the big room, and it's very dark. But I don't think I'm alone."

Wayne's hand jerked on the key, but he caught himself and replied:

"There's something I've got to tell you, Mowbray. Can you stand it?"

"Go on," came the steady reply. "I've reached the limits of horror, I guess."

"When I called you just now it was because Jackson had wired us."

"Then he has come back again. I expected this, but not so soon. Wait till I make a light."

Of all the agonizing suspenses we had suffered, this was the worst. But it was brief.

"Jackson has come back," telegraphed Mowbray. "All the time we were talking he was sitting there, elbows on table, chin in fists, staring at me. It was he that wired you. He's dead, but he wired you. He's been after me; now he's after you."

Uttering a choked cry Wayne thrust his chair violently back, and stiffened like a man stricken, with hands outstretched and splay-fingered, warding an imminent prodigy.

"Can't you see him?" he cried. "Can't you see the dead man at the key? He's calling me. Calling—calling—calling! He'll never stop till I go to him. Hold me back!" His voice burst through the boundary-tones of manhood and soared into a shriek of uttermost terror. "Don't let him call me, Sid! Don't let—" He rose jerkily. Suddenly the light died from his eyes; he clutched at the table and went down in the limp surrender of a man shot through the heart.

It fell to me to recount the whole matter to Doc Whiting, while the others got Wayne to bed. As I talked, I could see that Doc had some clue, or thought he had. He was very particular about the time of the messages from Forsaken Mountain, but when I came to Jackson's last call he looked at me hard.

"Davis, don't you fool yourself about one thing," he said. "Jackson's dead."

"Dead or alive, he wired us not five hours ago."

"It was never Jackson."

"Do you think you could fool me on Jackson's wire-talk?" I cried.

"Davis, you ain't well," said Doc sharply. "You go inside and I'll give you something to make you sleep."

"No, I thank you," I told him. "No closed eyes for mine."

Nor could the doc keep Wayne in bed. He, too, kept seeing that other room whenever he shut his eyes. What he needed was to be with the crowd. Noon found us all, a silent company, gathered around the table to which the now useless instrument was fastened; and as we sat there the sun, suddenly

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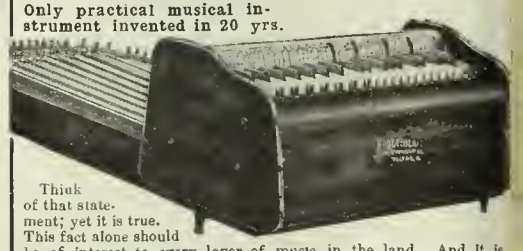
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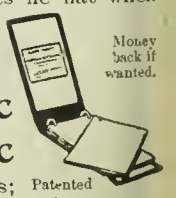
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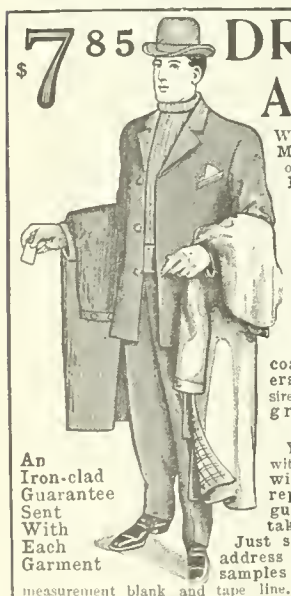
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FORSAKEN MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 26)

bursting through the clouds, flooded the place with the signal for the start. In half an hour the little party of six were on their skees. For hours we traveled over the intolerable jewelry of the sunlit snow-fields, to which succeeded the lurid and ghastly splendor of the moon's radiance. Presently the shack on Forsaken Mountain stood forth sharply to our view. And close under it, minified by the distance to pigmy aspect, a human figure moved and toiled against the endless, spotless spread of the snow. Involuntarily we stopped and gazed.

"Only one," said Wayne, low and to himself, and by that I knew that he still cherished a hope long foregone by me, the hope of finding Jackson alive.

Half an hour later we had a closer look; a momentary glimpse of the figure. It was stooping and rising with a regular motion.

"He's digging it up again," said Doc Whiting under his breath; and Michaels, wincing, said, "Don't, Doc."

"Boys, here's where Whiting takes the reins. It's up to you, Doc."

We followed Whiting into the open, and stood waiting. But I do not think the digger even knew we were there. Straightening up his back he dropped his shovel and half turned. May God preserve me from ever seeing again such a face on a human being! It was Mowbray, but there was some vital alteration of the man, something deeper than the lines of agony and horror in his face.

"Oo-oo-ooh!" Michaels whispered in the cadence of his lost childhood. "He's lookin' at us, but he don't see us."

Mowbray took an audibly deep breath, straddled the shallow excavation he had made, stooped over, and rose with the half-doubled body of a blond and bearded giant in his arms. Heaving it up to his shoulder he staggered toward the shack. Wayne started forward.

"Stand still," said Doc imperatively. Wayne stopped short.

"Crazy," whimpered Michaels. "Dead, clean, mad loony!"

A groan arose from the huddled group. Mowbray had gone to his knees, toppling Jackson's body into the snow. Instantly he was up, clasped the gruesome burden to him with its legs and arms sprawling horribly outward, and so carried it, in a rush, into the shack.

"Now!" cried Doc. "Quietly, boys. Don't go in till I lead."

"Insanity, or delirium?" I whispered to him.

"Neither," he retorted. "There are things that science doesn't know—or name." Then he began muttering something in which I caught words and phrases such as "somnambulism," "auto-hypnosis," and "substitution of personality."

Meantime the pair inside sat staring at each other, the living and the dead. And the soul of the dead passed into the living, for slowly Mowbray's hand went forth to the key, and I saw with an incredible thrill that the motion terminated, not in the expert's light, assured grip of the button, but in the awkward clutch of the tyro. The sounder fluttered very faintly and with a sinister familiarity. A little louder it flickered; then came the stuttering call: "M-Q; M-Q; M-Q."

And so surely as the Power above gave to Mowbray and Jackson two separate souls, and two different bodies, and two distinct habits of mind and muscle, it was Jackson who was wiring with the hand of Mowbray.

"What's the message?" demanded Doc.

"Jackson, calling for us," I replied without pausing to consider.

"Jackson?" he cried. "Master of Wonders, how it works out!"

"M-Q; M-Q; M-Q," quavered the ticker and broke into Jackson's dreadful appeal.

"For—God's—pity—let—me—rest. For—God's—dear—love—let—me—lie—quiet. In—the—name—of—the—pitying—Father—bring—me—peace—and—unbroken—sleep."

The hand on the key was shaken and the sounder birred in shrill agony.

"Come quietly," said Doc Whiting. He opened the door and passed in, the rest of us close behind him. "Jackson," he said to Mowbray, laying a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"Yes?" was the instant response. "Who is it? What is it?"

At the sound Wayne and I leaped back. For the voice that came from Mowbray's lips was no voice of Mowbray's. Don't ask me whose voice it was. I never had speech of Jackson; no man in that room, save Mowbray, had ever seen him in the life.

"Rest-rest-rest!" went on the strange tones. "For the pity of Christ, give me rest. I've begged them over the wire, but they wouldn't come. I must wire again—again—again."

Jim Harting, murderer and outlaw, turned a drawn and tear-stained face to Doc.

"Oh, I can't bear it," he groaned. "For the pity of Christ—" I think he repeated the phrase unconsciously—"help him or kill him, Doc."

Doc drew a vial from his pocket and held it under Mowbray's nostrils. The light died out of the frenzied eyes; the lids fell.

"Get Jackson's body out and bury it," ordered Doc. "I'll stay here."

It was a hasty burial; but complete. When it was over we stood around the grave, and I did what I could in the way of a prayer. A shout cut me short. We found Doc struggling on the floor, with his man down. Delirium had set in and the room rang with hideous ravings. In a lull of exhaustion Doc spoke.

"He's wearing himself out fast. Flesh and blood can't stand it. Unless we can recall him to himself"—His face of frowning gloom supplied the conclusion.

Wayne, who had wandered to the table, aimlessly fumbled with a blank sheet of paper lying there. It fluttered over, and on the reverse side appeared a scrawl of widespread letters. An exclamation broke from Wayne. Straightening up quickly he caught the telegraph key. Mowbray had now begun to mutter and rock his head from side to side. The gloom on Doc Whiting's face deepened.

"Mo; Mo; Mo;" clicked Wayne's telegraphy.

The rocking head poised and was still.

"Mo; Mo; Mo."

The pallid face swiftly and wondrously changed before our eyes. Wasted and worn as it still was, it was now the face of the man we knew, not of the terrible changeling that had dragged the dead body from its grave only to do its bidding.

"Stand away, all of you," commanded Doc in sudden, fierce excitement. "Wayne's got him!"

And Wayne, wiring from the scrawled paper he had found, sent its message down to Mowbray in the uttermost depths.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day. For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. . . . Mo; Mo; Mo. . . . Thou shalt not be afraid—"

"I hear." It was the barest whisper from the figure on the floor. "I know 'Thou shalt not be afraid—'"

Wayne leaped to him, for the eyes had opened.

"Mowbray, old man," he said gently.

"Wayne, Wayne!" The lips hardly moved, but it was Mowbray's own voice "You've come!" he groped feebly, and Wayne clasped his hand.

"Thank God—you've come—to save me—the terror by night—the promise—"

"All right, old man. Sleep now."

"Jackson?" The question was forced, quivering from the lips.

"Jackson is buried—and at peace."

"Peace—at peace." The balm of the word passed into the tormented spirit. We heard it in the voice as Mowbray, raising himself on his elbow, spoke clearly. "The promise has been kept. 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night (the voice shivered for a moment, but went on firmly). . . . For He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. . . . In all thy ways.'" The calm eyes looked about at the awed and rigid group. "Good-night, boys."

Doc Whiting, speechless and blinded, tiptoed around the sleeping figure and wrung Wayne's hand.



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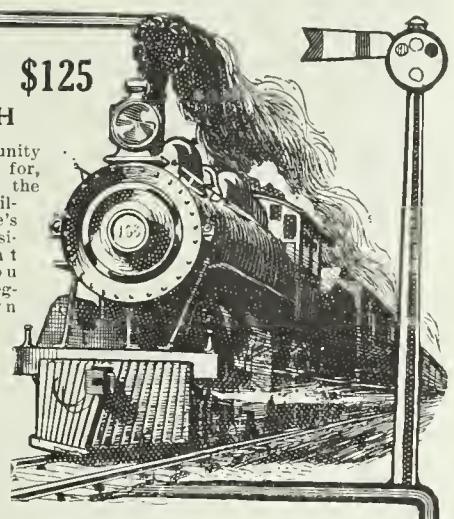
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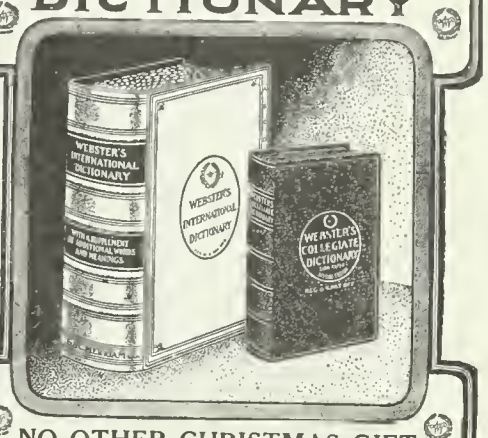
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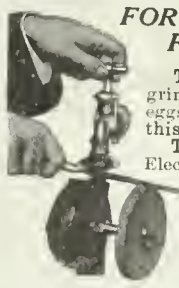


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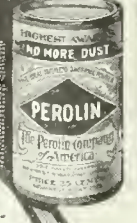
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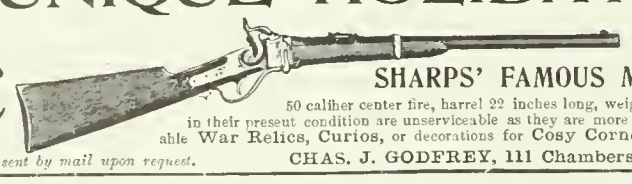
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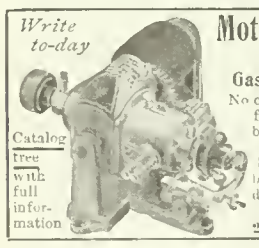
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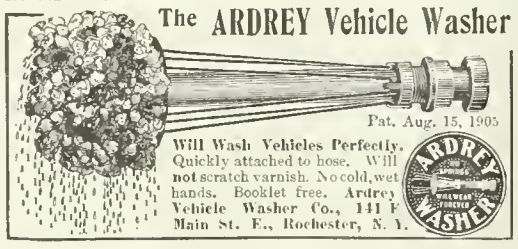
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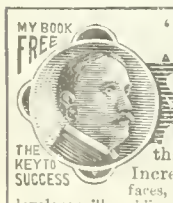


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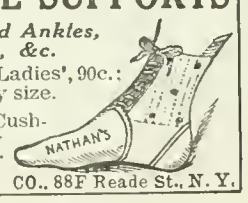
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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

THE income tax is Democratic doctrine. Both in 1896 and in 1900 the National Democratic platform advocated it. Meantime, the Republican Party was silent. Down to the present, no Republican National platform has pronounced in favor of an income tax; and Republican leaders have treated it as one of the Populistic heresies of the Democratic propaganda.

Now comes Theodore Roosevelt and informs Congress that, in his judgment, "when next our system of taxation is revised, the National Government should impose a graduated inheritance tax, and if possible a graduated income tax."

To Leech Swollen Fortunes

"I FEEL," says Mr. Roosevelt, "that in the near future our National legislators should enact a law providing for a graduated inheritance tax by which a steadily increasing rate of duty should be put upon all moneys or other valuables coming by gift, bequest, or devise to any individual or corporation. It may be well to make the tax heavy in proportion as the individual benefited is remote of kin. In any event, in my judgment the pro rata of the tax should increase very heavily with the increase of the amount left to any one individual after a certain point has been reached. It is most desirable to encourage thrift and ambition, and a potent source of thrift and ambition is the desire on the part of the breadwinner to leave his children well off. This object can be obtained by making the tax very small on moderate amounts of property left; because the prime object should be to put a constantly increasing burden on the inheritance *of those swollen fortunes which it is certainly of no benefit to the country to perpetuate.*"

An Income Tax Advocated

BECAUSE of the unreversed decision of the United States Supreme Court the reference to an income tax is more general in terms. Such a tax, we are told, "stands on an entirely different footing from an inheritance tax; because it involves no question of the perpetuation of fortunes swollen to an unhealthy size. The question is in its essence a question of the proper adjustment of burdens to benefits. As the law now stands it is undoubtedly difficult to devise a national income tax which shall be constitutional. But whether it is absolutely impossible is another question; and if possible it is most certainly desirable."

More Federal Control of Corporations

UNTIL the Railroad Rate law, the Pure Food statute, and the Meat Inspection act have been in operation for "a number of months," the President would not advise increasing their scope, although he does recommend that, as regards the meat inspection industry, Congress should require the dates to be put on the cans and the cost of inspection to be borne by the packers. Eventually, he says, there must be greater control of corporations which do interstate business—a Federal license is tentatively suggested. To Senator Foraker, who recently declared that the country had gone as far as it will go in the matter of "Populistic legislation," the President throws down the gauntlet in this fashion:

"It must not be supposed, however, that with the passage of these laws" (above enumerated) "it will be possible to stop progress along the line of increasing the power of the National Government over the use of capital in interstate commerce. For example, there will ultimately be need of enlarging the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission along several different lines, so as to give it a larger and more efficient control over the railroads."

Scolding San Francisco

TO the American citizen—particularly to him who lives in San Francisco—is addressed a forceful preachment on International Morality. "Not only must we treat all nations fairly, but we must treat with justice and good will all immigrants who come here under the law. . . . It is the sure mark of a low civilization, a low morality, to abuse or discriminate against or in any way humiliate such stranger who has come here lawfully and who is conducting himself properly."

"I am prompted to say this," emphasizes the President, "by the attitude of hostility here and there assumed toward the Japanese in this country." Mr. Roosevelt refers specifically to the action of the San Francisco school authorities, and adds: "To shut them out from the public schools is a wicked absurdity, when there are no first-class colleges in the land, including the colleges and universities of California, which do not gladly welcome Japanese students and on which Japanese students do not reflect credit. We have as much to learn from Japan as Japan has to learn from us; and no nation is fit to teach unless it is also willing to learn."

The Roosevelt Guaranty of Peace

THE President does not advocate the building of the greatest navy in the world. "I do not ask that we continue to increase our navy. I ask merely that it be maintained at its present strength; and this can be done only if we replace the obsolete and outworn ships by new and good ones, the equals of any afloat."

Regulating Divorces from Washington

THE President does not balk at constitutional amendments. To him every reform which affects the public good is worth trying for, no matter what laborious process it involves. And so he attacks the question of marriage and divorce with characteristic directness. "The wide differences in the laws of different States on the subject" (marriage and divorce) "result in scandals and abuses; and surely there is nothing so vitally essential to the welfare of the nation . . . as the home life of the average citizen." He recognizes the difficulty, nowadays, in amending the Constitution. "Nevertheless," he concludes, "in my judgment the whole question of marriage and divorce should be relegated to the authority of the National Congress."

Reform the Currency, for the Farmers

CURRENCY revision must come in the "near future," in the President's opinion. He advises Congress that "this question concerns business men generally quite as much as bankers; especially is this true of stockmen, farmers, and business men of the West." And he insists that a measure should be drawn from the standpoints of the farmer and merchant, no less than from the standpoints of the city banker and the country banker; in other words, that Wall Street be not permitted to reform the currency to suit its own purposes.

An Echo of the Slanderbund

THE Hearst and Moran campaigns doubtless prompted the following passage: "In dealing with both labor and capital . . . there is one matter more important to remember than aught else, and that is the infinite harm done by preachers of mere discontent. These are the men who seek to excite a violent class hatred against all men of wealth. They seek to turn wise and proper movements for the better control of corporations and for doing away with the abuses connected with wealth into a campaign of hysterical excitement and falsehood in which the aim is to inflame to madness the brutal passions of mankind. The plain people who think—the mechanics, farmers, merchants, workers with head or hand, the men to whom American traditions are dear, who love their country and try to act decently by their neighbors—owe it to themselves to remember that the most damaging blow that can be given popular government is to elect an unworthy agitator on a platform of violence and hypocrisy."

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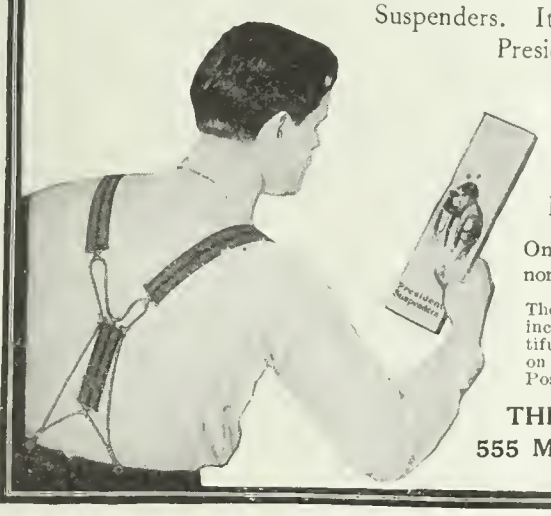
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This list will interest persons who want a good piano, for the reason that many of these instruments are slightly used in name only, that is, they have had exhibition use in show windows or have been used for brief periods in artists' studios.

The prices quoted are phenomenally low. Lyon & Healy are making a determined effort to close out several hundred instruments of this description within the next 30 days, and the prices have been reduced very materially.

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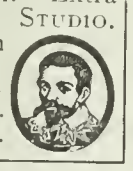
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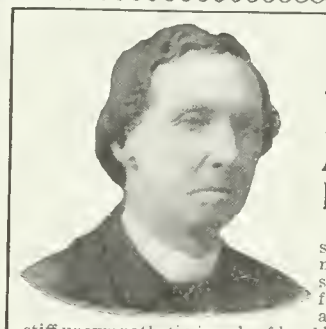
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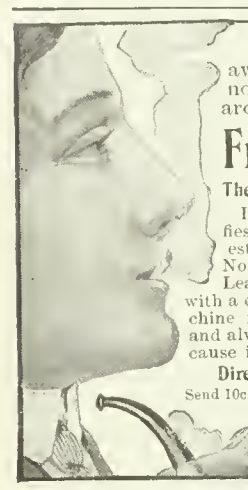
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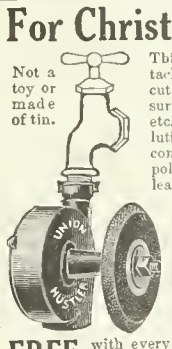
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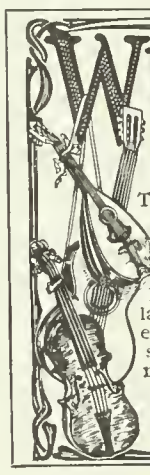
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THE PRESIDENT SEES THE CANAL

(*Continued from page 20*)

The President of the United States questioning a black West Indian laborer was as polite as he was to a division engineer, but equally as insistent with his "But what I want to know *is*—" (There are some men on the Isthmus, I think, who will hear this expression in their dreams.) To the problem of yams he turned with the same concentration that he would to making peace between Russia and Japan, or the taxation of great fortunes. And yams are really a great problem. Even as by dint of oatmeal the Scotch cultivated literature, so by dint of yams our Isthmian labor builds tracks and dumps the cars and digs locomotives out of the mud. It is the rice of the Jamaican's Orient, the black bread of his Russia, the potato of his Ireland.

When one of the negroes that gathered around the President complained that he could not get good yams from the commissary, the Man from Cook's (one of them representing the commissary) explained that when they were bad the purchaser need not take them. The negro insisted that the clerk at the commissary who threw them at him gave him no option.

"We will go to the commissary and see the yams," said the President.

Those in stock had some spots, but when opened, the meat was good. The Jamaican clerk insisted that yams found bad might be returned.

"Have you ever tried to return the bad ones?" the President asked the negro.

"No, sir," was the answer.

"Why not?" the President pursued.

"I would not stoop to do such a thing," was the florid and dignified ultimatum.

Everybody laughed except the President. This foolish response did not finish the subject for him. He went into it again the next day at the commissary at Colon. Now he had the complaint that the yams were insufficient in quantity and the commissary charged a higher price than the Chinese dealers. There were many explanations, and still he stuck to his point that what he wanted to know was why the United States could not sell yams as cheap as the Chinese dealers. There were observers of the Presidential method of questioning who remarked that the head of a nation who would go so thoroughly into the problem of yams might sift any other subject to the bottom. So all Government employees please make a note.

Besides the alien engineers, clerks, laborers, and foremen in the Zone, there is a native population, white, brown, black, and yellow, tinctured by the blood of many generations of traffic across the great world's highway from the Spanish Conquest to the present. These were not overlooked in this age of Taft. Our schoolma'am and schoolmaster who accompanied the rifle and a soldier's strange oaths to the Philippines, accompanied the steam shovel and the steam shovel man's strange oaths to the Isthmus. Their pupils shared with the Breaking of the Precedent the valuable hours of the President's initial day ashore.

On his first trip across the Isthmus his train was stopped at nearly every station, where, in front of the public school, the children sang "My Country 'tis of Thee," without showing any weakness when they came to the "Land which my fathers trod." Little Victoria Regina, at Matachin, was not late, I am sure, because the land her fathers trod was British Jamaica, but all on account of the enormous hat with huge yellow flowers which fell down over her eyes and made her stumble. However, she arrived for the last stanza, which she sang with the whites of her eyes growing bright through her tears in surprise to find that the Great Man was in a duck suit instead of an armor of gold.

That enterprising schoolmaster at Gatun caught us returning on the last day as well as going on the first. He was as black as night—blacker than any night I have ever seen—with heavy, shining, gold-rimmed spectacles. As the President left the train, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was begun and after the song the schoolmaster presented an address in a legal envelope addressed to the President of the United States in ornate lettering.

"This is hardly germane at this time," remarked an academic member of the party, although the President smiled as graciously as if he had been presented with a degree from a university.

We all understood what the academic member meant, however, for we had come to the most interesting point of the Presidential journey. Ascending a hill near the station, the President was to look out over the site of the gigantic Gatun dam, which will turn the waters of the Chagres into an inland lake. With him at the time the schoolmaster was not "germane" was Division Engineer Maltby impatient, with a big blue-print under his arm, and Engineer Joseph Ripley, who has charge of building the locks.

Three locks of such height in flight are without precedent. On the Pacific side the locks are separated into flights of two and one. Here we have put all our eggs in one basket. Engineering opinion the world over is skeptical. The country is depending on the President, while he is depending on quiet Mr. Ripley, late chief engineer of the "Soo" Canal. When the President and he were bending over the blue-print we had the sum of the authority for the one engineering feature of this great work whose success will confound all critics and make it a triumph of American skill and daring beside which the sea-level ditch at Suez is as commonplace as a dumb-waiter beside an electric elevator.

This visit to the Gatun dam site was in nowise theatrical. It was significant. It made you thoughtful. The theatrical moment was when the President passed through Culebra Cut, where there is "something to see"; where there is no risk and no problem except that of excavation. The builder of the Pyramids could have dug out the great cut if he had enough slaves and had kept them busy long enough with baskets; but an ancient Egyptian would have been compelled to wait till the present mechanical age for the locks.

Steam shovel men who have been used to railroad cuts where results are soon evident, say that working on Culebra is like emptying a tank with a thimble. The headway you make is scarcely noticeable from month to month. On one side of the walls two days before the President's arrival twenty tons of dynamite had been exploded. The size of the background made the landslide of rock seem small. But one who goes away for six months can not fail to note on his return how the cut has grown; and the steam shovels at work told the story for the President.

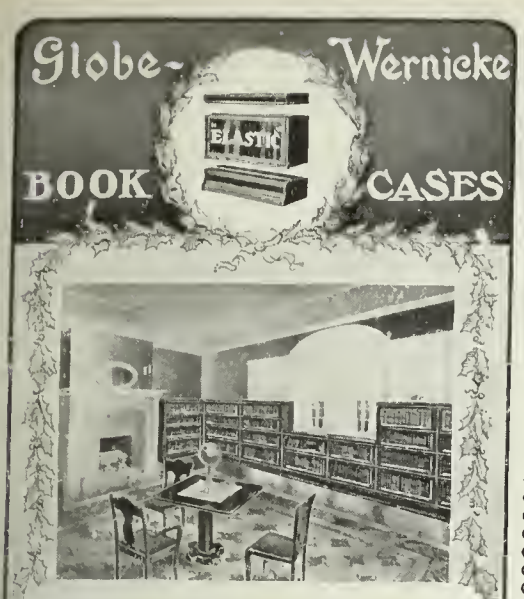
In three days he had seen the length of the line of the Canal, the methods of work and the men on the job. To them he had brought fresh spirit and a pride in their association with such a mighty work. This alone had made his visit worth while. He likened them to the men who had fought in the Civil War. They had a hard job—as he told a little group of employees of all classes who gathered around him in the rain on the site of the locks—but he had never known of a job worth while that was not hard.

There are times when every citizen has differences with Theodore Roosevelt. But when you see him at close range for three days in the pouring rain on the battle-line, you can not help being for him. He impressed the Panamans, who are of an alien way of thinking, as well as his own people. For he understood them as he understood the engineers thinking only of excavation, the doctor thinking only of sanitation, and all the different elements of effort working each in its own groove and overlooking the importance of the others. He brought them together. They want him to come again, and Mrs. Roosevelt, too. His grasped features of the Isthmian problem which were vague and distant to him before. This means much to the Canal if Congress will leave him to go on with the work with full authority, and that Congress will was the hope of every one of the group, weary and wet, who had followed the bespattered duck suit, after he had gone aboard the *Louisiana*, whose lights were soon vanishing across the roads stead around which she and her sister battleships draw the circle of defense of the little sister republic and the great work which is one with the honor of the nation.

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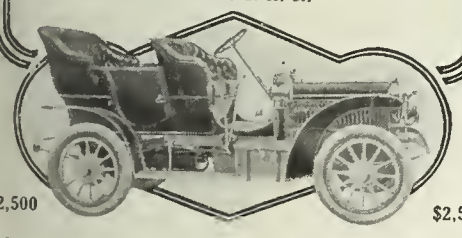
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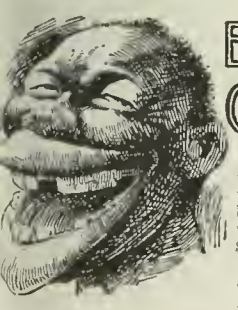
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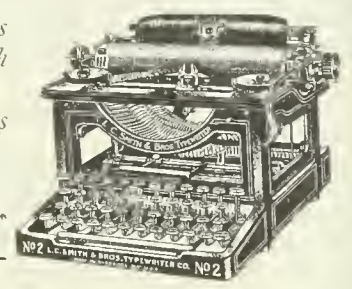
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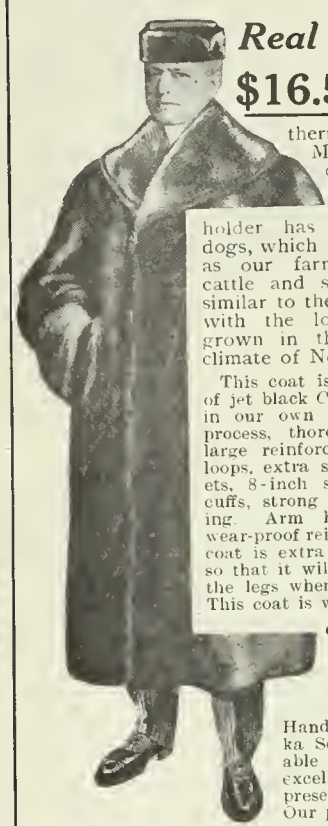
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Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

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Driving and Automobile Coats
for MEN *and* WOMEN

We have the largest line of Fur and Fur-lined Coats in America

Prices from $16.50 to $330.00



Real Dog Skin

$16.50 These skins are imported from Northern Manchuria and Mongolia, from the districts along the Siberian Frontier, where every landholder has droves of these dogs, which he raises the same as our farmers raise hogs, cattle and sheep. They are similar to the Esquimaux dog, with the long, shaggy hair grown in the severe winter climate of Northern China.

This coat is 52 in. long, made of jet black *Chinese Dog*, dressed in our own tannery by special process, thoroughly deodorized, large reinforced buttons and loops, extra strong patent pockets, 8-inch storm collar, wind cuffs, strong quilted sateen lining. Arm holes have leather wear-proof reinforcement. Every coat is extra wide in the skirt, so that it will cover and protect the legs when wearer is sitting. This coat is worth fully $25.

Our Price **$16.50**

Alaska Seal Cap

Handsome, gennine Alaska Seal Cap, with movable visor; makes an excellent Christmas present.
Our price . . **$16.00**

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Style 3001. This extremely handsome and popular coat is **$45.00** in two grades—Western Raccoon and Northern Raccoon, the fur of the last-named animal being the finest. These coats are 52 in. long, double-breasted, lined with quilted Farmer's Satin. Only the most carefully selected skins are used, and each grade offers a value far in excess of our prices.

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An Old Love Song

The size of the charming picture (of which this is a reproduction in miniature) is 10½x15 inches. The large print is a sepia photogravure, plate marked. It is hand-printed on Exora steel-plate paper, 19x24, ready for framing.

The Picture Will Not Be Sold

But the large print will be delivered, carriage prepaid, to ***every*** *new subscriber to LIFE at $5.00 a year, if we receive the remittance before February 1, 1907.*

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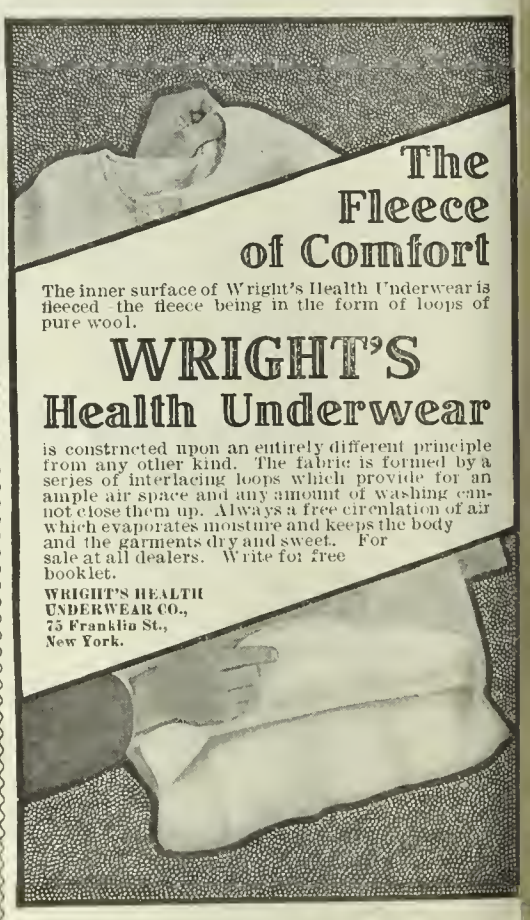
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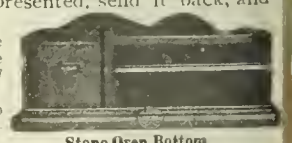
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I will ship it to any responsible party on 30 days' Free Trial. You can use it as your own—in your own way—in your own home—*for a month*—then, if you want to keep it, I will sell it to you on easy monthly payments. If not as represented, send it back, and the trial will be at my expense.

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My **Stone Oven Bottom** stores up heat like the old Dutch ovens—that's an exclusive feature.



Stone Oven Bottom

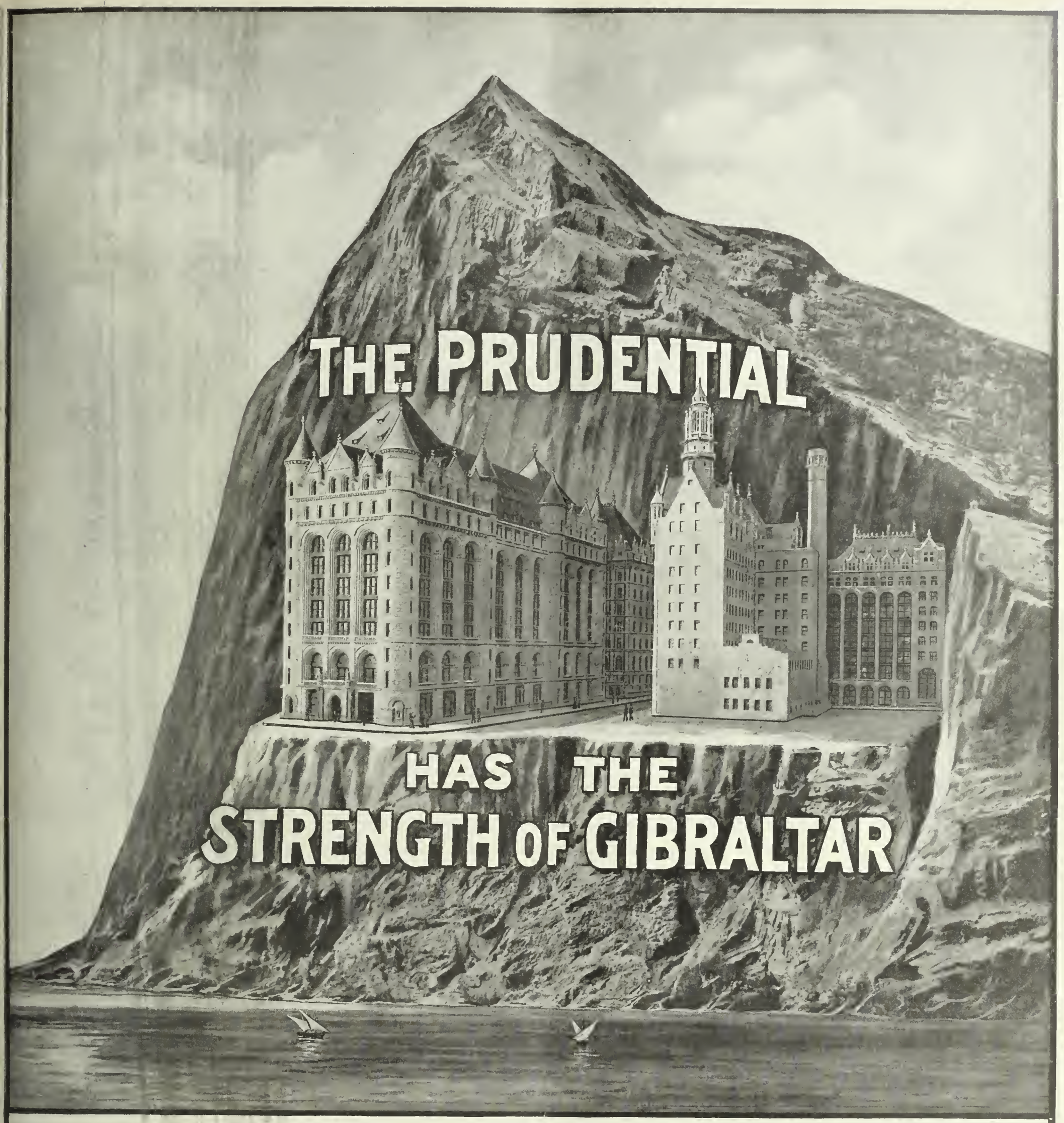
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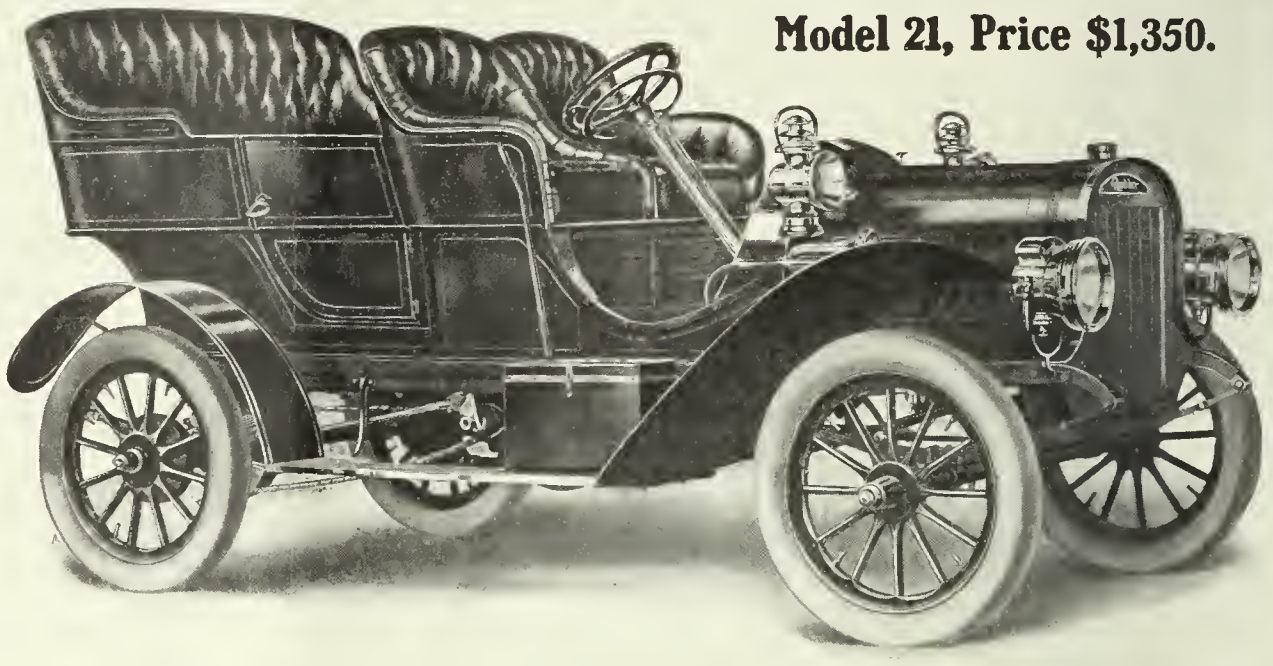
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The Rambler Utility Car

In this car is combined the utmost simplicity, both in construction and operation and a degree of accessibility never before achieved in any type.

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Model 21, Price $1,350.

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Model 25, Price $2,500.

Model 25

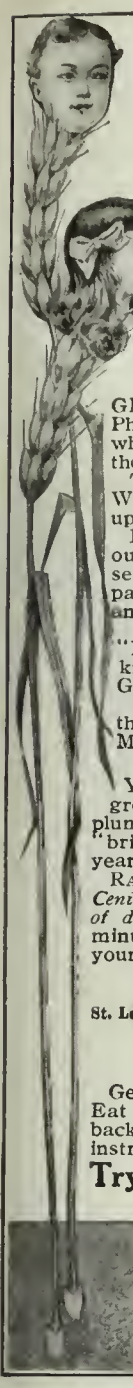
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And, as we told you before, this "Heart" of Wheat is full of the right kind of Phosphorus that makes things Grow like Magic.

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* * *

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RALSTON HEALTH FOOD costs only *15 Cents* for a package that makes *14 pounds of delicious Cereal*, when cooked Five minutes, ready to eat. Get it today from your grocer. Made by the

RALSTON PURINA MILLS.
"Where Purity is Paramount"
St. Louis, Mo., Portland, Ore., Tillsonburg, Ont.

Costs You Nothing if You Don't Like it

Get a package from your grocer today. Eat it all, and if you don't like it send back the empty box and your grocer is instructed to refund your money.

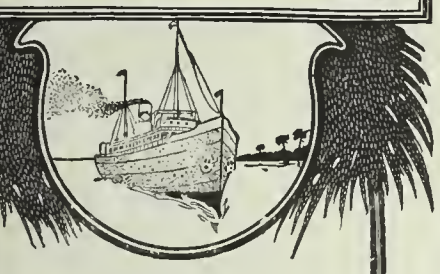
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Get the **Checkerboard** Sack and you get the best.



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They afford the most delightful ocean trip of the winter months. Within 24 hours after leaving, you are in the warm airs of the Gulf Stream. Hotel accommodations in Jamaica satisfy every desire.

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Collier's

Christmas 1906

New York, Saturday, December 15, 1906

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and the International News Company, 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Ont., 72-74 Bay Street. Copyright 1906 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Volume XXXVIII | Number 12 | 10 Cents per Copy | $5.20 per Year

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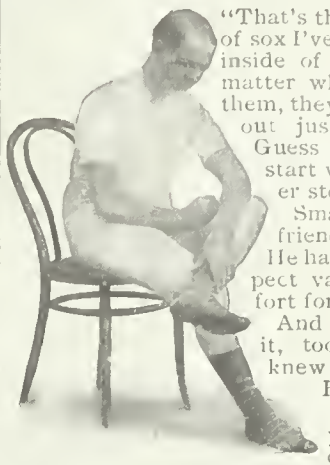
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Small wonder our friend is disgusted. He has a right to expect value and comfort for his money.

And he would get it, too, if he only knew of Holeproof Hosiery.

By a new process of combining certain yarns, we are able to manufacture hose which are not only most comfortable and attractive in appearance, but which we guarantee *to wear six months without holes.*

OUR GUARANTEE:

"We guarantee to any purchaser of Holeproof Sox or Holeproof Stockings that they will need no darning for 6 months. If they should, we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within 6 months from date of sale to wearer."

You pay no more for them than the ordinary kind, but get five to ten times longer service.

Holeproof Hosiery

Guaranteed to Wear for Six Months Without Holes

Men's Holeproof Sox
Fast colors—Black; Tan (light or dark); Pearl and Navy Blue. Sizes 9 to 12. Egyptian Cotton (medium or light weight) sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—6 months' guarantee ticket with each pair. Per box of six pairs . **$1.50**

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Fast colors—Black; Tan. Sizes 8 to 11. Extra reinforced garter tops. Egyptian Cotton, sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six months' guarantee with each pair. Per box of six pairs . **$2.00**

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Most good dealers sell Holeproof Hosiery. If yours doesn't, we'll supply you direct, shipping charges prepaid upon receipt of price. Look for our trade mark—don't let any dealer deceive you with inferior goods.

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The Swiftest, Safest, Strongest Sled Ever Invented.

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the only train to Southern California, via any line, exclusively for first-class travel. The meal service is under the direction of **Fred Harvey.**

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First, in body. It is thick and close and profuse.

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Third, in its action. It softens the beard and soothes the face as no other lather does.

Fourth, in its after effect. Unlike the lather of other soaps, it always leaves the face cool, comfortable and refreshed.



"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Department A. Glastonbury, Conn.

LONDON PARIS BERLIN SYDNEY



The Music Master Plans a Christmas Surprise

COLUMBIA Graphophone

As the pleasure grows upon the Music Master, so it grows upon the whole family

CHRISTMAS! It is in the air. My friends, they demand of me, "What shall I give to the children for the fete of Christmas?"

On the instant there comes to me the great idea, "Attend! We are all children at the Christmas. You will make one gift for them all, the big ones and the little."

"One gift for all! Impossible. How then?"

"I tell you. It is this way: One gift, **A Columbia Graphophone,** with those **Columbia Records** which make the so perfect music,—songs of Christmas, of the Opera, of the Vaudeville—music of all instruments. Stories that make the entertainment, the drollery. Me! I laugh with pleasure at the thought. It is an idea of the greatest—One gift for the whole family—**The Columbia Graphophone.**"

If you have no talking machine buy a **Columbia,** if you have another make, buy **Columbia Records.**

We don't ask you to pay cash for your Holiday purchases. Buy your **Columbia** outfit from any dealer or at our stores in all the large cities and pay when the burdens of your Christmas expenses are past.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Gen'l
353 Broadway, New York

Grand Prix Paris, 1900 Double Grand Prize St. Louis, 1904 Grand Prize Milan, 1906

Col. 13

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

SANTA CLAUS is a stout, elderly, conservative, self-made saint, with a jovial temperament, in type plutocratic. His wealth, if tainted, has never been Theodorized or subjected to the germ-analysis of Mr. Moody. Why this immunity? His gifts are, in the main, unnecessary and unequal. He gives to the slender starveling a tin whistle, to the stuffed richling a golden automobile. His Christmas cigars are notoriously violent, his mementoes in the way of slippers, gloves, and dressing-coats often do injustice to the human form divine. Yet nothing we can say, in truth or malice, can dim the splendors of his popularity. Suppose he should become sensible, useful, necessary; suppose he should withdraw his flood of little gifts and devote their value to some humane institution, like a Home for Honest Politicians or a College for Domestic Servants. Would the world bless him? No! In a week we should class him among the Robber Barons. The world, though a wise and temperate planet, refuses to be instructed or improved at the present season. Hail, therefore, St. Nick! Hoch, bravo, and likewise banzai!

IMMUNE

THE ABOVE EDITORIAL was compulsory. We made it as funny as possible, but essentially it had to be. Usually we write upon those topics on which we happen at the time to be bursting with opinion, but once a year we are seized in the maelstrom of the Christmas Number, and fall in with the procession. Christmas is one of those things which, like domestic joys and virtues, are pleasant to live with but difficult to render distinguished in the written word. The ideal arrangement for this page would be one paragraph of wit, one of history, one of emotion, and one of perfect Christmas poetry. We lack time to furnish the last ingredient, and it is the most important. Alas, why is there not some one to fuse into a moving and yet joyful picture the fragments for which our heart at present beats? Sing, Muse, what candy poisons least; what Vergil thought of Christmas; and why the Puritans once frowned upon the day. Sing of what the Druids contributed to festivity; of the great new invention of the colored postal card, and its triumphs from San Francisco to Hoboken; of German, Norse, and Roman customs. Sing of anything you like—but sing.

WORDS, WORDS

THE ABBOT OF UNREASON and the Lord of Misrule, ancient functionaries who once presided over the Christmas season, were abolished by act of Parliament centuries ago. If our ideas of fun have seen alteration, the changes are the natural result of giving the masses a chance at a better slice of life than could be thrown condescendingly from the bounty of the rich.

> "A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
> A poor man's heart through half a year."

A happy progress is it that the poor man's life is no longer empty enough to be filled for half a year by memories of a gambol. His pleasures and comforts and experiences now are more substantial than were those of earls when the Abbot of Unreason and the Lord of Misrule were at the zenith of their power. Among the Christmas presents which are decreed by fate, and by the heart and brain of man, the best are those which last throughout the year. Are fewer children wearing themselves to shadows working to meet the holiday rush? If so, that is a present to humanity. Are shop-girls treated more like women? If so, no better gift has ever been bestowed on man. Within a month a rise in wages has been announced in various railways, express companies, mills, and manufacturing concerns, and next Christmas, and the Christmas after, and the Christmas after that, the slicing of the general turkey will be a fairer division than the past has ever known.

ERUDITION

THE LATE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was able not only to snatch lightning from heaven, outwit foreign diplomats, found newspapers, and work efficiently with his hands, but he was competent, also, when occasion rose, to preach to the universe at large. "Let no pleasure tempt thee," he advised, "no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee, no persuasion move thee to do anything which thou knowest to be evil; so shalt thou always live jollily, for a good conscience is a continual Christmas." A fortnight or so ago the former mayor of a great city startled his townsmen by paying some taxes to which his liability was only moral. The shock, however, was less powerful than it was when Mrs. Blaine paid her taxes to bewildered Chicago; for in the few intervening years the fulfilment of our obligations has come to seem more natural. We take more interest in the other fellow's turkey than we used to take.

AMERICAN CHARACTER

SOME THERE BE who take exception to our views on breakfast. We have hymned the ham and eulogized the egg and our matin-song has, in a way, put us in a false light, representing us as a prey to the gluttony which ariseth with the lark and laugheth ha, ha, at mere rolls and coffee. On the subject of late suppers and early breakfasts the Immortals differ. Horace saw the wisdom of continuing supper till the milk-cans came; of greeting the dawn, like a poet, "with whirling head." Rossetti, on the contrary, came to earth at breakfast time and surprised his friends by his prompt punishment of six eggs "slowly bleeding to death" on as many slices of thick bacon. Yet another Pre-Raphaelite, rising late, sniffed a violet, saying: "My soul is satisfied"—then ordered a platter of large sausages. A traveler in Missouri, of reflective trend, once saw upon a lonely headstone the epitaph: "Bill Jones—He Et Himself to Death. Forty Slapjacks Is the Lot of Most Men, But Bill Was Ambishus."

BREAKFAST ORACLES





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ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

In the two circles of light the men surveyed each other

THE ADVENTURES of the SCARLET CAR

Being the first of a series of three stories which tell of the wanderings of the Owner of the Scarlet Car, the Girl in the Car, Her Brother and Fred, the Chauffeur.



By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS



THE TRESPASSERS

WITH a long, nervous shudder, the touring car came to a stop, and the lamps bored a round hole in the night, leaving the rest of the encircling world still sunk in a chill and silent darkness.

The lamps showed a flickering picture of a country road between high banks covered with loose stones, and overhead a fringe of pine boughs. It looked like a colored picture thrown from a stereopticon in a darkened theatre.

From the back of the car the voice of the owner said briskly: "We will now sing that beautiful ballad entitled, 'He Is Sleeping in the Yukon Vale To-night.' What are you stopping for, Fred?" he asked.

The tone of the chauffeur suggested he was again upon the defensive.

"For water, sir," he mumbled.

The girl in the front seat laughed, and her brother in the rear seat groaned in dismay.

"Oh, for water?" said the owner cordially. "I thought maybe it was for coal."

Save a dignified silence, there was no answer to this, until there came a rolling of loose stones and the sound of a heavy body suddenly precipitated down the bank, and landing with a thump in the road.

"He didn't get the water," said the owner sadly.

"Are you hurt, Fred?" asked the girl.

The chauffeur limped in front of the lamps, appearing suddenly, like an actor stepping into the limelight.

"No, ma'm," he said. In the rays of the lamp, he unfolded a road map and scowled at it. He shook his head aggrievedly.

"There *ought* to be a house just about here," he explained.

"There *ought* to be a hotel and a garage, and a cold supper, just about here," said the girl cheerfully.

"That's the way with those houses," complained the owner. "They never stay where they're put. At night they go around and visit each other. Where do you think you are, Fred?"

"I think we're in that long woods, between Loon Lake and Stoughton on the Boston Pike," said the chauffeur, "and," he reiterated, "there *ought* to be a house somewhere about here—where we get water."

"Well, get there, then, and get the water," commanded the owner.

"But I can't get there, sir, till I get the water," returned the chauffeur.

He shook out two collapsible buckets, and started down the shaft of light.

"I won't be more nor five minutes," he called.

"I'm going with him," said the girl, "I'm cold."

She stepped down from the front seat, and the owner with sudden alacrity vaulted the door and started after her.

"You coming?" he inquired of her brother.

The tone of the invitation seemed to suggest that a refusal would not necessarily lead to a quarrel.

"I am not!" said the brother. "You've kept me twelve hours in the open air, and it's past two, and I'm going to sleep. You can take it from me that we are going to spend the rest of this night here in this road."

He moved his cramped joints cautiously, and stretched his legs the full width of the car.

"If you can't get plain water," he called, "get club soda."

He buried his nose in the collar of his fur coat, and the odors of camphor and raccoon skins instantly assailed him, but he only yawned luxuriously and disappeared into the coat as a turtle draws into its shell. From the woods about him the smell of the pine needles pressed upon him like a drug, and before the footsteps of his companions were lost in the silence he was asleep. But his sleep was only a review of his waking hours. Still on either hand rose flying dust clouds and twirling leaves; still on either side raced gray stone walls, telegraph poles, hills rich in autumn colors; and before him a long white road, unending, interminable, stretching out finally into a darkness lit by flashing shop-windows, like open fireplaces, by street lamps, by swinging electric globes, by blinding searchlights of hundreds of darting trolley cars with terrifying gongs, and then a cold white mist, and again on every side, darkness, except where the four great lamps blazed a path through stretches of ghostly woods.



"There *ought* to be a house just about here"

As the young man slumbered, the lamps spluttered and sizzled like bacon in a frying-pan, a stone rolled noisily down the bank, a white owl, both appalled and fascinated by the dazzling eyes of the monster blocking the road, hooted, and flapped itself away. But the man in the car only shivered slightly, deep in the sleep of utter weariness.

In silence the girl and the owner followed the chauffeur. They had passed out of the light of the lamps, and in the autumn mist the electric torch of the owner was as ineffective as a glow-worm. The mystery of the forest fell heavily upon them. From their feet the dead leaves sent up a clean, damp odor, and on either side and overhead the giant pine trees whispered and rustled in the night wind.

"Take my coat, too," said the young man. "You'll catch cold." He spoke with authority and began to slip the loops from the big horn buttons. It was not the habit of the girl to consider her health. Nor did she permit the members of her family to show solicitude concerning it. But the anxiety of the young man did not seem to offend her. She thanked him generously. "These coats are hard to walk in, and I want to walk," she exclaimed. "I like to hear the leaves rustle when you kick them, don't you? When I was so high, I used to pretend it was wading in the surf."

The young man moved over to the gutter of the road where the leaves were deepest and kicked violently. "And the more noise you make," he said, "the more you frighten away the wild animals."

The girl shuddered in a most helpless and fascinating fashion.

"Don't!" she whispered. "I didn't mention it, but already I have seen several lions crouching behind the trees."

"Indeed?" said the young man. His tone was preoccupied. He had just kicked a rock, hidden by the leaves, and was standing on one leg.

"Do you mean you don't believe me?" asked the girl, "or is it that you are merely brave?"

"Merely brave!" exclaimed the young man. "Massachusetts is so far north for lions," he continued, "that I fancy what you saw was a grizzly bear. But I have my trusty electric torch with me, and if there is anything a bear can not abide, it is to be pointed at by an electric torch."

"Let us pretend," cried the girl, "that we are the babes in the wood, and that we are lost."

"We don't have to pretend we're lost," said the man, "and as I remember it, the babes came to a sad end. Didn't they die, and didn't the birds bury them with leaves?"

"Sam and Fred can be the birds," suggested the girl.

"Fred and your brother hopping around with leaves in their teeth would look silly," objected the man, "I doubt if I could keep from laughing."

"Then," said the girl, "they can be the wicked robbers who came to kill the babes."

"Very well," said the man with suspicious alacrity, "let us be babes. If I have to die," he went on heartily, "I would rather die with you than live with any one else."

When he had spoken, although they were entirely alone in the world and quite near to one another, it was as



The girl shrinking against the wall

though the girl could not hear him, even as though he had not spoken at all. After a silence, the girl said: "Perhaps it would be better for us to go back to the car now."

"I won't do it again," begged the man humbly.

"We will pretend," cried the girl, "that the car is a van and that we are gipsies, and we'll build a campfire, and I will tell your fortune."

"You are the only woman who can," muttered the young man.

The girl stood still in her tracks.

"I thought you said—" she began quietly.

"I know," interrupted the man, "but you won't let me talk seriously, so I joke. But some day—"

"Oh, look!" cried the girl. "There's Fred."

She ran from him down the road. The young man followed her slowly, his fists deep in the pockets of the greatcoat, and kicking at the unoffending leaves.

The chauffeur was peering through a double iron gate hung between square brick posts. The lower hinge of one gate was broken, and that gate lurched forward, leaving an opening. By the light of the electric torch they could see the beginning of a driveway, rough and weed-grown, lined with trees of great age and bulk, and an unkempt lawn, strewn with bushes, and beyond, in an open place bare of trees and illuminated faintly by the stars, the shadow of the house, black, silent, and forbidding.

"That's it," whispered the chauffeur. "I was here before. The well is over there."

The young man gave a gasp of astonishment.

"Why," he protested, "this is the Carey place! I should say we *were* lost. We must have left the road an hour ago. There's not another house within miles." But he made no movement to enter. "Of all places!" he muttered.

"Well, then," urged the girl briskly, "if there's no other house, let's tap Mr. Carey's well and get on."

"Do you know who he is?" asked the man.

The girl laughed. "You don't need a letter of introduction to take a bucket of water, do you?" she said.

"It's Philip Carey's house. He lives here." He spoke in a whisper, and insistently, as though the information must carry some special significance. But the girl showed no sign of enlightenment. "You remember the Carey boys?" he urged. "They left Harvard the year I entered. They had to leave. They were quite mad. All the Careys have been mad. The boys were queer even then, and awfully rich. Henry ran away with a girl from a shoe factory in Lowell and lives in Paris, and Philip was sent here."

"*Sent* here?" repeated the girl. Unconsciously her voice also had sunk to a whisper.

"He has a doctor and a nurse and keepers, and they live here all the year round. When Fred said there were people hereabouts, I thought we might strike them for something to eat, or even to put us up for the night, but, Philip Carey! I shouldn't fancy—"

"I should think not!" exclaimed the girl.

For a minute the three stood silent, peering through the iron bars.

"And the worst of it is," went on the young man irritably, "he could give us such good things to eat."

"It doesn't look it," said the girl.

"I know," continued the man in the same eager whisper. "But—who was it was telling me? Some doctor I know who came down to see him. He said Carey does himself awfully well, has the house full of bully pictures, and the family plate, and wonderful collections—things he picked up in the East—gold ornaments, and jewels, and jade."

"I shouldn't think," said the girl in the same hushed voice, "they would leave him living so far from any neighbors with such things in the house. Suppose burglars broke in."

"Burglars! Burglars would never hear of this place. How could they?" Even his friends think it's just a private madhouse."

The girl shivered and drew back from the gate.

Fred coughed apologetically.

"*I've* heard of it," he volunteered. "There was a piece in the 'Sunday Post.' It said he eats his dinner in a diamond crown, and all the walls is gold, and two monkeys wait on table with gold—"

"Nonsense!" said the man sharply. "He eats like any one else and dresses like any one else. How far is the well from the house?"

"It's purty near," said the chauffeur.

"Pretty near the house, or pretty near here?"

"Just outside the kitchen; and it makes a creaky noise."

"You mean you don't want to go?"

Fred's answer was unintelligible.

"You wait here with Miss Forbes," said the young man. "And I'll get the water."

"Yes, sir!" said Fred, quite distinctly.

"No, sir!" said Miss Forbes, with equal distinctness. "I'm not going to be left here alone—with all these trees. I'm going with you."

"There may be a dog," suggested the young man, "or, I was thinking if they heard me prowling about, they might take a shot—just for luck. Why don't you go back to the car with Fred?"

"Down that long road in the dark?" exclaimed the girl. "Do you think I have no imagination?"

The man in front, the girl close on his heels, and the boy with the buckets following, crawled through the broken gate, and moved cautiously up the gravel driveway.

Within fifty feet of the house the courage of the chauffeur returned.

"You wait here," he whispered, "and if I wake 'em up, you shout to 'em that it's all right, that it's only me."

"Your idea being," said the young man, "that they will then fire at me. Clever lad. Run along."

There was a rustling of the dead weeds, and instantly the chauffeur was swallowed in the encompassing shadows.

Miss Forbes leaned toward the young man.

"Do you see a light in that lower story?" she whispered.

"No," said the man. "Where?"

After a pause the girl answered: "I can't see it now, either. Maybe I didn't see it. It was very faint—just a glow—it might have been phosphorescence."

"It might," said the man. He gave a shrug of distaste. "The whole place is certainly old enough and decayed enough."

For a brief space they stood quite still, and at once, accentuated by their own silence, the noises of the night grew in number and distinctness. A slight wind had risen and the boughs of the pines rocked restlessly, making mournful complaint; and at their feet the needles dropping in a gentle desultory shower had the sound of rain in springtime. From every side they were startled by noises they could not place. Strange movements and rustlings caused them to peer sharply into the shadows; footsteps, that seemed to approach, and, then, having marked them, skulk away; branches of bushes that suddenly swept together, as though closing behind some one in stealthy retreat. Although they knew that in the deserted garden they were alone, they felt that from the shadows they were being spied upon, that the darkness of the place was peopled by malign presences.

The young man drew a cigar from his case and put it unlit between his teeth.

"Cheerful, isn't it?" he growled. "These dead leaves make it damp as a tomb. If I've seen one ghost, I've seen a dozen. I believe we're standing in the Carey family's graveyard."

"I thought you were brave," said the girl.

"I am," returned the young man, "very brave. But if you had the most wonderful girl on earth to take care of in the grounds of a madhouse at two in the morning, you'd be scared too."

He was abruptly surprised by Miss Forbes laying her hand firmly upon his shoulder, and turning him in the direction of the house. Her face was so near his that he felt the uneven fluttering of her breath upon his cheek.

"There is a man," she said, "standing behind that tree."

By the faint light of the stars he saw, in black silhouette, a shoulder and head projecting from beyond the trunk of a huge oak, and then quickly withdrawn. The owner of the head and shoulder was on the side of the tree nearest to themselves, his back turned to them, and so deeply was his attention engaged that he was unconscious of their presence.

"He is watching the house," said the girl. "Why is he doing that?"

"I think it's Fred," whispered the man. "He's afraid to go for the water. That's as far as he's gone." He was about to move forward when there came from the oak tree a low whistle. The girl and the man stood silent and motionless. But they knew it was too late; that they had been overheard. A voice spoke cautiously.

"That you?" it asked.

With the idea only of gaining time, the young man responded promptly and truthfully. "Yes," he whispered.

"Keep to the right of the house," commanded the voice.

The young man seized Miss Forbes by the wrist and moving to the right drew her quickly with him. He did not stop until they had turned the corner of the building, and were once more hidden by the darkness.

"The plot thickens," he said. "I take it that that fellow is a keeper, or watchman. He spoke as though it were natural there should be another man in the grounds, so there's probably two of them, either to keep Carey in, or to keep trespassers out. Now, I think I'll go back and tell him that



"I just swung on him," said the young man

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water, and that all they want is to be allowed to get the water, and go."

"Why should a watchman hide behind a tree?" asked the girl. "And why—"

She ceased abruptly with a sharp cry of fright. "What's that?" she whispered.

"What's what?" asked the young man startled. "What did you hear?"

"It's over there," stammered the girl. "Something—that—groaned."

"Pretty soon this will get on my nerves," said the man. He ripped open his greatcoat and reached under it. "I've been stoned twice, when there were women in the car," he said, apologetically, "and so now at night I carry a gun." He shifted the darkened torch to his left hand, and, moving a few yards, halted to listen. The girl, reluctant to be left alone, followed slowly. As he stood immovable there came from the leaves just beyond him the sound of a feeble struggle, and a strangled groan. The man bent forward and flashed the torch. He saw stretched rigid on the ground a huge wolf-hound. Its legs were twisted horribly, the lips drawn away from the teeth, the eyes glazed in an agony of pain. The man snapped off the light. "Keep back!" he whispered to the girl. He took her by the arm and ran with her toward the gate.

"Who was it?" she begged.

"It was a dog," he answered. "I think—"

He did not tell her what he thought.

"I've got to find out what the devil has happened to Fred!" he said. "You go back to the car. Send your brother here on the run. Tell him there's going to be a rough-house. You're not afraid to go?"

"No," said the girl.

A shadow blacker than the night rose suddenly before them, and a voice asked sternly but quietly: "What are you doing here?"

The young man lifted his arm clear of the girl, and shoved her quickly from him. In his hand she felt the pressure of the revolver.

"Well," he replied truculently, "and what are you doing here?"

"I am the night watchman," answered the voice. "Who are you?"

It struck Miss Forbes if the watchman knew that one of the trespassers was a woman he would be at once reassured, and she broke in quickly:

"We have lost our way," she said pleasantly. "We came here—"

She found herself staring blindly down a shaft of light. For an instant the torch held her, and then from her swept over the young man.

"Drop that gun!" cried the voice. It was no longer the same voice; it was now savage and snarling. For answer the young man pressed the torch in his left hand, and, held in the two circles of light, the men surveyed each other. The newcomer was one of unusual bulk and height. The collar of his overcoat hid his mouth, and his derby hat was drawn down over his forehead, but what they saw showed an intelligent, strong face, although for the moment it wore a menacing scowl. The young man dropped his revolver into his pocket.

"My automobile ran dry," he said; "we came in here to get some water. My chauffeur is back there somewhere with a couple of buckets. This is Mr. Carey's place, isn't it?"

"Take that light out of my eyes!" said the watchman.

"Take your light out of my eyes," returned the young man. "You can see we're not—we don't mean any harm."

The two lights disappeared simultaneously, and then each, as though worked by the same hand, sprang forth again.

"What did you think I was going to do?" the young man asked. He laughed and switched off his torch.

But the one the watchman held in his hand still moved from the face of the girl to that of the young man.

"How'd you know this was the Carey house?" he demanded. "Do you know Mr. Carey?"

"No, but I know this is his house."

For a moment from behind his mask of light the watchman surveyed them in silence. Then he spoke quickly:

"I'll take you to him," he said, "if he thinks it's all right, it's all right."

The girl gave a protesting cry. The young man burst forth indignantly:

"You will *not!*" he cried. "Don't be an idiot! You talk like a Tenderloin cop. Do we look like second-story workers?"

"I found you prowling around Mr. Carey's grounds at two in the morning," said the watchman sharply, "with a gun in your hand. My job is to protect this place, and I am going to take you both to Mr. Carey."

Until this moment the young man could see nothing save the shaft of light and the tiny, blowing bulb at its base; now into the light there protruded a black revolver.

"Keep your hands up, and walk ahead of me to the house," commanded the watchman. "The woman will go in front."

The young man did not move. Under his breath he muttered impotently, and bit at his lower lip.

"See here," he said, "I'll go with you, but you shan't take this lady in front of that madman. Let her go to her car. It's only a hundred yards from here; you know perfectly well she—"

"I know where your car is, all right," said the watchman steadily, "and I'm not going to let you get away in it till Mr. Carey's seen you." The revolver motioned forward. Miss Forbes stepped in front of it and appealed eagerly to the young man.

"Do what he says," she urged. "It's only his duty. Please! Indeed, I don't mind." She turned to the watchman. "Which way do you want us to go?" she asked.

"Keep in the light," he ordered.

The light showed the broad steps leading to the front entrance of the house, and in its shaft they climbed them, pushed open the unlocked door, and stood in a small hallway. It led into a greater hall beyond. By the few electric lights still burning they noted that the interior of the house was as rich and well cared for as the outside was miserable. With a gesture for silence the watchman motioned them into a small room on the right of the hallway. It had the look of an office, and was apparently the place where were conducted the affairs of the estate.

In an open grate there was a dying fire; in front of it stood a flat desk covered with papers and japanned tin boxes.

"You stay here till I fetch Mr. Carey, and the servants," commanded the watchman. "Don't try to get out, and," he added menacingly, "don't make no noise." With his revolver he pointed at the two windows. They were heavily barred. "Those bars keep Mr. Carey in," he said, "and I guess they can keep you in, too. The other watchman," he added, "will be just outside this door." But still he hesitated, glowering with suspicion; unwilling to trust them alone. His face lit with an ugly smile.

"Mr. Carey's very bad to-night," he said insinuatingly; "he won't keep his bed and he's wandering about the house. If he found you by yourselves, he might—"

The young man, who had been staring at the fire, swung sharply on his heel.

"You get-to-hell-out-of-here!" he said.

The watchman stepped into the hall and was cautiously closing the door when a man sprang lightly up the front steps. Through the inch crack left by the open door the trespassers heard the newcomer's eager greeting.

"I can't get him right!" he panted. "He's snoring like a hog."

The watchman exclaimed savagely:

"He's fooling you. He gasped. I didn't mor' nor slap him. Did you throw water on him?"

"I drowned him!" returned the other. "He never winked. I tell you we gotta walk, and damn quick!"

"Walk!" The watchman cursed him foully. "How far could we walk? *I'll* bring him to," he swore. "He's scared of us, and he's shamming." He gave a sudden start of alarm. "That's it, he's shamming. You fool! You shouldn't have left him."

There was the swift patter of retreating footsteps, and then a sudden halt, and they heard the watchman command: "Go back, and keep the other two till I come."

The next instant from the outside the door was softly closed upon them.

It had no more than shut when to the surprise of Miss Forbes the young man, with a delighted and vindictive chuckle, sprang to the desk and began to drum upon it with his fingers. It were as though he were practising upon a typewriter.

"He missed *these*," he muttered jubilantly. The girl leaned forward. Beneath his fingers she saw, flush with the table, a roll of little ivory buttons. She read the words "Stables," "Servants' hall." She raised a pair of very beautiful and very bewildered eyes.

"But if he wanted the servants, why didn't the watchman do that?" she asked.

"Because he isn't a watchman," answered the young man. "Because he's robbing this house."

He took the revolver from his encumbering greatcoat, slipped it in his pocket, and threw the coat from him. He motioned the girl into a corner. "Keep out of the line of the door," he ordered.

"I don't understand," begged the girl.

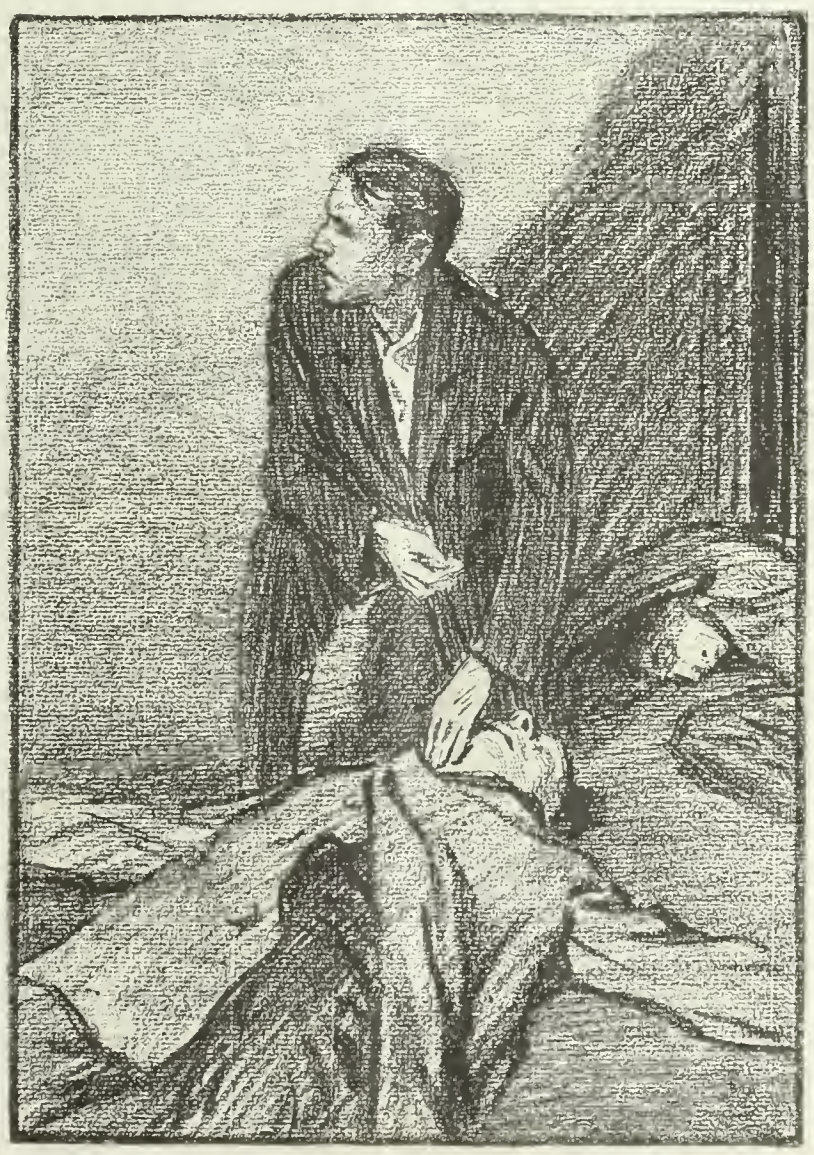
"They came in a car," whispered the young man. "It's broken down, and they can't get away. When the big fellow stopped us and I flashed my torch, I saw their car behind him in the road with the front off and the lights out. He'd seen the lamps of our car, and now they want it to escape in. That's why he brought us here—to keep us from it."

"And Fred!" gasped the girl. "Fred's hurt!"

"I guess Fred stumbled into the big fellow," assented the young man, "and the big fellow put him out; then he saw Fred



One had a gorgeous kimono



He felt carefully of the point of the chin, and glanced up

was a chauffeur, and now they are trying to bring him to, so that he can run the car for them. You needn't worry about Fred. He's been in four smash-ups."

The young man bent forward to listen, but from no part of the great house came any sign. He exclaimed angrily.

"They must be drugged," he growled. He ran to the desk and made vicious jabs at the ivory buttons.

"Suppose they're out of order," he whispered.

There was the sound of leaping feet. The young man laughed nervously. "No, it's all right," he cried. "They're coming!"

The door flung open and the big burglar and a small, rat-like figure of a man burst upon them; the big one pointing his revolver.

"Come with me to your car!" he commanded. "You've got to take us to Boston. Quick, or I'll blow your face off."

Although the young man glared bravely enough at the steel barrel and the lifted trigger, swaying a few inches from his eyes, his body, as though weak with fright, shifted slightly and his feet made a shuffling noise upon the floor. When the weight of his body was balanced on the ball of his right foot, the shuffling ceased. Had the burglar lowered his eyes, the maneuvre to him would have been significant, but his eyes were following the barrel of his revolver.

In the mind of the young man the one thought uppermost was that he must gain time, but, with a revolver in his face, he found his desire to gain time swiftly diminishing. Still, when he spoke, it was with deliberation.

"My chauffeur," he began slowly.

The burglar snapped at him like a dog. "To hell with your chauffeur!" he cried. "Your chauffeur has run away. You come and drive that car yourself, or I'll leave you here with the top of your head off."

The face of the young man suddenly flashed with pleasure. His eyes, looking past the burglar to the door, lit with relief.

"There's the chauffeur now!" he cried.

The big burglar for one instant glanced over his right shoulder.

For months at a time, on Soldiers Field, the young man had thrown himself at human targets, that ran and dodged and evaded him, and the hulking burglar, motionless before him, was easily his victim.

He leaped at him, his left arm swinging like a scythe, and, with the impact of a club, the blow caught the burglar in the throat.

The pistol went off impotently; the burglar with a choking cough sank in a heap on the floor.

The young man tramped over him and upon him, and beat the second burglar with savage, whirlwind blows. The second burglar, shrieking with pain, turned to fly, and a fist, that fell where his bump of honesty should have been, drove his head against the lintel of the door.

At the same instant from the belfry on the roof there rang out on the night the sudden tumult of a bell; a bell that told as plainly as though it clamored with a human tongue, that the hand that rang it was driven with fear; fear of fire, fear of thieves, fear of a madman with a knife in his hand running amuck; perhaps at that moment creeping up the belfry stairs.

From all over the house there was the rush of feet and men's voices, and from the garden the light of dancing lanterns. And while the smoke of the revolver still hung motionless, the open door was crowded with half-clad figures. At their head were two young men. One who had drawn over his night clothes a serge suit, and who, in even that garb, carried an air of authority; and one, tall, stooping, weak of face and light-haired, with eyes that blinked and trembled behind great spectacles and who, for comfort, hugged about him a gorgeous kimono. For an instant the newcomers stared stupidly through the smoke at the bodies on the floor breathing stertorously, at the young man with the lust of battle still in his face, at the girl shrinking against the wall. It was the young man in the serge suit who was the first to move.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"These are burglars," said the owner of the car. "We happened to be passing in my automobile, and—"

The young man was no longer listening. With an alert, professional manner he had stooped over the big burglar. With his thumb he pushed back the man's eyelids, and ran his fingers over his throat and chin. He felt carefully of the point of the chin, and glanced up.

"You've broken the bone," he said.

"I just swung on him," said the young man. He turned his eyes, and suggested the presence of the girl.

At the same moment the man in the kimono cried nervously. "Ladies present, ladies present. Go put your clothes on, everybody; put your clothes on."

The men in the doorway looked for orders to the young man with the stern face.

He scowled at the figure in the kimono.

"You will please go to your room, sir," he said. He stood up, and bowed to Miss Forbes. "I beg your pardon," he asked, "you must want to get out of this. Will you please go into the library?"

He turned to the robust youths in the door, and pointed at the second burglar. "Move him out of the way," he ordered.

The man in the kimono smirked and bowed.

"Allow me," he said; "allow me to escort you to the library. This is no place for ladies."

The young man with the stern face frowned impatiently.

"You will please return to your room, sir," he repeated.

With an attempt at dignity the figure in the kimono gathered the silk robe closer about him.

"Certainly," he said. "If you think you can get on without me—I will retire," and lifting his bare feet mincingly, he tiptoed away. Miss Forbes looked after him with an expression of relief, of repulsion, of great pity.

The owner of the car glanced at the young man with the stern face, and raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

The young man had taken the revolver from the limp fingers of the burglar and was holding it in his hand. The other gave what was half a laugh and half a sigh of compassion.

"So, that's Carey?" he said.

There was a sudden silence. The young man with the stern face made no answer. His head was bent over the revolver. He broke it open, and spilled the cartridges into his palm. Still he made no answer. When he raised his head, his eyes were no longer stern, but wistful, and filled with an inexpressible loneliness.

"No, I am Carey," he said.

The one who had blundered stood helpless, tongue-tied, with no presence of mind beyond knowing that to explain would offend further.

The other seemed to feel for him more than for himself. In a voice, low and peculiarly appealing, he continued hurriedly.

"He is my doctor," he said. "He is a young man, and he has not had many advantages—his manner is not—I find we do not get on together. I have asked them to send me some one else." He stopped suddenly, and stood unhappily silent. The knowledge that the strangers were acquainted with his story seemed to rob him of his earlier confidence. He made an uncertain movement, as though to relieve them of his presence.

Miss Forbes stepped toward him eagerly.

"You told me I might wait in the library," she said. "Won't you take me there?"

For a moment the man did not move, but stood looking with wonder at the young and beautiful girl, who, with a smile, was trying to hide the compassion in her eyes.

"Will you go?" he asked wistfully.

"Why not?" said the girl.

The young man laughed with pleasure.

"I am unpardonable," he said. "I live so much alone—that I forget." Like one who, issuing from a close room, encounters the morning air, he drew a deep, happy breath. "It has been three years since a woman has been in this house," he said simply. "And I have not even thanked you," he went on, "nor asked you if you are cold," he cried remorsefully, "or hungry. How nice it would be of you, if you would say you are hungry."

The girl walked beside him, laughing lightly, and, as they disappeared into the greater hall beyond, the owner of the car heard her cry: "You never robbed your own ice-chest? How have you kept from starving? Show me where it is, and we will rob it together."

The voice of their host rang through the empty house with a laugh like that of an eager, happy child.

"Heavens!" said the owner of the car, "is she a wonder!" But neither the prostrate burglars, nor the servants, intent on strapping their wrists together, gave him any answer.

As they were finishing the supper filched from the ice-chest, Fred was brought before them from the kitchen. He had been dragged by the legs from under the barn. The blow the burglar had given him was covered with a piece of cold beefsteak, and the water thrown on him to revive him was thawing from his leather breeches. Mr. Carey expressed his gratitude, and rewarded him beyond the avaricious dreams even of a chauffeur.

As the three trespassers left the house, accompanied by many pails of water, the girl turned to the lonely figure in the doorway and waved her hand.

"May we come again?" she called.

But young Mr. Carey did not trust his voice to answer. Standing erect, with folded arms, in dark silhouette in the light of the hall, he bowed his head.

Deaf to alarm bells, to pistol shots, to cries for help, they found her brother sleeping sweetly.

"He is a charming chaperon," said the owner of the car.

With the girl beside him, with Fred crouched, shivering, on the step, he threw in the clutch; the servants from the house waved the emptied buckets in salute, and the great car sprang forward into the awakening day toward the golden dome over the Boston Common. In the rear seat her brother shivered and yawned, and then sat erect.

"Did you get the water?" he demanded, anxiously.

There was a grim silence.

"Yes," said the owner of the car patiently. "You needn't worry any longer. We got the water."



The three trespassers left the house, accompanied by many pails of water

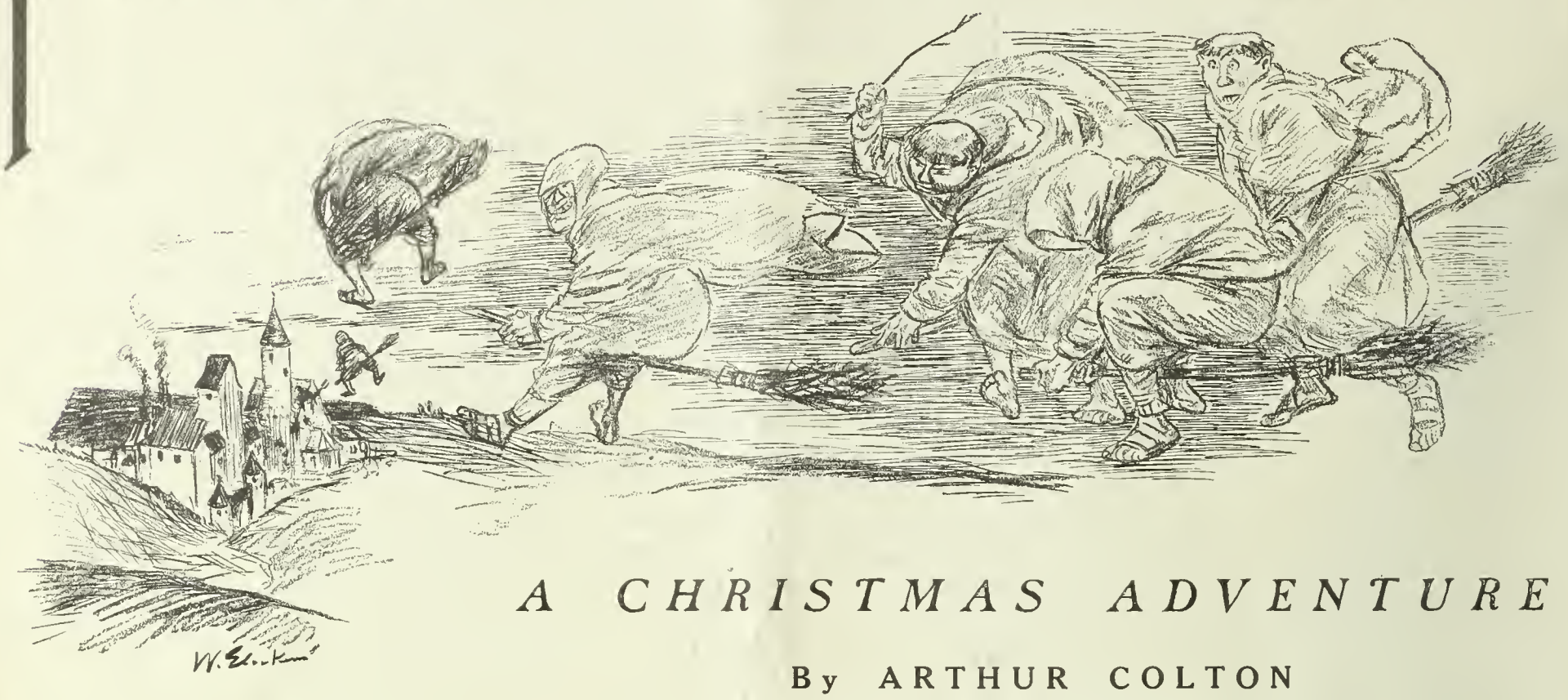


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DRAWN BY ALBERT STERNER

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world"

THE GHOSTS OF SENZEILLE



A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

By ARTHUR COLTON

THERE stood an abbey, with a tall church roof and long gray buildings, in the middle of a flat valley. The valley was white with snow, and the mountains about were dark with forest, and above the abbey roofs industrious chimneys sent a reek into the air. Oh, it was rich, the abbey! Its domains spread away a dozen miles in every direction over the steep woods and low-set villages. However, among its feudatories, your hill baron in his small stiff box of a castle might quarrel with the Lord Abbot, and follow his own violent will, and be little the worse for it otherwise, yet if he knew what good living was he would not pass the abbey at dinner-time without wishing he were on good enough terms with the Lord Abbot to invite himself to dinner. Abbey cooking and hill castle cooking were very different things. We are but human. Pride is only pride, but pastry is pastry.

Baron Conrad de Rocamodor was one of those who know what good living is and follow discretion wherever she leads by green pastures. By character, custom, and family tradition he was always on good terms with the Abbot at Christmas time. Hence, this 25th of December, he sat at the Abbot's right hand, in the reverend lordship's private dining-room. The first course was before him, a turbot with a marvelous sauce. He was a stout, red-faced man with a quibbling, roguish eye, a great oblong beard, well cared for, a cultivated palate, an appetite well preserved and prized. Opposite him, on the Abbot's left, sat the Subprior, a lean man, argumentative, deferential, learned not less in scholastic divinity than in condiments and savors. The Abbot was a small, elderly aristocrat with the face, almost, of a child, so round, so rosy, and smooth his cheeks, so blue and innocent his eyes. But around those eyes innumerable fine wrinkles rayed out when he smiled, or when he laughed with a shaking and jelly-like oscillation of fat ribs. His was a high and distinguished lineage. From his lips, that had still something of the Cupid's bow of youth, grave eloquence and caustic comment could flow, the wit of the spirit, the wisdom of the world, the jest of nature and chance —*sunt ridicula rerum.*

"What a sauce!" sighed the baron. "Reverend, your cook should be canonized."

And at that moment there entered a lank and shuffling brother, with a dusty bottle under his arm, who announced that, supposing it agreeable to the Lord Abbot, there was "without and but newly arrived a youthful knight, *en voyage d'aventure*," meaning a young man who, having received a symbolical tap on the shoulder, was now traveling after excitement.

"Plague!" cried the baron. "These knights errant are all serious. What do they care about sauces?"

The Abbot chuckled. The Subprior, obsequious to the Abbot's chuckle, argued in rebuttal:

"But their appetites, baron, are fresh as the bloom on a peach;" to which the baron, who was a casuist, retorted that a turbot sauce was not meant for the hunger of the body, but for the discrimination of the palate.

The Abbot laid his finger beside his nose and said that he had an idea. The three leaned their heads together above the turbot, which lay bathed in golden sauce, and whispered; while the lank brother—by name Anthony—with the dusty bottle under his arm, thought of nothing in particular and gazed at the bald top of the Abbot's head, where the urbane artist, Time, had replaced the razor, maintaining, cultivating, polishing to a silky surface the Abbot's tonsure of humility. Presently the Subprior clapped his hands to his sides and declared the Abbot's idea more exquisite than the turbot sauce.

Therefore Sir Clement de Beaudesert de Coudray, knight *en voyage d'aventure*, was soon seated opposite the Abbot, taking the bloom off his appetite. Doubtless the baron was right. The hunger of youth is brusk and illiterate. It understands not your shadowy and blended flavor. The knight was a thin-faced young man with sinewy brown hands, regardful gray eyes, and a mind set upon his business, so it seemed. With the passing away of the turbot he began, with such politeness as showed him a well-bred youth, but with a gravity and directness extraordinary:

"Reverend sir, it is well known to you that all of my vocation in life are pledged to the duty of righting all wrongs wherever we find them. Now, though I have been a knight errant for nearly a week, yet during all my travels hitherto I have had great difficulty in finding such wrongs, inasmuch as people have seemed to be out of all reason contented. For mostly wherever I came they declared themselves to be doing very well. And if I asked them, reasonably, 'How then am I to gain glory?' they didn't know; they offered no suggestions, save that I make haste to go and gain it somewhere else. On this point they were in fact urgent. This I hold to be in itself a wrong to the order of chivalry, for how can the order prosper under such conditions?"

"True," said the little Abbot. "People are marvelously apt to dislike being deprived of their grievances."

The baron pulled his beard and thought: "This young man is serious as Saint Ursula's eleven thousand virgins!"

"Far be it from me," continued the knight, "to imagine that wrongs, or things ill managed, or needing to be set right, can exist within your reverend lordship's jurisdiction; but it occurs to me that, inasmuch as it is a knight errant's business to have spiritual experiences as well as to do valiant deeds, you might give me information looking to that end, which would be of great value and benefit my character. For, in my opinion, it is a knight's duty, when he meets with abbots, priests, anchorets, pilgrims, and other holy persons, to inquire what chances there are about to cultivate himself in some manner. For this is his twofold quest, to perform duties, and to improve in experience."

The baron groaned inwardly: "This young man is serious as a coffin lid! There goes my appetite!"

"Why, precisely!" said the Abbot. "Those are worthy and discerning remarks. The only thing that occurs to me is this: It happens that on Christmas night there may sometimes be seen at Senzeille by those fitted for it—that is, having youthful earnestness and seriousness of purpose—a sight which is, in a sense, the very kind of thing knight errants like, confirming in their minds the need of sobriety of spirit and a grave demeanor. Let me explain the circumstance."

Here entered the lank brother with a pigeon pie. During the consideration of the pie the Abbot told, with leisure and detail, the Legend of the Twenty-seven of Senzeille.

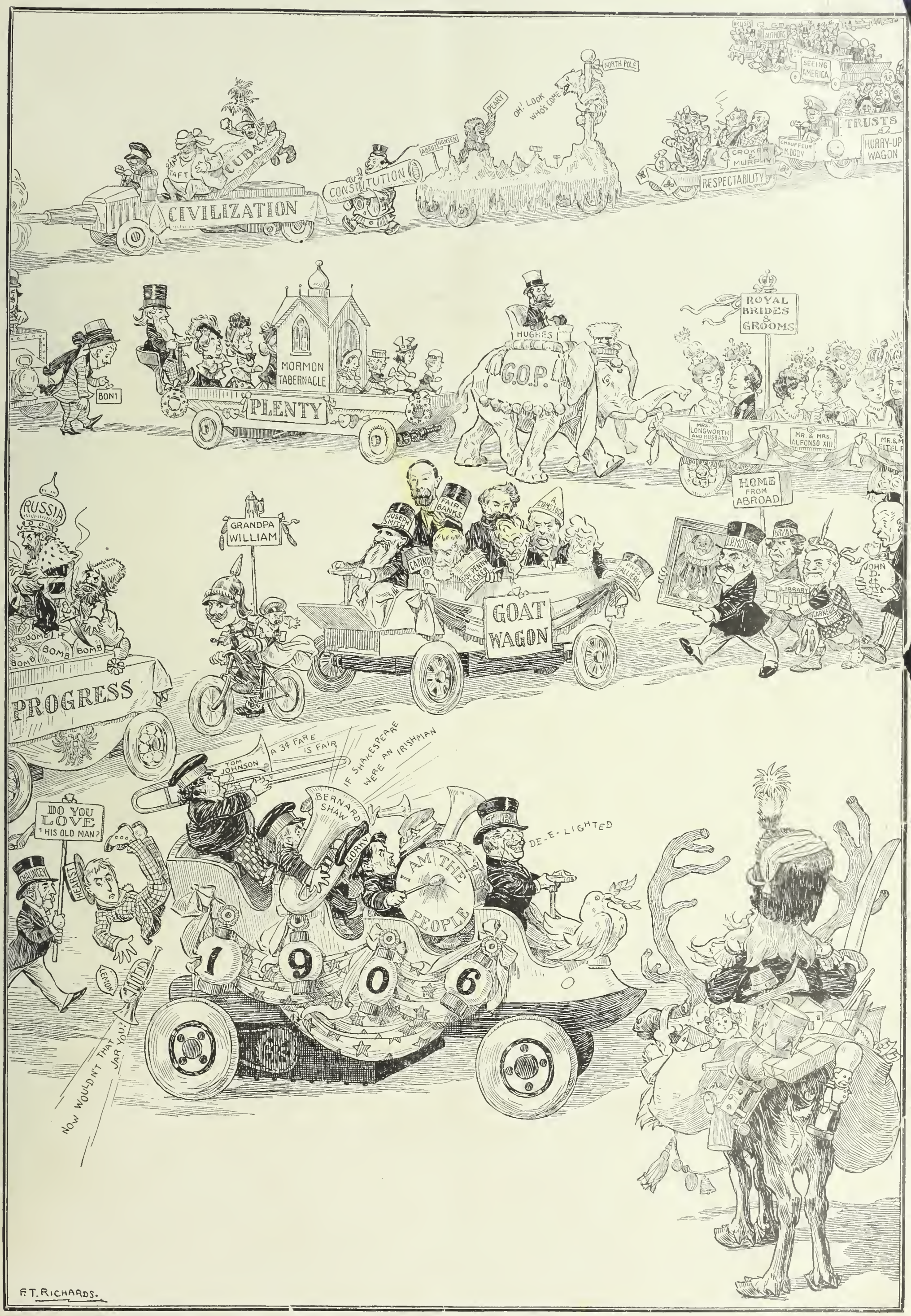
II

"YOU must know that many years ago, some four or five earthly generations, some hundred and fifty years, Senzeille Abbey was small and poor. No pious layman could be found to endow it, and for this reason. By some unknown dispensation, infection, calamity, or punishment for unrecorded sin all the twenty-six brothers, together with their Abbot, were afflicted by a curious disease, malady, or distemper, whereby no man would have any belief in their holiness. Now the main, if not the only, symptom or sign of this affliction was a certain extraordinary light-heartedness, gaiety, friskiness, or merriment, unedifying and remarkable. Their poverty did them no good. The contumely of the world about could not cure them. Such were their high spirits that it was with difficulty they could bring themselves to sing the penitential offices, and then they always sang them too fast, although lauds and the Magnificat they delighted in and performed with good success. Their Confiteor was a scandal, but their Gloria was unctuous and enthusiastic. If a brother retired to his cell for solitary meditation, the more he meditated the more he felt delighted with everything, until he needs must have a solitary dance, shuffle, or jig to work off his exuberance. If a brother had to labor all day in the hay fields, the more his back ached and his stomach felt empty the more he laughed to think of the thirst, appetite, and capacity for comfort he was gathering in for the end of the day. Never was a monastery so singular. The Abbot himself was no better than the worst. It is said that once, having risen at dawn to the end of mortifying the sloth of the flesh, he was seen—out of mere pleasure at the beauty of the sunrise and the joyful appearance of another day—endeavoring to stand on his head against the baptistery wall—a thing that he admitted—no, not unsuitable to an abbot: he did not admit that—but impracticable for himself personally, impossible of accomplishment, and therefore not in all respects an adequate and efficient expression of praise for the divine creation. To prove that this lightness of spirits was in the nature of a disease it needed only to be seen how it was plainly infectious; how as time went on even the poor peasantry of the countryside were growing more and more buoyant in demeanor, apt to dance, sing, and laugh on small occasions, and in all these respects to follow the misleading example of the Senzeille brethren. And this infection even reached the feudal gentry, so that a certain baron, one William de Rocamodor, ancestor of this the present baron, by being merely a near neighbor of the abbey, became noted for the violence of the strange malady that possessed him for making, and causing to be made, quibbles, quips, and trifling plays upon words, this being the form which the Senzeille disease took in his case.

"The evil fame of the abbey spread abroad, as time passed, and came to the ears of authority. Finally action was taken at a council held at the city of Treves. In wisdom it was seen fit to remove the Abbot and the twenty-six brothers and despatch them as missionaries into distant heathendom, that they might become sobered, convinced, and persuaded to a sounder doctrine, and so be rid of the heresy that this world is something other than a vale of tears. William of Rocamodor was deprived of his feof, and forced to go on a crusade to Palestine, where he was captured and—perhaps wisely—beheaded by the Soldan for extracting puns from the Koran. Of the twenty-seven of Senzeille none ever returned in the body. The legend speaks of rumors from far lands—from Lapland, Tartary, and Cathay, from Ethiopia and from islands in the sea—rumors which seemed to imply that the scattering of the Senzeille monks was no better than the scattering of contagion—rumors that here and there about the world of heathendom travelers had come upon communities of converts of a certain distinct and peculiar friskiness, joviality, or gusto, unmistakable in kind, and that always could there be found memories, traditions of the presence of a Senzeille monk.

"For some years the abbey stood empty. Then it was generously endowed, new buildings were added, a body of sober, discreet, and austere brothers placed there. The old cloister was given over to baser uses, and remains so used to this day, the former cells and common rooms being employed as storehouses for grain and farm implements. It knew no more of its old acquaintances save this: that on Christmas night any religious brother or knight errant who is young and

(*Continued on page 21*)



GENERAL SANTA CLAUS REVIEWS HIS ANNUAL PARADE



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THE CHRISTMA

PAINT



GHOST STORY

T. SMEDLEY



SOME SEASONABLE NOVELTIES: SUITABLE GIFTS FOR A DISCERNING PUBLIC

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

SUPPLEMENT TO COLLIER'S FOR DECEMBER 15, 1906

serious enough to desire that discomfort, if he will keep watch and ward in the old cloister, may, it is said, see the ghosts of the twenty-seven of Senzeille, and with them William of Rocamodor bearing his head on his back like a knapsack, all these in penitential procession for their former frivolities. It is true that few have reported that they had really seen them, and not all of these that they had been edified. It has been doubted if the procession is strictly penitential. Be that as it may, such poor accommodation in that way, Sir Clement," the Lord Abbot concluded politely, "is heartily at your service."

"I will essay this adventure," said the young knight solemnly, and the Baron of Rocamodor grumbled:

"What a disastrous young man."

III

AT eight o'clock in the evening the knight followed through long dark passages, unlighted except by Brother Anthony's dim lantern in front of him—through an open court, where on one side shot up the buttressed walls of the tall church, and on the other were the shining windows of the refectory, within which scores of the Senzeille monks were rejoicing, and one strong baritone sang: "Noel, Noel!" — through more dark passages, where "Noel, Noel" was heard no more — through another court planted thick with low crosses and its coverlid of snow heaved into orderly waves by the dead beneath —through an arched door and more corridors, partly ruinous— and so out into a large rectangular space surrounded by an open arcade with stone pavement and slender pillars. It was a remote half-abandoned portion of the great abbey. Frequent doorways argued that there were or had been outer buildings around it. Near one end of the rectangle stood a stone cross on a pedestal, black above the snow. To this cross the lank brother led Sir Clement, pointed to it, and so went muttering out through the nearest doorway, carrying his dim lantern with him.

The night was clouded, but partly lit by the hidden moon, the cloistered space cold, still, fit for spectral visitation. Clement carried his sword, but wore no body armor except his iron plated boots for warmth. He knelt in the snow before the tall cross, and for a time heard no other sound than his own prayers. Aves, paternosters, and Salve Reginas he said over and over, and any other prayers that he knew, and some that he did not know very well. Ghost-hunting seemed to him at last an uncomfortable and dull pursuit, something like fishing through the ice when no fish would bite. Himself had never seen a ghost, but other people had, or said so, and to his mind the thing was reasonable. If a man were after adventures he had to take what he found. True, the adventures of all knights errant presented in books, or by harpers and trouvères, were somewhat alike. There was a wrong to be righted, and it was always done by overthrowing, and either destroying or causing to repent the evil-minded person who maintained the wrong. Or it might be an adventure without much moral bearing. The Paladins and Round Table Knights had both kinds. But all their adventures would reduce to a few simple elements—a wicked knight, a distressed lady, a dragon perhaps—though Clement thought dragons were all fancy—castles, some various kinds of enchantment, kings going to war, peasants being badly treated, holy vessels sliding down moonbeams, and things like that. But when you went in search of adventures yourself the most of those you found—if you found any worth while—were apt to be unlike anything you had been told about them. No one had made a description which looked like the occurrence when it really appeared. There was always something unexpected, and you had to study it out for yourself from the roots up. When so and so happens, the rules said, the noble knight will do this, and it seemed reasonable; but so and so did not happen that way, and it no longer looked reasonable. Knights had often prayed in cold courts before crosses, but never, to his memory, with the intention of seeing a procession of spectre monks along with a baron whose head was off. Perhaps they had; he remembered that they prayed in many places; but he could remember no rule for the case. Things arrived and you had to make up your mind. He had only been belted and errant a week, but so far that seemed to be the way of the wide world. "*Ora pro nobis*"—He wanted to see everything that was interesting everywhere—"*in cœlum*"—Hark! what was that?



The Abbot and the Baron sat high on cushioned chairs and glowered at the Knight

He heard a low moan, "Oo, oo," and a faint squeal, "Ee, ee," and then no more.

After a while he saw a flitting something between an arch of the arcade on the opposite side of the court. Then another shadow passed another arch, and another, and more and more, along the open arches like enormous bats, with hoots and squeals, a shuffle and rustle, clink and tap—"Oo, oo," "Ee, ee."

Now he heard them coming nearer. Now they were passing along the arcade close behind him, where he knelt facing the cross—a pitipat, pitipat, as of soft or slippered feet, a scraping as of something dragged on the stone pavement—"Oo, oo," "Ee, ee." It gave him a sudden and cold feeling between the shoulder-blades, and he glanced over his shoulder.

No bats, these! Shadowy monk after monk, galloped past along the dim cloister, his cowl over his face, each astride of a phantom stick or staff held between the legs, and thereon prancing, curveting, bridling, sidling, with kilted gown and glimmering ghostly legs, as it were in mockery and grotesque of a young knight on a spirited steed in the tilting yard.

"*Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*," continued Clement mechanically his prayer.

The galloping phantoms were gone on, now flitting again past distant arches, "ooing" like owls, "eeing" like bats—foolish brothers of ancient day, now discorporate follies, unsubstantial mimes, uncanny jesters at penitence and grave ideals. St. Mary! they were coming again!

Sir Clement turned half about, as they passed behind him, and looked sharply. The foremost of the file was not a monk, but a huge-shouldered and headless warrior muffled in a cloak, astride of his clinking sword, and with his helmet—haply his head therein—hung in the middle of his back. The rest were all in the gray gowns of the order, fat monks, lean monks, tall and short, and all galloped like hobbyhorses in an All Fools' Day festival, patter and scrape; and each spirit as it passed squealed at him like a skittish colt: "Ee, ee," and kicked backward at Sir Clement, showing a spectral leg.

Singular! There was no rule of chivalry that prescribed a knight's action in such a case. Yet there must be some fit and sufficient, something that would come under the head of a duty. The last curveting phantom was short and passably fat. It pranced with good will, but with no great success of sprightly ease.

"*Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*," repeated Sir Clement.

"Oo, oo, ee, ee," muttered the fat phantom and kicked up its heels—showing, by the clouded moonlight, what might or might not be a pair of embroidered silk stockings—and galloped on.

"By glory!" thought Sir Clement. What was to be done? No rule or reason told him. The instinct of his youth spoke aloud. He snatched his sword, leaped into the arcade, ran after the cantering ghosts, and, coming upon them, thrust his sword between his legs and fell to curveting in the same manner.

"Oo, oo, ee, ee," gibbered the ghosts.

"Oo, oo, ee, ee!" cried the knight, galloping closer and closer to him of the apparent silk stockings or simulacra of embroidered hose, who galloped the faster, gasped, glanced back uneasily, and then, turning aside, scuttled to the nearest doorway.

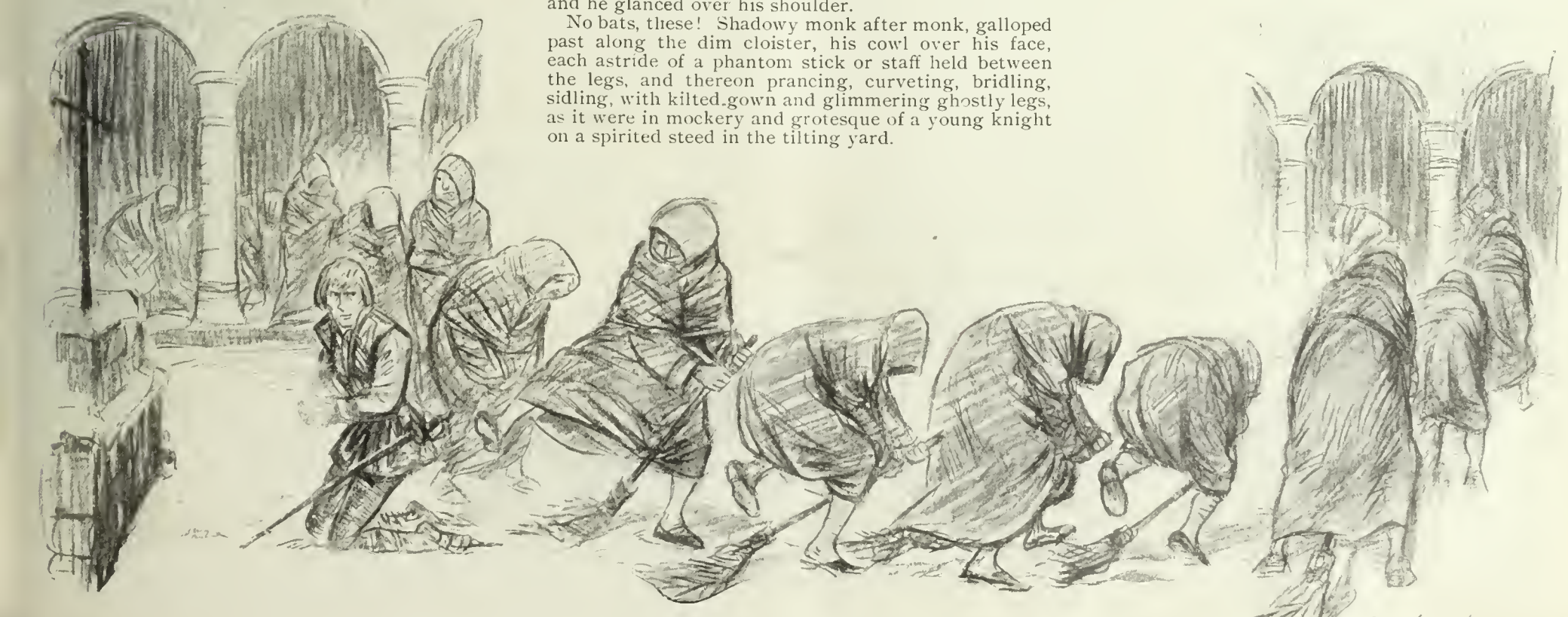
"Oo, oo, ee, ee!" cried Sir Clement in close pursuit, and, coming to the black doorway, with zest and earnestness, with iron plated and pointed boot, he did kick at the rearward of the fat spectre, who, shrieking, remonstrating, either fell in the darkness or vanished utterly into nothing. Who could say? The substance encountered, the phantom composition, seemed to be of but a yielding consistency. Sir Clement ran on after the remainder of the shadowy procession, half seen in the dim arcade, only to find it disorganized, disturbed, diminishing rapidly, as one by one the spectres vanished in black doorways; which doorways he explored with iron boot, sometimes with success, sometimes not, until only the headless warrior was before him, galloping on his clinking sword. Sir Clement ran after with leap and shout, seized the pendent helmet and plied his boot with satisfaction. The arched roof echoed with rotund oaths, and the warrior also was gone, leaving his sword, dropped clattering, and in Sir Clement's hands an empty helmet. The young knight stood alone revolving his thoughts.

At last he turned, crossed the snowy court to the stone cross, knelt down and soberly finished his prayers.

"*Non vocare, justos sed peccatores ad pœnitentiam.*"

When he was done, he rose, went out by what he

(*Continued on page 28*)



Each spirit as it passed squealed and kicked backward at Sir Clement, showing a spectral leg



Old Nick and Saint Nick

OLD SATAN on a Christmas eve
Went forth to tempt and to deceive.
So on the housetops snowy white
He lingered through the starry night
Until there chanced to come that way
Old Santa in his jolly sleigh.
"Halt!" shrieked the Fiend until in fear
The Saint reined in his restless deer,
And Satan, further to confound him,
Seized him at wrists and shins and bound him,
Possessed himself of Santa's pack,
And whipped the prong-horned steeds *snick-snack*.
"Ha, ha!" he howled, "these gifts shall be
Distributed, as we shall see,
That all the world shall feel dismay
And none rejoice on Christmas Day."

So Satan, in the Saint's disguise,
Slid nimbly down the sooty flues.
At every home he left a prize
Meant most to anger and confuse.
Beside the Gambler's soft repose
A pious book of hymns he dropped,
And in the Pastor's saintly hose
A pack of greasy cards he popped.
He gave the Anarchist a bomb,
He dowered the rich with needless riches,
Gave lavish gifts to naughty Tom
While docile Dick got naught but switches.
A phonograph of pleasant tone
To deaf old Grandpa Smith he carried,
And gave the Spinster sour and lone
Portraits of men she might have married.
Beside the Infant's cot he thrust
A work entitled "Famous Battles"
And wise Professor Dryasdust
Received some woolly lambs and rattles.
"Aha!" cried Satan when 'twas done,
"Good morrow, gentlemen and ladies!"
Then chuckling at his demon fun
He drove his reindeer down to Hades.

NOW good old Santa, when he found
His hands and feet securely bound,
Bethought him of a magic word
Which oft at Christmas he had heard.
So o'er the roofs of snow and ice
He shouted "Merry Christmas!" thrice
And all the world, when it awoke,
Beholding the Satanic joke,
Responded with a Yuletide will
And felt the Christmas spirit still.
The Rich Man, when he saw his gift,
Resolved the Poor Man to uplift,
The Infant, when he chanced to look
At that profoundly weighted book,
Smiled softly, opened wide his eyes
And said: "'Twill help me to be wise."
The Anarchist renounced his bomb,
And even naughty, wanton Tom
Divided all his presents rich
With docile Dick who got the switch.
The Gambler thought the hymns sublime
And was converted in due time.
And when the pastor saw the pack
Of cards that dropped from Satan's sack
He said: "'Tis Christian to forgive—
Let us be merry while we live."
Thus Santa Claus had won his case
And put Sir Satan in his place.

MORAL

Though Christmas blessings oft misfit,
The Saint is not to blame for it.
The thankful heart frost can not shrivel—
Let's praise the Day and shame the Divvil!

WALLACE IRWIN

LADYBIRD

A story by Edith Barnard Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith



IT BEGAN on a very beautiful morning in early June. The roses in the rectory garden were all a-bloom, great white clouds were floating as near to earth as they dared, songbirds were busy with nests and nestlings, and the very young Rector came out of his house to enjoy it all. It had been his house for only a few weeks; he was so young as a Rector that this was his first charge, and so young as a man that he longed to lay aside his clerical suit and go swimming or fishing. He was both old enough and young enough, however, to enjoy every cloud and blossom and song; he was far from those monotonous years of middle life when one day is much like another.

His rectory garden was, indeed, a charming one. His parishioners had seen to that. The rectory was new and looked old, the garden was new and looked old; even the hedge that surrounded the garden and churchyard was tall of growth, but had been planted only a year or so. The church was the fashionable house of worship for the fashionable new village—the village just far enough out of town to make a convenient between-season resting place for those favored townsfolk who could spend their time as they spent their money—pretty much as they willed. They wanted their church and rectory to be as beautiful and Old-World-like as possible, and they had made them so.

The Rector was not one for whose idle hands his arch-enemy might find mischief; he had come out to his piazza whistling, his hands in his pockets; but he saw at a glance that the roses bordering his front walk would look the better for a little trimming, and straightway he set to work. Still whistling, busy with knife and twine, happy as a schoolboy whittling a man-o'-war, he did not notice that some one came through the little gate, and stood quite near, behind him.

A small voice said: "Good-morning!"

The young Rector turned quickly, and beheld an amazingly red little figure. Her frock was red, her shoes and stockings were red, and her over-large hat was red. She wore white kid gloves and carried a small red cardcase. But her little face was not red; it was white, very white, and framed in a mass of flying black hair; her eyes were black, too, and large and wide opened. The Rector stared at the brilliant little figure; she might have been the picture of an elf-child, were it not for the amusing imitations of grown-up conventionalities, the gloves and cardcase.

"Good-morning!" she said again, in just the same tone.

"Oh! I beg your pardon! Good-morning!" said the Rector.

"You are the new Rector, I know," said the child. "I am Miss Torrington, and I've come to call on your wife and daughters."

The Rector's stare turned into a look of frank amazement, even bewilderment. "My—I beg your pardon; I'm afraid I don't quite understand!"

"I've come to call on your wife and daughters," repeated the little girl. "I'm Miss Virginia Witherspoon Torrington," she declared convincingly, "and I live next door to you—over there, in the Big House."

"Oh, yes, I see," replied the Rector. He was as punctiliously polite as the occasion demanded, but his mouth twitched just a little. "I'm sure I beg your pardon. I must be very stupid. But I regret to say that I have no wife or daughters."

"Are you sure you haven't?" asked Miss Torrington.

"I'm afraid I am," said the Rector, humbly and apologetically. "Won't you come in and call on me instead?"

Miss Torrington pondered for a moment. "I think a gentleman ought to pay the *first* call on a lady, don't you?"

The Rector bit his lip, but the child went on: "Maggie O'Brien certainly told me there were three ladies in the family here!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the young Rector, as if he had found something. "Why, of course, there are! I didn't think of that! There *are* three ladies, and it's very good of you to call on them. They'll be delighted. You see, it was your speaking of my wife and daughters that made me forget."

"What are they, then?" asked the child.

"One is my grandmother, and the others are my aunts."

"Oh, really? I should think you'd like the grandmother one. You know if you don't have a grandmother already you can't ever get one, and you *can* get a wife and daughters."

"That's very true," acknowledged the Rector. "I suppose you haven't a grandmother yourself?"

"No, but I have a father—an only father. You know what *that* is, I suppose; only fathers are a great deal of care. Mine needs a lot of looking after."

"Well, I'll tell you," suggested the Rector. "I'll lend you my grandmother once in a while! That is, if you will come over and help me occasionally, I will.



During the third summer they began to read together, and the study held a new world for her

I hope you'll have the time to come. You don't have to look after your father every minute, do you?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "He's away a good deal. But I think I ought to see her before I borrow her, don't you?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the Rector again. "If you'll come into the house I'll call her, and my aunts, too. I'm so glad you don't mind their not being my wife and daughters."

He held open for her the door of the little parlor, and was starting toward the stairs when Miss Torrington called: "Oh—er—!"

When the Rector turned toward her she said: "I'd like to send up my cards, please. I don't often get a chance to use them, you know, and—"

The Rector said, gravely: "I quite understand. I ought to have thought of it. I never send my own cards up to them, and I suppose that's why I forgot." He was about to take them in his hand, but Miss Torrington drew them back.

"Maggie O'Brien always takes them on a silver tray. I'm very partic'lar about it at my house."

THE rectory owned no silver tray, but there *was* a silver butter-dish, a valued family heirloom, much too large and fine for every-day use. It was kept on the sideboard in the tiny dining-room. The Rector gravely brought it; Miss Torrington seemed quite satisfied, even a little awed at its elegance, and deposited her cards upon it.

That was the way her first visit began; it ended in ginger cookies, and hugs and kisses from the grandmother, and tremulous tears, mixed with laughter, from the aunts. On the second visit she went all over the little place with the Rector, together they hunted for eggs—the younger aunt owned four hens and a rooster. They plucked delicious red strawberries, and gathered a bunch of red roses. There were two acres of greenhouses on the grounds of the Big House—but these were really, truly roses, roses meant to be gathered.

On her third visit she made herself at home, and from that day she owned the rectory, the grandmother, the aunts, and the Rector. In everything but years he was as young as she, and sometimes she was as old as he. All through the summer they played together, for the child blossomed into rosiness, and her father came to rely more and more on the advice of the aunts and the borrowed grandmother concerning her. She flitted between the two houses, and that was the way she won her name. The young Rector would say:

"Come, little Ladybird, fly away home"—and home was on either side of the hedge. The name stayed with her always, for it suited her well—the black-eyed little elf-child in her red frocks.

The second summer brought her back early, flying through the gate into the arms of the borrowed grandmother, hugging the aunts while they laughed and exclaimed over her new inches, and dancing up and down before the young Rector, who was far more glad to get her back than he himself knew. They taught each other many things that summer—to fish and to climb trees, to say rimes which some day might catch fairies, to throw stones straight, and to make dolls into Indians and Early Christian Martyrs.

ONE day the Rector, while writing a sermon, saw through his study window an unusual movement in the hedge just opposite. His window opened to the floor, so he went out of it, on tiptoe, to investigate. Ladybird was on the ground, trying to manage a very large saw, and scraping away with all her might at the trunk of one of the hedge plants. When the Rector stood over her she looked up and laughed.

"I wanted to surprise you, old parson," she said. "I'm going to cut a hole in the hedge; it takes too long to go around by the gates!"

The Rector remonstrated, but she had her way, and before long there was a plainly marked path from the gap in the hedge to the study window. It was even more plainly marked during the third summer, for they began to read together, and the study held a new world for her. There were no books at the Big House, and the rectory held more of books than of anything else, except peace and gentleness. The next year the borrowed grandmother was not there to welcome her, but the play and the study went on.

When she was twelve she asked him the first question concerning himself. She was sitting on the sill of the long window, her thin little elbows on her knees, her chin in her little claw-like hands; she was looking at the clouds and the sunset, without seeing either.



After a while she asked: "Why do you stay in the country?"

The Rector could no longer see to write, and had come to the window to watch the glowing west.

Whenever she scolded him, or was very serious, she would use his name. After a while she asked: "Mark, why do you stay in the country?"

"It's a good place to stay in, isn't it?" he answered.

"Yes, of course. But father said that you had been asked to go to St. John's in town. He said you were—you— Why do you stay here, Mark?"

The young Rector stood looking over her head at the sunset and made no reply. Ladybird looked up at him, then out toward the west again.

"I know why, Mark! *They* wouldn't like the town."

"They've always had the country, you know," he said simply. "They were so happy to come here, and they love it."

Presently he lifted her up. "Good-night, Ladybird," he said gaily. "Fly away home!" But she walked slowly that night, and the Rector went back to his sermon, which was on the simple life; his parishioners loved theories.

WHEN Ladybird was fourteen, the Rector found her one day weeping over a novel. That night he talked for hours with her father, and when she came the next day she told him, delightedly and proudly, but just a little tearfully, that she was going to boarding-school. For two summers she did not come back, but at sixteen she took him again for her confidant, telling him all about the boys, the flowers and notes they sent, what she said in return, how this one had mournful eyes and that one did dance like a dream. He enjoyed it all, and teased her, and after that there were no further breaks in their friendship. She wrote him from time to time, and he knew all her love affairs by heart, and laughed immoderately over them. When she was eighteen she came back for a few weeks, and they were weeks of delight at the rectory; she made them love her all over again, and after she had left for Europe the Rector kept the shade of the long window pulled down, until the grass had grown up again on the little path through the hedge.

A year or two after that her father became Governor of his State, and Ladybird became Miss Torrington indeed. She wrote long, infrequent letters to the Rector, and to the one old aunt; they heard of her through every one, and when she came back to open the Big House for a great house-party they saw for themselves how beautiful and charming and gracious she was, and they guessed how many people beside themselves loved her. Even then, with all the house full, she would sometimes steal off, toward sunset time, and flit through the gap in the hedge to the rectory.

Then, after a year or two more, she came back to stay longer, not in red now, but in black. The elderly cousin who lived with her took the care of the house, and Ladybird, in her first loneliness, sought out her oldest friend. She made him drive with her, walk with her, read with her, and he obeyed her will by day and lay wakeful at night, with aching heart and stricken conscience. They read over the old books together, and almost all of their talks began with: "Oh, do you

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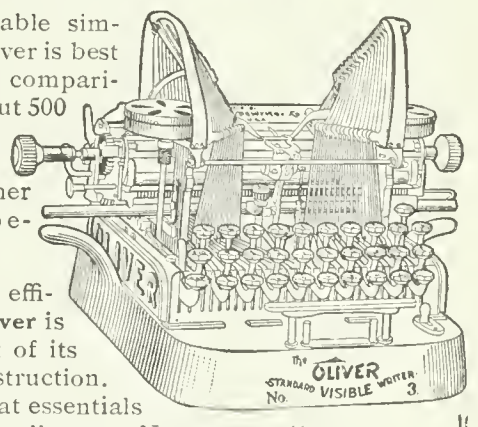
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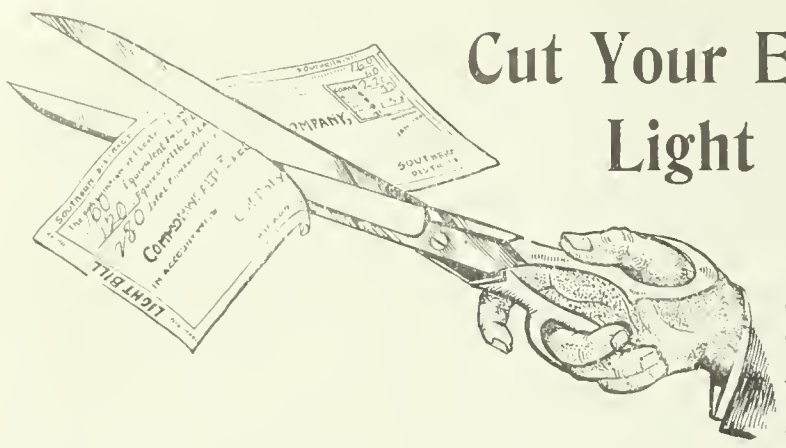
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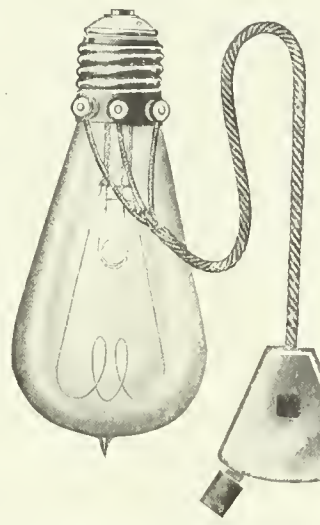
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LADYBIRD

(*Continued from page 24*)

remember?" They went together very often to the grave of the dear borrowed grandmother; Ladybird tried to make some ginger cookies by the old recipe, but they were not very good. They got up at dawn one day, and went fishing again, and as in the old days Ladybird caught all the fish, and wouldn't take them off the hook. Their favorite walk was along the crest of the hill; there they could look down on the church and the Big House, and all the other houses and their beautiful parks. From there they could watch the sunset best, and there it was even cooler and quieter than in the rectory garden.

One day they sat on the rock ledge until the red glow of the setting sun had nearly faded. Their talk had ceased. The man was sitting below the girl, and she looked down at his head; there were gray hairs here and there. Her lips trembled a little, and she leaned over farther. The Rector looked up; he found her face close to him.

"Mark," she began, but he sprang up quickly and held out his hands:

"Come, little Ladybird, fly away home!" The girl did not move.

'No," she said. "Sit down. I want to say something to you."

He said again imperatively: "No. Come, Ladybird! It is damp here. It is too near the clouds!" She saw how white his face had grown, and her own flushed; they went down without speaking.

After that day the Rector became very busy with parish work, and resolutely refused to take any more walks or drives. Guests came to the Big House, and after that more guests and more. There was one who came more often than the others, and at the end of the summer the Rector watched him drive away with Ladybird. She had come to bid him good-by, but he had basely hidden himself upstairs!

DURING the winter that followed the rectory heard from her but seldom. Rumors came of her engagement; the rumors were denied, then reaffirmed. The old aunt declared that the child would have written at once if they were true; the Rector made no comment. In the spring he made some changes in his garden, and when the roses bloomed he busied himself there more than he had ever done before. One warm June day, while he was tying up the swaying branches that bordered his front walk, and thinking of the quaint little red-frocked elf-child who had come to him there years before, she came through the gate and up the walk toward him, her hands outstretched, her face all gladness and youth and beauty. "I've come here first," she cried. "I've come to call!"

They both laughed, and went in to see the old aunt, the lapse of all the years bridged over between them. She begged to be allowed to stay to tea, and declared the biscuits the most delicious that even the rectory oven had ever baked, and the gooseberry jam as good as ever. After tea she went, uninvited, to the Rector's study. She stood for an instant in the doorway, looking around the familiar room; then she looked up at the man standing beside her, and moved toward the long window. "Come with me to the hedge, old parson," she called, and before he could answer she flitted through the window and toward the familiar gap.

When he reached her side he found her standing with tightly clasped hands. She heard him come, and cried: "Oh, Mark, Mark, what is it? Who put it there?"

The Rector had no voice to answer her, and after a moment of waiting she turned to him. "Did you put that there? Did you, did you put that there?" Still he made no answer, and with a sob she moved off toward the gate. Then he spoke.

"Oh, Ladybird, Ladybird, I *had* to! Don't go away like that! Ladybird—see—it is a rosebush, a red rose, Ladybird. I tell you I had to! Virginia!"

But she had run through the rectory gate, and was already on her way to the Big House. For weeks after that he did not see her. She came to the rectory only when he was away, and again there were guests at the Big House, and again one guest who came more frequently than all the others. The Rector came upon this young man one day, down by the river. He was looking very unhappy indeed, so evidently unhappy that the Rector, accustomed as he was to respond to all appeals for pity and mercy, involuntarily stopped. The young man held out his hand.

"Thank you, sir," he said, and laughed a little. "I see you know what's up with me. I didn't know I was such a fool as to show it."

"I ought not to have stopped," said the Rector. "I beg your pardon." He would have gone on, but the boy touched his arm.

"Please don't say that, sir. I'd rather have seen you than any one else I know. In fact, I was coming to the rectory—later. I thought perhaps I could get you to help me out, sir."

The Rector winced a little at the boy's deference, but asked: "What is it?"

Again the other laughed, somewhat ruefully. "Oh, I'm sure you know," he said. "I've loved her ever since my freshman year, when she was at boarding-school. She's never done anything else but turn me down, but she says this has got to be the last time. I thought if you could be persuaded to say a word to her, sir, she might look at it differently. She cares more for you than for any one else, and you've always been like a father to her, sir!"

The Rector looked at the honest, boyish face, and said: "I'll do as you ask."

Therefore, an hour later, Ladybird was standing before him, in her own drawing-room, her cheeks flaming with anger. "Did he ask you to come here, or did you come of your own accord?" she demanded.

"Both, Virginia," answered the truthful Rector meekly.

"Don't you dare to call me Virginia," she commanded. "You know I hate it! If you came of your own accord you are an interfering person, and if you came because he told you to, you're a—you're a—"

"The boy loves you very much, Virginia, and I think he'd make you a good husband."

"Do you want me to marry him? Are you tired of looking at me?"

"I think he would make you a good husband."

"Do you want to see me married?"

The Rector got up, and started for the door, but she stood in front of him. "Was that why you planted the rosebush in the hedge?" she asked. He bowed before her, and she watched him grow pale. Then she laughed, a little low, tender laugh, and—kissed him. The Rector was dimly aware of her swift rush from the room, and of his own going home blindly.

THE next day he left his house early, to walk over the hills to the home of a distant poor parishioner; coming home late in the afternoon he came upon her, seated on the ledge of rock upon the hillcrest. She walked calmly to meet him, and standing bravely before him she asked him the question. It was then that the Rector discovered that the Angel with which he had been struggling was not, as he had believed, the Angel of Temptation, but, indeed, the Angel of Life. As they walked down later, in the red glow, hand in hand, he asked:

"Do you remember, Ladybird, the cards on the silver butter-dish?"

She laughed and said: "And those first ginger cookies?"

"Do you remember the day you were up in the apple tree, Ladybird, and hit me with an apple?"

"And that was before I learned to 'throw straight,' too!"

"You were very repentant, so we went fishing the next day. You leaned over the brook to see yourself, and your hair fell into the water."

"It wasn't very long," she laughed.

"How long is it now, Ladybird?" he asked.

She pursed up her lips. "Oh, longer," she said.

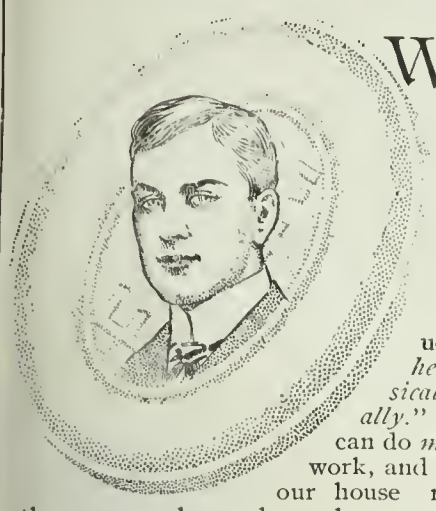
At the edge of the woods they stood for a last look at the churchyard below. "Can you give up the other life, Ladybird?" he asked seriously.

"There is no other," she replied softly.

"Oh, Ladybird, Ladybird, when will you come home?" he cried.

She shook her head at him, laughing. "Oh, parson, old parson, you couldn't ask one great, important question, but you're a genius at asking silly ones!"

Skin Built Personality



"WHAT decided you to engage Mr. Brown?" asked the President. "Because he looked clean" returned the Manager.

"I believe a clean looking man" continued he— "is a *healthy* man *physically* and *morally*." "I believe he can do *more* and *better* work, and can represent our house more fittingly than a man who washes only once a day and wears dark edged linen."

Most people do not fully appreciate that their skin builds personality—that it is worth while considering.

They're so familiar with their skin that they simply regard it as an envelope for the body, while, in reality, it is one of the most important organs of the body.

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If those glands are left clean they will discharge two pounds of moisture and waste matter every day of your life, and you'll feel fine.

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For it is made of the purest and sweetest beef fat and vegetable oils—all the highest grade of the purest materials.

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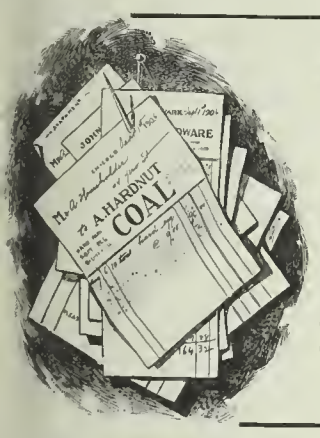
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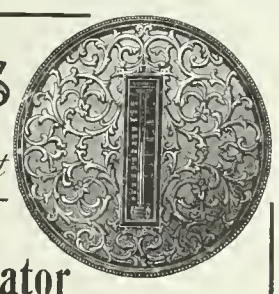
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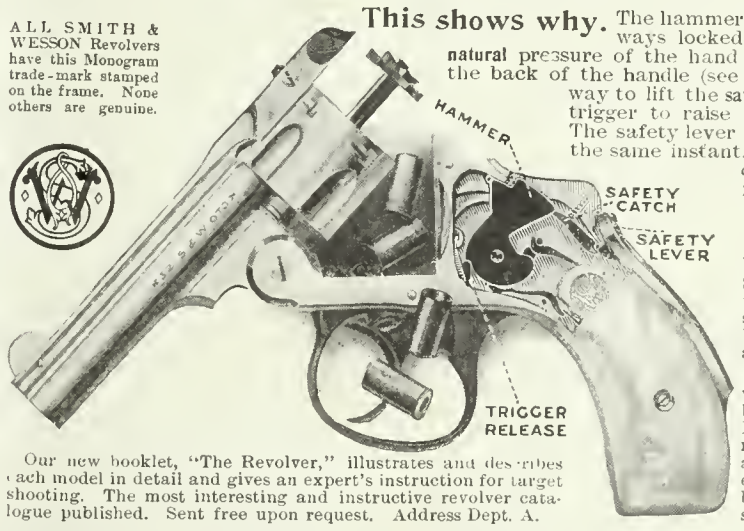
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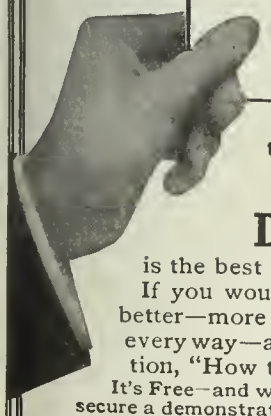
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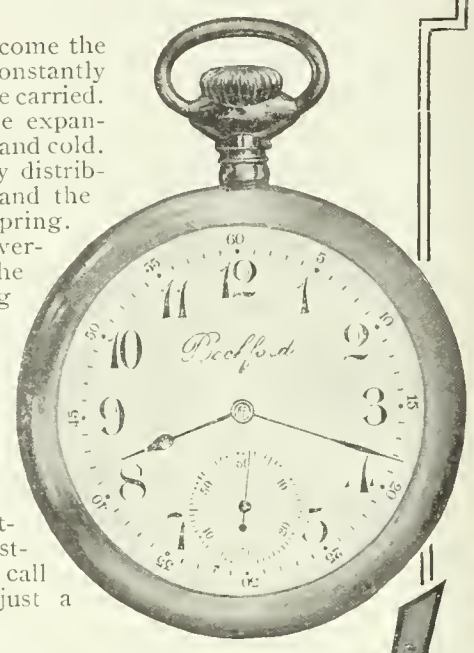
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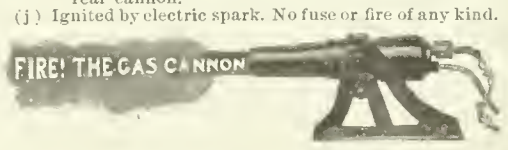
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THE GHOSTS OF SENZEILLE

(Continued from page 21)

took to be the doorway of his first entrance, and lost his way. For a half hour he stumbled on and hallooed vainly in dark corridors, and came at last to the abbey graveyard; then to the court where the tall church was on one side and on the other the shining refectory windows, behind which he heard once more the mirth of the brethren at table.

IV

THE Abbot, the Subprior, and the Baron of Rocamodor were at late supper when Sir Clement entered the Abbot's chambers, but only the Subprior seemed to be in good spirits. The Abbot and the baron sat high on cushioned chairs, and almost—if it were possible—glowered at the knight's entrance.

"Welcome, Sir Clement!" cried the Subprior. "His reverend lordship was this moment speaking of you. What of your adventure?" And he smothered a laugh—or seemed to—with an apologetic cough.

The Abbot and the baron listened moodily, and Sir Clement told his story. He did not conceal his opinion that the Senzeille ghosts were unworthy of so great an abbey. He hoped that his dealing with them met the Abbot's approval; that it had, in some degree, expressed the Abbot's own opinion of ghosts so kittenish and unfit as to make a mock of the holy order monastic and also the noble order of chivalry. But the Abbot sat tapping his fingers together thoughtfully a moment before speaking.

"It reminds me of a story of a very holy friar named Brother Juniper," he said then, "who was one of the companions of the late Francis of Assisi. This Brother Juniper was once journeying to Rome; and at a certain village on the way he saw a number of people coming out to meet him, because of the fame of his sanctity. There were two children near playing seesaw; that is, they had put one log across another, and each sat on one end, and so went up and down; and Brother Juniper put one of the children off, and got on himself, and began to seesaw. The people came up and wondered at him, but saluted him with devoutness and waited, and Brother Juniper paid no attention to their reverence, but took great pains with his seesawing. Then some began to be annoyed, and others grew in devoutness at the sight, but at last they all went away and left him on the seesaw. When they were all gone, Brother Juniper was comforted, because, the story says, some of them had made a mock of him, and he went on to Rome clothed in meekness to the Convent of the Brothers Minor.

"But did Brother Juniper," continued the Abbot, "seesaw solely for the pleasure of being mocked? If allowed, I would venture to doubt it. I suspect, in the first place, that he liked to seesaw. It is a peaceful and yet exhilarating occupation. It is, indeed. In fact, I have tried it. I suspect that he liked children. They are, on the whole, of all kinds of human creatures the most admirable. I suspect that he hated to be bored. Of all means by which man can be bored, lionizing him for his saintliness is the most excruciating. Finally, if you knew as much of monastic life as I do, Sir Clement, you would know that the best saints do not care a doit for their dignity."

"There is a barrelful of sense in that," said Sir Clement.

"As you ask my opinion," the Abbot went on, "it is that there is more than one possible interpretation of the Legend of the Twenty-seven of Senzeille. The ways of the *Bonus Deus* are past finding out. With what purpose the Senzeille ghosts are sent it might not be diplomatic to dogmatize; but if they are sent in punishment, is there not some small presumption in so young a man taking upon himself to make a personal contribution to that punishment? And if, on the other hand, the Twenty-seven and the Baron William of Rocamodor, in their day, were martyrs to the gospel of happiness—if there is such a gospel—and if their return on Christmas night to the scene of their former joy were in the nature of a vindication, a miraculous sign, an enlivening example of what those are like who are of the Kingdom of Heaven, an illustration of a certain familiar statement in Holy Writ—in what light then does your presumptuous interference appear? A knight errant, I understand, is by calling and profession a reformer. Good. Doubtless we are all, and always, in great need of him. And yet, we may ask, is every man fit for so delicate a task? Is a man not altogether unfit to be turned loose on the foibles of a community, who, at the outset of his career, attacks, with contumelious blows of a pointed boot, a harmless procession of the spirits of brother monks that long ago, kindly and poor, suffered for the sin of light-heartedness, for the heretical theory that happiness was both a blessing and a virtue, and now, at any rate, are surely in better hands than his? Ought not a knight errant reformer to have a small modicum of sense?"

The knight was silent, as if smitten with compunction.

"I am altogether humble and repentant, reverend lordship," he said at last. "Your words convince me of unworthiness for my profession. But for those honest ghosts, if they were sent by the *Bonus Deus*, mightn't it be suspected that they too were not entirely fit for their mission either, not doing the business of the *Bonus Deus* with good sense? In the first place, gaiety is all right, but one shouldn't get too gay around a knight errant at his prayers. It's not good sense. In the second place, an Abbot of Senzeille and a Baron of Rocamodor ought to have known—in the spirit as well as in the flesh—that on disturbed occasions—for those who have the choice of positions—the front and rear ends of the line are the most indiscreet of choices."

"There's a barrelful of sense in that," said the baron, wriggling in his cushion.

"In the third place, be he knight or monk or ghost, or on the business of the *Bonus Deus*, or playing some little game of his own, I hold he should go about the business early and late, and play the game with his might to the end, nor run to cover of doorway as soon as the matter does not go quite as he expected; for I hold the *Bonus Deus* most dislikes of all things him, His servant or His enemy or neither, who shirks the issue and lets go too soon."

The Abbot gazed long at the knight. The knight's right eye met the Abbot's gaze with level serenity, but his left eyelid descended slowly to his cheek and slowly rose again. The Abbot rubbed his nose. The fine little wrinkles about his blue eyes broke out like ripples on a sunny sea.

"Th re is something about your expression of face, Sir Clement, which, combined with a feeling I have about me somewhere"—he shifted uneasily on his cushion—"almost persuades me that you are really going to be an efficacious reformer. The situation seems to require something further of me. Brother Anthony"—he turned to the lank and vacant-eyed monk behind him—"you may open another bottle."

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By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

WELL, you could have knocked me down with a feather (said Mrs. Pethcod, fanning herself with her hymn-book), and done it easy, too. There we was, all the ladies of the Aid Society, and most of our men-folks, to say nothing of the children, and the Christmas fair in full blast, when in come Mrs. Figbee with a strange lady that none of us had ever set eyes on before. Everything on the linen-table, 'most, was sold, and the apron-table clean sold out, and near all the dolls gone, and the sale a sure success, anyway, and everything had gone off just splendid, and I, being sort of boss of it all, was right happy, and glad the responsibility was off me, and the thing over for another year, when Mrs. Figbee come up to me and whispers in my ear that this was her friend Mrs. Vindig, dropped into town unexpected, and that Mrs. Vindig had brought *her* friend Mrs. Tarbro, the authoress, along to town with her, and she would be over in a few minutes, as soon as she changed her shoes, the ones she had on being new and tight and pinching her feet. "And," says Mrs. Figbee, "I know the ladies would like to meet her, her being an authoress."

"Sure enough they will," I says, authoresses being rare in our part of the country. I looked to see that Mrs. Vindig was out of ear-sound, and asks: "What did this Mrs. Tarbro write?"

"Bless me!" says Mrs. Figbee, "I forget what it was she *did* write. She writes under an affected name. What *is* that name she writes under? Is it 'Beatrice Mills,' or 'Millicent Beese,' or—or— Did *you* ever hear of a writer that wrote under the name of 'Beatrice' something, or 'Millicent' something?"

"No, I never," I said, true enough; "but Miss Scaggles will know. She is the most literary lady in the Aid Society. You just keep your friend busy whilst I go ask Miss Scaggles." So I went and spoke with Miss Scaggles. I was all in a flutter.

"Miss Scaggles," I says, "do you know of an authoress by name of—of—Bills or—or Meese? Mildred Bills, or Beatrice Meese, because she is going to be here in a few minutes, and we want to know something about her, so we can introduce the ladies. It's her affected name, her real one's Tarbro."

"Hum! Haw!" says Miss Scaggles. "I've got a book by a Mildred Bell at home, but whether it's an affected name or not I don't know. You just keep the ladies busy and I'll run home and get it."

So she scooted home and got the book, and come back with it hid under her jacket, and meantime I had circulated around and informed one and all what pleasure was in store for them, in a whisper, and the men straightened their ties, and the ladies poked up their hair, and one and all tried to look as if they was as literary as possible; which they wasn't.

Well, as soon as they seen Miss Scaggles come back, one and all crowded around her, crazy to git a look at the book, which was natural; but I ain't been running the Aid Society all these years without learning a thing or two, and I grabbed the book. "Ladies," I says, "we won't have no bargain-counter rush around this book; that will give our ignorance away if Mrs. Tarbro drops in sudden. We'll set a screen across one corner of the room," I says, "and we'll put a table behind the screen, and the book on the table, and Miss Scaggles will take charge of it, and you can all come up, one at a time, and get a look at the book. And," I says, "the charge for a look at the book will be ten cents, for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society."

Well, no more had I said it than in come Mrs. Tarbro in her old shoes, and a fine-looking woman she was, too. And no more than was she in the room than Mrs. Piplaw, who had the first look at the book, passed out from behind the screen and come up to meet the authoress, while Mr. and Mrs. Lagget passed behind the screen and gave Miss Scaggles twenty cents. And all the rest stood in line waiting for their turn at the book.

I dare say authoresses get over being overpleased with hearing nice things said about their books, but it did look as if Mrs. Tarbro was surprised to find so many in a country town that had read her book. She showed she was surprised. When Mrs. Figbee introduced Mrs. Piplaw, and Mrs. Piplaw at once said how she had enjoyed reading "Young Sara Minturn," and how she thought the character of "Jim Fither" was the best she had ever met in fiction, Mrs. Tarbro blushed, and tried to object, but Mrs. Piplaw wouldn't let her run the book down, and by the time *she* had said her say, Mr. and Mrs. Lagget were in line, and *they* told Mrs. Tarbro how *they* had enjoyed reading "Young Sara Minturn," and how *they* thought the character of "Jim Fither" was the best *they* had ever met in fiction.

Well, the whole lot passed behind the screen and come up one after another, and shook hands, and said *they* had enjoyed reading "Young Sara Minturn," and that *they* thought the character of "Jim Fither" was the best *they* had ever met in fiction; but before half had done it, I noticed that Mrs. Tarbro had noticed the screen, and how the folks come right out from behind the screen and straight up to shake hands, and the more that come up to shake hands and said the same thing about her book, the more surprised she looked, and pleased, and amused. I felt we was doin' the town proud, and then Miss Scaggles—all the rest having come up—*she* come from behind the screen, and come up and said how *she* had enjoyed reading "Young Sara Minturn," and that *she* thought the character of "Jim Fither" was the best *she* had ever met in fiction. And then, being pretty well posted by that time, I just shook hands with Mrs. Tarbro and told her how I had enjoyed reading "Young Sara Minturn," and that I thought the character of "Jim Fither" was the best I had ever met in fiction. I saved ten cents, but that was right, for it was me that thought of charging for a look at the book. And I felt prond, too. And so did all the ladies and their husbands. And Mrs. Tarbro seemed to be enjoying it too. Then the oil-lamps began to burn out, and smell, like they does when the oil is low, so we went home.

Well (said Mrs. Pethcod, putting down her prayer-book, and fanning herself with her hat), some blame me, and some blame Miss Scaggles, and some blame Mrs. Figbee, but how was we to know that Mrs. Tarbro didn't write that "Young Sara Minturn" book at all? We done our best. We thought she wrote it, and so we praised it up to her, and I call it spiteful for her to put us in her new book. We would have praised one of the books she *did* write just the same way, if we had knowed she had writ it.

Of course the cold chills run up my back when I think what she must have thought as the folks all come out from behind the screen and lined up and praised that "Young Sara Minturn" book, but there is one blessed thought. We took in eight dollars and sixty cents behind the screen, and that is more than this church has spent on literature since I've been a member, or ever will spend again.



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SMOKE MAKAROFFS AND BE GLAD
SEND THEM TO YOUR FRIENDS AND MAKE THEM GLAD

My enthusiasm over these cigarets is due entirely to my *knowledge* of them and of cigarets in general. I admit I am a crank on the subject. I have been a crank on smoke for twenty years. I am a smoker first and a manufacturer afterward. I started the manufacture of these goods strictly because that was the only way to be *sure* that my friends and myself were going to be supplied with them *regularly*.

I am now extending the sale of Makaroff Russian Cigarets to my other friends—the ones I haven't seen, but who are my friends just the same, because they like the good things of life as I do.

Nearly every box of Makaroff Russian Cigarets discovers one of these friends for me. I seldom fail to get a hearty handshake by return mail.

Makaroff Russian Cigarets are offered to connoisseurs (another name for cranks) on the basis of smoking quality alone. They have got to please you as a particular smoker, better than anything you have ever smoked before, **or** I don't want a cent. They are made of pure, clean, sweet tobacco, the finest and highest priced Russian and Turkish growths blended scientifically by our own Russian blenders. The Russians are the only *real artists* at cigaret blending—don't forget that.

These cigarets are blended, made and aged as old wines are—by men with traditions of quality to live up to—men who have spent their lives at it and who have generations of experience back of them.

Every cigaret is made by hand. Every one is inspected before packing. We use the thinnest paper ever put on a cigaret.

Note this particularly—it's a big point. These cigarets will leave in your office or apartments *no trace* of the odor usually associated with cigarets. (You know what the usual cigaret odor is like.)

Another thing—you can smoke these cigarets day in and day out without any nervousness or ill feeling. This is straight talk and I mean it. These cigarets won't hurt you, and you owe it to yourself to find it out for yourself.

The cigarets are packed in cedar boxes, one hundred to the box—done up like the finest cigars.

Your Own Monogram

in gold will be put on your cigarets just as soon as you have tried them out and want them regularly.

I will gladly send you full information about these cigarets, but talk is *deaf* and *dumb* compared with actually smoking them. Smoke is the final test.

My Offer

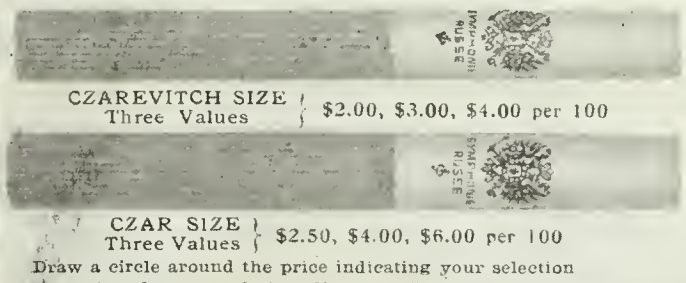
Send me your order for a trial hundred of the size and value you prefer. Try the cigarets—smoke the full hundred if you wish. If you don't like them, say so and your money will be *instantly* returned. You need not trouble to return any of the cigarets. I will take my chances on your giving any you don't want to someone who *will* like them and who *will* order more.

If you wish to enjoy cigarets at their best, without injury to your health, to your own sense of refinement or that of your friends, tear out the coupon now, and get acquainted with *real* cigaret quality.

Special to Dealers

I am spending a large appropriation each month in magazine advertising to emphasize the quality of these cigarets. I want one first-class dealer in every town of importance as distributer, and to such I will furnish Makaroffs packed in boxes of ten and turn over a good business, established and growing. Write me.

THE MAKAROFF COMPANY OF AMERICA
(G. NELSON DOUGLAS)
95 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS. SUITE 102



CZAREVITCH SIZE, Three Values { $2.00, $3.00, $4.00 per 100

CZAR SIZE, Three Values { $2.50, $4.00, $6.00 per 100

Draw a circle around the price indicating your selection
Above blends also made in ladies size. Prices on application

Find enclosed remittance for $ in favor of G. Nelson Douglas for which please send me, prepaid, hundred cigarets of size and value indicated hereon.

Name .....

P. O.

EVER-READY SAFETY RAZOR AND 12 Blades $1.00



The Only 12 Bladed Razor in the world selling for less than $5.00. Marvelous mechanism that reduces blade-making to a scientific exactness has made possible **this $5.00 razor for $1.00.** Exorbitant profit-making will be a thing of the past just as soon as **you** and your friends have tried **"Ever-Ready"** shaving. **12 blades** as lasting as flint, as true and keen-edged as ever identified a "best" razor—together with safety frame and stropper handle—all in a compact little case for **$1.00.** No knack—no skill required—it's impossible to cut the face. Shaves any growth of beard with pleasurable ease.

Blades can be stropped, but we'll exchange **6** brand **new "Ever-Ready" blades** for 6 dull ones and **25 cents,** any time. We send prepaid, **"Ever-Ready"** blades to fit "Gem," "Star" and "Yankee" frames, **6 for 50 cents**—or 12 for 75 cents.

"Ever-Ready" dollar razor sets are sold by **Hardware, Cutlery, Department stores, Jewelers** and **Druggists** throughout America and the world. Remember it's the **"Ever-Ready"** razor you want. Guaranteed to shave your beard or money back. **Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of $1.00.** *Canadian price $1.25.*

American Safety Razor Co., 299 Broadway, N. Y.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
FOR STEAKS, CHOPS, COLD MEATS,



FISH, SOUPS, SALADS, GRAVIES, etc.

THE PEERLESS SEASONING.

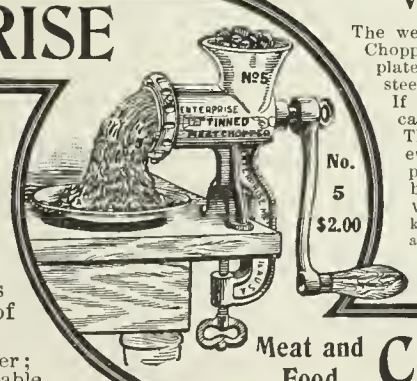
John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

ENTERPRISE

WORKS WELL

Nothing can get by the four bladed, revolving knife and pass through the perforated plate of an Enterprise Chopper without being actually *cut*—the cutting action is as positive as a pair of shears.

Makes tough meat tender; makes all meat more palatable. Useful every day in every kitchen.



No. 5 $2.00

WEARS WELL

The wearing parts of the Enterprise Chopper—the knife and perforated plate—are made of finely tempered steel and are wonderfully durable. If they ever *do* wear out, they can be replaced at trifling cost. The chopper itself will wear forever. Be sure the name "Enterprise" is on the machine you buy. Sold by dealers.

Write for the "Enterprising Housekeeper," a book of 200 choice recipes and kitchen helps. Sent FREE.

The Enterprise Mfg. Co. of Pa.
2205 N. American St., Phila., Pa.

Meat and Food CHOPPER

Bull Dog SUSPENDERS



50¢

Superior in material, workmanship and worth, containing more and better rubber than any other suspender made, with soft, pliable indestructible leather ends and metal parts that cannot rust or soil the clothes, strong.

THEY OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS

Made for man and youth in LIGHT or HEAVY weights, or extra long, at no extra cost.

ATTRACTIVELY BOXED IN SINGLE PAIRS, BULL DOG SUSPENDERS MAKE HOLIDAY GIFTS EVERY MAN AND BOY WILL GLADLY RECEIVE

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

or by mail, postpaid, for Fifty Cents. Money back if they don't satisfy.



HEWES & POTTER, Dept. 7, 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.
Largest Suspender Makers in the World.

Our handsome, refreshing BULL DOG SUSPENDER COMB AND CASE sent for Ten Cents postage. Instructive Booklet "Style, or How to Dress Correctly," free if you mention this periodical.



For Any "Him"

Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver, accidental discharge impossible, 22 and 32 calibre, 3-in. barrel (or 38 calibre, 3¼-in. barrel), hard rubber stock. nickeled finish, $5.00. Pocket size, 2-in. barrel, same price; 4-in. barrel, 50c.; 5-in. $1.00; 6-in. $1.50 extra. Pearl stock, 32 calibre, $1.25 extra; 38 calibre, $1.50 extra. Blued finish, any size, 50c. extra.

SAFE to hang on the **Christmas Tree**

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver, $6.00, in 32 or 38 calibre, furnished with same choice of finishes, stocks and lengths of barrel at same additional costs as on Hammer. Pocket size, 2-inch barrel, same price.

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolvers

"Hammer the Hammer" of an Iver Johnson Revolver, if you will, throw the revolver against the wall, or drop it on the floor, it cannot possibly be discharged in any but the one way—through the famous safety lever, which is operated solely by pulling the trigger. Accidental discharge impossible.

For straight shooting and hard shooting it is unexcelled by any other revolver, no matter what its name or price. It is compact, graceful, easy to carry, easy to handle—in every way a gentleman's weapon for pocket, desk or home.

Our Free Booklet, "Shots," Tells You More in Detail

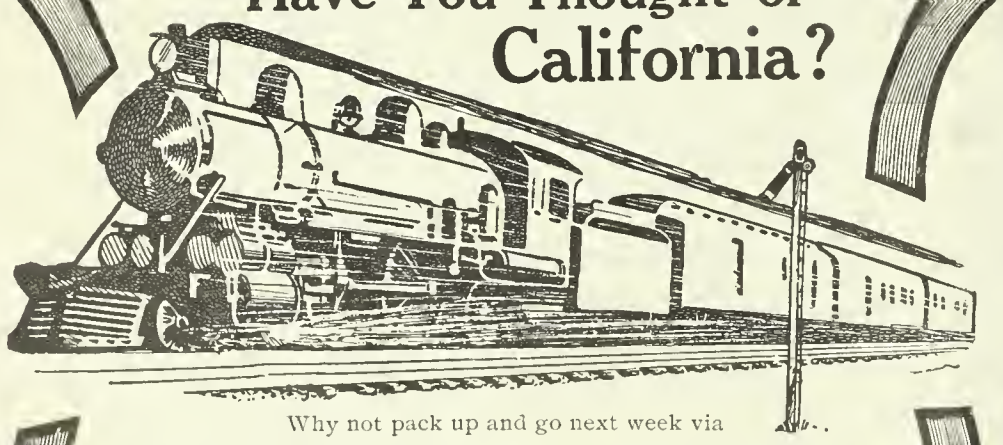
why the Iver Johnson has won its place in public favor. It also contains much revolver lore that everyone should know. Our handsome catalogue goes with it.

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the *owl's head* on the grip and our name on the barrel.



IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS
146 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York Office: 99 Chambers Street
Pacific Coast Branch: P. B. Bekeart Co., 2330 Alameda Avenue, Alameda, Cal.
European Office: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany
Makers of Iver Johnson Truss Frame Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns

How Many Times Have You Thought of California?



Why not pack up and go next week via

Los Angeles Limited

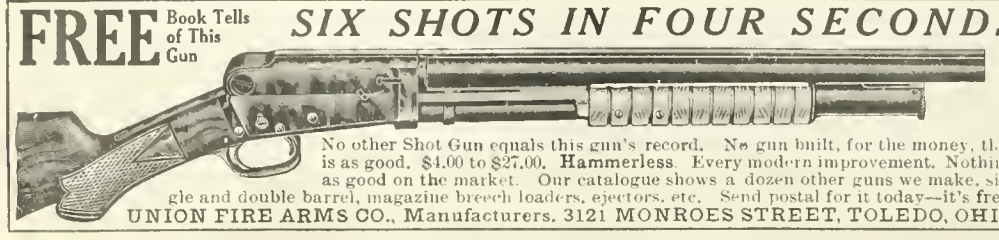
No time is better than *now*—No train better than *this*—
No way more *attractive* than the

Chicago & North-Western
Union Pacific and Salt Lake Route

The Los Angeles Limited is a feature train—electric lighted, finished throughout in the finest of woods and upholsteries. News items bulletined twice daily in library car. Dining car a model of the chef's skill and furnisher's art. Write today for full particulars to

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Omaha, Neb.

FREE Book Tells of This Gun — *SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS*



No other Shot Gun equals this gun's record. No gun built, for the money, that is as good. $4.00 to $27.00. **Hammerless.** Every modern improvement. Nothing as good on the market. Our catalogue shows a dozen other guns we make, single and double barrel, magazine breech loaders, ejectors, etc. Send postal for it today—it's free.

UNION FIRE ARMS CO., Manufacturers. 3121 MONROES STREET, TOLEDO, OHIO

CHRISTMAS CHESTNUTS IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS

IT has been the immemorial custom of Christmas periodicals to publish touching pictures of the "dear old English Christmas" as observed by exiles beyond the Antipodes, in Borneo, Kamchatka, and the Penguin Islands. The Christmas editor of this periodical, not daring to depart from sacred tradition, has collected by wireless the following seasonable messages which we offer to our readers:

THE YULE IN YAPLAND

"YAPLAND, CHUG-CHUG ISLANDS

"DEAR MR. EDITOR—Out here on the palmy archipelago of Chug-Chug (pronounced Jag-Jag) we would all of us gladly hang up our Christmas stockings but for two important reasons. Firstly—we never heard of Christmas. Secondly—we haven't got no stockings. Otherwise the climate is very satisfactory and the board wholesome. Do not judge us harshly. We are vegetarians by habit, only practising cannibalism after entertaining visitors. Last year there came to our island a fat feller from Cincinnati. He said that our customs were primitive, so he attempted to introduce Santa Claus among us. He arrayed himself carefully in the guise of the Saint and, chimneys being unknown in Yapland, slid down the hollow trunk of a banyan tree, where he was received with shouts of joy by the happy natives. My people were not so much interested in the presents which Santa Claus brought as in Santa Claus himself, who was immediately handed over to the cook and subsequently proved delicious. After the Christmas dinner was over and the crumbs brushed away all the Chug-Chug Islanders joined hands for an old-fashioned Yapland reel, singing together:

"'*Santa Claus comes but once a year,*
Shin-bones, knuckle-bones, Skally-Magoo!
But when he comes he brings good cheer,
Rum-go, hummy-go, Skally-Magoo!

Brothers, brothers, tell us when
Dear old Santa will come again?
Will he be as good as THAT *one!*
Hope they'll send another fat one,
Skally-ma, Skally-Magoo!'

"It was long past midnight when our pleasant party broke up, each of us taking home one of Santa Claus's collar buttons as a souvenir, and declaring the evening a great success.

"We are hoping that your great and good President will see fit to send that eminent traveler, William H. Taft, to see us next Christmas. Very truly yours,

"W. JUMBO-JAMBO,
"*Grand Chief Waltzer, Cannibal Coterie No. 23.*"

CHRISTMAS ON AN ICEBERG

"BLITZEN-BY-THE-POLE

"DEER EDDITOR—Ther ain't much doin under the miss-eltoe in this here arctic institution of learning, because the Eskimo maiden is a chilly proposition, as her name implies. Humsumever, thay is still some village cut-ups in bearskins what sees fit to observe the laws of man and god north of 110. Last Chrismas we served a elaborate and daynty repast prompt at midnight, the sun having sat some several months previous. Our bill of fare (not to be cornfused with Bill O'Fair who runs the faro game) was dished up as follerin':

Creme de walrus
Pine cones **Penguins a la Peary**
Ragout of albatross **Sperm whale in oil**
Sole leather **Tallow**
Chewing tobacco **Conversation**

"During the evening that transpired the music was furnished by Junau Bill, who performs very touching on a walrus-bone whistle. Everything went luvly till Borealis Bill planked hisself under the miss-eltoe and swiped a kiss from Skagway Sal. No sooner had Willyum pressed his quivering lips to Sal's blushing cheak than the chaste saloot was took a mean advantage of by the weather and frizz solid and substanshul. There stood that once happy cupple joined in a frozen enbrase and us all that mortified! Well, we had to wait till spring before we could thaw 'em out and call a parson, Bill and Sal havin got reckonsiled to each other during the interval. As Wall-Eyed Walter sez It do beat a full house how them stormy seas and wintry skies does bring luving harts together:

"'*The girls who dwell in Labrador*
Don't give the frosty mit.
The maidens cuddle all the more
The further North ye git.'

"Yours with warm regards,

SOAPY SMITH."

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT IN JAPAN

"TOGO CENTRE, JAPAN

"EXALTED REVERENCE, THE EDITOR—Doubtless you hear my forehead knocking against the tiles in salute to yours so respectively. Also renowned. Christmas in Japan, as I will tell to you, we do not celebrate with the honorable turkey and esteemed cranberry sauce, because these should be violent to the honorable digestion which goes into the battlefield and banzai when duty calls. Therefore permit me, humble so I am, to submit these program for Christmas, which is a holiday of patriotism and justice:

"5:30 A. M.—Arise, rub one's self carefully with ice and snow, drink seven gallons of water, and run around the block repeatedly till circulation ensues.

"6:20 A.M.—Eat three grains of rice, study the tablets of our ancestors, algebra and history of English literature for three hours.

"9:20 A. M.—Practise jiu-jitsu, horse-racing, football, and piano-playing until one o'clock.

"1:30 P. M.—After Turkish bath, indulge sparingly in two vanilla wafers, one-half cup weak tea and one cigarette. Instructive conversation on light subjects, such as astronomy, single-tax, international law, high explosives, and the national theatre *vs.* commercialism in the drama may be partaken of sparingly. Jiu-jitsu, handball, and hari-kari may also be played with care and judgment.

"3:10 P. M.—Attend the imperial university, take copious notes on lectures, converse in fifteen languages, and drink several gallons of water.

"6:30 P. M.—A banquet of fish chowder, vegetable butter, and a thimbleful of saki may be enjoyed, the food being masticated with forethought, remembering that gluttony is the vice of Russians.

"7:30 TO 10 P. M.—Write letters to great and good men, including the rulers of the nations and the successful editors of the United States.

"Thus, exalted and difficult-to-approach sir, does the humble but improving Japanese youth relax himself on the Christmas holiday in order to take up the serious work of the morrow. As Owhata Piti, the immortal poet of the Iris, said:

"'*How doth the little busy Jap*
Improve each shining hour.
Though yesterday he was a yap,
To-day he is a Power.

Although he loves his daily bread
He doesn't plague the cook.
He keeps his brain inside his head,
His nose inside the book.'

"Yours with our own blessing, hoping that they may come respectfully to you there.

HOKO FUJIYAMA."

STRAIGHT AS A PLUMB LINE
to the Winter Resorts of the
CAROLINAS AND FLORIDA



JUST RIGHT

The climate in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida.

The opportunities for outdoor sports — Hunting — Fishing — Golf — Motoring — Sailing.

Stopover points enroute.

Hotels to suit the purse.

Excursion tickets allowing stopovers. On sale until April 30th. Limit May 31st.

Quickest through train service via shortest route.

The Seaboard Florida Limited electric lighted, all Pullmans. Runs January 7th to April 7th, between New York and St. Augustine.

Two other high class trains.

For resort booklet, information, etc., apply Northern offices.

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PHILADELPHIA, 1433 Chestnut Street.
BALTIMORE, Continental Trust Building.
WASHINGTON, 1421 Pennsylvania Avenue.

CHAS. B. RYAN
Gen. Pass. Agt.

EDWARD F. COST
2nd Vice-Prest.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

"The 20th CENTURY LIMITED"

Fastest Long Distance Train in the World

via the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

"America's Greatest Railroad"

This magnificent train is equipped with Pullman cars of the very latest design and has all the special features which have made the New York Central service so deservedly popular. Barber, Baths (Fresh and with Sea Salt), Valet, Ladies' Maid, Manicure, Stock and Market Reports, Telephone, Stenographer, etc.

A dozen other fast trains between

New York, Boston
and
Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus,
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Chicago, St. Louis,
the West and Southwest

C. F. DALY, Passenger Traffic Manager, NEW YORK



Play These Notes on a Conover Piano

COMPARE the results with those you obtain on an ordinary instrument. Notice how carefully the action is adjusted and how accurately it is balanced. The precision of the workmanship on the Conover is shown in the immediate and sympathetic response of the keys to the touch. The impulse necessary to make one key respond is the same as that required for any of the others. With such an action, you can play with certainty of obtaining just the effect you desire. It is an action that gives you command of the instrument and enables you to obtain the finest degrees of tone color, even in the heaviest climaxes.

Then, also, the Conover tone is pure, resonant, and musical. Play the most strenuous passages and the tones will all retain their characteristic beauty: in the most rapid, delicate runs, every note will be perfectly audible; while the even scale gives a uniform quality of tone from bass to treble.

To try a Conover Piano is to be convinced of its excellence—to buy it, is to be assured of satisfaction and value.

Send for our Book of Conover Pianos
and other interesting matter. Fill out the coupon and mail it to us.

The Cable Company
Manufacturers **Chicago**

New York Office and Warerooms, 139 Fifth Avenue

Cut Along This Line

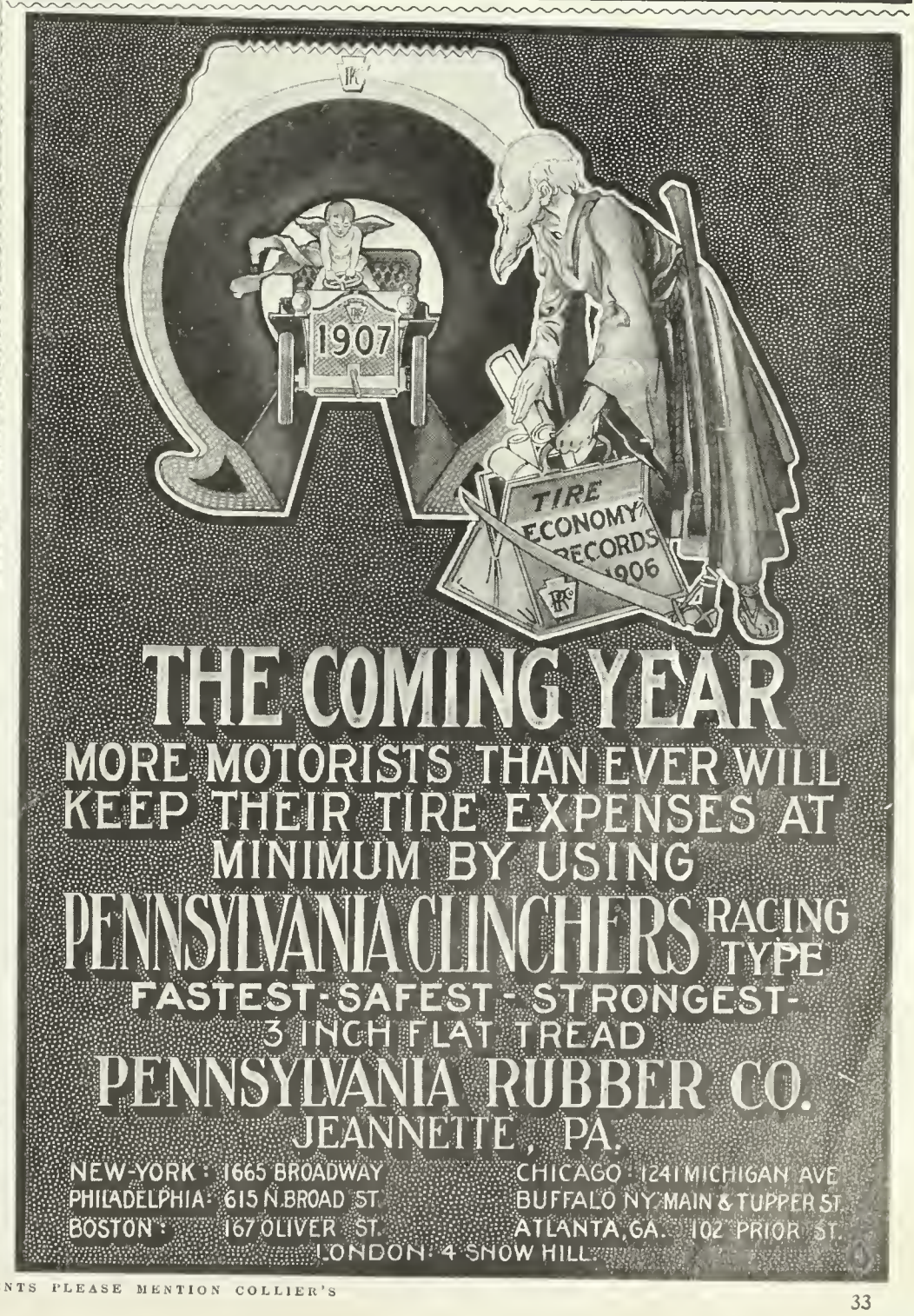
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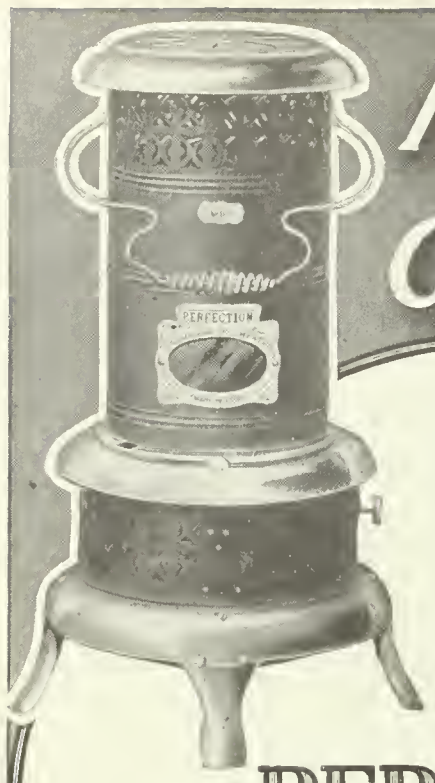
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Have You a Cold Room?

Heat it with a PERFECTION Oil Heater. If your regular heating apparatus is deficient, if it fails to heat all parts of the house evenly, supplement it with a PERFECTION Oil Heater. If you have a prejudice against oil stoves, remember that the

PERFECTION
Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

is not of the ordinary kind. The smokeless device prevents all smoke and smell. Wick cannot be turned too high or too low. Holds four quarts of oil and burns nine hours. Easily carried about—something that cannot be done with the other stoves. Two finishes—nickel and japan. Every heater warranted. If not at your dealer's write to our nearest agency for descriptive circular.



The **Rayo** Lamp gives a bright steady light at least cost, and is unequalled for general household use. Perfectly constructed, absolutely safe, an ornament to any room. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

Packard



"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO.
DETROIT, MICH.



The Big Trees, Mariposa Grove.

En Route to California

¶ There is fascination, not only in California, but in every mile of the way via the Rock Island.

¶ From the new La Salle Street Station, on the elevated loop in Chicago, to the surf-washed shore of Old Pacific, it's a trip of supreme delight.

Golden State Limited...

¶ Newest and finest of cross-continent trains—just from the builders' hands.

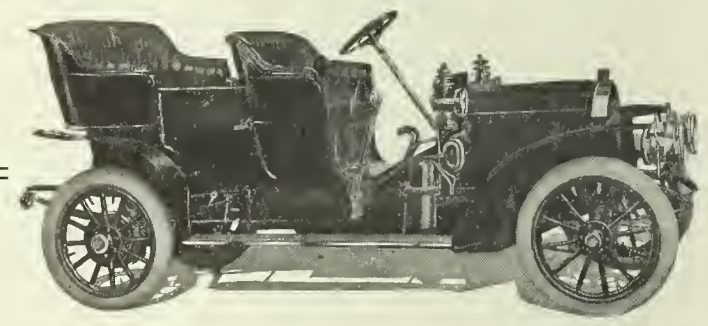
¶ Runs daily over the lowest altitude and most southerly route to California—the logical winter way.

¶ Send name and address for illustrated booklet in colors, describing this and other service to the Golden State.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass'r Traffic Mgr.,
Rock Island Lines, CHICAGO.

Surf at Monterey Bay.





The Leaders for 1907

Mark XLVIII Four Cylinder Touring Car, Shaft Drive. 5 Passengers 24-28 H. P. - - - - - **$3000**
Limousine, $4,200.

This, with longer wheel base and other improvements is the COLUMBIA which made a PERFECT SCORE in the GLIDDEN TOUR and then (without repairs or adjustments of any kind) won in the CRAWFORD NOTCH HILL CLIMB.

Mark XLIX Four Cylinder, 40-45 H. P. Touring Car, 7 Passengers all Facing Forward, Double Chain Drive **$4500**
Limousine, $5,500.

Perpetuates, with a few important alterations the completely successful Mark XLVII of 1906.

Mark LXIX Electric Victoria-Phaeton - - - - - - **$1500**

This is our well known Mark LXI with lengthened wheel base, improved general design and brought up to date in every feature.

Mark LXVIII Electric Broughams, Landaulets, Victorias and Hansoms each - - - - - **$4000**

Known throughout the world as the leading town carriage in the electric class.

Separate catalogues of Columbia Gasoline Cars, Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Electric Commercial Vehicles sent on request.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN.

New York Branch: 134-136-138 W. 39th St., opposite Metropolitan Opera House. Chicago Branch: 1332-1334 Michigan Ave. Boston: The Columbia Motor Vehicle Co., 74 Stanhope St. Washington: Washington E. V. Trans. Co., 15th St. and Ohio Ave. San Francisco: Middleton Motor Car Co., 550 Golden Gate Ave. Members of Ass'n. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

At New York we shall exhibit only at the Seventh National Automobile Show, Madison Square Garden, Jan. 12-19, 1907.

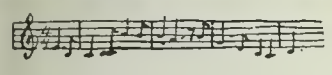
Columbia

You Can Not Buy This Picture



Drawn by C. Clyde Squires

Copyright, 1906, Life Publishing Company.



An Old Love Song

The size of the charming picture (of which this is a reproduction in miniature) is 10½x15 inches. The large print is a sepia photogravure, plate marked. It is hand-printed on Exora steel plate paper, 19x24, ready for framing.

The Picture Will Not Be Sold

But the large print will be delivered, carriage prepaid, to ***every*** *new subscriber to LIFE at $5.00 a year, if we receive the remittance before February 1, 1907.*

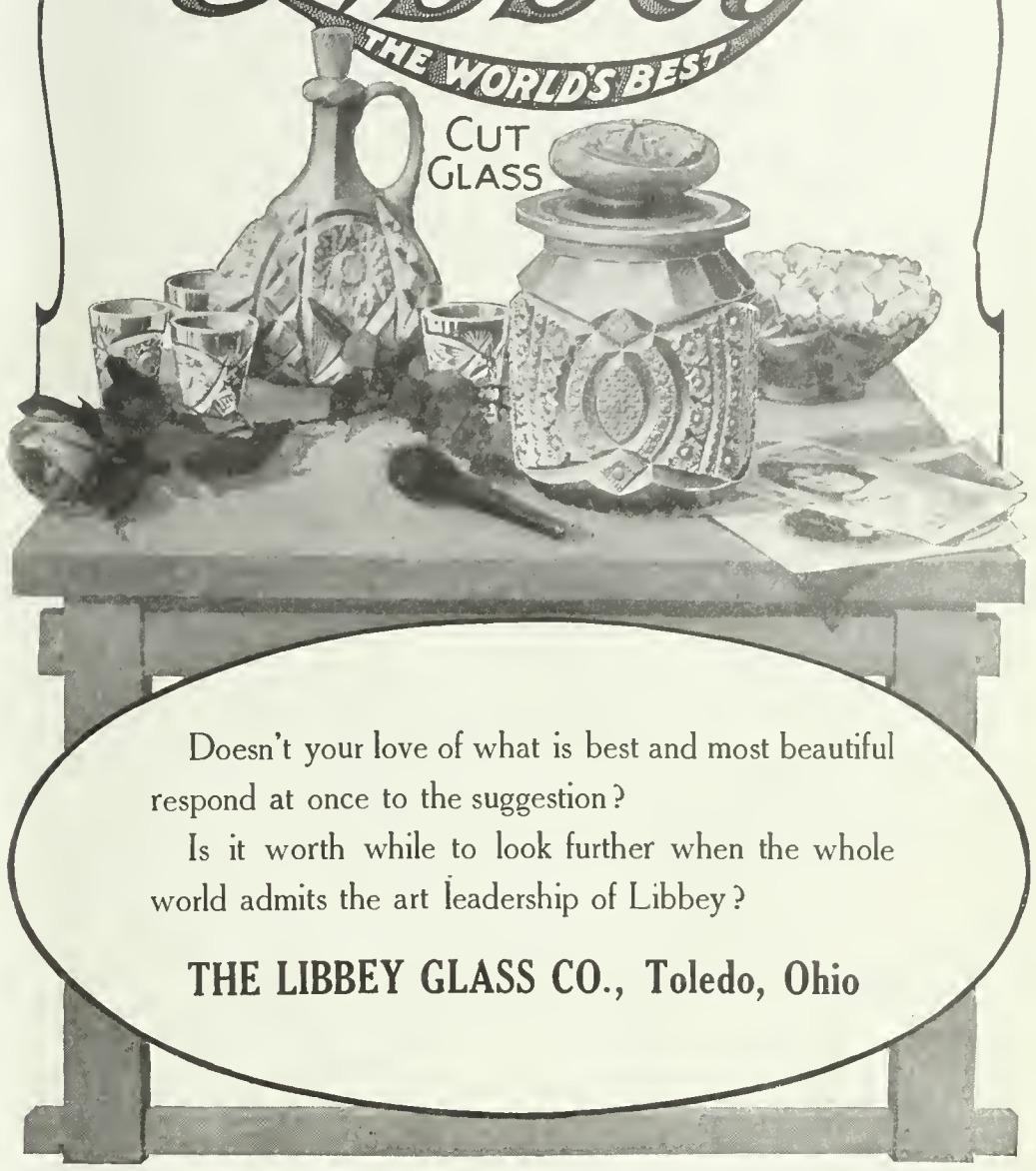
In place of "An Old Love Song," new subscribers may, if they so prefer, select prints from our catalogue to the value of $2.50. The handsome little catalogue of LIFE'S PRINTS, with miniature reproductions of 127 drawings, will be sent to any address on application.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 31 West 31st Street, NEW YORK CITY

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Is it worth while to look further when the whole world admits the art leadership of Libbey?

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The Breakfast Food
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So delicious that you will
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Good with milk — Better with cream

Ask Your Grocer To-day for a Package of

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Music Master: "I give the assurance that the effectiveness of any speaking machine is improved by the use of

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Records"

YOU cannot get the best results from any talking machine **without using Columbia Disc or Cylinder Records.**

Why? Because they are as unapproachable in **quality** as they are in **repertory.**

Columbia Records reproduce the voice, whether in song or speech in exact fac-simile, unmarred by the rasping wheezy sounds produced by all other records.

Perfect **purity of tone** with **perfect enunciation** are the distinguishing features of Columbia Records. You hear the **real** Sembrich, the **real** De Reszke, the **real** Bispham among the other famous singers for the Columbia. And **only** from the Columbia's enormous repertory will you find the **best** in Opera—the **best** in Popular Songs—the **best** in Bands, and the **best** in Everything.

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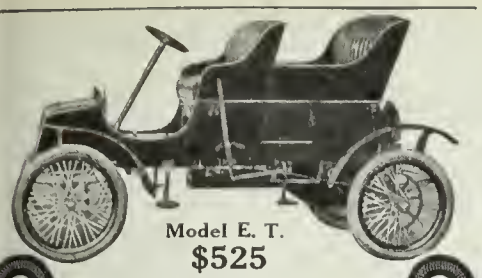
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1906

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1906

¶ There are more than two sides to most questions—there are often about half a dozen. The Japanese question in San Francisco is a polygon, and it needs a man who has studied world-geometry to solve the riddle. That is why we chose Frederick Palmer for the task. He has followed the Japanese, as a war-correspondent, through the greatest war of modern times; he has traveled with President Roosevelt from Washington to the Culebra Cut; when Destiny shook San Francisco as a terrier shakes a rat Mr. Palmer was foremost in his sympathy and understanding of the heroic inhabitants and their successful battle with death.

¶ Frederick Palmer is, then, prepared to see three sides of the question pretty well, the San Franciscan, the Japanese, and the Presidential attitudes. If there are more sides to be considered, he will make it his business to study them and, in his treatment of the problem, weave an interesting story "with justice to all"—as much as is humanly possible.

¶ The reason why a discussion of William Randolph Hearst's journalism was important, recently, to the American public was because Hearst's brains, ethics, and morals were in his newspapers. Hearst's headlines were his politics, and to analyze his headlines was to show the voters of a state what manner of man was running for the governorship. Now Mr. Mark Sullivan has gone to work to present some facts about Senator Dryden of New Jersey, and most of these facts are about life insurance, because the political, the public, side of Mr. Dryden has been the story of the Prudential.

¶ Mr. Sullivan has found that Senator Dryden's life has made, up to date, a story of considerable interest. It is the old story of the self-made boy, the struggler, the fighter, the general of unscrupulous campaigns. Senator Dryden has had few slow moments in his life, and the history of his wealth reads much more briskly than the multiplication table.

¶ We allow ourselves to hope that Mr. Sullivan's article will have some influence in pointing a way toward honest wage-earners' life insurance—a topic recently discussed in our columns by Mr. Brandeis. The Prudential has not dealt fairly with the small savings from small salaries. Can the State? Can the savings banks? This question will be put to vote in many States this winter, and Collier's will treat further on the subject from time to time.

¶ When Arthur Ruhl got back from South America an Impertinent Person remarked: "You found there was a place down there, did you?" Then Mr. Ruhl got busy with "The Other Americans," in order to explain that there is not only a "place down there" but that it is inhabited by tribes of modern, progressive, civilized human beings, who, in the arts of living, can give some pointers to the nomads of New York and Chicago. Mr. Ruhl's next article will be on Lima, and will tell about a city built in the dark ages and illuminated by American arc lights.

¶ And Kemble has been busy too. On New Year's he is going to show how tragically difficult it is for a confirmed cartoonist to turn over a new leaf.

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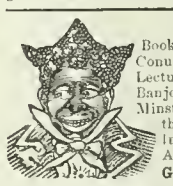

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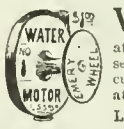

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WE MUST HAVE FUN occasionally. Devoted as we are to solemn work, the complications of reformers at times give us the blessing of a smile. What is known in Illinois as the Deneen organization, which owed its recent victory to the reform element of the town, before the election entered into an armed truce with one MARTIN B. MADDEN, whose proclivities are known to fame. On account of the nature of the Honorable MADDEN, and his unfitness for the society of the good and true, it was arranged that he should write a letter resigning from the County Central Committee. Also, in spite of the fact that the Honorable MADDEN was unfit for association with the truly good, it was conceded that he was good enough to represent his district in Congress; so the ways were greased for his nomination, the President gave him strong letters of recommendation, and he was overwhelmingly elected. At a certain meeting of the ward club the letter of the Honorable MADDEN was taken out of the pocket of the presiding officer and placed upon the table. The Honorable MADDEN walked to the front of the hall, stood beside the table, and started to make an impassioned address. The chance was too good. He reached out, seized the letter, crumpled it up, stuffed it into the pocket of his "pants," and announced in no uncertain language that the letter was obtained under duress. The members of the reform machine in public and private have not infrequently expressed the opinion that they always did suspect that the Honorable MADDEN was not quite right. A negro coachman had a valuable coach-dog poisoned with strychnine. As the dog was kicking his last an overgrown brother-in-law of the coachman stood in the sad assemblage and repeated over and over: "I told Mr. BROWN there was something the matter with that dog."

WHY THE GODS LAUGH

IF THE VICTORIES of peace were really as renowned as those of war, Colonel GORGAS should receive as triumphant a home-coming as the hero of Manila Bay. His success in killing mosquitoes, although it may not be as spectacular as killing Spaniards, is cheaper and more favorable to population. The *stegomyia*, specialist in yellow fever, is still at his old stand in the recesses of the Panaman jungle, but without the virus which gives deadliness to his sting. Against his female cousin, the *anopheles*, who takes her poison from a puddle instead of from human blood, the colonel and his inspectors have drawn a dead line, enclosing a space where every breeding-place is treated to petroleum. Results speak. It is over a year since a case of yellow fever was reported. Malaria, become much less frequent, is now but seldom fatal. For three months not a single death has occurred among the American employees. The first problem, health for the working forces, has been solved. The future rests with the engineers.

WHAT TO HONOR

NO AMERICAN has ever offered to do manual labor on the Isthmus. Neither high wages nor a press campaign would bring any applicants. The force from home consists of the skilled classes, of foremen, mechanics, and those clerks whose tasks require little physical exertion. For manual labor we employ only races fitted to endure the killing heat. Does it matter if they come from China, and are yellow, when the inefficiency of the West Indian demands that we go farther afield or delay the excavation? If Chinese are brought it does not mean that they will be allowed to enter the United States. Their relation to our body politic will be as remote as that of the Canton and Amoy coolies who, in the Malaysian Peninsula, mine the tin which our manufacturers import. When the Canal is finished they will go home.

LABOR ON THE ISTHMUS

OUR FEDERATION OF STATES, with their 85,000,000 people who hold 85,000,000 varying opinions, has not yet risen to one of the artificial requirements of a world power, which is a sense of national responsibility on the part of individuals. Some American politicians, who can be all things to all men on home politics, are fond of freeing their minds on foreign politics—a heritage of the days when the campaign orator twisted the British lion's tail in presence of the Irish vote. Congressmen, and other Californians of importance, who have been so outspoken for the consumption of constituents, have given no care to the press cable service which publishes their remarks next morning in Japan as authoritative opinions from our leaders. The head of the army was well advised in warning officers in Cuba that discretion was the better part of conversation. A similar precaution in the Philippines would have saved us trouble.

EXCESS OF TALK

SHALL WOMEN WORK in factories at night? England says they shall not. Germany says the same, and France, and Austria, and Russia, and Holland, as do likewise Ontario and Victoria. Civilization says that they shall not. All these countries have drastic provisions against a system which ruins the women themselves, their homes, and the children whom they bear. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York State, by a vote of three judges to two, has decided unconstitutional a law regulating the work of women because it forbids their working in factories at night. The decision seems to rest on the obsolescent theory that the constitutional guaranties of individual liberty conflict with the right to pass such laws for the protection of the general health. Various States forbid women to engage in certain industries at all, because the labor is too strenuous; in other occupations, because the danger is too great; in others, such as tending bar, because the road to immorality is too straight. Some States, proceeding logically along this line, are making laws like those which the leading countries of Europe have found essential to the safety of women and their progeny. Night work by women in factories is prohibited by statute in Indiana, Massachusetts, and Nebraska. Will their courts take the side of the New York three, or of the New York two? And which view will be taken by the New York Court of Appeals?

PROTECTION FOR WOMEN

WILL ST. LOUIS kindly relieve our troubled brain? An important legal decision was rendered in that city on December 1, and it has been alleged that St. Louis papers print the news. The "Star-Chronicle," as far as could be discovered by careful search, omitted this news, because (?) it exploits Mrs. Winslow and the bearded doctors. In the "Globe-Democrat" we did not find the sought-for news, but we found, with many similar things, a "guaranteed liquor cure," put up in two forms, "No. 1 for secret use, and No. 2 for those who wish to be cured." Mr. PULITZER'S "Post-Despatch" seems to lead the field in the mass it has been able to accumulate of indecent and swindling offerings to hopeful young America. In the "Republic" for the absence of the news we were consoled by the presence of a reverent poem, called "Mary's Miracle," in which a cure for drunkenness is called a miracle and "the very act of God." Perhaps some St. Louis friend, who has made a more successful search, will let us know. For fear, however, that the city is not to be allowed by its papers to know the law, we offer the following narrative: The Court of Criminal Correction decided the case of the City *vs.* the St. Louis World Publishing Company, which company was defending also for the other St. Louis papers, on a charge of printing

HOW IS THIS?

illegal medical advertisements. In an oral opinion the ordinance against the immoral advertisements was upheld and the defendant fined fifty dollars—the same amount that had been imposed in the Police Court below. Counsel for the defendant newspapers immediately took steps for an appeal to the Supreme Court of Missouri, the court of last resort in that State. The objectionable advertisements still appear in the papers now upon our desk. Until the Supreme Court passes on the constitutionality of the ordinance the advertising money evidently looks good, and the news must be treated so as not to interfere with this convenient source of income. This, by the way, is another case where virtuous editors last winter broke into both post-prandial and printed indignation when it was suggested that, when business is business, the great American people is not always furnished with the news.

THE BEST MEANS of suppressing quacks and patent medicine frauds has been discovered—and is practised—by the Allen Manufacturing Company of Toledo. The method is expounded in some correspondence which passed between the Allen Company and a St. Louis publisher. The publisher writes, soliciting an advertisement. The Allen Company replies that it would be very glad indeed to advertise; but the Allen Company has noticed with pained regret that this publisher's paper contains the advertisements of Dr. Johnson's Cancer Cure and a "sure" catarrh cure, and a consumption cure, to say nothing of eye and ear cures and other manner of quacks; and the Allen Company politely expresses the opinion that such advertisements "will not tend to help a legitimate advertiser"; and so the Allen Company declines the invitation to advertise. There the correspondence ceases. This, on the part of the Allen Company, is as much business sense as militant ethics. Quack advertisements are the infallible label of a paper whose clientele buys catchpenny frauds and has no use for high-class and legitimate wares. Imitation of the Allen method on the part of a few large advertisers would break the back of quackery and of the patent medicine business in the United States. If Mr. NATHAN STRAUS, for example, who has lately figured in the public prints as one earnestly striving for the larger good, should say to Mr. HEARST and Mr. PULITZER that he could not conscientiously continue to advertise his taffeta gowns and mercerized waists on the same pages with the modest announcements of Old Dr. GRINDLE and Old Dr. GREY, then we should expect the "World," the "American," and the "Journal" to yield to business pressure what they have so far refused to common decency.

TWO MEN OF WEALTH

WHILE OUR OWN THEODORE VON ROOSEVELT goes down to the sea in ships in order to instruct his subjects in the gentle art of living, his esteemed contemporary WILHELM VON HOHENZOLLERN fareth among his sailormen in order to tell them how to die correctly. In this age of expansion and benevolent jingoism, explains the German war lord to his reverent listeners, sudden death should be regarded as an every-day affair, received gracefully as an afternoon caller. One should take lessons in dying as in dancing. "In case of drowning," says his Majesty, "one has, as it were, a very limited time for speechmaking. One should boil down one's dying thoughts to the Great Essentials. One should think of, say, Home, God, and pardon these blushes—your Kaiser. In case of explosions, when time is still more precious, you might cut out the less important articles of faith and think of—er—Myself Alone." Thus the German sailorman has been graciously granted something worth fighting for. When the bolts of war are falling and old Ocean boils like a hot tapioca pudding, you can trust the hero for the Fatherland to do the thing properly. *Plump!* he will go in the water, "Hoch!" will be his interrupted gurgle to attest his utter faith in the Divine Right of Speech.

TRIPLE ALLIANCE

DISPUTES ABOUT CENTURIES have occupied our scientific and business experts uncommonly of late. Officials of the Geological Survey have declared that our coal is safe for 4,000 or 5,000 years. Quite a while, that. JAMES J. HILL, on the other hand, some weeks earlier, gave us two centuries to exhaust our supply of coal and iron. The experiments which are making for the production of peat in commercially valuable form and quantity may be viewed either as a step toward further improvidence or as the opening of a new source of fuel. Peat is incipient coal. Wherever a dense plant growth has been wholly or partially submerged there is likely to be a peat deposit more or less advanced toward the fuel stage. In nature, coal has been formed by the subjection of peat to heavy and long-continued pressure, which freed it of its water. True coal dates from the Paleozoic period; lignite is probably no older than the Eocene. The greater value of coal as fuel is due largely to the fact that in the additional millions of years a greater proportion of moisture has been extracted. The experiments with peat are an attempt to accelerate the coal-making process, extracting with presses and heat in a few hours the water which has been escaping from coal for ages. On a small scale they have been successful, and there is little doubt that with further improvements in the processes the peat briquets can be produced in the tonnage commerce demands.

PEAT AS FUEL

FOR THOSE OF US now alive this additional supply of fuel would be an advantage, but our descendants of the year 10000 would, if able to see at present, "view with alarm" this robbing of their coal. But human ingenuity is spurred by emergencies. So far, a decreasing supply of any necessity, with the implied increase in demand and in price, has resulted in improved methods of production. An acre of the intensively cultivated land of Europe or Asia often supports more persons than many a Western farm. In iron the Canadian and American Northwest, including Alaska, the greater part of Australia, South America, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the seas are still untapped. It needs only improved methods to permit the working of ores which have hitherto been rejected as unprofitable. A similar expansion of coal-producing territory is probable. A literally inexhaustible source of heat and light, hardly touched as yet, is water. The water-power of the world could produce each year more energy, in the form of electricity, than all the coal which has been burnt since the dawn of history.

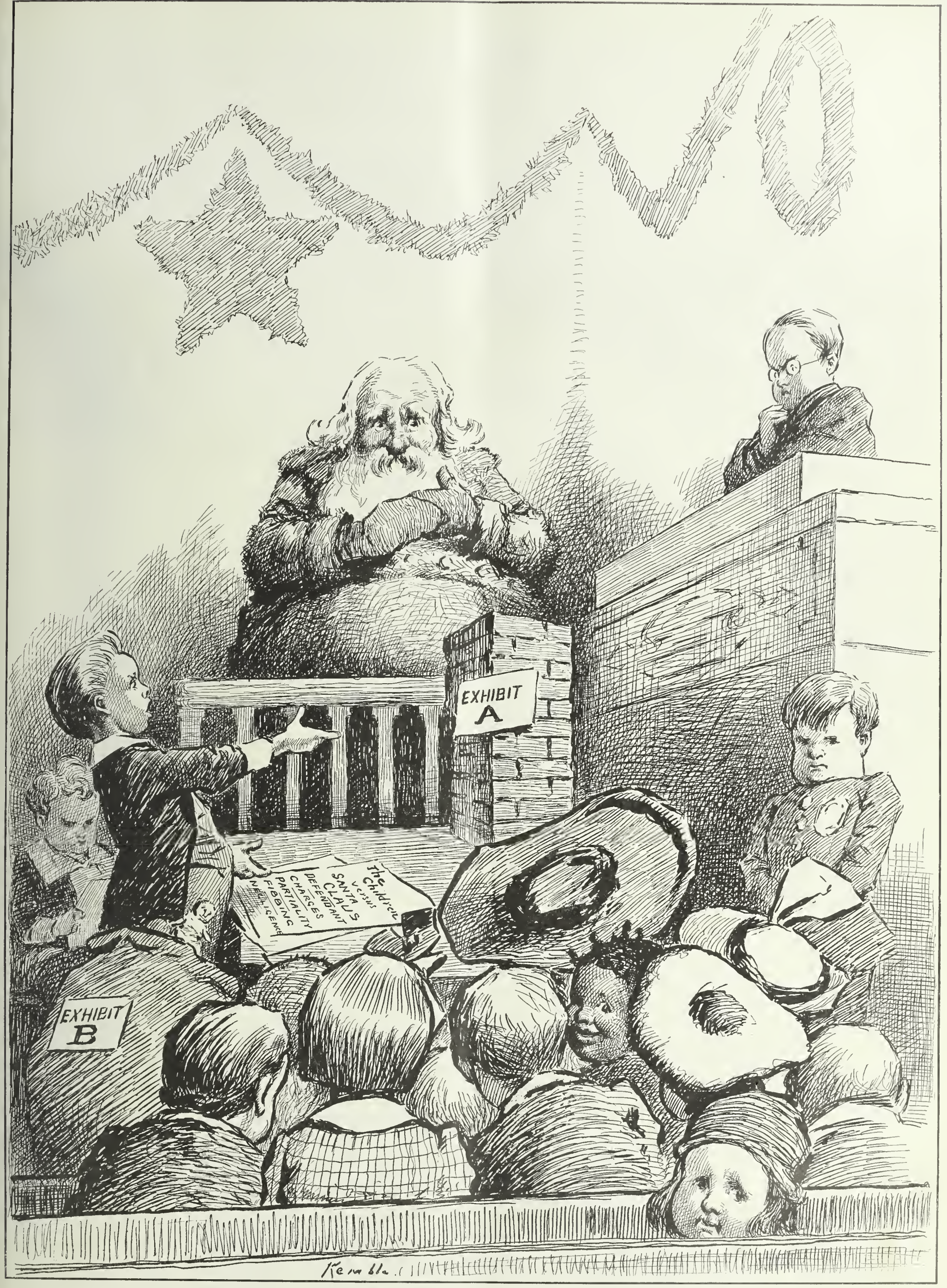
RESOURCES

ICELAND MAY now be communicated with by cable. This note is published for the benefit of such of our readers as may have friends residing in that remote island. Also for the benefit of an unsympathetic contemporary who inquires editorially: "But why should any one want to?" Why not allow yourselves the luxury of contemplation and universal philosophy? If the Icelanders wish to cable, let them—but is it necessary? Iceland has long been famed for sagas, volcanoes, and a literary criticism as cold as the seas which encompass it. Occasionally the volcanoes flame forth and warm the island with lava, from which we have the Icelandic word *scald* or poet. According to the authority of the learned Professor Ericcessenbjörgab the Icelandic dialect is, essentially, a collection of polysyllabic, long-distance gutturals. The average sentence in that heroic tongue will, when properly arranged, extend from farther Dyngjufjöll to Skager Rack without appreciable injury to the syntax. Now why should a language which can easily be slid over the ice for an indefinite number of miles be despatched laboriously under sea at the imminent risk of cable connections? Suppose the cables should become short-circuited on a primitive vowel; would not another Hecla suddenly boil forth from the ice water of the Arctic? At any rate the cable company will be obliged to charge for Icelandic by the yard rather than by the word:

CABLE TO ICELAND

The scald a saga doth indite,
And cables it from Christiansund:
"Fain would I sing of Hafrsfjord's fight
Or fair Fagrskinna's Snorri bund.
But first of all I'll cable home
And ask just how the weather is."
From Reykjavik response doth come:
"It's frizz."

One of the great battles of science is soon to be fought between the Jutlandic Cable Company and the Icelandic dialect.



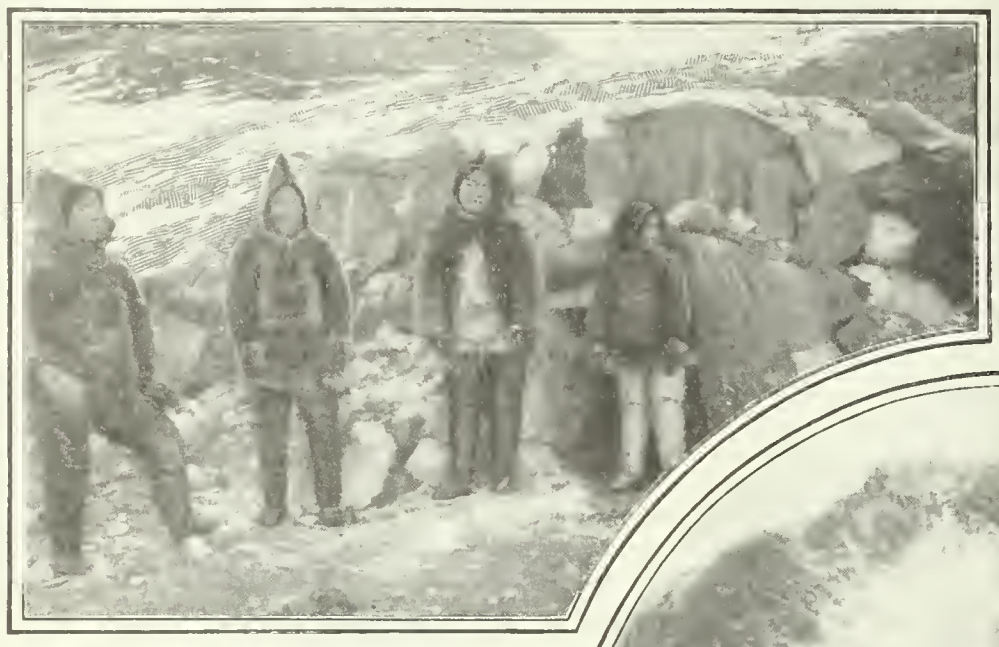
Santa Claus on Trial

"YOUR HONOR, could the defendant possibly go down that chimney? Could he possibly supply all good children from the bag marked Exhibit B? I accuse the venerable gentleman of being partial. I have here witnesses whom he never visits"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

NEAREST TO THE POLE

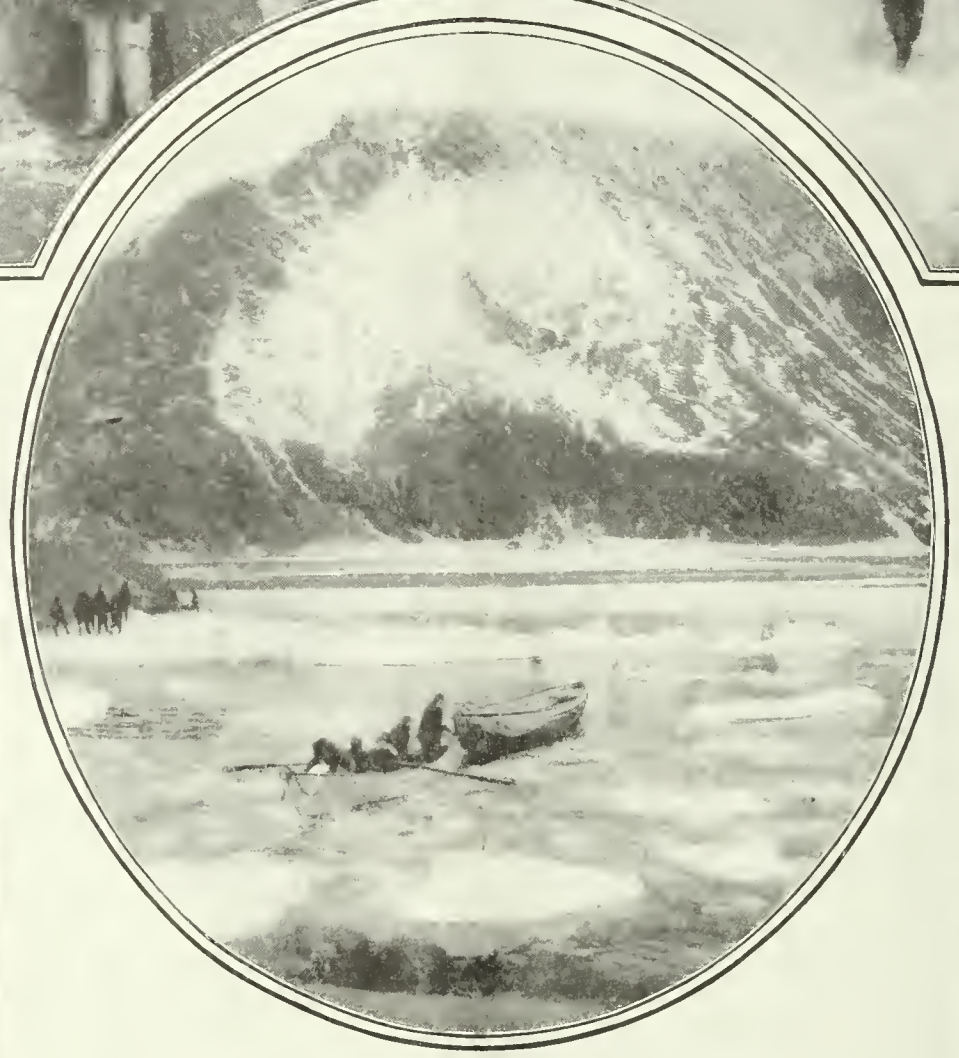
Photographs by Commander Peary, taken during his latest trip to the Arctic



Eskimos of Koo-Kau, the most northerly people on the globe



Gathering blocks of ice to melt for drinking water



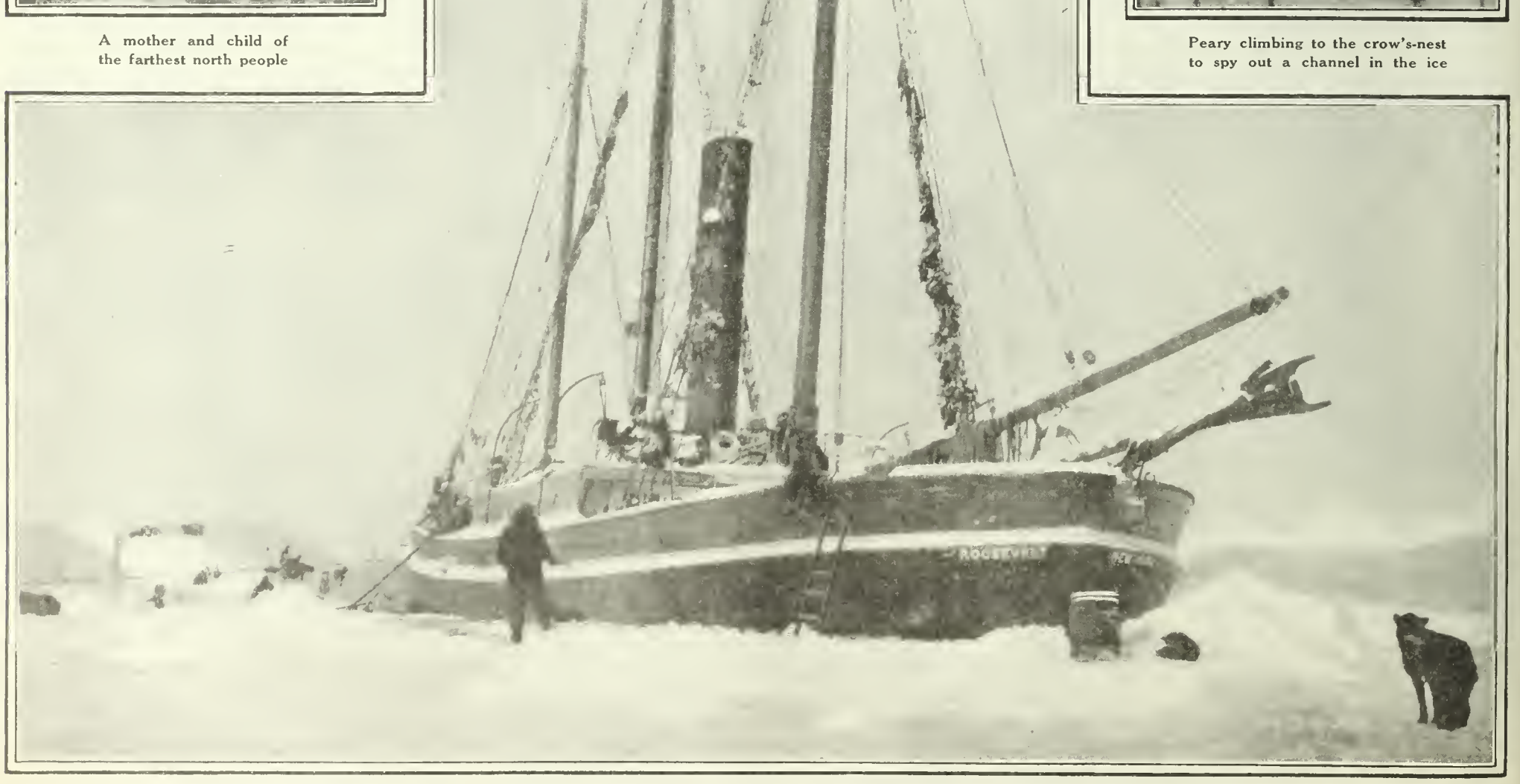
This towed whaleboat was left in the Arctic seas by the "Polaris" in 1872. It was discovered by Peary, and is now on its way to the Museum of Natural History in New York



A mother and child of the farthest north people



Peary climbing to the crow's-nest to spy out a channel in the ice



The "Roosevelt" trapped in the flowing ice fields of Lady Franklin Bay in the month of August, 1905. Commander Peary stated on his return to New York that this ship was the best ice boat that ever went north. She had her rudder pinched off, but brought back her crew without the loss of a man

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE JAPANESE THUNDERSQUALL

DECEMBER has been like April in its alternations of sunshine and storm on the Japanese question. At noon on the 4th the sky was blue, with only little white wisps of cloud scurrying toward the horizon. Two hours later it was black, shot with lightning flashes, and thunder rumbled wherever two Californians or one Californian and a reporter were gathered together. The next day the clouds scattered again, the thunder died away, and voices that had shouted defiance whispered soft nothings or relapsed into silence. When the President sent in his message it was believed both at the White House and at the Capitol that the worst of the Japanese trouble was over. Suddenly the Californians, complacently listening for the decorous phrases that should close the incident, found themselves overwhelmed and submerged in a torrent of opprobrious language. When they rose sputtering to the surface and recovered their breath their first impulse naturally was to emit loud shrieks of rage. But when they went to the White House to voice their wrongs they discovered things that mollified them and checked their flow of indignant eloquence. They became convinced that the President's fervid words had been designed to make our Government's friendliness clear to Japan, and, by soothing the ruffled susceptibilities of the Japanese, to pave the way for an arrangement satisfactory to all concerned. There were three points in the message that they had especially resented. One was what they called the President's misrepresentation of their position. In telling the world what had been done to the Japanese he had spoken of the feeling that had led to "shutting them out from the common schools in San Francisco," and had called it "a wicked absurdity" to "shut them out from the public schools." The San Franciscans said that they had never shut out the Japanese from the public schools, but had merely classified them so that Japanese pupils, mostly young men, should not be mixed with small white boys and girls in the primary grades. They felt that even if the President condemned their action he ought to have stated their case fairly, since he was their President, and his statement would be accepted as authoritative all over the world. Their second grievance was the recommendation that Japanese be admitted to naturalization. But the thing that above all others drove them to fury was the threat to use military force against them. The President's exact words on this point were:

"I therefore earnestly recommend that the criminal and civil statutes of the United States be so amended and added to as to enable the President, acting for the United States Government, which is responsible in our international relations, to enforce the rights of aliens under treaties. Even as the law now is something can be done by the Federal Government toward this end, and in the matter now before me affecting the Japanese, everything that it is in my power to do will be done, and all of the forces, military and civil, of the United States which I may lawfully employ will be so employed."

This was generally understood, both in Congress and on the Pacific Coast, to refer to the rights of the Japanese in the schools, and the Pacific Coast lost no time in taking up the supposed challenge. It turned out, however, that no such thought had been in the mind of the President. He had been thinking entirely of street disorders, such as the reported stoning in San Francisco of a distinguished Japanese professor who had come to this country to gather information about the earthquake. When the Californians in Congress received this explanation their wrath cooled. They were willing to overlook the military force suggestion, and they did not worry particularly about the advice to naturalize the Japanese, because they knew that no such measure had a chance of passage. They still felt resentful, but in a subdued way, over the President's statement of their case and the volley of verbal brickbats with which the statement had been accompanied. They admitted the desirability of diplomatic compliments to Japan, but, they plaintively remarked: "Why couldn't the President hand bouquets to Japan without biffing California in the eye?"

All this was overbalanced, however, by the joy of finding that a settlement was possible that would give the San Franciscans more than they had dared to hope. They had come to Washington with the intention of pushing a Japanese Exclusion bill, but had found such a thing so utterly out of the question that they had not ventured to propose it. Now it appeared that Japan herself might be willing, if approached with due regard to her susceptibilities, to consent to an arrangement by which Japanese laborers would be prevented from coming to this country. The fewer Japanese cross the Pacific, the more will be available for colonizing Korea and Manchuria, which is a matter of infinitely greater concern for Japan. It may be necessary, in making such an arrangement, to stipulate that American laborers shall not go to Japan. There could be no possible objection to such a stipulation, since American laborers do not want to go to Japan, and its inclusion would "save the face" of the Japanese Government, a matter highly important in Oriental diplomacy, by making it evident that the Mikado had not accepted a one-sided agreement. After that the San Francisco school question would be expected to settle itself. It would never have become acute but for the feeling aroused by continued immigration, and with the immigration checked the feeling will naturally cease to be troublesome. It appears that there are only fifty Japanese children in all San Francisco. There can be no real hostility to these, and the objection to the presence of older Japanese can be met by an age limit for the primary grades.

It was thought at first that the arrangement with Japan would take the form of a treaty, but if there was ever such an intention it was frostbitten by the public discussion of it. The matter is now left in the more elastic and probably more satisfactory form of a tacit understanding.

Meanwhile the incident excited the keenest interest in Europe, where it engendered comments which showed that a knowledge of American affairs had made hardly any perceptible progress since the time of the Spanish-American war. It seemed to be the accepted opinion that Japan would attack the United States, and would have little trouble in conquering us. A Belgian captain said that Belgium could beat the Americans on land, and that the American navy had no patriotic crews. Similar opinions were expressed in 1898 by European experts, who showed that the undisciplined and unpatriotic crews of Dewey and Sampson would fall easy victims to the heroes commanded by Montojo and Cervera.



WHAT A BUMP MEANS TO AN OCEAN LINER

The "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" after the collision with the British steamer "Orinoco" in the harbor of Cherbourg in the evening of November 8. The "Orinoco" struck the "Kaiser" about fifty feet abaft the bow. Her bowsprit went through the side of the German ship and broke off, remaining in the "Kaiser's" forecastle



ARTIFICIAL LAKE FOR AQUATIC SPORTS PRESENTED TO PRINCETON UNIVERSITY BY MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE

A COMING COLLISION



TWO PRINCETON IDOLS

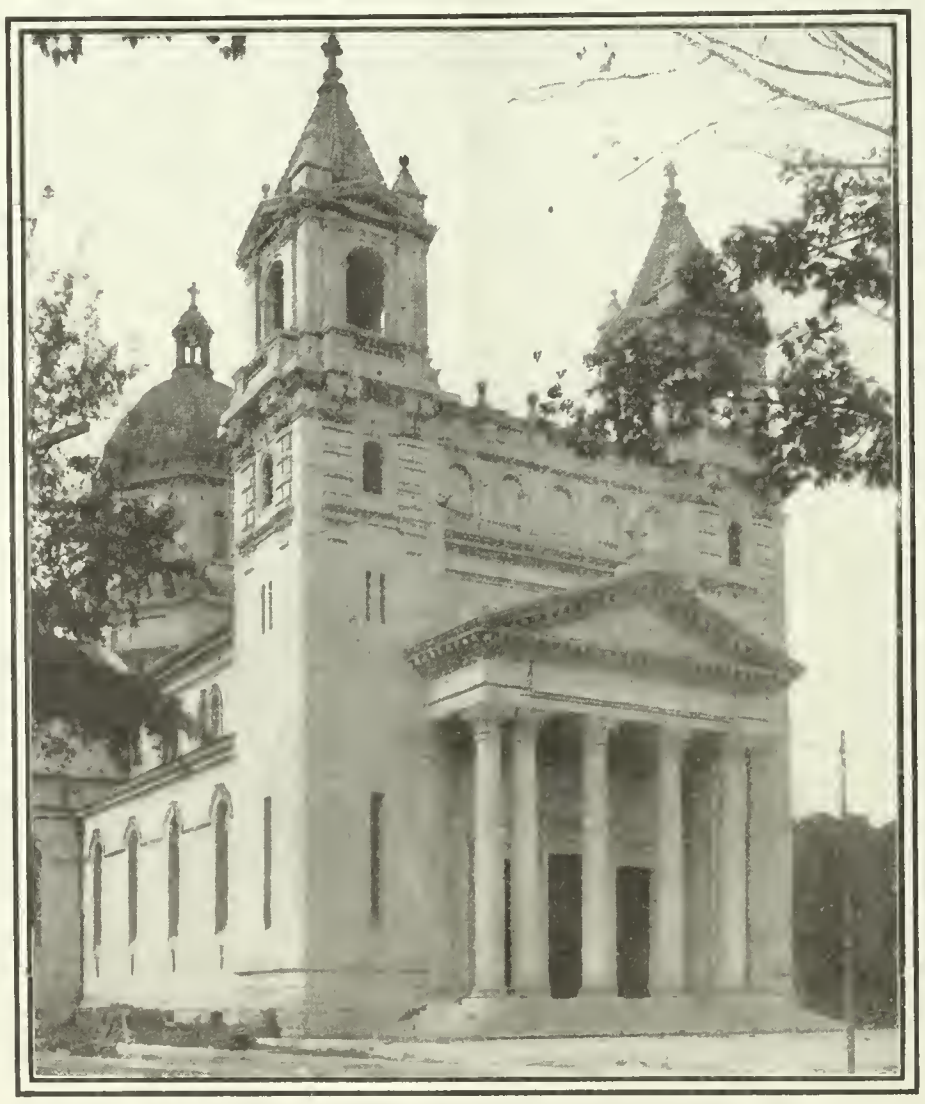
President Woodrow Wilson of the University and Mr. Andrew Carnegie, donor of the lake

A SITUATION of extraordinary interest is developing at Washington in connection with two important matters of national policy. The advocates of great naval and military appropriations are about to clash with those of river and harbor improvements. Heretofore the question of army and navy expenditures has been discussed chiefly from the points of view of sentiment or of international politics. But now we are to be forced to discuss the subject from the point of view of domestic business. The question is no longer whether we need two new battleships, but whether we would rather have two new battleships or a deep waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf.

In his annual message President Roosevelt took rather moderate ground on this subject. He said that he did not urge an increase in the navy, but merely its maintenance at its present strength, which, by his figuring, would require one new battleship a year. Of course that was not quite accurate, for one new battleship a year would increase the power of the navy for a short time and then fall short of keeping up the standard. It would work out in time to a normal force of about twenty battleships, instead of the twenty-seven battleships and ten monitors that we have now. Secretary Bonaparte wanted two 20,000-ton battleships at once, and he asked for an appropriation of $115,000,000 for the coming fiscal year.

The program of naval increase approved by the Secretary calls for over $28,000,000. In addition to his two great battleships, to cost ten millions each, he wants two squadron colliers, at two millions apiece, four destroyers, at $850,000 each, and nearly a million dollars' worth of small gunboats and torpedo-boats.

But side by side with this demand for increased outlays for warlike purposes a new and formidable demand is growing for the systematic improvement of our harbors and waterways. Twenty years ago the River and Harbor bill could be ridiculed as the "pork barrel." It represented a scramble then among Congressmen who wanted money wasted on petty local jobs in their districts, and the metropolitan paragraphers had fun in toying with the quaint names of the creeks into which the coin was shoveled. Some of them have begun the same line of attack now, but the present situation will soon be found to be very different from that with which President Arthur had to deal when reformers applauded him for vetoing a River and Harbor bill. The river and harbor movement now is an organized, united, intelligent, and formidable demand for the development of resources of national importance. It has outgrown the Cheesequake Creek stage. Three powerful organizations, the Trans-Mississippi Congress, which held its sixteenth annual meeting at Kansas City in November, the Deep Waterway Association, whose motto is: "A fourteen-foot channel from the Lakes to the Gulf every day in the year," and the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, which met at Washington December 6 and 7, are together insisting upon an annual river and harbor appropriation of at least $50,000,000. They take the ground that there are two great systems of transportation in the United States, one by railway, owned by corporations which spend hundreds of millions every year in their maintenance and improvement; and the other by waterways, owned by the Government, which begrudges every dollar spent in making them available for traffic. Yet these waterways, they hold, offer the solution of the transportation problem, forming a regulator of rates and a suppressor of discriminations infinitely more effective than any Act of Congress. The saving in freights to lake shippers alone is estimated at $250,000,000 a year, three times as much as the Government has spent on the lake route in its whole history.



SACRED HEART CATHEDRAL, RICHMOND, VA.

The new Catholic church built by Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, and consecrated last Thanksgiving Day

ROOSEVELT AND PEACE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, and the American people, have been honored by the award to the President of the Nobel prize for a year's highest services to the cause of peace, his already great popularity thus becoming enhanced all the world over. By a curious coincidence the Norwegian Parliament made this award for Mr. Roosevelt's work in ending the war between Japan and Russia at the very time when European mischief-makers were predicting a war between Japan and the United States. Upon receiving the notification of the honor, the President cabled to Mr. Lövland, the Norwegian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Chairman of the Nobel Committee of Parliament:

"I am profoundly moved and touched by the signal honor shown me thru your body in conferring upon me the Nobel peace prize. There is no gift I could appreciate more; and I wish it were in my power fully to express my gratitude. I thank you for myself, and I thank you on behalf of the United States; for what I did I was able to accomplish only as the representative of the Nation of which for the time being I am President. After much thought I have considered that the best and most fitting way to apply the amount of the prize is by using it as a foundation to establish at Washington a permanent Industrial Peace Committee. The object will be to strive for better and more equitable relations among my countrymen who are engaged, whether as capitalists or wage-workers, in industrial and agricultural pursuits. This will carry out the purpose of the founder of the prize; for in modern life it is as important to work for the cause of just and righteous peace in the industrial world as in the world of nations. I again express to you the assurance of my deep and lasting gratitude and appreciation.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

By the President's happy disposition of the money awarded him Nobel's bequest is made to breed new resources for peace. The prize of $40,000 becomes a new endowment from which new benefits will flow from year to year. Invested at five per cent it will bring in an annual income of $2,000. That would be a small start for a university or a Peace Institute, but applied in the way the President has devised it may produce great results. The revenue of the fund is to be used for gathering at Washington representative working men and capitalists who will discuss with each other and with members of Congress the best means of settling industrial disputes and bringing about a régime of general harmony and goodwill. Conferences will be held every year, with extra meetings in times of special stress.

The bequest of eight million dollars left by Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, was probably the greatest ever left as an endowment fund for prizes. Its income is enough to allow five annual awards of $40,000 each, four for discoveries in physics, chemistry, physiology or medicine, and for the most distinguished literary work of an idealistic tendency, and the fifth "to the person, institute, or society having done the most, or the best, in the work of establishing the brotherhood of na-

The President in Porto Rico







PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT landed at Ponce, Porto Rico, November 21, and crossed the island to San Juan over the celebrated military road in an automobile. Everywhere he had a tropical welcome. At Ponce he passed under the arch shown in the accompanying photograph, from which was hung a bell filled with school-girls. The street parade in the next picture occurred on the President's arrival at San Juan, after his run of six hours and a half across the island. In the last photograph he appears entering the barrack grounds at Cayey. Many of the people in the crowd that met the Presidential party at the landing at Ponce had kept their places all night. At the Roosevelt High School in Ponce several hundred school children sang "America" just as if they were in the "land of the Pilgrims' pride." At Caguas the people showered Mrs. Roosevelt with flowers.

tions, for the suppression or reduction of standing armies, as well as for the formation and propaganda of peace conferences." It is this prize that has been granted to the President, the first American who has ever been so honored. In the six years during which the prizes have been awarded they have twice been divided, once given to a society, the Institute of International Law, and once given to a woman, the Baroness Bertha von Suttner, whose book "Ground Arms" gave her the honor last year.

THE STORERS

THE mystery attending the summary removal of Mr. Bellamy Storer from the post of Ambassador to Austria-Hungary has been cleared up by an exchange of compliments between the President and Mr. Storer. The late Ambassador prepared a statement of his grievances, including extracts from many private letters, and sent copies to the President, the Cabinet officers, and the members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. In some way one of these was made public, and the President felt it necessary to reply with a counter broadside, which drew still another from Mr. Storer. These documents confirm the understanding that the Storers were removed on account of their activity in attempting to secure the elevation of Archbishop Ireland to the Cardinalate. It appears that Mr. Roosevelt, before becoming connected with the National Government, had been warmly in favor of the Archbishop's promotion, but afterward he had desired to keep clear of anything that would seem to mix the United States in Vatican politics. He found it impossible to make the Storers understand his position, and finally wrote to the Ambassador, enclosing a letter to Mrs. Storer, in which he told her that unless she would promise in writing to keep out of such affairs, her husband would have to leave the diplomatic service. Mr. Storer took offense at this letter, and ignored it, whereupon his dismissal took place by cable. What gossip for the European courts!

SAN FRANCISCO LOSSES

THE special committee of the Board of Trustees of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce which has been investigating the subject of insurance settlements has reported that the losses in the fire footed up about $350,000,000, or nearly twice the amount of the losses at Chicago, previously the greatest in American history. Of this the insurance covered about $235,000,000. The final payments by insurance companies will reach 80 per cent of the face of the policies, against 50 per cent in Chicago and 90 per cent in Baltimore. That makes $188,000,000 poured into San Francisco by the companies—a sum that ought to represent a pretty lively state of prosperity if the unions and the bloodsucking politicians would give it a chance. The committee finds that the burned district covered about three thousand acres, or 4.7 square miles—a little over one tenth of the total area of the city, but the greater part of its built-up portion. It included five hundred and twenty blocks, with twenty-five thousand buildings, of which half were residences. The work of rebuilding has been delayed by labor troubles and political corruption, but is going on in spite of difficulties. Astonishing stories have been spread abroad on this subject—the London "Times" prints a letter from a correspondent who says that everything is so disorganized that it is doubtful if the city can be rebuilt.



THE INDICTED BOSS OF SAN FRANCISCO

Abraham Ruef, who is alleged to have collected "attorney's fees" from every vulnerable enterprise

PANAMA FINDINGS

THE President says that he chose November for his visit partly because it was the rainiest month of the year, the month in which work went forward at the greatest disadvantage, and one of the two months found most unhealthy by the medical department of the French Canal Company. He spent from twelve to eighteen hours a day in the work of inspection. His observations convinced him that the French had done admirable work, and that this country never made a better investment than the $40,000,000 it paid for the French Company's improvements. He was also convinced that the very best route for the canal, neither high-level nor sea-level, had been chosen. The sanitary conditions were found to be almost perfect. In the last three months not a single death has occurred among the six thousand white Americans settled along the canal, including twelve hundred women and children, although in a city of the same size in the United States there would have been about thirty deaths from disease. Of the nineteen thousand negro laborers only eighty-six died in October. The President states that twenty-five thousand men are now employed on the Canal, that the number will be doubled later, and that "the work is now going on with a vigor and efficiency pleasant to witness." Something like a Legion of Honor is to be created, by giving a badge to "every American citizen who for a specified time has taken part in this work."

CLEVELAND

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE CIVIC CENTRE

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

This is the fifth of a series of articles illustrating the progress of cities toward ideal conditions. San Francisco, Washington, Ottawa, and Baltimore have been treated; Chicago, Buffalo, Boston, St. Paul, and Minneapolis will follow



THE FEDERAL BUILDING, THE ARCHITECTURAL KEY OF CLEVELAND'S GROUP PLAN

DRAWN BY JULES GUERIN

WHEN, a generation hence, tourists from Europe armed with red Baedekers are making the rounds of a hundred American cities admiring the beauty and dignity of their "civic centres," Cleveland will have the place of honor as the spot in which the movement began. Cleveland is a remarkable town. It thinks of things and it does things. It has citizens as diverse in characteristics as John D. Rockefeller and Tom L. Johnson, but they have one attribute in common—they are all men of force and originality. Cleveland is about to break away from the superstition that a nickel is the God-given rate for a ride on a street-car and secure three-cent fares. It has no hesitation about giving thirty thousand majority to a Republican candidate for President one year and ten thousand to a Democratic candidate for Governor the next, or about alternating its votes for Republican Congressmen and a Democratic Mayor. Its people fight among themselves about matters of politics or business, but they all stand together for Cleveland.

A few years ago it became evident that the city needed a new suit of municipal clothes. The old ones had become impossible. There was a shocking City Hall hat, a disreputable Court-House coat, a threadbare Post-Office vest, and a seedy pair of railroad-station trousers. The old American way would have been to consider each of these needs separately. There would have been in time an Italo-Norman city hall, a Greco-Roman court-house with a Victorian cupola, a Mulletesque post-office, and a glass and iron railroad station, whose train-shed would have been pointed out to visitors with honest pride as the biggest between New York and Chicago. These structures would have been scattered wherever real-estate interests found it profitable to put them, and Cleveland would have presented the distinguished appearance of a man in an opera hat, a red smoking jacket, an evening waistcoat, and tan checked trousers.

But now there was a new spirit in the air. People began to ask why the new buildings could not be so arranged as to set off each other, instead of being jumbled into an architectural chaos. It was suggested that it might be a fine scheme to put them in a row on the lake front. The idea was tempting, for Cleveland's lake front, with its high bluff looking out over a boundless blue sea, seems indicated by nature as the proper canvas for any civic picture the town might be ambitious to paint. But on examination it was found it would not work. The railroad was in the way and could not be moved.

Business Before Art

CLEVELAND is first of all a business city, and while art may be regarded with a tolerant, and even a benevolent, eye, it must not collide with business. The railroad ran along the entire lake-front under the bluff, and there it would stay. In the midst of the discussion the Government settled the question by deciding to put up the Federal building, to accommodate the Post-Office, Custom House, and United States courts, on a site three blocks from the railroad, diagonally opposite the distressing Soldiers and Sailors' Monument. That meant that if there was to be any group plan at all, all the other proposed buildings would have to be put somewhere in that vicinity. With one end of the group anchored by the Federal building, and the other by the railroad-station, the general layout of the system determined itself. It remained to devise a detailed plan, and this was done by a commission of architects, consisting of Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, Mr. John M. Carrère, and Mr. Arnold W. Brunner. The Federal building designed by Mr. Brunner not only determined the location of the group, but set the key for its treatment. It was to be of classic design, following the general tendency of Government architecture in the more important cities throughout the country. The other buildings, therefore, had to be classic too. The Commission recommended that they should all follow Roman motives, should be of the same material, and as uniform as possible in design, height, mass, and cornice lines. The members of the board, in consultation, worked out the details of the general plan. The scheme was severely formal, depending upon dignity and order for its effect. There was to be an oblong Mall, or Court of Honor, a block wide and four blocks long, closed in at the south by the Federal building and a proposed library. On the sides, at the other end, facing each other across the Mall, were to be a City Hall and Court House. How to treat the northern end was a problem. The natural, obvious thing would have been to leave it open for the lake view. But there was the eternal railroad again. The Commissioners thought that a view through smoke and cinders, over a maze of tracks, would not be particularly entrancing, even if the business objections to moving the station far enough to get it out of the picture could be overcome. There remained, then, the alternative of frankly accepting the railroad and making the station one of the great features of the plan. That was what the board decided to recommend. Mr. Burnham, who loves monumental stations as the medieval architect loved cathedrals, was commissioned to design a mighty transportation palace, whose columned front should fittingly close in the Court of Honor, while the whole building, as well as its approaching plaza, bestrode the railroad tracks below. It was lucky for Cleveland that they were below. Chicago knows what

it is to wrestle with a track problem on a level lake-front. For a block on each side of the station in Cleveland the projeet ealled for a broad esplanade, bordered toward the lake by a screen of trees, backed by a monumental colonnade, to shut off the view of the smoke rising from the trains. This colonnade would also border the bridge-plaza, and form a pair of covered approaches to the station for foot passengers. If the time should ever come when trains would be run through Cleveland by electricity, as they are to be in New York, and as the District Commissioners want them to be in Washington, the panels of the screen could be taken out and the people could get a view of the lake from the walk under the trees, which would then be a charming terrace promenade. Meanwhile a clear outlook could be had through the rear windows of the station waiting-room, as well as from the buildings overlooking the esplanade. With the construction of the Federal building and Library at the south end, and of the Court-House, City Hall, railroad station, and colonnade at the north end, of the Court of Honor the essentials of the plan will be secured. These things alone represent an estimated investment of $14,853,105, including $3,374,780 for the land and improvement of the Mall. But it is hoped to fill in the intervening space with public or semi-public buildings harmonizing in general design with those already provided for.

To Banish Discords

ALL the adjoining land should be acquired by the city. In case, however, there should be any failure in this direction, the scheme aims to minimize possible discords by running borders of close clipped trees along the sides of the Mall, forming uniform bands of green thirty-five or forty feet high, and so tying the composition together. The buildings on each side of the Court of Honor are to be made accessible by roadways running along them, and another pair of avenues for through traffic is provided nearer the middle, with bordering rows of clipped trees. The centre will be a little park, with a sunken garden, trees, flower beds, seats, fountains, and statues.

A very elaborate fountain has been planned for the southern end of the Mall, forming the principal feature of the terminal court by which the Library and the Federal building will be approached. With a reflecting pool of water, framed in marble, and a triumphal arch for a background flanked by statues and terraced walks with glistening marble steps and balustrades, the design looks pretty ambitious for a town that is struggling with three-cent fares. Here comes up again the old trouble that rises in every city where men are trying to look ahead—that has confronted the idealists in Washington, in Baltimore, in Boston, in New York, in Buffalo, in Chicago, in San Francisco, in every one of the fifty towns that have been touched by the spirit of the civic renaissance. The "practical man" looks at a complete plan, showing what ought to be, and exclaims: "Why, all this would cost millions! What's the use of throwing away money on that fountain, and those statues and that arch when we need more schoolhouses and fire engines?" And then the artist explains wearily for the hundredth time: "My dear sir, you don't need to spend all that money now. Forget the fountain, if it irritates you. But here is the plan. Lay it away, and some day, if you feel like putting up a fountain, or some millionaire is moved to raise a monument to himself in that form, put it there. Don't just stick it anywhere, don't let a real estate agent select a site for it near some lots he has for sale, but put it right where it is marked on the plan. It won't cost you a cent more, and it will be a charming touch in a picture instead of a dab of meaningless paint on a dirty canvas. And when you want to build an art gallery, and an opera house, and a museum, which you will before long, don't go hunting all over town for passable locations, but put them here, and here, and here. We don't expect you to carry out the plan all at once; we have merely furnished you a guide, so that whatever you do hereafter will be done right instead of wrong, and will form an approach toward that ideal we are looking forward to, but shall never see completely realized on this earth. More money has been spent in making your town ugly than it cost to make Athens the world's standard of beauty. Now, we don't ask you to go to needless expense for beauty—all we ask is that when you are spending money you spend it where it will count." After delivering this address the artist sadly subsides until it becomes necessary to make it the next time.

But the strivers for the ideal have found less to complain of in Cleveland than in most cities. There has been an alertness there, a quickness to grasp essentials, a spirit of civic ambition, that have contrasted most happily with the heavy inertia and the actively hostile Philistinism against which the men who are struggling toward the light have to contend in some places. In carrying out the plans for the civic centre the city officials have acted in the most perfect harmony with the members of the architectural commission. Although Mayor Tom L. Johnson is a consummate politican, the architects have never found any trace of politics in his dealings with these plans. He has worked with business men who have been his bitter opponents in his franchise fights, with the common purpose of making Cleveland beautiful.

Although the group plan proper shuts out the lake view, the lake is brought into subsidiary relations with it. The city owns a tract of reclaimed land between the tracks and the water. Cut off from the public building group by the railroad, this land could not be brought into the main picture, but it is to be connected with it by two streets, carried across the tracks on viaducts. Instead of the usual American water-front disfigurements there is to be a noble parked and tree-bordered quay, with recreation piers, public baths, and steamboat landings. From this water park the view over the lake will be entirely unobstructed, while, conversely, passengers looking from steamers on the lake will have the attractive spectacle of the green park with the bluff crowned with stately buildings back of it, the disfiguring railroad tracks remaining hidden behind a screen of foliage. Thus, whether the visitor approach Cleveland by water or through the portal of Mr. Burnham's majestic station, he will feel that he is coming to a city gracious, cultivated, and hospitable.

The present condition of the civic centre is this: The walls of the Federal building are up, and the work of roofing is in progress. The plans for the Court-House and City Hall are complete, and contracts have been let. The plans for the giant Union Railroad Station are finished, and are under consideration. Data from which the designs for the Library will be worked out have been collected. Most of the land for the Court of Honor has been secured.



THE NEW CITY HALL, WHICH, WITH COURT-HOUSE AND STATION, WILL FRAME THE MALL ON THE NORTH

Still Another Group Plan

THIS is not the only group plan Cleveland has on foot, although it is the one most talked about, and the one that will most impress the visitor. At Warrensville, ten miles out of town, on a charming rolling upland overlooking the distant lake, the city has bought two thousand acres of land for a Farm Colony. There, under the energetic leadership of Dr. H. R. Cooley, Director of Charities, the various charitable and reformatory institutions maintained by the municipal government are brought together, not in the form of prison-like barracks, but in a great spreading village of cottages, laid out like a beautiful residence park. The idea is to classify infirmity and delinqueney, and bring together all the departments relating to them under one administration. Mr. J. Milton Dyer, the architeet of the new City Hall, designed this vast and intricate city of unfortunates, nearly twenty times as large as Blackwell's Island at New York. Among the institutions provided for, each carefully studied in its relations to the others and to the landscape, are a eonvalescents' hospital, a tubercular sanitarium, a children's hospital, a detention hospital, an infirmary, and a workhouse, together with a summer camp for the friends and relatives of the patients in the various hospitals, and a variety of farms and gardens. Already many temporary shelters are up, to be soon replaced with permanent buildings. The first permanent group to be built will be that for the Infirmary. Around a service court, or cloister, will be ranged such services as laundries, baths, bakery, kitchens, and power-house. Connected with the service court will be the dining-halls, with wards for patients. Outside of these will be the cottages in which all the inmates will be regularly housed. The group will stretch along a bluff, looking across a wooded valley. An elaborate scheme of planting, to extend over many years, is to be worked out, with formal avenues of trees to give order to the composition, with rambling contour roads and paths for picturesqueness, and with an individual garden, maintained by the inmates themselves, for each cottage. It is intended to make the orchards and garden produce fit into the general scheme, and the rivalry of the cottagers to excel their neighbors is expected to enhance the effect.

Symphonies in White, Red, and Green

SIMILAR schemes will be carried out for the other institutions as far as conditions permit. Naturally there will have to be prison walls for the more vicious inmates of the workhouse. In the case of the Tubercular Sanitarium there will be a building seven hundred and fifty feet long—almost exactly the length of the Capitol at Washington—with a southwesterly exposure and an open lean-to for fresh-air treatment. For all the buildings there will be white cemented outside walls covered with glistening marble dust, and crowned with overhanging roofs of dark red Spanish tiles. When these luscious candy houses are seen shining through the green foliage of a park two and a half times as large as Central Park in New York, the wayfarer will confess that it is better to be a pauper in Cleveland than the lord of a Harlem flat.

While it is carrying out these great schemes, Cleveland is not neglecting other means of making itself a desirable place to live in and an attractive one to visit. It has planned an outer park system adding sixteen miles of new parkways to the six miles it already possesses in connection with its 1,524 acres of parks. Provision has been made for small parks and playgrounds, with trained instructors. A site has been provided for a great art gallery, whose construction is soon to be begun. The Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee to consider the needs of the city in the way of new bridges, and an effort is to be made to temper engineering severity with artistic mercy. "A bridge may be a very good bridge," remarked Mr. Ambrose Swasey, the late President of the Chamber, who named the committee, "and support the weight of the traffic passing between one section of the city and the other, and still be a very unsightly spectacle, or, it may take care of all its traffic and yet impress every person who passes from its nearer to its farther end with a sense of the fact that beauty and symmetry may be joined with almost every manifestation of human skill."

Finally, after making herself beautiful, Cleveland is going to make her charms visible. The city burns soft coal, and until recently was swathed in a pall of smoke in which the gleaming buildings of the Group Plan would soon have been reduced to the grime of the National Gallery in London. But for some time a determined campaign has been waged against the smoke nuisance—a campaign that is not to end until every factory in the city has been equipped with efficient smoke consumers. Already the air is much clearer than it was, and by the time the new buildings are finished it may be hoped that they will have the same chance of retaining their beauty that is enjoyed by the shining Greek and Roman temples of Washington.



Forbes, Yale—End



Biglow, Yale—Tackle



Burr, Harvard—Guard



Dunn, Penn. State—Centre



Thompson, Cornell—Guard



Cooney, Princeton—Tackle



Wister, Princeton—End

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THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

By WALTER CAMP

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	First Eleven	Second Eleven	Third Eleven
End	Forbes, *Yale*	Dague, *Annapolis*	Levene, *Pennsylvania*
Tackle	Biglow, *Yale*	Draper, *Pennsylvania*	Weeks, *West Point*
Guard	Burr, *Harvard*	Ziegler, *Pennsylvania*	Kersberg, *Harvard*
Centre	Dunn, *Penn. State*	Hockenberger, *Yale*	Hunt, *Indians*
Guard	Thompson, *Cornell*	Dillon, *Princeton*	Christy, *West Point*
Tackle	Cooney, *Princeton*	Osborn, *Harvard*	Northcroft, *Annapolis*
End	Wister, *Princeton*	Marshall, *Minnesota*	Exendine, *Indians*
Quarter	Eckersall, *Chicago*	Jones, *Yale*	E. Dillon, *Princeton*
Half	Mayhew, *Brown*	Hollenback, *Penn.*	Morse, *Yale*
Half	Knox, *Yale*	Wendell, *Harvard*	Manier, *Vanderbilt*
Back	Veeder, *Yale*	McCormick, *Princeton*	Garrels, *Michigan*

THE football season of 1906 proved conclusively that possession of the ball had become too valuable under the old rules. Owing to the improvement of the attack by concentrated mass plays, a first-class team under the five-yard rule could push its way two to three yards at a time for half the length of the field to a touchdown. The fact that this was possible made it poor football poliey to attempt a run on the wings or open play with the risk of losing the ball. The ten-yard rule requiring double the distance to be gained in three downs forced open play at once. One would hardly risk a forward pass when he had the old five-yard rule. The changes have worked out to give us a game pleasing to the spectator, lessening the number of injuries, less exhausting on the players, and admitting of greater strategy and less dependence upon brawn.

And the point above all to be borne in mind is the excellent balance of the various departments of the play. A game all kicking would speedily pall; a game where the ball was thrown indiscriminately all over the field would soon lack interest; a game that was all end runs and no attacks upon the middle of the line would become monotonous. The game as it stands is balanced by these various plays in a way that not even the most expert coach could have foreseen, and it gives all kinds of men an opportunity. The light, active dodger is sought after, but he has not wholly supplanted the big powerful man for the middle of the line. The heavyweight who may be too clumsy for other sports may be just the bulwark for the middle of the line and need not be abandoned for the greater activity of the small man. A fast man and a good kicker are necessities; the long passer is coming into great demand; there must be one absolutely sure catcher of punts; there should be a drop or place kicker; the majority of the men must be good tacklers, and altogether any weakness of any kind in any department of the game is likely to prove disastrous to the team exhibiting that weakness.

Having secured a game as well balanced as this, the public and authorities will be rightfully unwilling to risk its loss through retrogression or experimentation. Less distance to be gained in three downs will mean a return to mass plays. Greater freedom of the forward pass will make that pass a matter of luck instead of specific skill on the part of the passer and the man who is to catch the ball. Besides, by taking off the restrictions we should run the risk of bringing back the mass plays on tackle by the forcing back of still another man on the defense. This would weaken the line to such an extent that mass plays might quite possibly yield the necessary gains. The general desire is to have the rules crystallize, to permit them to exhibit such further possibilities as they may offer, and take no chance, by starting alterations, of disturbing the present balance.

That seems to be the lesson of the season, but in order to keep it before the mind it ought to be pressed home with emphasis.



Eckersall, Chicago—Quarter-back



Veeder, Yale—Full-back

A Famous Eleven

IN December, 1889, the writer, in a weekly publication issued in New York, described what he called, for lack of a better title, "The All-America Football Team." It may be of interest to note the men who formed that first collection of star players, and whom he regarded as the best eleven men in their positions:

Ends—Stagg of Yale and Cumnock of Harvard.

Tackles—Cowman of Princeton and Gill of Yale.

Guards—Heffelfinger of Yale and Cranston of Harvard.

Centre—George of Princeton.

Quarter-back—Poe of Princeton.

Half-backs—Lee of Harvard and Channing of Princeton.

Full-back—Ames of Princeton.

This, then, was the first All-America team, and, in spite of the annual list of players selected by the writer during the years that have followed, surely those who remember these men would be delighted to see them as they were in that day take part in the present game of 1906, and many believe that that team, even against stars of to-day, would quite hold its own.

Since those days the number of candidates for teams and the number of men in the squad have grown to such an extent that it is admitted by all that no first-class team would for a minute think themselves equipped with less than thirty available men. Hence, in the selection of a national team one ought not to be satisfied with a lesser number, particularly inasmuch as on almost all the teams this year men are not graded as first and second eleven men, and it is often a question between two men which shall be put in first and which take his place later in the game. In almost all the big universities three complete elevens are carried through the season, and for this reason the writer has annually selected three elevens to make up the team, and he might as a coach of such a national team put in under certain conditions a man named in the third rather than a man named in the first for some particular work required on the occasion.

Forbes of Yale proved himself an ideal end under the present rules. He had been the fastest tackle on the gridiron in getting down the field on kicks. With all his speed he weighed as much as any ordinary guard, and, although at times the momentum of his weight caused him to overrun his mark, no back was strong enough to push him off when once he reached his man. His defensive work was good throughout, while on the offense no better man could have been chosen to go back of the line and lead the backs or plunge himself.

He was not used in the Princeton game to carry the ball until the second half, but when he was sent had little difficulty in making his distance. And when he stood in the gap masking play for Linn and the other backs in the latter part of the Harvard contest he showed his broad conception of the play.

Wister of Princeton was good in all-round end work, tackling, and getting down the field, thoroughly reliable, and in addition to this was a particularly graceful and clean handler of the forward pass. The Princeton system on the forward pass did not clear away the opponents for the runner as did Yale's, but in spite of this Wister, by his ability to catch the ball on a run when half-way turned, made himself particularly valuable.

He was well built, and had been rather saved out from football until he should secure his mature strength, and, being clever and adaptable, he picked up the game with extreme rapidity this year.

Of the other ends that should be noted and who would, save in such star company, have been All-America ends, are Alcott of Yale, Parry of Chicago, Scarlett of Pennsylvania, Starr of Harvard, Blake of Vanderbilt, and Hoagland of Princeton.

Biglow of Yale, as a tackle, needs no introduction to lovers of the sport. Absolutely steady, never caught napping, quiet, determined, and powerful, he was the star man of the year for the position. He was very fast in getting down the field, certain in his tackling, and in his defensive work a very hard man for interferers to get out of the way. His style was not at all showy; there was no great rush when he started forward, but somehow or other he always managed to keep going straight at the runner in spite of interference, and



Mayhew, Brown—Half-back



Knox, Yale—Half-back

usually reached him. Biglow adapted himself to the new game with remarkable facility, particularly in the way of taking on-side kicks and forward passes. He was a student of the bound of the ball far beyond that of any other tackle of the year. In the Harvard game, after blocking the kick, he did not secure the ball for what looked like a certain touchdown. The chances were that the ball would strike on its end and come up to the desired height for him to run on with it. He gave it every chance to do this, but finding it still lying flat was obliged to fall on it.

Cooney of Princeton was better than last year, owing to better physical condition and less of the worries of captaincy. Always a stalwart man in defense, he proved exceptionally good in that respect this year and made good openings for his men through which to come. He was also an able assistant to Captain Dillon in judgment, and his experience of the former season was particularly valuable in this respect. Furthermore, he was on the watch always when his side was on the offensive to see that nobody broke through between him and guard and followed up the play. Many tackles have been careless in this respect, and it has been expensive for their team. It was he who in the second half of the Cornell game became the bulwark of defense to his team by his solution of certain parts of the Cornell attack, and he it was who did much to check Yale's assault later in the year.

Some of the Good Line Men

AMONG the tackles outside of those named in the teams above, Horr of Syracuse comes very close, and at times was competent to displace some of them.

Pullen of West Point, had he not met with an accident, would undoubtedly have made the position. Wauseka of the Indians was another most reliable man, and Paige of Yale, in spite of its being his first season, showed splendid capabilities.

Burr of Harvard, as stated in these columns last year, and as practically confessed by all critics this year, is, in addition to his punting ability, a first-class guard. He played the position well. He is powerful, active, has football sense, and can be relied upon to extend himself to his limit no matter what the odds may be against him. When to all this is added his ability as a distance kicker, it is no wonder that he is regarded as an especially valuable man.

In the Yale game he repeatedly took passes which came from his centre rolling along the ground, and in spite of every handicap managed to get the ball up and get it off for his kick without being blocked. Any one of these poor passes might have lost an ordinary game, and there would have been no fault found with the kicker had he failed to get the ball off. Burr handled each one of them well, just as he did last year, only under even more adverse conditions. He kicks a long ball and gets it high enough so that his ends can cover a good portion of the kick.

Thompson of Cornell was probably the most powerful guard playing on the gridiron this year, and in the game against Princeton, when they put the plays across and over him and out on his wing, Cornell went through the Princeton team without difficulty, and in this attack eventually secured a touchdown. It was this very ability of Thompson that led to Cornell's final undoing at Pennsylvania when her team had the ball on the very goal line, and yet in several trials were unable to put it over. They sent their plays up into the centre, where they thought they could rely upon the power of Thompson. But no man is good enough to do all the work, and particularly not in the present game, if the opponents know that he is to be selected to do it. Not a Heffelfinger or a Hare could break through or force back a line which had been warned in advance of that one particular spot.

Of the guards, Erwin and Brides of Yale were a fine pair, and could hold their own in any company, as could also Krueger and Krider of Swarthmore, Pevear of Dartmouth, Stannard of Princeton, and Dillon of the Indians.

Dunn of Penn. State was the best centre of the season, and it was he who led his team to such remarkable results, a good deal of it depending upon Dunn himself. He weighs just under two hundred, is something over six feet in height, and absolutely reliable in his passing, secure in blocking, active in breaking through, and in diagnosing plays. He was a stumbling-block to Yale, and proved to be a similar difficult proposition for all the teams that met Penn. State. Some idea of his record and accomplishments may be gathered from the fact that his team was never scored upon save by Yale, although their schedule included games with Yale, Carlisle Indians, and the Navy. Captain Dunn's team defeated the Carlisle Indians, and performed a similar feat with the Navy. He persistently broke through and blocked kicks. Able to run the hundred inside of eleven seconds, he was down under his own side's kicks with the ends. Beyond all and giving him added worth was his earnestness of purpose and character.

Of other strong centres, there were Parker of Harvard whose only weakness was occasional poor passes for kicks, Newman of Cornell, Stone of Vanderbilt, Sultan of West Point, and Dwyer of Pennsylvania.

Eckersall of Chicago, in a season when drop-kicking has been most valuable, possessed the same abilities of the quarter-back which gave him the position last year, and in addition, even to greater perfection, the qualities of a drop-kicker. Unfortunately, in one or two of his games, the field was a sea of mud, and it was impossible for any one to bring off these kicks, but, outside of O'Brien of Swarthmore, he has been the only drop-kicker who has been a really consistent menace to the opposing goals. In his last game—that with Nebraska—he kicked no less than five. But it is the combination of qualities that entitles him to the place rather than any one excellence. He is a good general, and like Jones of Yale can get his work out of his team; he is a wonderful punter, kicking as far as Burr, and with Veeder's accuracy; he is a deadly tackler, about the only man I ever saw who knew just how to reach a man like Heston in a broken field, and he can run back a kick with "Eddie" Dillon of Princeton.

The quarter-back position has been one in which it is particularly hard to make a selection. There have been many this season who would have eclipsed the stars of other years. Beyond those noted in the above All-America team, there are Norton of the Navy, who showed excellent judgment in running his team; O'Brien of Swarthmore, probably, outside of Eckersall, the best drop-kicker on the gridiron; Schwartz of Brown, a clever performer; Libby of the Indians, a sure catcher; and Lawrence of Pennsylvania, who with such short experience developed into a capable general.

Mayhew of Brown was the most remarkable half-back of the year, and gave more trouble to opposing teams than anybody else, particularly when one considers the games in which he played. He was very fast, quick at seeing his opportunity, and a sure handler of the ball, and, on the whole, first class in every department of the play. His tackling was strong, sharp, and clean, and he had the keenest of eyes for the ball.

Knox of Yale made longer runs against the strongest defensive teams than any other man on the gridiron. It was he who ran more than half the length of the field through the Brown team, and performed a similar feat against West Point as well as in Yale's final game of the year, that with Harvard. Against a team which was at the top of its game, Knox went from the middle of the field in spite of attempted tackles down almost to the goal line, only being finally stopped by Wendell from behind. It was Knox also who did the sure catching of punts for Yale in the Princeton game, and he was the man who, standing alone between the runner and Yale's goal line, stopped Dillon of Princeton when he was making a run almost as good as that which Knox later made in the Harvard game. He was an excellent performer of the on-side kick in its most approved fashion.

Fast Men Behind the Line

THE field of half-backs was an exceptional one, and most of the teams which had first and second strings had some difficulty in selecting their men.

Linn of Yale was one of the stars in the second half of both Yale's games. Roome of Yale, incapacitated through a large portion of the season by injury, was unable to do himself justice.

Harlan and Roulon-Miller of Princeton were both first class, as were also Hubbard of Amherst, Chalmers of Lafayette, Greene and Farwell of Pennsylvania, and Mount Pleasant of the Indians, also Gibson of Cornell and Bomar of Yale.

Hill of West Point, Spencer of the Navy, and Curtiss of Brown all come in for a good share of praise.

Veeder of Yale was the best forward passer (a province of especial importance in the game this year) seen on the field during the season. It was he who with one long sweep of his arm placed Yale within scoring distance both in the Harvard and Princeton games. He concealed his eventual intention well, took plenty of time, and could deliberately hurl the ball for a considerable distance and with remarkable accuracy.

Besides that, he was a long-distance and very accurate punter and a sure catcher of punts. He did all this work for his team in the Harvard game, and not only caught the ball with certainty, but usually managed to dodge the first man on his run back.

His kicking out from his own goal when his team had twice been penalized was as cool a piece of work as has been seen during the season, and upon that steadiness depended the result.

Among the other backs, Sieber of Gettysburg stood out strongly, as did Peterson of Tufts and Walder of Cornell.



The New Home of Grand Opera in New York



EVERY man who has ever dropped into the Metropolitan Opera House in a hurry on his way downtown to buy a couple of seats for his wife for the Saturday matinée, and has then stood in line an hour and a half before he could find out that everything was sold out but the last two rows in the balcony, has thought that a town which could support fifty theatres ought to be able to support two houses of opera. Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has thought so too. Mr. Hammerstein has conducted vaudeville, built theatres, and worn a top hat with a flat brim which has made him as familiar a figure in the theatrical neighborhood of New York City as the "Times" Building or "Matches Mary." In this instance Mr. Hammerstein has thought two million dollars' worth, built a large and ornate opera house, and brought from Europe a company of experienced and much-applauded artists to sing grand opera.

When the building was opened to a large and vividly curious audience on December 3, and "I Puritani" was sung for the first time in New York since 1883, when Colonel Mapleson's company presented it at the old Academy of Music, Mr. Hammerstein said:

"There are the sensations of pride and of fear which are unknown to me. I have no assistance, financially or morally, from anybody. I have no board of directors—nobody to tell me what I should do or what I should not. Many people endow hospitals and libraries, but I have yet to hear of one who has endowed opera.

"I wish I could have carried out my idea of opera for the masses, but in my search for artists I found it was impossible. We are so far advanced in New York in music that to give anything less than what we have seen and heard would be disastrous. So I concluded to surround myself with the best and greatest. Of the result this audience is the judge."

In other words Mr. Hammerstein is attempting to meet the Metropolitan Opera House on its own ground, not present popular opera at popular prices. The price of his orchestra seats is five dollars. His equipment is a company of excellent, if unequal, merit, and a comfortable and cheerful, if somewhat garish, auditorium, capable of seating somewhat over three thousand persons. It is wide and shallow, more like a modern theatre in shape than the old narrow horseshoe of the Metropolitan, with an orchestra floor, a dress circle with a row of open boxes in front of it and two balconies above that. On either side of the proscenium arch are five more tiers of boxes similar to the proscenium boxes in a theatre.

The Rivals in the Field

THE austerity and exclusiveness of the closed boxes of the Metropolitan are lost and comfort and convenience are gained. The stage can be seen from any seat in the house as well as it can be in the ordinary theatre. From the side seats of the upper balconies of the Metropolitan it is practically, and often literally, except from the front row, impossible to see anything unless one stands up. To interpret his operas, which, for the present season at least, are to be confined to those of the French and Italian schools, Mr. Hammerstein has brought over singers who already have considerable European reputation, and two of whom, Mr. Arimondi, basso, and Mr. Ancona, barytone, were heard here some years ago in Mr. Grau's companies. The star, the *pièce de résistance*, the heavy gun, the one best bet, or what you will, which Mr. Hammerstein required to meet the tremendous vogue of Caruso, is Alessandro Bonci. Mr. Bonci has won a great reputation on the Continent, and he deserves it. If he is not another Caruso—and the impressions gathered from his first appearances would seem to indicate that his voice lacks the power and the supreme spontaneity of his gifted countryman—it is, nevertheless, an uncommon voice, delightfully sweet and used with the grace of an artist. Mr. Bonci is very short and sufficiently well nourished, but he has an engaging smile and a certain vivacity and spiritedness, both of manner and of attacking musical notes, which help a great deal. He may not be quite the bird that Caruso is, but he is, nevertheless, a bird. Were it not for the wonderful little man of the Metropolitan it is safe to say that Mr. Bonci's laurels could not be plucked away. What sort of social gap the new opera house will fill—perhaps it would be more accurate to say, what sort of society will eventually fill this gaping opera house—it is not yet possible to say. The place is too big and too new to have found itself. It did not and, of course, will not jolt in any way the complacent social position of the Metropolitan, nor will it be able to gild itself with any appreciable amount of the particular variety of social prestige enshrined in that mausoleum. On the opening night there were, it is said, 628 carriages in line in front of the new opera house. Thirty-fourth Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, a region rather out of the present vortex of theatrical life, was electrified. Crowds lined the opposite sidewalk; people hung from dozens of boarding-house windows. In the audience there were a dozen or so of the people who get their names in the society columns of the newspapers. Some hundreds of others were near-Italians, who occupied the gallery, stood six deep behind the orchestra seats, yelled and pounded and made such a general uproar that it was often difficult to know what was going on on the stage. In an opera house devoted to popular opera there might be excuse for such things; there is no excuse for compelling a man to pay five dollars for his seat and then allowing a mob of semi-barbarous Indians to stand behind his chair and drown out the finish of every high note the tenor takes. Mr. Hammerstein will have to curb these persons. The rest of the audience was made up of as conglomerate a crowd of good, bad, nice, cheap, rich, vulgar, musicianly, urban, suburban, and Harlemite people as only New York can occasionally gather to behold some such experiment as this. They were pleased, and they all applauded the courage of Mr. Hammerstein and hoped that he would win out.

THE AUTHOR

AND HOW SHE DISCOVERED HERSELF WITHOUT BEING FOUND OUT

By WILMOT PRICE



He turned over its pages with the familiar and fastidious touch of a critical amateur

RALPH DRAYTON watched with lazy satisfaction the motions of his hostess's competent hands as they strayed among afternoon teacups and the other paraphernalia of a *tête-à-tête* refreshment upon which the young man found himself growing daily more dependent, both in body and spirit.

"It is not very flattering of you to keep trying to goad me into matrimony, particularly when it is on your account that I remain single," he observed, trying to look sentimental with his mouth full of bread and butter.

"Oh, pray don't refrain from marrying on *my* account," Maida Tresham replied with some spirit. "I merely thought I should like to see you as happy as—" she paused on the threshold of the "I," and humorously substituted "as my husband is."

"Ah, no one could be so happy as your husband!" he declared.

"How obvious! Yes, they could, your wife might be even happier," she maintained with a seriousness which he interpreted as a phase of her coquetry. "You see," she continued, "you are self-deceived, like most of your sex. You think you do not fall in love because you are not romantic. Now I maintain that you do not fall in love because you *are* romantic. That sounds like Chesterton, but time will justify my paradox. Some day I will arrange things for you—the time, the place, and the loved one all together—you'll see."

"But you must have some deeper motive than pure unselfishness," he insisted.

"Perhaps there is some pure selfishness mixed with it," she rejoined enigmatically. "Possibly it disturbs me to see you so much, and you know how little I like to be inwardly disquieted." He could not interpret her affectionate smile, devoid of flirtatiousness, so he took refuge in his previous remark. "I should think that a woman would be rather flattered by having a man remain single on her account," he maintained.

Mrs. Tresham flushed. "Don't insult me with pretty speeches," she commanded. "I care a great deal too much about you to wish to hear such banalities. It is because I really am fond of you, Ralph, that I want you to find happiness in legitimate channels."

"You give me all that I want," the young man murmured. "Why should I look for anything different?"

"Because you're just in the state to fall in love, and you don't know it," Mrs. Tresham said with an insight almost maternal. "Which being the case you see you *must* look—elsewhere."

"Ah, you are too clever!" he sighed.

"No, I am not clever, but I sometimes think I am very good," she said in a tremulous voice.

The door opened and a middle-aged man came in. He had a kind and absent-minded expression, and his shoulders were prematurely rounded. "Well, Maida?" he remarked vaguely, with the affectionate cadence of a doting husband. Mrs. Tresham smiled at him in quiet welcome.

"I am glad you are at home in time for tea, Charles," she said with a certain impersonal sweetness, and with perfect genuineness of manner. Then she continued frankly, "I was just telling Ralph that I am more good than clever. Won't you uphold me in that statement? You ought to know."

Mr. Tresham shook his head in doubt, but smiled in certainty. "I know, but I'll never tell!" he declared.

A YEAR passed by and left Ralph Drayton as it had found him. His friendship with Mrs. Tresham had gone through an indefinable change. He continued to see her often, but in a less intimate and personal way. She went out in society considerably, besides entertaining in her own house with pleasant informality. Her husband, although a scientist more interested in microbes than in human souls, was yet sufficiently devoted to his wife to accompany her willingly into the world where she shone so brilliantly, casting about her a radiance in which he was proud to bask. She in her turn admired him for his erudition, and was fond of him for being so much fonder of her.

Ralph Drayton had always sauntered through the rosebud garden of girls, admiring here a blossom and there a bud, stooping to inhale their sweetness and enjoy their freshness, but never feeling an uncontrollable impulse to pluck a flower from the parent stem.

One evening he sat in his cozy library, "looking like the design for a book plate," as Maida Tresham had once told him when she had found him reveling in his literary possessions. He had brought home with him a small volume concerning which there had been many and varied opinions expressed by the press and by society. It was called "The Book of Revelations," its author was anonymous, and it was published by a prominent New York house. Ralph Drayton turned over its pages with the familiar and fastidious touch of a critical amateur. After nibbling here and there to enjoy a taste of the book's flavor, he turned back to the first page and began to read attentively, consecutively, and with complete absorption. An hour passed, two hours, three, and midnight struck before the young man laid down the book with a mixture of excitement and sadness in his eyes. He had seldom read a book which seemed to speak to him with so personal a note, nor did he often feel so keen a sympathy, amounting almost to a sense of some psychic bond, with the writer. The little book was easier to define by negatives than positives. It was not an autobiography, not a volume of essays, not fiction, yet sometimes far more suggestive than fact. It was a book of revelations, but also a book of reserves and reticences, of subtle thought, keen observation, shrewd humor, and poignant pathos. Although intensely personal, there was no sense of the human soul indecently laid bare. The style was that of a trained writer as well as an enthusiastic absorber of good books. The sex of the author alone seemed evident to Drayton, and he acknowledged with grudging envy that no mere man could possess so acrobatic a mind as was shown by the writer who had inspired his own understanding to turn sympathetic somersaults. His imagination was kindled, and while his heart was warmed by the fire of romance he impulsively picked up pen and paper and rapidly wrote as follows:

"*To the Author of 'The Book of Revelations':*

"DEAR MADAM—If I had written a book that could give even to an obscure and unknown reader such a rare quality of pleasure as I have just experienced in reading your remarkable little volume, I could not think it impertinent in such an admirer to wish to tell me of his appreciation. I never before realized what my own opinions on many subjects were, but I have just seen them formulated with a comprehension and charm which I selfishly find myself wishing were for me alone. Others will share my enthusiasm, but to me there is a strange sense of understanding and sympathy with the unknown author which is stimulating and even exciting. I suppose I shall never know who you are—somehow I feel that the writer of these revelations has taken more than the usual precautions to preserve her anonymity. Indeed, I am not sure that I should wish to know your name and your way of life—but I am going to take a curious satisfaction in the thought that there is somewhere a wonderful You who can so marvelously express what a commonplace I have clumsily felt. Don't think me a fresh young fool who fancies that he is adding a single leaf to your laurels by his praise. I am a staid and middle-aged lawyer who has seldom acted so impulsively as in sending you these words of genuine and permanent gratitude. Please believe me to be, with respect and admiration, yours sincerely, RALPH DRAYTON."

He dated the letter, added his street and number, then addressed the envelope to the author of "The Book of Revelations," care of the publishers, and leaned back flushed with the unwonted excitement of having had an impulse and acted upon it.

"If I don't mail my letter now, I'll destroy it in the morning," he assured himself. "Perhaps she is an ugly old woman with false teeth, and a dolman trimmed with bugles. Never mind. I adore any one so like myself as she must be."

HE waited three days for an answer, assuring himself that he did not expect to hear, yet finding himself strangely angry with the quality of his daily mail. He read the book over again by the garish light of morning and reechoed its sentiments and his own. Four days after his nocturnal visit to the post-box he received a typewritten letter which at first he cursed as a bill and then blessed as being a communication from his anonymous twin-soul. The note ran as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. DRAYTON—Of course your letter pleased me, and I know a great deal more about you than you fancy. If you want to give me some amusement, and yourself too, promise me solemnly that you will make no effort to discover my identity, now or ever, and that if you ever *should* find me out you will not let any one know—least of all myself. You are right in thinking that I have hedged myself inside an impenetrable forest. Not a human being knows or will ever know that I wrote 'The Book of Revelations' (of course, except the publishers, but publishers are not human beings). If you write and promise what I ask, you'll hear from me again, and I'll tell you a great many interesting things, and all of them true—but if you would rather try to work things out for yourself—why, farewell—or fare ill, for I don't much care what becomes of you, as you'll never find me in my forest. Yours truly,

"—— ——."

Ralph Drayton snatched up his pen, and instantly dashed off the following reply:

"I solemnly promise never to try to find out anything about you, nor to tell you or any one else if I should ever guess your identity. I can easily believe that the author of 'The Revelations' does not wish to stand revealed, and I respect your desire for secrecy. But write to me again—tell me more. You whet my curiosity, and I like the idea of penetrating into the mysterious forest and perhaps finding a sleeping beauty. Excuse my levity, and believe me

"Yours sincerely,
"RALPH DRAYTON."

Again an answer came, promptly enough to prove the writer was in New York:

"MY DEAR MR. DRAYTON—I am not a beauty, and I am very wide awake—for both of which reasons I am difficult to find. I will reward your promises with candor. I expect to see you (though perhaps you'll not see me) at the Stuyvesants' ball next week, and I know that we are to meet at Mrs. Tresham's dinner on the 23d. Now that is throwing light with a vengeance—but remember you are to ask no leading questions of me or any one else. It will be an interesting game to hide my identity when I have practically told you that I am one of four or five! Of course you know I am playing fair. I am *not* a man putting up a game on you, but a woman rather young, and—well, I fancy I have told you enough.

"Yours sincerely,
"—— ——."



"I am not clever, but I sometimes think I am very good"

RALPH DRAYTON enjoyed the sensation of being woven into the meshes of a mystery. He determined to fulfil his promise to the letter, but, being human, he went to call on Maida Tresham, whose invitation to dine three weeks later he had accepted shortly before.

"Sit down, and all shall be forgiven and forgotten," she cried, cozily patting the sofa beside her. "I've got lots to talk to you about."

Drayton stretched out his long legs with a sigh of comfort and smiled down upon his hostess with something of his old sense of satisfaction in her near presence—a satisfaction which at one time threatened to grow dangerously absorbing and had lately kept him away from these confidential twilight talks.

"I'm going to have two most delightful and clever English girls visit me week after next," Maida rattled on, "and I want you to like them both and if possible marry one—preferably Con-

stance Arnold, who is my particular friend. Have you met them yet? They are making a round of visits here and are now at the Newhalls'. They came over just on a spree and have been 'doing' the West. I used to go to school with Constance ages ago in Paris when she was one of the young girls and I was one of the old ones. Grace Morton is an intimate friend of hers and perfectly charming. They're not a bit English in the usual sense, but are lively and cosmopolitan and bright and extremely good-looking. I am crazy to hear which you'll like best."

"I haven't met them and I shall very much enjoy doing so," Drayton replied with some constraint: "I suppose I shall meet them at your dinner on the 23d."

His mind jumped to the conclusion that his anonymous friend was one of the strangers visiting in New York. He tried to put a brake on his own disloyal self-questionings—but he could not fail to realize that a foreign bringing-up would explain a certain quality in the book. It seemed as though Mrs. Tresham read his mind, for she continued:

"Constance Arnold has quite an unusual literary gift, in my opinion. She is absurdly modest about her own performances and always signs an assumed name to her little verses and prose sketches that have come out from time to time in English periodicals."

Drayton moved nervously, but Maida was pouring tea and did not heed him. "Her style has a charm, a certain quality, something poetic and mystical—" she was continuing, but the young man interrupted her.

"Who are you going to ask to meet them at dinner?" he asked desperately.

Mrs. Tresham looked mildly surprised, but accepted his change of subject. "I am going to ask Alice Brent—she's sprightly and handsome—and Mrs. Livingston Grant, the lovely widow, who you know *some* people think wrote 'The Book of Revelations'—I don't think so myself—and Winifred Carston, just to give a literary flavor to the occasion. As to the men—" and Mrs. Tresham strung together a chain of names synonymous with social efficiency and intellectual mediocrity.

"By the way," she suddenly interrupted herself, facing him with keen and comprehending eyes, "have you any idea who did write 'The Revelations'? It was very strange. I couldn't get you out of my mind all the time I read it. The book was curiously full of your ideas."

He looked confused. "I assure you I didn't write it," he protested. "I wish I had—at least, I wish I could have."

Mrs. Tresham still watched him in a disconcerting way, and he began again: "You really must believe me, Maida—"

"Methinks the gentleman doth protest too much!" she said gaily as she handed him the tea. "Let's talk about something that interests you more—or less!"



Drayton whispered her brief history into the back of Miss Arnold's neck

RALPH DRAYTON went to the Stuyvesants' ball, and easily obtained an introduction to the English visitors. Constance Arnold was of the fair, flower-like type, exquisite in face and form, delicate in feature and physique, yet suggesting none of the frailness of ill-health which American slimness and whiteness too often betoken. When her gray, questioning eyes met Ralph's he felt again the sense of mystic intimacy which he had experienced when he had laid down "The Revelations."

Grace Morton was of an absolutely different type—dark, ruddy as a peach, with curly hair and what she herself called "curly features," a piquant nose, laughing eyes, and a responsive mouth that easily fell into humorous curves and lines. She suggested the good comrade and frank friend, and the emotions she awoke could be readily analyzed. Ralph Drayton stood between the girls for a few moments, watching the familiar throng through their unaccustomed eyes.

"Who is that beautiful woman?" Miss Arnold inquired *sotto voce*, signifying a tall, willowy creature clad in dazzling black jet which set off her equally dazzling white neck. "She has the eyes of a Cleopatra and the smile of a Madonna."

"She is a widow of about three years' standing. She is clever enough to pose as an enigma, but not quite natural enough to be one. Her husband was a very commonplace stock-broker who killed himself with overwork—the latest method of suicide in New York. Her name is Mrs. Livingston Grant."

Drayton whispered her brief history into the back of Miss Arnold's neck, for her face was turned toward the object of their discussion. As soon as her name was mentioned the girl leaned across the young man and touched Miss Morton with her fan. "Grace, it turns out that Cleopatra is the Mrs. Grant who, you know, some people say wrote 'The Revelations.' "

Drayton started. His responsive heart had assured him that his lovely neighbor was the woman he sought, but if so she was as good an actress as authoress.

"What did you think of the book?" she further demanded, turning her ingenuous gaze full upon the young man.

"Oh, I cared for it enormously," he answered readily, "and you?"

A shade of embarrassment clouded her face an instant. "Miss Morton and I don't quite agree about it," Miss Arnold replied evasively. "We both admire it, but in different ways. She insists that t was written by a man gifted with feminine insight."

"Oh, yes, I think the author is a nice womanly man," Miss Morton agreed. Ralph Drayton turned his bewildered head from one dissembler to the other, and again his spirit bowed before Miss Arnold's exquisiteness. She glanced almost apprehensively at him, and the baffling smile of Mona Lisa illuminated the classic purity of her face, convincing him afresh that she was the unsuspected dweller in a forest planted by her own hands.

He spent much of his time vibrating between the two English girls, but when other partners became too persistent he deliberately sought out Mrs. Livingston Grant, not with any idea of breaking his promise to his unknown correspondent, but to gain further knowledge of the little group of women, one of whom he had felt to be his spiritual affinity. Mrs. Grant greeted him with her accustomed poise, turning upon him the narrow, sphinx-like look that seemed to demand the answer to her riddle.

"Who would dream of your being a bluestocking in disguise!" Drayton exclaimed, looking into the widow's beautiful eyes with evident admiration, as after half an hour he reluctantly resigned her to an eager partner.

"Oh, but there are so many kinds of bluestockings," she replied demurely as she rose to leave him. "Perhaps I am the kind made of silk, with nice openworked ankles."

"Ah, you are not my unknown star," Drayton thought as he gave her lingering hand the pressure it seemed vaguely to demand.

He had asked no leading questions. He acknowledged that she was clever enough to have written the merely clever parts of the book, but she was not sufficiently fine and sensitive to have written it all. He longed to go back to Miss Arnold. Her restful loveliness beckoned him like a cool oasis in the heat and glare of the ball-room, but he resisted, and in obedience to an inward compact went to search out Miss Winifred Carston, the fourth possible author of "The Revelations." She had a steely brightness, and when she was not uttering startling aphorisms she gave one the impression of holding back unspoken gems of brilliancy, conscious that they would prove more lucrative when set in the pages of her next book. "The Book of Revelations" was almost immediately touched upon.

"I have been told that I am the author," she confessed with a literary simper. "Have you heard any one say so, Mr. Drayton? I don't quite know whether to be flattered or not."

Ralph Drayton protested that he had heard no faintest rumor which connected her name with the authorship, but remarked that he considered it a book which any one might be proud to have written. She shook her poetically unneat hair coquettishly and said: "Oh, well, I am not denying anything. A really clever person ought to be able to recognize an unacknowledged child by its resemblance to its mother. Are you a really clever person, Mr. Drayton?"

"Only in eliminating impossibilities," he replied decidedly, striking her from the mental list, which had again limited itself to two possibilities, or, as his heart assured him, to one certainty.

Miss Alice Bent he already knew as a robust and ruddy creature, utterly devoid of fancy or romance. Still he conscientiously asked her for a dance, that he might leave no stone unturned—and indeed a stone she seemed when she presently disposed of "The Revelations" in the one all-embracing term "rot."

HAVING conversed with all the prospective guests at Maida Tresham's dinner, Drayton betook himself to his room, where he instantly dropped into his desk-chair and wrote a hasty note to his inamorata:

"I have talked with you this evening—so much is sure. I am making no guesses, and what I know I shall keep to myself. I shall surely see you again on the 23d, and I shall find it hard to be patient till then. Perhaps I may see you sooner. It is still to the *author* that I am writing, not to the woman—for it is the author whom I know best. Yours faithfully, R. D."

A brief line came in two days:

"I like you, Mr. Drayton, and I hope we may be friends. Do not forget your promise."

He went several times to visit the English girls who were still visiting the Newhalls. Constance Arnold continued to exert over him an almost hypnotic charm. He found himself looking at her in a sort of trance, till her faint flush of surprise awoke him and he would break into her conversation with some perfectly irrelevant remark. She suggested to him the incarnate spirit of Romance. "The Book of Revelations" was scarcely mentioned between them, though she once quoted something from its pages with a curious shy smile which made Drayton feel with a thumping heart-beat that he was on the right trail in the impenetrable forest. He and Miss Morton also speedily became good comrades. They took walks together, laughed, talked, and quarreled, but an inner sense told him that she was not the woman whose soul had seemed to fly from the dry pages of a book to meet his. When the English girls went to stay with Maida Tresham, Drayton's afternoon visits began again. At her long-expected dinner he sat between his hostess and Miss Morton, and Maida asked him with studied unconsciousness whether he was obeying the wishes she had once expressed to him in regard to her visitors.

"Oh, I like them immensely!" he exclaimed under cover of Miss Morton's divided absorption in a mushroom on toast and a young man with whom she was at the most interesting stage of a flirtation.

"My neighbor on the left is particularly lively and attractive," he remarked.

"Yes, of course, it is easy to see which you prefer," Maida assented demurely. "I wonder whether it has ever occurred to you that Miss Arnold may have written 'The Revelations'—that is, if you didn't write them yourself?" she queried suddenly.

"Never!" he loyally declared—"and—and please don't let us discuss that authorship." He laughed nervously. "The fact is, I have quite an absurd and unwarrantable sentiment toward the unknown writer, and I really can't talk about it."

Maida Tresham gave rather a hard little laugh. "My dear Ralph, have you begun to turn into a sentimentalist, as I prophesied you would some day?" she queried a little sarcastically. "Look at Charles. How much happier he is for preferring to dissect mushrooms instead of hearts," and she looked rather coldly at her husband, who was at that moment devoting himself to an entrée with the fervor he usually reserved for microbes. After dinner Ralph turned with the certainty of a compass toward the star who was fast extinguishing all other lights in his life. He sat beside his divinity and told her in impassioned tones how much he admired Miss Morton. The serene happiness which emanated like a perfume from Constance Arnold filled him with ecstasy, for it told him that as he felt toward her, so did she responsively regard him. He looked pityingly at the beautiful Cleopatric widow, at the writer of marketable short stories, and at the soulless young animal who had called "The Revelations" "rot." He should not tell Constance to-night that he loved her. She knew it already, and his epicurean heart enjoyed the blissful waiting for the inevitable moment. He glanced at Maida Tresham as she laughed and talked with her guests, and he thought pityingly of the Ralph Drayton who had once thought he was on the verge of falling in love with a married woman. That night when he got home he sat down at his desk once more:

"This is the last time I am going to write to the author of 'The Book of Revelations,' but it is to her that I wish to bid farewell, for it is she whom I loved first, she who taught me to love the woman. But do not tell the woman—I am coming to tell her myself, on the evening she knows of. I shall be true to my promise and never speak of 'The Revelations' as hers, unless she speaks of it first. But she does not need to tell me now, for I dare to ask the woman to wear a white rose on her breast, which will tell me all I want to know. I am coming through the forest to wake my sleeping beauty."

RALPH DRAYTON'S sense of humor was so completely exiled by the god of romance that he saw nothing incongruous in entrusting the foregoing effusion to the tender care of a publisher, and he mailed it forthwith.

Constance Arnold had told him on the night of Mrs. Tresham's dinner that she had begged off from accompanying her friends to a theatre-party on Saturday evening, and that she would accordingly be at home

to see him. He waited for her in Mrs. Tresham's drawing-room, and the beating of his heart was a physical pain. A door closed softly, and Constance Arnold stood before him. She held out her hand with her usual friendly greeting, but all that he saw was a white rose tucked in the lace of her dress. All the traditions of good breeding fell from him. He took one stride forward and folded her in a gigantic, primitive hug, crushing the rose petals into a fragrant mass, and crying incoherently: "Constance! My beautiful white rose! Tell me quick that you love me, quick, quick!"

When the others got home from the theatre Drayton had gone. Constance had insisted upon being left to tell her friends alone. She waited for Mr. Tresham to go upstairs, then she said shyly: "Well, can't you see that something has happened? I'm engaged." Grace Morton fell upon her almost with the abruptness of Drayton himself.

"Oh, how perfectly splendid!" she exclaimed. "Only I'd like to have married him myself. He's as good-looking as an Englishman—and almost as stupid," she added under her breath.

Maida Tresham looked tired and her smile of congratulation was rather wan. "I'm awfully pleased, dear," she said sadly. "In fact, I consider that I made the match. You'll never know just how, but I assure you I am your *dea ex machina*—yours and Ralph's."

"Dear old Maida, you are clever enough to do anything," Constance cried, kissing her warmly.

"No, dear, I'm not very clever," she said, as she had once said to Drayton—"but"—with a reminiscent smile—"I sometimes think I'm pretty good."

When Maida Tresham reached her room she locked the door and sat down in front of her desk. Then she took a small pile of letters out of a drawer, laid her face down on them and cried. "He will never know how much I cared for him," she sobbed. She glanced at Ralph's letter to the author of 'Revelations,' and a gleam of triumph lit her unhappy face.

"He loved me first," she told herself exultantly. "Perhaps he'll never know that he has loved two different women; but it doesn't matter now. He will love only one henceforth."

She tore his letters across and tossed them into the fire. Her eyes fell on the thorny stem of a rose clipped from the flower she had fastened in Constance's dress that evening. "Oh, Ralph, Ralph, what a hackneyed device!" she murmured with a cynically affectionate smile, tossing the stem also in the fire as the last piece of incriminating evidence. "*Dea ex machina*," she murmured again. "Not clever, but good—*am* I good, or am I bad, bad, bad?" There was no one to answer her question, and she sat alone by the dying fire far into the night.

THE OTHER AMERICANS

By ARTHUR RUHL

This is the fourth of a series of articles dealing with the human side of our South American neighbors. The last article described life on the droll west-coast steamers running southward from Panama. The next will treat of Lima, the capital of Peru

ONE day after a fortnight of coasting the ship sails round a bare brown island and into a hazy, tawny-bluish harbor, full of steamers and masts, with a warship at anchor here and there, pelicans swarming about as thick as blackbirds, and such a prodigious aspect of busyness afloat and ashore in comparison with the toy towns of the desert coast that the drowsy pilgrim feels he must almost brace up to meet the shock of the real world. This is Callao. It is the port of Lima, the capital—only nine miles up the valley by railroad or trolley—and the gateway into central Peru. More than a thousand vessels touch here each year, and through it passes about half of the country's trade. Earthquakes and fire have attacked it, the Spaniards bombarded it in '66, fourteen years later the Chileans left a little when they got through. But monuments to its heroes are taking the place of ruins of the war, thirty thousand people do business in this—as it were—"downtown" of ancient Lima, and there is an English club, from the balcony of which commercial exiles reading the home papers and drinking the home drinks gaze out to sea and muse sentimentally on the lights and songs of London or New York, or—according to their temperament—demonstrate to you in what a lot of places millions still are waiting for the plucking here in Peru.

The Pan-American Railroad Dream

THE strip of Peru on which Callao and the little coast towns lie is fifteen hundred miles long, and extends anywhere from twenty to eighty miles into the foothills. Here are plantations of coffee and sugar and cotton, and miles and miles of fertile land only waiting, as our lands in the West waited, for irrigation to wake them up. Beyond, for three hundred miles or so, is the mountain region with its mines and grazing lands, and then the rubber country of the eastern *montañas* sloping down to the Amazon. Altogether there is a territory about three times as large as France, and to traverse its tangled valleys only fourteen hundred miles of railroad. As a result the rubber, for instance, of the eastern slope is carried to Iquitos and thence by steamers down the Amazon clear across the continent to the Atlantic; except by mule-back or canoe there is little direct communication between the interior districts, and if, as Mr. Pepper has interestingly pointed out in one of his discussions of the Pan-American railroad, a government official should be transferred from Lima to the Department of Loreto in northeastern Peru, only about thirteen hundred miles away, he would prefer to journey by steamer from Callao to Panama, from there to New York, thence to Para at the mouth of the Amazon, and from Para by steamer up the Amazon three thousand miles to Iquitos—all in all a journey of nearly nine thousand miles. Such grotesque eccentricities of travel suggest what it would mean to have the short arms of railway which reach into the interior at right angles to the coast connected by an up-and-down system, and it is in the performance of that function that the so-called Pan-American railroad is really practicable. We shall not, as the lyricists of the Congress of 1890 prophesied, "be able within ten years to buy a through ticket from New York to Buenos Ayres," nor ship freight from the States through Central America to the other continent, but such isolated little towns as these on the Peruvian coast will be looped together one of these days, and within reasonable limits passengers and freight will be carried north and south where now there is nothing but the mule road and the llama train. The railroad runs now from Buenos Ayres fifteen hundred miles to the southern border of Bolivia, and on the Fourth of July last at Oruro American engineers turned over the first spadeful of earth for a new system which will run from Lake Titicaca—that is to say the southern boundary of Peru—clear down to Buenos Ayres.



Looking down from the Oroya Railroad on the walled-in "multitudinous fields, the valley floor like a gigantic waffle-iron"

Of all the railroads of this part of the world that from Lima up to Oroya is the most extraordinary. It is still, after pictures of its bridges have served as a stock geography illustration for a generation, probably the most impressive piece of railroad engineering in the world. Built in the days when Peru was rich and reckless, it stands a monument of that time and of that gifted Yankee soldier of fortune, Henry Meiggs.

The Work of a Soldier of Fortune

MEIGGS was born in New York State and after making and losing several fortunes in the East he took a shipload of lumber round the Horn to San Francisco during the gold days and sold it for twenty times its cost. He built sawmills and made a great deal of money, got into difficulties again and finally fled with his family on one of his own schooners, leaving behind him a million dollars' worth of debts. He went to Chile, built bridges and railroads for the Government, and again became a millionaire. Then he went to Peru and started to build railroads there. Meiggs was not an engineer, but he could get engineers to believe in him and work for him, and he had energy and ideas and the courage of his imagination. After floating $29,000,000 in bonds he started the Oroya road in 1869. He did not live to finish it, but he completed the hardest part. He carried it up the eyebrows of the Andes from the seacoast to the icy galleries of the upper Cordillera, and he paid all his debts. The Legislature of California removed him from the danger of penalties for his misconduct, and he died in Lima in 1877.

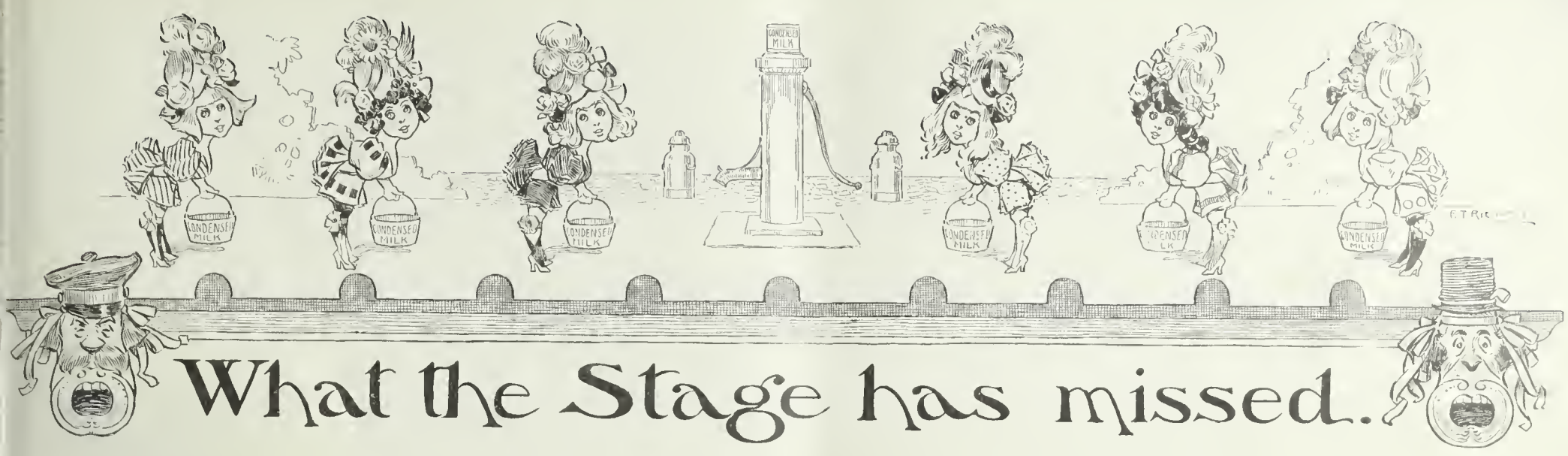
The Oroya road is not only the highest in the world, but there is no other which lifts its breathless passengers to any such altitude in such an appallingly short space of time. The narrow gage over Marshall's Pass in Colorado, for example, climbs to the twelve thousand foot level, but to get there from sea level one crosses the continent and creeps up the long ascent from the Mississippi to the Great Divide. To climb as the Oroya climbs, a Hudson River train leaving New York would have to ascend, half an hour before it reached Albany, a distance one thousand feet greater than that from sea level to the summit of Pikes Peak.



At the summit of the Oroya Railroad in Peru, the highest in the world; 15,665 feet above sea level

It was at seven o'clock of one of those tawny-hazy mornings which come so often in Lima that we started up the Rimac Valley for the roof of the world. It was the second week in June, winter in Lima, yet the air was tepid and drowsy warm, a little like our Indian summer at home. For an hour or so we wound through a wide irrigated valley, fat and prosperous-looking, with plantations of sugar-cane

(*Continued on page 24*)



What the Stage has missed..

AN OPERA BLUFF *By* WALLACE IRWIN



"Monsieur, my name is Boni"

CAST OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS

BONI DE CASTELLANE . . . . . *A Discounted Count*
UNCLE TOM LIPTON . . . . . *An Old Tea Dog*
MAXIM GORKY . . . . . *An Apostle of Discontent*
THE SHAWS { LESLIE M. / G. BERNARD } . . . . . *Old College Chumps*
RAISULI OF MOROCCO . . . . . *A Student of American Finance*
Milkmaids, Mermaids, Heiresses, Janitors, Czars, Policemen, etc.



"We are the two famous Shaws"

Curtain rising discovers chorus of condensed milk maids dancing on the village green-backs. At centre stage stand UNCLE TOM LIPTON *and* BONI DE CASTELLANE *supported by the village pump.*

LIP. Blow me eyes, avast there!
Hard a-port and cast there!
Furl me jib
And tie me bib
And nail the compass fast there!

BONI. Ah, Monsieur, no doubt ye be
A sailor by profession?

LIP. Ay. But in your face I see
A look of deep depression.

BONI. I a sailor used to be—
Monsieur, my name is Boni.
Once I also sailed the sea,
Sea of Matrimony.
Now and then there came a squall—
Wasn't all smooth sailing.
Now and then the rain would fall,
Then 'twould start to hailing.
Being fond of heavy swells,
When I heard the thunder
Then I kissed the seven belles,
Ducked and stood from under.
In the golden flood I dipped,
Vying with the peerage.
Now, alas! my dream has skipped—
I must travel steerage.

Song—"When You Come Too High."

BONI AND CHO.

Love flies away on broken wing,
Leaving a void of pain;
Hope flies away, the horrid thing,
But ah! our bills remain.
Cupid, when tired of your employ,
Remarks: "I'm going to quit,"
And then there comes the grocer's boy
To tell you: "Please remit!"

CHO. Marriage for a title
May catch the rich girl's eye;
But the truth will come and the time will come
When you come too high.

Enter THE SHAWS. *They hang their hats on the scenery and advance jauntily to the footlights.*

THE SHAWS (*in unison*). We are the two famous Shaws, O. Shaw and B. Shaw. We have nothing in common—we have a great deal uncommon—in fact we look so unalike that we pass ourselves off as twins. B. Shaw, until recently, wrote plays for English Puritans, and O. Shaw, until recently, wrote checks for the U. S. Government. O. Shaw is the Apostle of the Meek, and B. Shaw is the Apostle of the Cheek.

BONI. Render something mad celebrating the agonies of the lower classes. I am an anarchist (*weeps*).

B. SHAW. You think you are, but you ain't. You are suffering from a case of Count and Supercount. I will sing my latest, "Blowing Beans at History":

There was a bald old geezer
And his name was Julius Cæsar,
And I made him very foolish in a play.
There was another smarty
Called Napoleon Bonaparty,
And I made him quite facetious in a play.
I've shown up Milton's snivel
And Shakespeare's empty drivel—
What sappy things those fellows used to say!
And I only did my duty
When I tackled Truth and Beauty
And made 'em both look foolish in a play.
Oh, it's rap-rap-rap and it's tap-tap-tap!
I'm agin the government, religion, and the law.
It makes me fairly chortle
When I think the One Immortal
Must modestly withhold from you
his name—

ALL.....B. Shaw!

SHAW (*bows to left and right*):

Though people always bore me,
Yet they ardently adore me
Because I make 'em foolish in a play.
I tell 'em they are shell-fish,
Soft-minded, vain, and selfish—
All this goes very nicely in a play.
I find when I disparage
Domestic faith and marriage
It makes the Idiologic Drammar pay.
Just say that love is slush, sir,
And happiness all mush, sir,
And start the people coming to your play.
For it's pooh-pooh-pooh and it's boo-boo-boo!
I'm agin the government, the clergy, and the law.
It makes me fairly chortle
To think the One Immortal
Must modestly withhold from you his name—

ALL.....B. Shaw!

Enter brass band playing "Hail to the Chief." At the head of the procession marches RAISULI, *the bandit, disguised as a U. S. Senator.*

RAIS. Who used to rob the wanderer with neatness and agility?

ALL. Raisuli, Raisuli, Raisuli-ooli-oo!

RAIS. Who quickly rose from piracy to great respectability?

ALL. Raisuli, Raisuli, Raisuli-ooli-oo!

RAIS. As John D. Rockefeller said with logic analytical,



"Raisuli is a big, big gun!"

"In reading Lives of Great Men people shouldn't be too critical,
So now in deeds of *brig*-andage I'll do the thing political."

ALL. Raisuli-oh,
Raisuli-oh,
Raisuli-ooli-oo!

CHO. For Chief Raisuli is a big, big gun;
We'll vote for him, if he's going to run.
A great career it has just begun
For Senator Raisuli.

RAIS. Who ought to run the Coal Trust by his talents predatorial?

ALL. Raisuli, Raisuli, Raisuli-ooli-oo!

RAIS. Who ought to boss the Beef Trust in a manner quite Armorial?

ALL. Raisuli, Raisuli, Raisuli-ooli-oo!

RAIS. As captain of your industries
I'll make a hit emphatical,
And when I've rolled my millions up by methods enigmatical
I'll then endow a college for the Higher Arts Piratical.

ALL. Raisuli-oh,
Raisuli-oh,
Raisuli-ooli-oo!

CHO. For Chief Raisuli is a big, big gun, etc.

[*Knocking without.*

Enter MAXIM GORKY.

B. SHAW. Here's Gorky, who plays fast and loose,
Inviting tales of slander.
And yet he's no Improper Goose—
He is a Propaganda.

GORKY (*toying with a lyddite bomb*). How do you like this turnip? We grow these in the Garden of Discontent.

O. SHAW. What of Russia?

GORKY. Russia is like heaven. There are no marriages there. Did you read how I roasted New York?

RAIS. Did you read how New York roasted you?

GORKY. The New Yorkers are like ducks. They are always bathing in water and quacking with loud voices. These things denote barbarism. America to me was a bitter cup.

LIP. To me it was no cup at all.

BONI (*suddenly seizing* GORKY'S *bomb*). Gentlemen, a desperate expedient is indispensable. In debts I am already a multi-millionaire. Unless I get married—

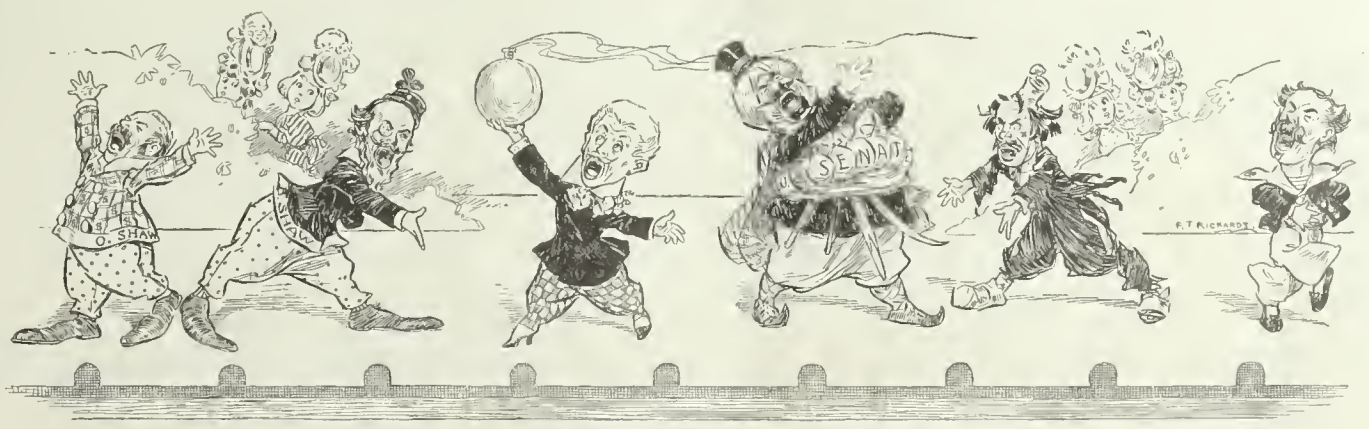
B. SHAW. Marriage is a mistake.

GORKY. It is unnecessary.

BONI. Stay! I drop this bomb in the middle of society.

[*He drops bomb, which, instead of exploding, bursts and floods the stage with vodka. The ladies of the chorus strike and go home.*

CURTAIN.



"Stay! I drop this bomb in the middle of society"

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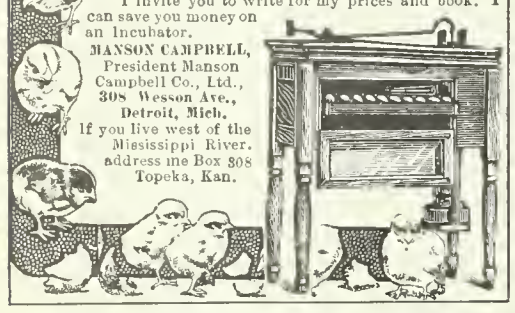
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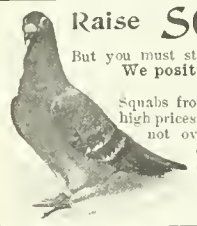
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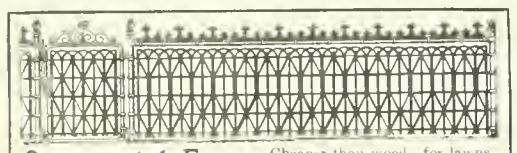
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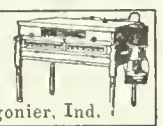
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THE OTHER AMERICANS

(*Continued from page 22*)

and cotton fenced in by mud walls, the roofs of a *hacienda* showing now and then over the green. Beyond that the bare brown mountains—high enough it seemed, yet really no more than foot-hills—shut in and shouldered upward, tier on tier behind each other, yellow and terra cotta and tawny brown, occasionally flashing through a slit in their flanks the snow shoulders of peaks miles and miles away to which we were to climb. Steadily the train—not unlike the old New York "L" trains—creaked and panted upward; downward, the busy Rimac rattled merrily.

The broad valley narrowed, the naked rocks closed in, the muggy blanket that lies on Lima and the coast thinned and cleared. In the rarer air the nervous panting of the little locomotive echoed between the terra-cotta walls. Thirty-three miles from Callao—Choisica—twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea; ten miles onward and upward, another station, four thousand six hundred now; two miles more, five thousand now, San Bartolomeo and the first "switchback." The switchback is the characteristic device of the road that Meiggs built. When he reached a tight place, instead of climbing up an abnormally heavy grade by the aid of a cogwheel, or tunneling and wriggling round circuitously, he simply zigzagged up the face of the mountain in the same way that a man makes a trail. When there is no room to turn, the track runs as far as it can go, then backs out on a "V" and climbs upward until a suitable place is reached to reverse on another "V" and go forward again. The time that is lost in stopping and switching is, of course, very great, but the time and money that were saved in constructing the track were also great, and the way a train of heavy cars fairly walks right up the face of a precipice with the help of these "V's" is startling to see. Seven such switchbacks lift the train over difficult levels, eight spider-web bridges are thrown across the cañon, and there are more than thirty tunnels.

Twenty Minutes for Refreshments in the Heart of the Andes

Five thousand feet—six—seven thousand five hundred—over the Wart Water bridge, through Cuesta Blanca, Surco, Challapa, at last the little town of Matucana, and half an hour for *almuerzo*, in the clear noon sunshine seventy-seven hundred feet above the sea. It was fête day in Matucana, and in front of the yellow mud church in the tiny plaza a band was playing and a young man was enthusiastically setting off sky-rockets and Roman candles in the sunshine. The band was composed of one man and four small boys who had to expend so much thought and energy in supporting the weight of their horns that nothing was left for keeping the time, and the sun showed so dazzlingly in the crystalline air that the fireworks became only foolish fizzes and an all but invisible squirt of smoke. But the young man who was shooting them off knew that the congregation of the little mud church had bought them with their good money, and that the kind saint in whose honor they were being exploded could see the sparks and colored balls, even though they were invisible to mortal eyes, and so he lit them, one after another, industriously and with complete self-forgetfulness, even to holding the little sky-rockets in his hand and allowing the sparks to shower over the bare skin until they gathered courage timorously to sail up a few feet and then dive over into the plaza. And the little band tooted bravely on until the last centavo's worth of powder had fizzed away, and then, with all the small boys of the village escorting it, it tramped down to a house with a flag where the Mayor lived, and we left them there, still wrestling with the tune as the train panted away.

The station made one side of the plaza, the little church was on the other, and there were houses on the other sides. It was like a city plaza and a cathedral that hadn't grown up. In every one of these mountain towns you will find just such a little mud church, with its old-world Spanish façade and its campanile with two or three funny old bells. They seem very real and genuine somehow, as though simple folks had built them with their own hands—as, indeed, they have—and it is a curious feeling to think of the vitality of the idea that their little toy altars and picture-card saints stand for, and to be carried back in a sniff, by their faint smell of incense, to the dim aisles of Cologne and Antwerp and Rome.

On one side of the toy plaza between the station and the church was a house with a balcony overhanging the street, upon which, a moment after the train pulled in, appeared two pretty ladies and a very superior silk parasol. They leaned on the balcony rail under the silk parasol, smiling and talking vivaciously, just as though there were always lots to see and lots of people passing, and that wasn't *the* parasol of Matucana, and as though they always stood there in just that politely interested way, whether or not the train came in. They seemed so specially lovely, buried away here in the upper mountains with nothing to look at but that sun-baked little plaza and the endless ascending rocks, that it seemed as though every man who passed beneath the balcony should have a hat with a long white plume on it to sweep from his head; and, urged on by this impulse and held back by one's northern notions of not bowing at pretty ladies until they bow first, it was extremely hard to know what to do. And one wasn't at all cheered afterward to be reminded that in Spanish-American countries it is the man who starts the bowing, and that undoubtedly the ladies under the parasol were hurt and offended, and confirmed in the belief that gringos had no manners.

The Very Superior Silk Parasol on the Balcony at Matucana

There was a sort of Christmas tree in the little church, and after mass was said and the fireworks exploded, all the little *niñas*, hushed but extremely excited, gathered round it and a pale young woman in black, with sad Spanish eyes, distributed presents such as little girls get in Matucana, I suppose, when they know their catechism and are very religious. When each one had a *dulce* or something tightly clasped, the sad young lady arranged them in line, two by two, and they marched across the plaza, solemnly, and under the balcony, while the pretty ladies looked down and smiled from under the only parasol in Matucana.

Eight thousand feet—nine—ten—over the Quebrada Negra, more spider-web bridges, more switchbacks, the tunnels of the Little Hell opening at either end of a bridge spanning a chasm two thousand feet deep. As the train wound and creaked along the forehead of the mountain one could look down on the roofs of villages miles below, ant-people and ant-donkey trains, and the multitudinous little fields fenced in with thick mud walls which made the valley floor a gigantic waffle-iron. These are tilled now, but above them, on a level with one's eyes, and up and up, seemingly to the very top of some of the mountains, were the old terraced fields of the Incas, grass-grown now with the turf of centuries. They look like innumerable sheep paths. By means of these pantry-shelf terraces, the patient aborigines used to carry fields right up to the summit in the warmer altitudes, and support such a population as the country has never come near nourishing since the conquerors came. Those were glad days of socialism and municipal ownership. All the land that was not set apart for the Emperor or the support of the temples and priesthood was divided up per capita among the people. It was still the property of the State, but when a man married—and there were no bachelors—he received enough land to support himself and his wife. Another piece was given him for every child. He was not allowed to sell or buy, and every year an inventory was taken and each man's possessions added to or decreased according to the size of his family. The old terraces are mostly in disuse now, but the fields and groves of the lower levels still use some of the old irrigation troughs. They were cut in the rocks by a people who knew neither cement nor iron pipe, but they follow the highlines as neatly as though plotted with a transit—sometimes, as the cars creep along a cañon wall half-way to the top, you can see one on the opposite side, carrying its silver ribbon for miles along the face of the yellow rock, like a rain-trough running across the blank wall of a skyscraper.

More spider-web bridges—more switchbacks—and ever the air growing clearer and thinner and more cold. At Cacray the train was eleven thousand feet above

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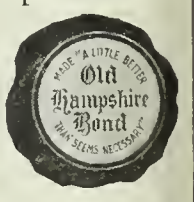
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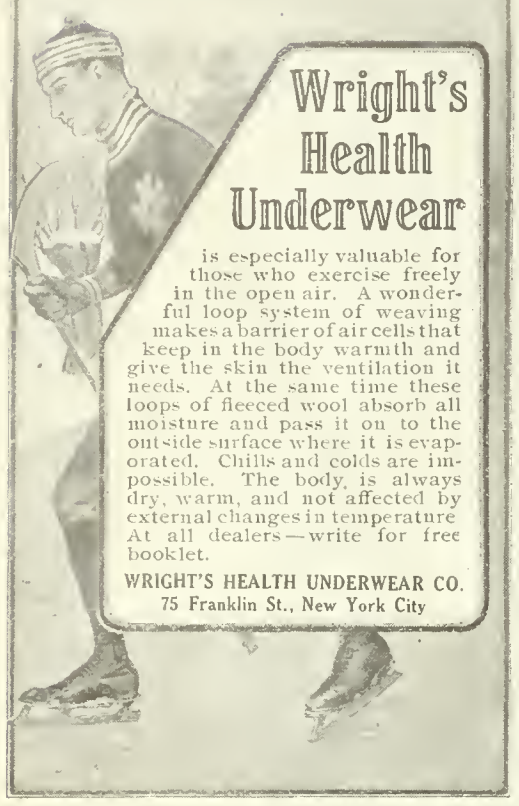
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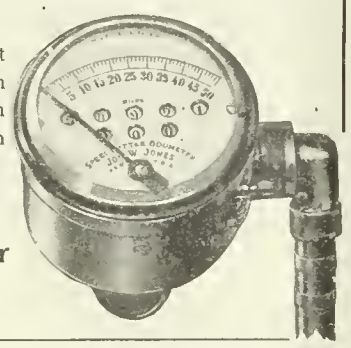
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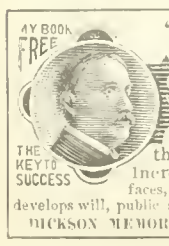
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THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 24)

Callao; at Chicla lower switchback 12,215, at Chicla upper switchback 12,697. The fields and gardens were gone now, the bleak table-land country appeared, and people whose hearts or nerves were bothersome began to have *siroche*. The region was not unlike parts of Montana and some of the country along the Yellowstone and Shoshone—heightened and exaggerated. Vesuvius could have been set on the floor of some of the valleys, and its summit would not have reached above their snow shoulders. Below crawled burros and llama trains carrying silver and copper ore. Alongside and above llamas grazed the bleak flanks after their frugal fashion. The llama is one of those gifted animals which can live on nothing, and by digesting it several times, like a camel, live on it for a long time. He has almost solved the problem of perpetual motion. He doesn't get thirsty when there is no water, and he supplies fuel where there is no wood. He will carry exactly one hundred pounds with complete indifference and docility, and if you put an ounce more on his shaggy back he will lie down, and until the ounce is taken off receive with equal indifference his driver's shouts and kicks. Yet it is by such primitive vehicles that most of the ore from these Andean mines is carried to the smelters. Until the railroad was extended by the American mining syndicate now working at Cerro de Pasco, it cost $40 a ton to carry ore from the mine to the railroad at Oroya. At Casapalca, thirteen thousand six hundred feet, was the big smelter of this neighborhood, and there in their mud-wall corral, beside what might have been a detached corner of a New England factory town, were these absurd sheep, lifting their ostrich-like necks and viewing the noisy industry with their look of timorous disdain.

Fourteen thousand—the chimneys of Casapalca's smelters were pins stuck in the carpet of the valley miles below—fifteen thousand—six hundred feet more, and the train climbed up and over, and rested on the top of the cold wind-swept Andean roof. All about were peaks and blankets of snow. From the station you could have thrown a stone to the height of Mont Blanc. It was only one hundred and thirty-six feet short of it.

But one had little desire to throw stones. One rose painstakingly and walked with care. Fifteen thousand feet is a good bit of a jump to take between breakfast time and luncheon. Some of our companions, muffled in ponchos, had been coiled up like seasick passengers in deck chairs ever since we passed the belt where oranges grew. The only difficulty I noticed was a slight giddiness when I first rose and started down the aisle. The man with me drank a cup of hot tea in the little tambo adjoining the station and forthwith went as pale as a sheet. On the other hand he slept like a babe that night while I watched out the long arctic hours as though I had drunk half a dozen cups of strong coffee.

On the Roof of the World

Behind the station Mount Meiggs climbs up another two thousand feet, whence—through air so crystalline that one might fancy one could walk to the summit in half an hour—it looks down on both sides of the divide. To the west is the long descent, to the east the chilly plateaus and snow valleys of the Andean treasure land. From the Galera tunnel, which carries the train through to the other slope, it is thirty-two miles—down-hill about three thousand five hundred feet—to Oroya, where the railroad used to stop, and from there it is eighty-seven more across the Junin pampa—where Bolivar whipped the Spaniards in '24—to Cerro de Pasco, where the American mining syndicate is preparing to get rich. They have spent at least ten millions already in merely getting ready, and the fact that they have threatened to build another Oroya Railroad of their own clear down to the coast suggests something of the notion they have of the quantity in which these riches are to come. Some of their men were on the train, down from the States on a three years' contract—to live and work up there, fourteen thousand feet in the air. It seemed like Montana again, on the eastern slope of the divide, except that instead of steers grazing on the range there were llamas, and it was characteristic of this diverting continent that as we slid down-hill through the gathering twilight I should find myself talking, not with an archeologist or a mountain climber or *chollo* in a homespun poncho, but with a Yankee drummer who narrated with heartfelt fervor the difficulties of getting the irresponsible Peruvians to pay for sewing-machines on the instalment plan.

The sun had dropped behind the sierras when we pulled into Oroya, and it was very cold. In the smoky glimmer of the station lamps husky white men with northern faces, in corduroys and sweaters, grinned a welcome. They led the way across the street to the gloomy stone barracks that did for a hotel. The air of its rooms, innocent of heat as most lodging places, even in the coldest Andes, are wont to be, pierced the very marrow of bones softened by the lotus airs of the coast.

But there was a cheerful dining-room with an ample dinner and a cheerful bar-room with every kind of bottle known to the Anglo-Saxon race ranged along its walls, and a little hot stove in front of which bronzed gentlemen of versatile experience took their turns at standing and telling tall tales of treasure, of the white Indians of the upper Orinoco, how we could, or couldn't, dig the Panama Canal. Outside the dusk deepened. The burro and llama trains, from who knows what buried valley of the cordillera, had shed their burdens, and their *chollo* and Indian drivers, muffled in neck-scarfs and ponchos, were herding them into corrals in the frosty twilight. Light began to glimmer from the low doors of the mud-houses; through one of them, where a handful of dusky heads showed in the glow of a lamp, squeaked a phonograph and presently a tenor voice singing "I Pagliacci" sobbed out into the night. It took one back to the capital, down that wonderful slope, from glacier to bleak plateau, plateau to sunny village, village to orange orchard, orchard to steamy plantation, the city and the sea; down, down, valley yawning at the foot of valley—a hundred miles and always down. The moon came up over the jagged heights that shut in Oroya. It shone so big and near and dazzling bright that one felt one could almost climb the rocks and touch it. The stars hung in the crystalline sky like arc lamps. It was, indeed, the roof of the world.



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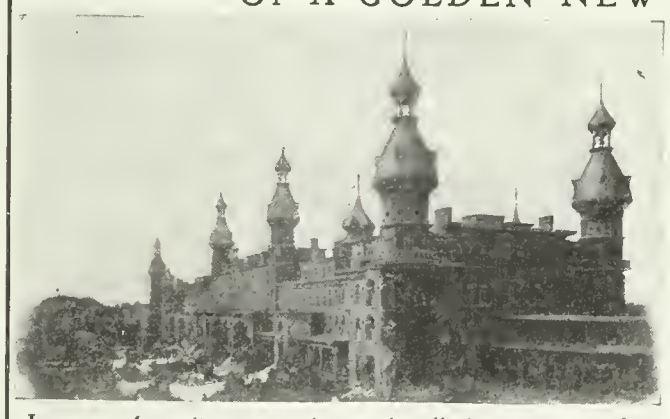
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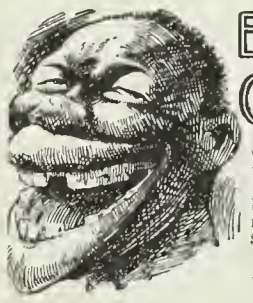
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The West's Constructive Congress

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

THE most benignant law spread upon our national statute book in recent years is the Reclamation act, which has arrested and utilized the wasting waters of our Western streams, spread them over unwashed lands, and made our deserts kind and hospitable. It has brought and is bringing to a group of Western States, comprising nearly half of our national domain, green gardens, prosperous people, happy homes, and thriving cities, where once even the sun-seeking rattler chose not to go.

The most important appeal from the American people now before their national Congress is that which asks for the improvement of the great natural waterways—the rivers which, when channeled, will bear the burden of the commerce of not less than fifty millions of people.

Both of these nation-building enterprises had their birth sixteen years ago, when a group of men, representing every State and Territory west of the Mississippi River, organized the Trans-Mississippi Congress, which has convened annually to discuss the ways and means of giving to the West the internal expansion it is capable of sustaining.

They elaborated the old New England idea of democracy and gathered into a great "town meeting" the representatives of the people who claim as their home seventy per cent of our mainland. And their purpose, which is no mean one, is to make that Congress represent seventy per cent of our national population rather than our national real estate.

The sixteenth session of the Trans-Mississippi Congress, held in Kansas City, from November 20 to 23 inclusive, will be memorable in the annals of history, not only because it stimulated its own advocacy of its second great task, that of improving our internal waterways, but it gave birth to a third great campaign for the expansion of industry, prosperity, and peace. It inaugurated a Pan-American Patriotism which, within a century's time, is destined to dominate the world.

The Battle of Opportunity

The States and Territories represented in the Trans-Mississippi Congress cover more than two-thirds of our national domain, while the population east and west of the Mississippi River is exactly in reverse. Because of this distribution of population the States east of the Mississippi River have, by constitutional right, a larger representation in the National Congress than those west of the Mississippi. Yet the Western States, with a smaller Congressional representation, offer both to the young American and the new American a greater opportunity than the eastern third affords. It is this fact that gave the Trans-Mississippi Congress being. Its battle is the battle of opportunity. This Congress of the West is demonstrating that its upward of two millions of square miles means prosperous peopie rather than millions of alluvial acres.

It is because the Trans-Mississippi Congress is pleading for an expansion of industrial and commercial opportunities for Americans in a broadly patriotic rather than a provincial sense, that Secretary Root chose its sessions, in preference to the New York Produce Exchange and other Eastern commercial bodies that invited him, to deliver his plea for the realization of the commercial marriage of North and South America, which was the great dream of James G. Blaine more than twenty years ago.

This Congress struck twelve when Secretary Root delivered his notable speech on our trade relations with South America. In a most logical manner he pictured our rise to commercial supremacy, and our transition from a debtor to a creditor nation. As a matter of pure commercial expediency he showed it to be our best opportunity to enter the South American field with our capital; to establish banks where ten per cent is as secure as four per cent in Manhattan. Banks are the advance agents of trade. Germany, England, and other foreign nations are planting their commercial fortifications on the lands that should be our own.

The Monroe Doctrine has been a political instrument rather than a commercial one, but as the strongest international bond operating in the world to-day it fosters a sentiment of generosity that would amount to not less than a preferential treaty of trade if we would but foster and develop it. But we have persistently ignored it. There is but one way for a merchant or tradesman to go to Rio or Buenos Ayres, and that is by crossing the Atlantic twice. During the last year, as Secretary Root pointed out, there sailed into the wonderful harbor of Rio over three thousand five hundred steamships bearing foreign flags, not one of which was American. But seven times in the twelve months did the Stars and Stripes unfurl in that sunny harbor, and each time it was borne by a cheap and inconsequential "windjammer," two of which were in distress.

To meet this first need in trade expansion to the South, the Secretary of State made an earnest plea for ship subsidy to our merchant marine. Thus, on the platform of Kansas City were the needs of the shipyards on the coast of Maine brought into a common issue with the banks of La Salle Street and the manufacturers and jobbers of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri valleys.

A Commercial Union Necessary

Kansas is the greatest wheat field in the world. Canada has lured many thousands of American farmers on to the bread-producing prairies of her new West, but down to the South, in the Sierra lands of Peru and Bolivia, are great plateau stretches of wheat country waiting patiently for people and for plows. Had we spent in developing these rich liberty-loving republics one-tenth of the money we have squandered on an Oriental archipelago, we should be fatter of purse and less embarrassed through the reproaches we receive from home and abroad for departing from the primary principles of democracy into the field of colonial conquest.

The time has come when the continents of the Western hemisphere must be brought into a commercial union. Their resources and their people complement each other. Latin Americans are but small producers of coal and iron, and their people are not endowed with our inventive genius. Their farms will be tilled with our implements, and their vast deposits of precious metals will be released by rails from our rolling mills. They in turn have vast forests of woods we can not duplicate, rubber, medicinal roots, gold and silver and other things we need. The South Americans are possessed of a sunnier temperament than we. They love literature, music, art, and the graces and charms of life as we love dollars. Secretary Root put it well when he said: "We accumulate where they spend." In a congress devoted solely to discussions of commercial affairs, it was gratifying to receive from a South American a spiritual value placed on trade. The true Latin-American spirit was interpreted to the Congress when Señor Enrique Cortes, Minister from Colombia, said:

"My view and my hope is that wealth will be vanquished in its struggle against spirituality, and that this country, which has been so rich in surprises to the world, will in the future, at no distant time, assume the heretofore unknown attitude of a nation becoming the upholder of the high principles of morality and the virtue of justice, love, and good-will, not only in a political and administrative way, but likewise in its international relations. By assuming that position I believe this great nation will attain a point of real greatness ent rely unknown in the history of the world, and that, indeed, it will carry the prosperity of the nation to a point unknown in the history of the great nations of ancient and modern times. The United States will never have cause to complain of the accumulation of too much justice and too much love as you feel now that you have too much wealth."

It would be worth all the cost of a dozen fleets of trade ships if we could through them import to the United States more of that lofty spirit of International Patriotism—the kind of patriotism the Trans-Mississippi Congress in its frank,



McClure's in 1907

The Life of Mary Baker Glover Eddy

The Richest Woman Who Has Earned the Money Herself—Has More Absolute Authority than the Pope Himself

Made Rich by Her Own Efforts

ONE of the most important, certainly the most interesting contribution to *McClure's* in 1907 will be the life of Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, head of the Christian Science Church. She is the richest woman in the United States who got her money by her own efforts; the most powerful American woman by all odds, easily the most famous; yet no one has before ever written the true story of her life. She is 85 years old, has been three times married; at 55 she was unknown and a dependent, and yet she has worked up a fortune which must be more than $3,000,000. She is the most nearly absolute church head in the world.

Only Clergyman in Church of 60,000

IN no Christian Science church is there any ceremony permitted, only readings from the Bible and from her writings. She is the only clergyman in the Christian Science Church, although there are 600 branches. The others are merely teachers and readers. At one time she was the owner of practically all the property of the church. She gave it back later. The visits of loyal Christian Scientists to the "Mother Room" in the old church, which is arranged for her use and which she has occupied only three times, are like visits to the Grotto of the Nativity for reverence and respect. When she permitted pilgrimages to Concord, thousands of Christian Scientists came for one glimpse of her and for a few words of benediction. When she ordered these pilgrimages to cease they obeyed her absolutely.

Five People Worked Two Years on It

THE whole story of her life is a romance. *McClure's Magazine* is going to tell the story for the first time. Never was a series of articles in any magazine more carefully prepared than this. Georgine Milmine, the author, has worked on it steadily for more than two years, gathering data, and five of the members of the *McClure* staff have helped to confirm and fill out her results. It is not an attack on Christian Science. It is the history of a remarkable woman and movement.

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—*Merchant of Venice.*

"Say, what abridgment
Have you for this evening?"—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*
"Whist will be the pastime—passing excellent."
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

"If your love do not persuade you to come
Let not my letter."—*Merchant of Venice.*

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The U. S. Playing Card Co., Station V, Cincinnati, Ohio



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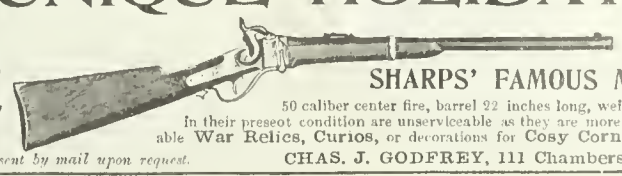
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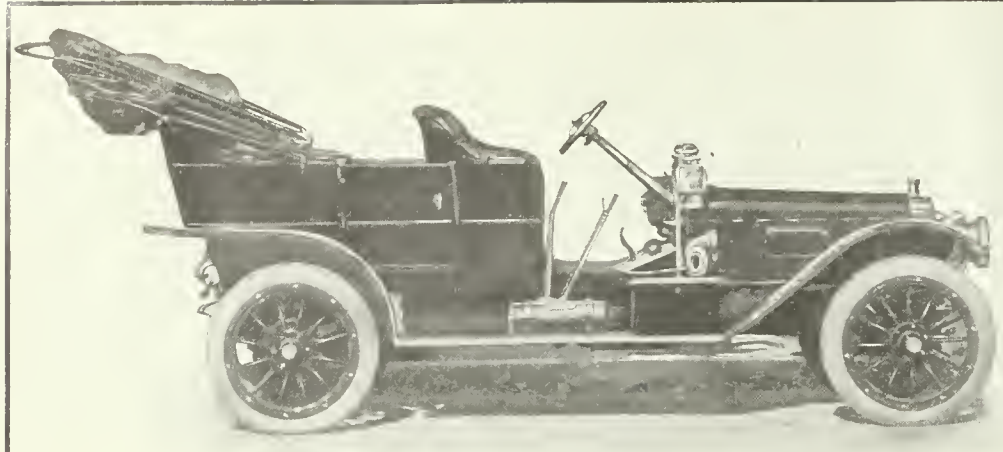
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50 caliber center fire, barrel 22 inches long, weight 7¾ pounds. These carbines in their present condition are unserviceable as they are more or less incomplete, but are desirable **War Relics, Curios,** or decorations for **Cosy Corners, Dens, Hallways, &c.**

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FORD 6-CYLINDER

Touring Car---1907 Model "K"

1907 Will be a 6-Cylinder Year. We made that assertion just a year ago—when the Ford six-cylinder model, now known as "the car that made the fame of sixes," was first announced.

The Basis of That Statement was the knowledge that in the six-cylinder motor with cranks set at 120 degrees was obtained the "mechanical ultimate" of automobile motor design. It was based, not on a hope—a "wish that was father to the thought"—but on the mechanical fact that in six-cylinders we obtain results that are impossible of realization in any other known form of gasolene engine—beyond six we gain nothing; in less than six we have imperfection.

That We Were Right in our prediction is proven by the fact that over half the makers of Europe have succumbed to the six-cylinder demand; at least ten American makers have followed the Ford lead in this direction, and those who are not doing so find it necessary to make excuses for not keeping up with the procession.

The Success of the House of Ford from the first was based on an abiding faith in the ability of the average man to get at the truth. Every move we have made has been sensational—because it was original—was ahead of the times. Wise-acres said we would find our public unready for us. They said it when Ford built "doubles" in the "one-lunger" days. It was repeated when we built a four-cylinder touring car at a reachable price (the others were all copying our "doubles" so we moved up a step)—then again when our four-cylinder $500 runabout was announced; and the changes are still being rung on that old fallacy in its application to "sixes."

The Supremacy of Sixes lies in the total absence of vibration—this type of motor is perfectly balanced both as to torque and mechanical parts. This perfect balance makes for noiselessness. Then the impulses overlapping each other as they do, make this the most flexible motor possible—it has excess power at slow as well as at high speeds. It is lighter than it is possible to make a four-cylinder car of the same power—very little dead fly-wheel weight, smaller cylinders and other parts. It combines the silence of the electric with the flexibility of a steam engine and the economy, simplicity and greater possibilities of the gas engine.

In High Class Cars—cars of more than 35 or 40 horse power—six-cylinders are here to stay. More trouble for the maker perhaps—that much less for the user. The buyer of a six-cylinder Ford has the comfortable feeling—the satisfaction—of knowing he has the best.

We Believe It is Impossible to produce a more luxurious, a more serviceable or a better car in every respect than the 1907 Ford Model "K" at any price. 40 horse power—at the wheels. Weighs 2600 pounds. 34" x 4" tires; wheel base 120" tread 56". Speed up to sixty miles with full load—down to a crawl on high gear—by throttle control alone. Chrome nickel steel used throughout—frame, shafts, gears, and other working parts. Cylinders, pistons, crank-shafts and other motor parts ground to micrometrical exactness. Seats five liberally—seven comfortably.

We Are the Largest makers of six-cylinder motor cars in the world—quantity production makes our prices possible— **$2800.00.**

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.

Member American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association

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CANADIAN TRADE supplied by Ford Motor Company of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ontario

THE WEST'S CONSTRUCTIVE CONGRESS

(*Continued from page 28*)

crude, Western way is trying to build and foster. However near we may approach these ends through ships, it must not be forgotten that from Alaska to Patagonia it is all land. The fields of Kansas and Texas and the mines of Nevada were never developed by ships. New York and San Francisco had to be joined by cold ribs of steel before we could talk of Oriental trade. So must the North and South continents be united by rail before the Kansas City prophesies can be made real. The Pan-American Railroad, for so many years under the direct supervision of such skilled builders as Colonel Richard C. Kerens of St. Louis, Senator Davis of West Virginia, and President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is clearly the next great thing to do.

Kansas City, whose people are famous for both hospitality and enterprise, will now have no greater claim to fame than that it was the birthplace of the Pan-American Commercial Union. The Trans-Mississippi Congress has expanded its purpose from the promotion of half a country to the conquest of a continent.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE MAN WITH A MUCK-RAKE AND THE MAN WITH A JOB

By FRANK CRANE

THE word muck-raker is an epithet. An epithet is always historically instructive. It usually exhibits at a glance a man's value to the world and the world's contempt for him. It is cursing as a fine art.

The word Christian was originally a pagan jibe; Methodist a slur, and mugwump an expression of scorn. The condemned took up the challenge and gloried in what was said to be their shame. Christians boast of their name; Methodists are proud of their title, and the outcast mugwumps have become the kid-gloved élite of politics.

Muck-rakers were called such, using an illustration from Bunyan, as a term of degradation. They "denied the allegation and defied the alligator." But who knows? Perhaps some day the Newport descendants of the poor writers who are now cursing themselves rich may bear upon their automobile doors and have engraved upon their sugar-tongs the escutcheon of a muck-rake.

It is not because he rakes up scandals and looks only for shame that the muck-raker has come into his kingdom; he refused to be side-tracked by such a charge. Scandal-mongers we have had a-plenty, from the village gossip to the vermin who publish the Chicago "Club-Fellow" and the New York "Town Topics."

But the muck-raker has done better than that. He is the man who has dared to knock to pieces the great American mud god, "Success."

There never was an idol made of cheaper, commoner dirt. We have kow-towed to it so long we think it's blasphemy to speak against it. As a matter of fact, "success" is as often as not destructive to character. A good way to lose your soul is to gain the world.

The thirst for a fine, high, and noble order of life is unquenchable in the bosoms of men. But the poor runts we have elected to this superior class! It is to laugh! Once the earth had kings and dukes and people of birth. Lacking knowledge of true godlike aristocracy of Brains and Character, we set up these pitiful driblets of first families. The Frenchmen of Paris and thereabout, and the American Colonists, in the closing days of the eighteenth century, had a great time smashing these cheap pottery divinities.

Nowadays we, having been delivered of the old gods of Egypt, have made unto ourselves a new golden calf. It is money. Those who have heaps of it are called selects—blue-points. The rest of us are common. These be thy gods, O Israel!

We believe in money, maker of heaven and earth, and in "Success." All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven men except words against the Successful. Millions can do no wrong. Vested interests are sacred, and the Senate are the vestal virgins.

Enter the Muck-Raker

We were decorating our national Pantheon, in much pride, with the busts of the Cæsars to whom we had voted divine honors. There stood the togaed forms of Julius Cæsar Rockefeller and Augustus Armour and Hadrian Hyde and Claudius Depew, and we began to walk chesty before the Old World. We met and sang: "Ave, Wall Street, Immortalis!"

Then along came a sockless Socialist, there were a few vigorous swipes with the rake, and now the unbeliever in our gods grows ribald over us.

We do not approve of the muck-raker. Most of us are Men with Jobs. We are holding on to the same with more or less circumspection. We have to do it to keep the children in school and the Missus in the Browning class. We can't talk out ourselves, but, oh! our hearts go out in the dark to the muck-raker.

The man with a job is legion. His virtue is caution. He walks softly before the Lord. He has a neat, shifty sidestep and can dodge trouble every time.

Sometimes he is a bishop and says nothing in a deep, orotund voice. Or he has a newspaper, and his news is edited from the counting-room. He sits in the Senate, and doesn't forget the corporation who put him there. He may be a judge, but he knows the political boss who got him his nomination. He may be called Governor, but his real business is keeping up his fences. He may preach a platitudinous gospel fervently and be strenuous in denouncing the Turk or any one else who lives far enough away. Or the muck-raker may be a she, and engaged in the noble ambition of butting into society, and she knows enough to sneeze when Mrs. Thingummy takes snuff.

Somehow this muck-raking outbreak has heartened the old-fashioned and true American man. It has been a superb demonstration of the power of conscience. Respected knavery and vested time-honored fraud sneered over its champagne cup at the puny penny-a-liners who were after them. But it was David and Goliath again. The giants in white shirtfronts and muttonchop whiskers fled before the unshaven.

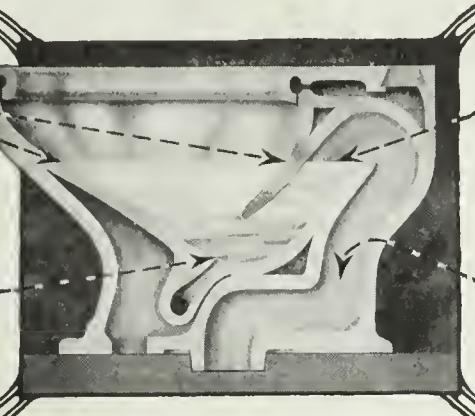
We had thought that the Depew-McCurdy-Rockefeller-Rogers group were not of this earth; and then, presto! we discovered they were simply clay, and very common—just common clay. And so, countrymen, you who worship "Success" in your groves and high places, your god is a proven fraud after all. Money can go to the penitentiary. The snob, the sham, and the humbug invariably come to grief.

Bill Nye late one night entered a fashionable New York hotel and asked for a room. He looked seedy, so the be-diamonded clerk told him there was only one room left, and that under the cornice; and that he'd have to pay in advance. "Oh, all right," was the humorist's reply. He wrote his name in the register and pulled a heavy roll of yellowback bills. When the clerk saw the roll and the name a great light dawned on him. "By the way, Mr. Nye," he said, with sugar in his voice, "come to think of it, we have an elegant room on the second floor you can have. I'd forgotten." "Oh, all right," said Nye. "But do you know," he continued, "you remind me of Clay?" The clerk swelled and answered: "Why, no, I don't think any one ever told me I looked like Henry Clay." "Oh, not Henry," responded Nye, "not Henry, just common ordinary clay, you know—mud."

50 YEARS' SUPREMACY

The supremacy of Borden's products is due to 50 years' scientific education of dairymen and employes with a fixed purpose to supply only the BEST. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream fill every milk requirement.—*Adv.*

What to Demand in a Closet



To know what a closet should be to be safe, study the sectional view showing the principle and action of the SY-CLO Closet. If *your* closet is not self-cleaning, odorless, positive in its action when flushed, replace it with the SY-CLO,—"the closet of health."

The SY-CLO Closet overcomes the offensive and dangerous faults of the common closet of the wash-out variety by its syphonic action. In addition to a copious flush of water from above, a powerful jet of water enters at the bottom of the bowl. This starts the flow of water over the retaining rim into the soil pipe, where a vacuum, or suction is formed, into which the entire contents of the bowl are drawn. If *your* closet merely empties without thoroughly washing the bowl, replace it with the

SY-CLO

TRADE MARK

The SY-CLO Closet as shown by the illustration of the sectional view, is formed in a single piece—fine hand-moulded china—without a crack or crevice where impurity can odge. Unaffected by water, acid or wear. No enamel to chip or crack. If *your* closet is different in any respect, it is unsafe. Replace it with the SY-CLO.

The name "SY-CLO" on a closet guarantees that it is made under the direction and supervision of the Potteries Selling Company, of the best materials, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, and has the united endorsement of eighteen of the leading potteries of America.

FREE. Send us the name of your plumber, and we will send you a valuable booklet, "Household Health." It will tell you how to be certain of the sanitation of your home, and may explain the cause of past illnesses you have never understood.

Lavatories of every size and design made of the same material as the SY-CLO Closet.

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The same thing that makes a Franklin the best winter car, makes it the ablest car every day in the year.

Franklin air-cooling has nothing to freeze; no plumbing to mend; no thawing out or warming up to do, but maintains a perfect cylinder-temperature from the first explosion —on the coldest day, in the hottest weather, and under the hardest driving.

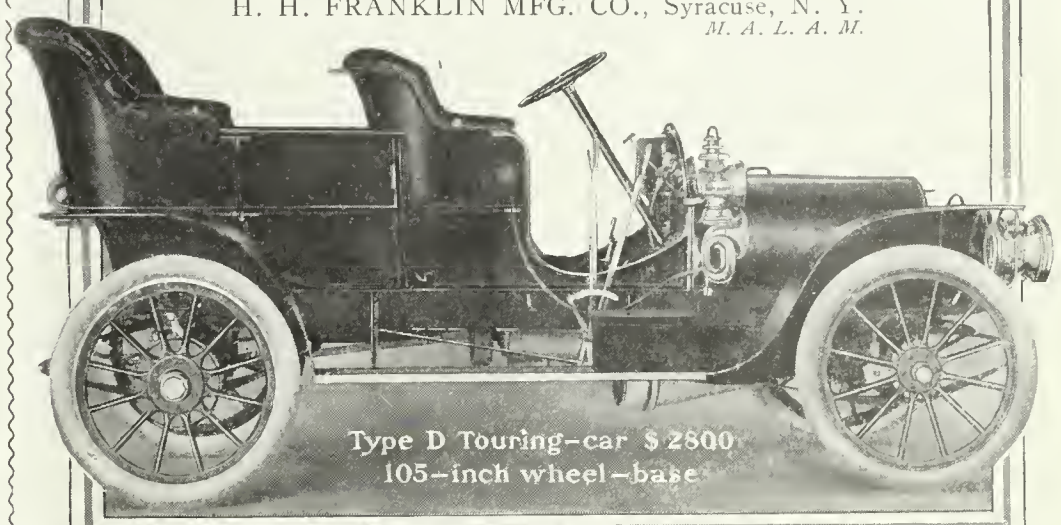
On smooth roads or on rough and heavy mountain grades, through snow, sand or mud, Franklin air-cooling always means great and ready motor-efficiency, relieved of needless weight and thus transformed into the highest ability at the lowest operating-cost and tire-cost. And the light weight Franklin jar-absorbing structure means full power usable on all roads, and a luxury of speed and comfort not known in any other car.

"Motoring Luxury," the subject of the latest 1907 Franklin Catalogue, is not mere upholstering and appointment. It is absolute comfort and enjoyment on long tours, freedom from annoyance, unhampered use of power. Send for this handsome and clear-thinking book, also for Whitman's clever story "Across America in a Franklin."

Shaft-drive Runabout	$1800	4-cylinder Touring-car	$2800
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Prices in standard colors and equipment, f. o. b Syracuse.
Special upholstery, equipment and colors, extra.

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Type D Touring-car $2800
105-inch wheel-base

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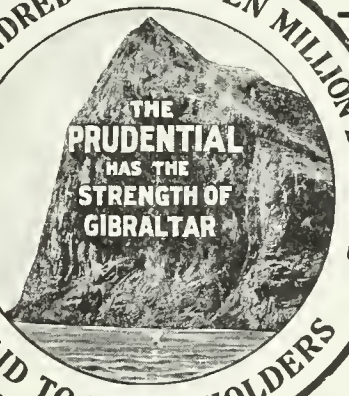
prevents the wick being turned too high or too low. This device alone makes the PERFECTION the most desirable heater you can buy. Made in two finishes—nickel and japan. Fount and wick carrier are made of brass throughout. Holds four quarts of oil and burns nine hours. You can carry it about —upstairs, downstairs, anywhere where more heat is required. *Every heater warranted.* If not at your dealer's write to our nearest agency for descriptive circular.



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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1906

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¶ *Your* advertisement—would you prefer to have it mixed in with all sorts of dubious catchpenny offers or keeping company with respectable offers of reputable men?

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK

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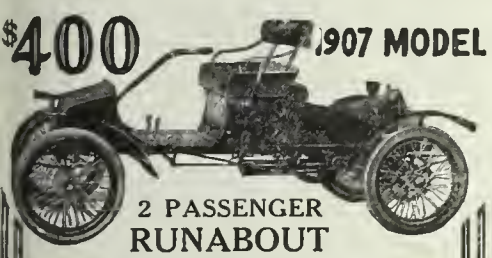
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1906

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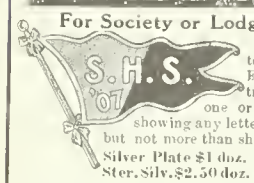
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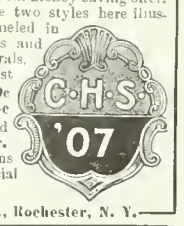
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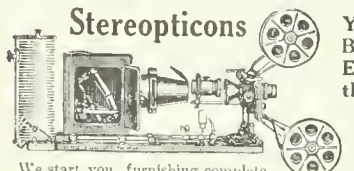
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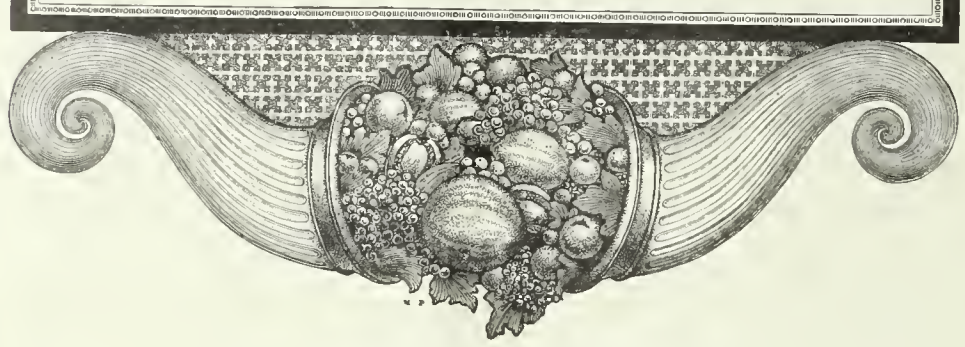
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1906

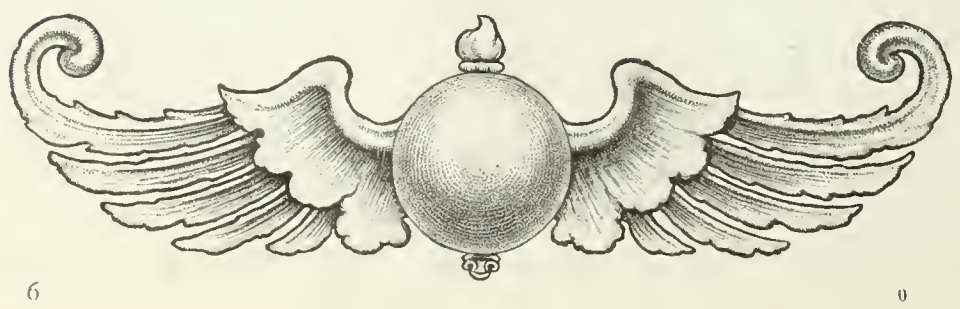
¶ Samuel E. Moffett is the Father Time of our editorial staff. With his hour-glass he measures from week to week the course of human destiny, and by means of his journalistic scythe he garners in the blossoming events and ripening news paragraphs, which he binds into sheaves and lays temptingly at the feet of our readers. To paraphrase from the poet, "There is a reaper and his name is Moffett." Who, then, could be more timely to begin the New Year than Mr. Moffett with a general marshaling of the world's deeds and misdeeds during the past twelve months? "Time will tell," says the old wife's proverb. So will Mr. Moffett. "Time flies," continues the maxim—but here the resemblance ceases. Mr. Moffett sticks close to the earth and gets the facts substantially as he sees them, only ascending aloft occasionally to record the feats of Mr. Santos-Dumont or Professor Langley.

¶ Indeed the year 1906 has given the Recording Angel plenty to do. Two cities on our continent have been wrecked by earthquakes and several American municipalities have been disturbed by political upheavals. Our President has been devoting his time to canals, railroads, colored troops, ambassadors, and orthography, and a few Senators and captains of industry have been devoting considerable time to the President. During the past few months the American people have cooled Cuba, suppressed Hearst, and made a new record in polar discovery. This is merely a hint of what Mr. Moffett will march past us in review. F. T. Richards will illuminate some of the more thrilling events with miniature cartoons.

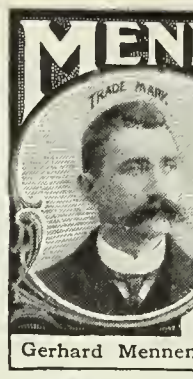
¶ "You Eastern people make me tired," writes a Californian. "You are trying to settle the Japanese question for us and you don't know a Jap from a hole in the ground." These words, though spoken in wrath, were no doubt inspired by a great deal of premature criticism from the East. It was easy for the people of the Atlantic Coast to raise a sympathetic banzai for the heroes of Liao-Yang, but would we enthuse over the prospect of these same heroes—full-grown Japanese coolies—occupying desks in the public schools next to our little children? Does the public school situation in San Francisco arise out of prejudice or principle? Just what kind of citizens is the Mikado piling into the Pacific ports, anyway?

¶ Mr. Palmer is in San Francisco with no further instructions from us, of course, than to send us the facts as he sees them. The recent war with Russia has caused us, maybe, to idealize the Japanese too much. Or possibly, on the other hand, the people of the Pacific Coast are suffering from Japophobia, the Anglo-Saxon race being subject to kindred diseases. We have not drawn any conclusions yet, because we are awaiting Mr. Palmer's testimony, which we will print in our next issue.

¶ William Kent, whose reminiscences of the San Francisco earthquake adorn this number, says that he has run what the book reviewer calls "the gamut of human experience." Many other people who have been through the earthquake feel the same way about it. We hope you will like Mr. Kent's article, because he is wholly in sympathy with the most human city on the continent—the coquette, the artist, the comedienne among cities—"La Cigale," who capered and laughed in the sunshine, but when there was storm and ruin showed herself to be the mother of men and women.



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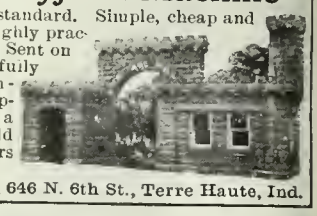


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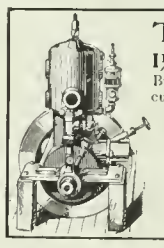
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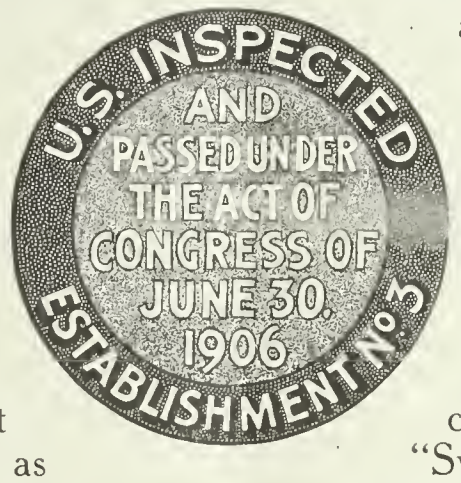
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By LOUIS F. SWIFT, President



General View of Swift & Company's Plant, Union Stock Yards, Chicago. This Plant Covers Forty-Nine Acres of Land.



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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN OF TO-DAY

PAINTED BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE DRAMATIC ANALYSIS of Senator DRYDEN's story printed in this number shows the chief source of his fortune in the power granted to him by the amiable New Jersey Legislature to make his own division of the policy-holders' money; to decide how much to retain for his own enjoyment, and how little he could safely pay back to the rightful owners. DRYDEN has thousands of agents, circulating among the poor, gathering his golden flood of premiums. For these agents the wage-earner pays. Out of the premiums DRYDEN enriches the surplus, and later divides the profit with his associates. Out of every dollar paid to the Prudential by wage-earners about forty cents is grabbed; sixty cents is saved for the policy-holder. This robbery of wage-earners pleads urgently for Mr. LOUIS BRANDEIS's plan for conducting industrial insurance through savings banks, which pay back to depositors every cent they receive, and more. Bills providing for Mr. BRANDEIS's plan will be introduced this winter into several Legislatures, among them New Jersey's. Shall this bill pass? Shall the president of the Prudential be returned to the United States Senate? Is the New Jersey Legislature still "amiable"?

A WORD TO JERSEY

TIMIDITY WAS THE REAL CAUSE of the House of Representatives' failure to increase the salaries of its members. It justly increased the payment of the Cabinet members, the Speaker of the House, and the Vice-President from $8,000 to $12,000 a year, and it would have increased the salaries of Representatives had it not feared a popular outcry. Had such an outcry occurred, memory of the unfortunate back-pay grab would have been its principal cause. When salaries of Representatives were fixed, the cost of living in Washington, as members of Congress live, was hardly more than a third of what it is to-day. The Senators ought not to scruple about adding to the House bill a raise for members of the House and of the Senate. If they wish to be scrupulous about money, they will have plenty of opportunity to be so for the public benefit. The present is an occasion on which their scruples would be an added injury to good government. Last winter the Senate reminded the country that it was a body capable of bold and useful service. Its principal weakness is the indirect ways in which some of its members are enriched. To raise salaries would give the poor and honest Senator a better chance and reduce the temptation to receive favors and to grant them. In a democratic government the national legislature ought not to be closed to men who have no other source of income than their salaries. It ought not to be made up of men of wealth plus men not too scrupulous about indirect rewards.

A CHANCE FOR THE SENATE

A POWER IN THE LAND is WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. The people have a right, therefore, to be informed occasionally of his use of power. We nourish, for our part, a faint hope that he may come to use this power for greater good. Recent incidents in Chicago are rather dashing to this hope. Traction complications form a pressing issue in many cities, and Chicago's vigorous effort to solve hers have been followed with eager interest in other towns. Mayor DUNNE and WALTER L. FISHER are on the verge of successful solution. The one is an official thoroughly devoted to the people's welfare, the other is equipped to handle the vastly complicated legal, business, and political problem as few men anywhere are equipped. A letter in which Mr. FISHER embodied his conclusions was enthusiastically praised by the Chicago papers, including the ones controlled by Mr. HEARST. Now, however, that those conclusions have been put into a proposed ordinance, the "American" and the "Examiner," bored by sharing a position held by their rival papers, have decided to oppose the Fisher-Dunne program, in hopes of acquiring more limelight for themselves. In doing so they follow a method which is the Hearst reliance. The "American" says, in heavy type, that the ordinance "only allows the city to purchase for municipal operation, though the city has no present authority to operate." This statement boldly ignores Section 22 of the proposed ordinance, to which Mr. HEARST's attention is besought. "The terms of purchase are made prohibitory as far as possible." Truthfully put, this means only that the city is prevented from taking franchises away from one company and giving them to another without advantage to the city or recognition of obligation to the company providing funds and performing the needed work of rehabilitation, which obligation is carefully limited and is definitely written into the ordinance. There are several gross misrepresentations along this line. Endeavor is made to mislead the public into thinking the plan interferes with the progress of underground transit, which is wholly false. "They seek to take the service regulations away from the Council." How absolute this falsehood is may be seen in the ordinance, Section 35. The Board of Supervising Engineers is one of the best schemes of the kind ever devised, and in no way limits the police power. "Five-cent fares are made absolute for twenty years." Read the section about turning the city's share of profit into reducing fares. So much for TRUTH. Mr. HEARST, knowing the potency of ethical ideas, calls his opponents "Gray Wolves." That term in Chicago has long meant aldermen who are corrupt. Mr. HEARST uses it to describe those who fail to take orders from his paper.

HEARST IN CHICAGO

IT IS ALL RIGHT, old man. We never intended to connect you, in obliquity, with His Whiskers. TOM WATSON, whatever his vagaries, belongs not with the Colonel Manns of this vale of tears. He writes to us as follows: "I am too busy with the bringing out of my own magazine to pay much attention to the published statements of the notorious old hoop-skirt and exposed fraud known as Colonel MANN." We are sure you are, TOM. "In his latest rush into print the Colonel did not say much about that $9,000 he owes me." Alas, that's serious. If you can see that $9,000 again, you will break a record, and the Colonel's heart. "If it would not be so hard on ANANIAS, I would compare Colonel MANN to that less expert and voluminous liar." Don't do it, WATSON. There's nothing in it. The Colonel has flatterers enough. "Among knaves, Colonel MANN must be admitted to be what Beau BRUMMELL was among dandies, the pink of perfection. Other knaves may excel him in some one particular, but as an all-round rascal his match would fatigue a search-warrant." It would. It would. But what can you do about it? His victims have included many richer and also shrewder men than you. It is because of your simple nature that sympathy from the world really should be yours. "Some of the most savage abuse which it has ever been my lot to bear was heaped upon me by those who assumed that, because I was connected with Colonel MANN, my character was as bad as his. The public could not know that at the time I made my contract with Colonel MANN I was totally ignorant of his true character." In justice to you, TOM WATSON, the public ought to know.

SYMPATHY WITH TOM

ONE HUMAN ATTRIBUTE is the tendency to construct absolute laws from what we have seen ourselves. Letters to editors often reek with such conviction, and sometimes editors inflict it on each other. Our esteemed contemporary, the

"Morning Telegraph" of New York, is published for individuals interested in actresses and racing horses, and who shall say its field is not a worthy one? When, however, it scolds this paper because Mr. FREDERIC REMINGTON allows a man to walk alongside a team and drive from the off side, it reminds us of what a happy little world it lives in, up there, not far from where Eighth Avenue is intersected by Broadway. There is, dear Tenderloin friend, some territory west of Eighth Avenue, even though that is where most of the theatres end. A teamster on foot drives sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. A man skidding logs stands or walks on the up-hill side of the log, and if he did not it is likely the cook would have no need to get his supper ready.

DRIVING

"AN UNFORTUNATE and regrettable incident in the fight between the trust and the farmers" is the general tenor of the comment of local Kentucky and Tennessee papers about the burning of tobacco warehouses in Kentucky. Either these papers are too cowardly to speak their minds in terrorized communities, or else, in common with much of what ought to be the best public opinion there, they condone the crimes. To justify these burnings on the ground that they are measures of retaliation against the trust would, even if true, be as cowardly as the crimes themselves. The American Tobacco Company was not concerned or affected by the crimes committed. The warehouses burnt belonged to independent companies. The American and all its affiliated companies do not buy thirty per cent of the tobacco grown in the district. The truth is, it is the old case of the "scab." Those within the organization wish to coerce into membership those who remain out of it. Those who remain out have suffered the destruction of their growing crops and the burning of their barns. The burning of the warehouses is but another move of the same kind, designed to deprive the non-members of a place to sell their crops. The unfortunate manufacturer is destroyed as a pawn in the fight between association members and non-members. We shall have, presently, some unpleasant history to record concerning the past of the American Tobacco Company, but nothing so brutal and outrageous as these crimes by the farmers of Kentucky and Tennessee.

ARSON

THE FARMERS' UNION in the tobacco-growing districts of Kentucky and Tennessee, modeled somewhat along the lines of labor unions, has from time to time attracted our favoring attention. It seemed an experiment which might, under wise, strong, and high-minded leadership, accomplish as much for the prosperity and self-respect of its members as the better labor unions. The strong and firm restraining hand which is essential to such organizations does not now seem to have been secured. On the 10th of August last an insurance company in New York received from the little town of Princeton, Kentucky, two letters. One began: "We are determined to put JOHN ORR out of the tobacco business"; the other began: "We hereby notify you to cancel insurance on JOHN ORR and STEGER," and both letters went on to state that within a few weeks or months these and other tobacco warehouses would be burnt. One night in December, several hundred armed men, "night-riders," acting in a systematic and orderly manner, shortly after midnight, rode into Princeton, seized the telegraph and telephone offices and the police headquarters, set fire to the tobacco warehouses, and guarded the flames until destruction was complete. No sporadic individual outbreak of crime was this. It was the work of organization, well planned out. We make no intimation, of course, that it was the official work of the Tobacco Growers' Association. The lowest order of intellect capable of being elevated to leadership would understand that such crimes, even in so tolerant a community as Kentucky, must hurt the organization. But this arson was the direct expression of passions which the promoters of the Association, in soliciting recruits, have aroused. Moreover, the Association, in appealing to the outside world for support, has steadily claimed that it included practically all the farmers in the district. If this is true, their organization and the organization which committed the crimes must heavily overlap. Also, if this is true, the Association must control such a preponderance of public sentiment as will be able — if it so desires — to insist upon the detection and punishment of such widespread crime.

UP TO THE LEADERS

ONE BY ONE the sentinel coyotes of the fraud-medicine trade come out of their holes, emit a tentative yap, and wait to see what happens. "Leslie's Weekly," in this rôle, gives voice to a chaste regret over the exposures of dangerous patent medicines. "It is now stated on unquestioned authority," it editorializes plaintively, "that certain nostrums, singled out for attack in this way because of the large percentage of cocaine, opium, and other dangerous drugs which they contain, are enjoying an immensely increased sale on account of this free advertising." We should like to know "Leslie's" "unquestioned authority." If it is any less questionable than "Leslie's" itself, we should be glad to publish it. Meantime our contemporary's grief over the increased sale of "dope" medicines is puzzling. If "Leslie's" regrets the sale of opium-containing patent medicines, why does it advertise them in its own columns? Why does it go farther, to the very limits of journalistic prostitution, indeed, and print as its own matter, giving thereto the countenance of its own editorial policy, paid exploitation of a system of quackery based upon the secret administration of morphine? If its editorial repetition of an outworn Proprietary Association argument is inspired by altruism, and not by mercenary hypocrisy, why did it, in a succeeding issue, sell its columns to the uses of one of the worst of the sexual "remedy" species of depravity? "Tact and good judgment have not been conspicuous in the literature of exposure" (of patent medicines), "Leslie's" thinks. Nor, we would add, in the literature of their defense.

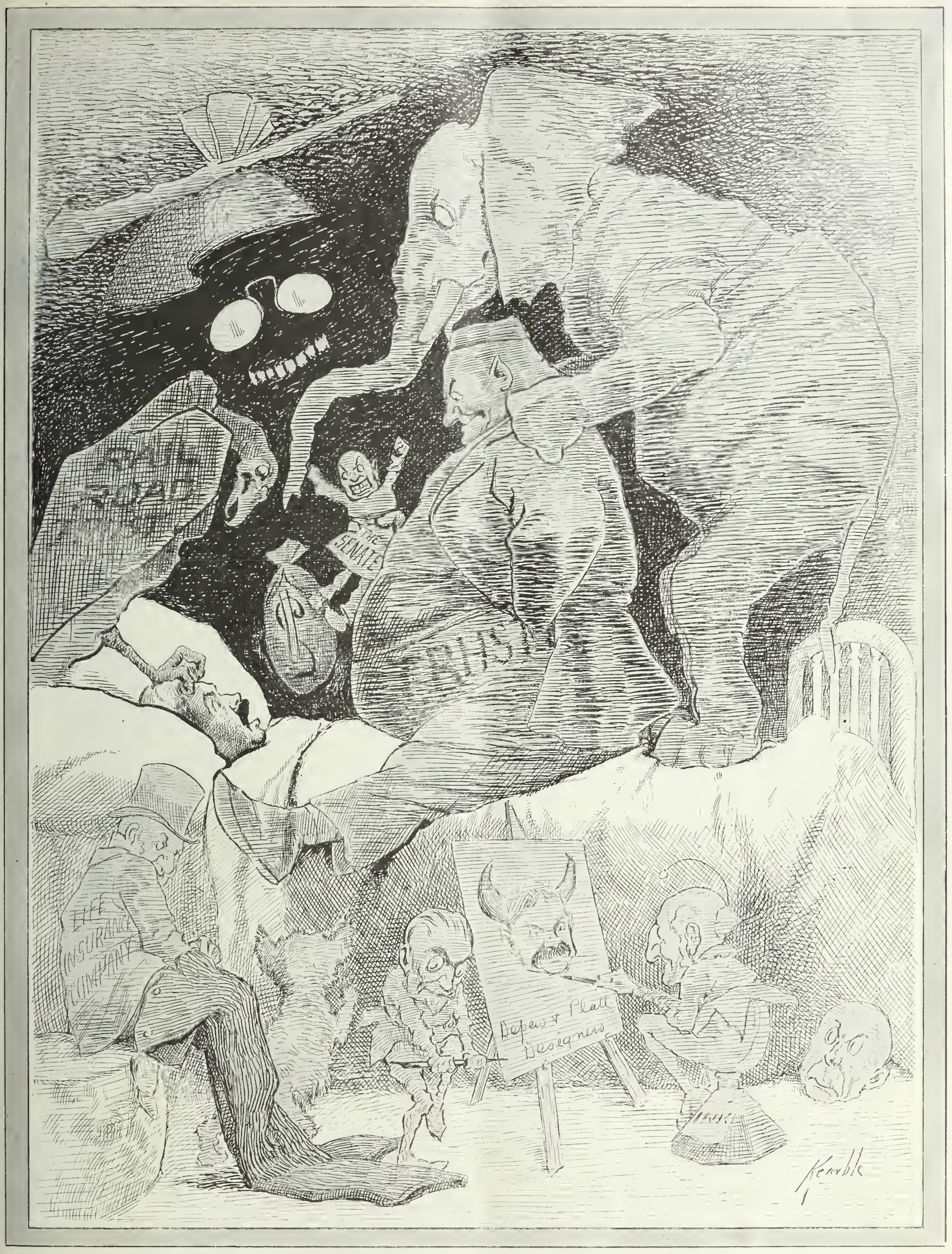
RESPONSE EXPECTED

IN THESE COLUMNS we were recently inspired by some imp to frisk, to prank, to jig-step, as relief from the weight of editorial cares. During that nimble moment we coined a new verb. No sooner was the word born than a suspicion seized us. We dropped the sputtering pen, flew to the dictionary, and, with the gaze of a hunted thing, reviewed the accusing columns. We swooned. The word was not there!
Then troubled Conscience rapped at the fainting senses and restored us to despair. "You have brought the word into the world," cried the sad-voiced mentor; "now what does it mean?" "'Theodorize,'" we quavered lamely, "comes from the words 'Theodore,' a president, and 'deodorize,' to make fragrant. It may be classed, with such words as 'Morganize' and 'epi-Taft.' It is an active, transitive, non-partizan verb, and if it isn't in the dictionary it ought to be."

"THEODORIZE"

EVERY SCHOOLGIRL has heard of HALL CAINE. Many schoolgirls have heard of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. In the light of this dual knowledge it becomes our duty to choose, and that quickly. According to the maxim of ALEXANDER, two suns in the same heaven are a disagreeable phenomenon. Which shall it be—Master SHAKESPEARE or Mister CAINE? SHAKESPEARE has merit in his way. He was discovered, patronized, and exploited by no less a personage than MARIE CORELLI, and has even been quoted (with interpolations) by RUDYARD KIPLING. HALL CAINE, on the other hand, needs no other discoverer than himself. He has more than genius—he has initiative. He is at once his own COLUMBUS and his BARNUM. Having easily established himself among the Immortals, he is prepared to deal his rival the final sleep. SHAKESPEARE, he says, wrote thirty-seven plays, mostly melodramas and musical comedies. Thirty of these productions are useless, save as wrappers for inferior brands of soap. As to the other seven—well, have you read CAINE'S "Prodigal Son"? The author of "The Christian" is doing a Christian act by ridding the garden of English literature of the weeds which have flourished for generations. But the ghost of SHAKESPEARE is perhaps a jealous spook. May he not retaliate? May not the bibliophiles of 2107 fill fat folios with the discovery that "The Manxman" and "The Deemster" were written by an Irishman named BERNARD SHAW?

A QUARREL ON OLYMPUS



A NEW-YEAR'S NIGHTMARE

Our cartoonist is visited by his favorite subjects, who demand better treatment during the coming year

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN AMERICA



The summit of Mt. McKinley, the top of the continent piercing arctic skies at an altitude of 20,464 feet, on which the American flag was planted by Dr. Frederick A. Cook on September 16th last

THE top of North America's highest peak, Mt. McKinley, which lies in the very heart of Alaska, was reached on the 16th of last September by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who accompanied Peary on his arctic expedition of 1891-2, and who was also a member of the Belgian antarctic expedition of 1897-9. After landing at Cook Inlet, on the Alaskan coast, early in the summer, Dr. Cook and his party traveled overland by horses and up the coast rivers by small boats. On the 8th of September they started to ascend the mountain. After climbing eight days they reached the highest point, an altitude of 20,464 feet. With the temperature registering sixteen degrees below zero in rarefied atmosphere, the stay on the apex of the continent lasted but twenty minutes. The descent occupied four days; just half the time of the ascent



Chipping for a footing among gloomy ice-grottoes



Breaking camp at 11,000 feet



A glacier that starts a ceaseless downpour of avalanches



North America's highest mountain swept by frigid clouds of snow



The gateway in the foothills northeast of Mt. McKinley

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

FRANCE AND ROME

ON the 11th of December the Catholic Church, to which the great majority of Frenchmen nominally and the great majority of Frenchwomen sincerely, belong, became an outlawed organization in France. The Church buildings and other property passed into the hands of the State, the priests and bishops became homeless, and the little clerical salaries guaranteed by the Government were abolished. It had taken many years of dissension to bring affairs to this tragic point. Under the Concordat concluded by First Consul Bonaparte with Pope Pius VII in 1801, which, with subsequent revisions, had governed the relations between Church and State in France for over a century, great powers of regulation had been conceded by the Vatican to the French Government. Bishops and archbishops were nominated by the secular authorities, were required to swear allegiance to the Government, and were in fact public functionaries. French cardinals received instructions from the Government before attending a Conclave for the election of a new Pope, and French prelates were forbidden to leave their dioceses without permission from the civil authorities.

These relations were workable as long as France was governed by men who from inclination or policy were on good terms with the Church, but they became galling when French ministries began to be filled with statesmen actively hostile not only to "clericalism," but to all religion. The friction was increased by the fact that devotion to the Church became a pose among the Royalist aristocracy, and so became confused in many minds with hostility to the Republic. Leo XIII did much to disarm this feeling by the many proofs he gave of friendship for the French Republic, but it was brought to a head by the Dreyfus agitation in which the state of things prevailing in the army was charged by the friends of Dreyfus to clerical instruction.

When the Ministry of Waldeck-Rousseau undertook to assert the supremacy of the civil power in the State it adopted as part of its policy a law placing religious associations, especially those engaged in instruction, under more rigorous control. This law was executed by the next Premier, Combes, much more severely than its authors had intended. Between those associations which refused to make the required declarations and those whose declarations were rejected by the Chambers, at the instigation of the Government, a large majority of the religious orders found themselves exiled from France. A notable case was that of the Carthusian monks, the richest order in France, who were expelled from their monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in March, 1903, and took refuge in Spain. The Government took up the manufacture of the famous cordial of which the monks had possessed a monopoly for centuries, and trade wars and litigation have been in progress ever since.

The final rupture came in April, 1904, when President Loubet went to Rome to return a visit which the King of Italy had paid to Paris the preceding year. It was the first time the head of a Catholic nation had defied the Vatican by such an act since the Italian occupation of Rome. The Pope protested to the Powers through his nuncios, and the tone of the protest was angrily resented by the French Government, which broke off diplomatic relations with the Vatican and took up in earnest the project, often discussed, of denouncing the Concordat and separating Church and State. The Separation bill was introduced in due time and pressed to passage, becoming a law on December 11, 1905. It renounced the right of the State to nominate bishops, abolished future clerical salaries, while providing for payments to the priests then in receipt of them, and provided for the management of Church property by "associations cultuelles" composed of laymen. It allowed a year for the acceptance of its provisions, after which the State was to take possession of the property where associations had not been formed, and unauthorized religious services were to be illegal.

As the year wore on anxious attempts were made to devise some form of cultural association that would comply with the law without violating the constitution of the Church. It was thought at one time that such a plan had been found, but the Pope



CARDINAL RICHARD

Archbishop of Paris, evicted from his palace December 17

decided that it was inadmissible, and that the new law could not be reconciled in any way with the Church's principles. At the last moment M. Briand, Minister of Public Worship, issued a circular in which he authorized Prefects to permit religious services under the old Public Meetings' law of 1881, even where the Separation law of 1905 had not been complied with. Under the Act of 1881, meetings could be held on a simple declaration by two persons, and M. Briand announced that one declaration would serve for a year. But the Vatican refused to accept this offer, and forbade the priests to make the required declarations. When the critical day came both sides acted with restraint, and on the 15th M. Briand introduced a new project of law designed to meet some of the objections urged against the original Separation Act. It abandoned "associations cultuelles," and provided for renting religious edifices to the Church authorities.

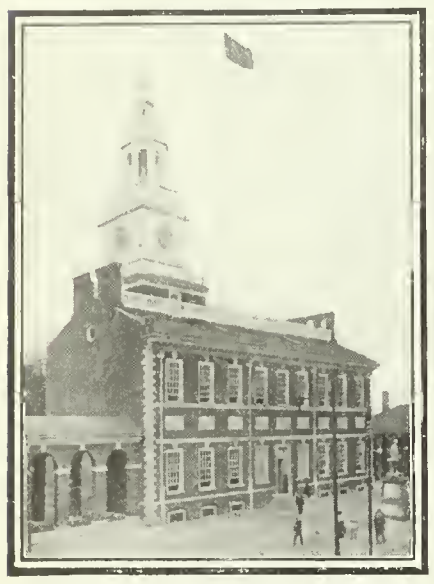
LAND AND SEA

IN this time of breathless Presidential industry the term "special message" has ceased to have any meaning, but there are certain recommendations that should not be lost to sight amid the stream of Executive advice flowing unceasingly upon Congress. One of them relates to the land laws. The President repeats, what has been notorious for years, that the effect of the Timber and Stone Act is to turn over the public timber lands to great corporations, that the Desert Land Act lends itself to frauds by speculators, that the commutation clause of the Homestead Act serves in a majority of instances to defeat the purpose of the law, and that the laws affecting coal and other mineral lands need thorough revision. He favors a system under which coal, oil, and gas rights could be leased, under proper restrictions. In view of the fact that the value of the coal lands in the Indian Territory alone has been moderately estimated at four billion dollars or more, it is clearly not less important to prevent the use of this great public resource for the creation of new swollen private fortunes than to clip existing fortunes by means of inheritance and income taxes. The President asserts that the money value of the present national forest reservations now considerably exceeds a billion dollars. He makes the reasonable recommendation that a small working capital for the proper development of this vast property—say five millions—be advanced from the Treasury to the Forest Service, to be repaid in instalments, with interest, out of the profits of the woodlands.

In another message the President urges a reform in the system of naval promotion. The victories of the War of 1812 were won by young captains. Since the Civil War the operations of the law have been such that our officers have not reached command rank until about the time they should be retiring. Attempts have been made from time to time to remedy this dangerous condition, which makes the energetic and efficient handling of our fleets in war impossible, but without success. The President presents a table showing that while the youngest captains in the British and Japanese services are thirty-five and thirty-eight years old, respectively, the youngest in our navy is fifty-five. The average length of service in the captain's grade in the British navy is 11.2 years, in the Japanese eight, and in ours four and a half years. There are flag officers in the British navy forty-five years old, and in the Japanese forty-four, while the youngest in ours is fifty-nine. A British flag officer has on an average eight years for gaining experience in handling fleets, and a Japanese eleven years. In our navy a Rear-Admiral is retired on an average a year and a half after reaching flag rank. Practically he has no chance to gain experience at all. The correction of these anomalies not only would cost nothing, but according to the President it would save more than five million dollars in the next seven years, and it would be worth more to the efficiency of the service than new battleships. The message also urges the restoration of the rank of the Vice-Admiral, the absence of which compels our fleet commanders to trail along behind foreign juniors commanding weaker forces.



THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION NEAR NORFOLK AS IT IS



The original Independence Hall at Philadelphia which is being duplicated at Hampton Roads



Model of Independence Hall to be the Pennsylvania Building at the Jamestown Exposition

GERMANY'S CRISIS

GERMANY has been suddenly plunged into the throes of an electoral crisis. In a debate in the Reichstag lasting for six days the conduct of the German officials in Southwest Africa was mercilessly criticized, both by the Socialists and by the members of the Clerical Centre, upon whom the Government had previously depended for its majorities. The most frightful charges of cruelty, surpassing the atrocities in the Congo State, were brought against the German colonial officials. The result was that on December 13 the demand for a supplementary appropriation of $7,300,000 for carrying on the war against the rebellious natives was defeated by a vote of 178 to 168, the majority consisting of Socialists, Clericals, and Poles, and the Government receiving the support of the Liberals, Radicals, and Conservatives. As soon as the vote was announced the Chancellor read an imperial decree dissolving the Reichstag. The elections were fixed for January 25. Germany is now fighting a political campaign on entirely new lines, whose outcome may have the gravest consequences.

ONE CAUGHT

THE mills of the gods into whose hopper the insurance swindlers were thrown last year have finally ground out a two-year prison sentence at hard labor for George Burnham, Jr., vice-president and general counsel of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company. Burnham was convicted on December 11 on a charge of larceny in using the funds of the company to repay a loan said to have been made to President Frederick W. Burnham, concealing the payment by false entries on the books. He was sentenced on the 17th by Judge Greenbaum, who said, in answer to a plea for lenity:

"I can not . . . escape the fact that when crimes are committed by men of superior intelligence, entrusted with sacred charges that affect the welfare and interest of thousands in the community, it becomes the unflinching duty of the court to act in no uncertain manner, to the end that offenders of this class may realize that the consequences of detection and conviction of their crimes will be the same as those that come to the ordinary common criminal — that of imprisonment."

Burnham's brother, Frederick, the president of the company, and Vice-President Eldridge are under indictment and will be tried next. Scandalous revelations affecting a former State Superintendent of Insurance, "Lou" Payn, cropped up in the first trial and may be more fully ventilated in the others. The Grand Jury is now investigating the New York Life.

Some of the pictures sent to Congress with the Panama Message



The Obispo Cut, with the American flag displayed overhead



Introducing modern methods of paving in the streets of Panama

DESIMPLIFIED

A SIMPLIFIED little tombstone is all that remains to remind the world of the President's simplified spelling order—that is, for those who are not in personal correspondence with the White House. The President's own manuscript letters are still orthographically "clipt thruout," but as far as printed documents are concerned the reform has been "dropt, and that is all there is about it." The Supreme Court dealt the first blow, by hinting that simplified citations were not its real decisions. When Congress met, the House Committee on Appropriations grilled the Public Printer for simplifying the Book of Estimates. Finally, on December 12, the House put an amendment into the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill providing that no money appropriated in the act should "be used in connection with printing documents authorized by Congress or either branch thereof unless the same shall conform to the orthography recognized by generally accepted dictionaries of the English language." The amendment was adopted by a vote of 142 to 25, Mr. Longworth loyally going down with the simplified ship. The President gracefully bowed to the sentiment of Congress and agreed to withdraw his order to the Public Printer, whereupon the House struck out its amendment to the appropriation bill and adopted instead a resolution declaring it



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS CABINET AS IT WAS AT THE CABINET MEETING OF DECEMBER 4

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to be the sense of the House that in printing public documents the Government Printing Office should "observe and adhere to the standard of orthography prescribed in generally accepted dictionaries of the English language." The Government printers are now freed from a nightmare of confusion that has made life a burden to them, and the public documents printed during the three months and a half in which the Presidential order was in force are already in demand as curiosities. The President has not abandoned his own convictions, however, and will continue to use the simplified spelling in his personal correspondence, leaving the public printing to the mercy of Congress.



Mrs. Bellamy Storer
(See page 26)

FREEZING IN THE WEST

THE fuel shortage in the West has reached the proportions of a public calamity. When Mr. James J. Hill said in a recent speech at Chicago that the country had outgrown its railroad facilities and could no longer get its business done with the existing plant, there was a general feeling that he had exaggerated the emergency, but the appalling conditions in a large part of the West, especially in North Dakota, make it clear that in that quarter at least things are even worse than Mr. Hill represented them. In the bitter cold of a Northwestern winter the people of many towns are absolutely without fuel. On the treeless plains there is no wood, and when the coal supply fails suffering and even death are at hand. Some farmers have burnt fences, outhouses, corn, and twisted straw. In some places the schools have been closed, and everything burnable has been brought together in the town halls, where the people have been concentrated. But death has found some victims, in spite of every shift.

OFFICIAL SALARIES

THE bitter cry of official Washington under the pressure of the increasing cost of living is becoming too loud to be ignored. It is an inexorable "condition and not a theory" that confronts the public men whose duties compel them to live at the capital. They find a dinner costs more now than a whole day's board cost when the present scale of salaries was established, and a national divorce law for Congressmen is in practical effect, since those who have no incomes apart from their salaries are compelled to leave their wives and families at home and lead a bachelor existence in Washington for half the year. The pay of the German Ambassador has just been raised by $4,000 a year, and Englishmen are complaining that the British Ambassador's salary of $30,000 and a free house is not enough to maintain the dignity of his position. On December 14 the House voted, with little opposition, to raise the pay of the Vice-President, the Speaker, and the members of the Cabinet from $8,000 to $12,000 each. But when it came to the one thing that all the members really wanted, they weakened. They did not venture to raise their own salaries, although they were all ready to admit in private that they needed the money and ought to have it. Most of those who voted against the proposition to make the Congressional salary $7,500 instead of $5,000 were frightened by the recollection of what happened to those who voted for the "salary grab" of 1873. But even in 1873 what especially enraged the people was not the increase in pay, but the fact that it was dated back to the beginning of the term. And in any case a man in Washington was better off with $5,000 in 1873 than he would be with $7,500 now.

Some Senators and Representatives, while admitting that the present scale is too low, say that scruples of delicacy would prevent them from voting more money into their own pockets. Some of the statesmen who take this high-minded attitude are commonly believed to have no objection to increasing their incomes to a much greater extent by more questionable means. As there is no power but Congress that can raise Congressional salaries, those salaries seem doomed to remain forever at the present figure unless some way can be found of getting around the newly developed sensitiveness of public men.



The Hon. Bellamy Storer
Late Ambassador to Austria

CHICAGO WINS

THE city government and the street car companies of Chicago have finally reached an agreement, by which the traction problem is to be solved. The property of the two companies is to be valued at not more than $50,000,000. The net receipts are to be divided in the proportions of fifty-five per cent for the city and forty-five per cent for the corporations — an arrangement that is expected to give Chicago an income of from $2,000,000 to $4,000,000 a year. The roads are to be entirely rehabilitated and provided with the best modern equipment, universal five-cent fares are to be granted, the car capacity is to be doubled, and the cars are to be cleaned daily and kept in the best sanitary condition. The city is to have the right to buy out the companies at the agreed value of their property, on six months' notice. Should the city fail to take over the property, the companies may continue to operate the roads for twenty years, but it is expected that municipal ownership will come within four or five years at the latest, and more likely within eighteen months. By this settlement an interminable litigation has been prevented, and Chicago is assured an immediate improvement in a notorious service. The bonds of the roads have been saved, but the water has been squeezed out of the Yerkes stocks.

DRYDEN AND THE PRUDENTIAL

By MARK SULLIVAN

This is the story of the rise, from very humble beginnings, of one of America's best-known Captains of Industry. It tells the romance of a vast fortune—of several fortunes, indeed, for Dryden has made not only himself but his associates rich. The story is, in addition, an accurate history of the beginnings, in America, of insurance for wage-earners, a system which now has fifteen million policy-holders, touches the pockets of one person out of every six, and probably one family out of every three

TO NEWARK, New Jersey, there came, one day in the spring of 1873, a young man of four-and-thirty. In purse he was very poor. But in his head he carried the germ of an idea which was destined to bring him riches and power. And his future was to be shared by a little group of Newark men who needed no other gift from fortune than faith in this stranger and his idea. By virtue of their faith they and their descendants form to-day a dynasty of families which controls the political and financial destinies of a commonwealth, monopolizes the sale of three necessities of life to a million people, and from seven million more collects a weekly toll which, in the gross, makes their income regal. They maintain to this day the close personal and family associations which they formed in 1873; and in the foot-hills of northern New Jersey they dwell upon a splendid set of adjoining estates which imitate and flout the ducal demesnes of England. John F. Dryden's estate and game preserve is modeled directly after Chatsworth House, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

Dryden's origin was very humble. He was born in a little hamlet called Temple, near Farmington, Maine, where the local papers occasionally refer to him as "Temple's honored son." When he was seven his family moved to Worcester, Massachusetts, where in the old city directories his father is sometimes set down as "bread pedler" and occasionally as "machinist." Dryden himself, between terms at school, worked at the machinist trade, and was only diverted from following it as his life work by a suddenly aroused ambition to emulate a wealthy schoolmate who had gone to Yale. In various Worcester machine shops, and by teaching country schools, he earned the money to pay for two years in New Haven. Thirty-five years later Yale supplied, with an honorary Master of Arts, the degree which illness and lack of funds compelled Dryden to abandon in the middle of his course.

On leaving college young Dryden sought employment with a life insurance company. In that employment he spent his next ten years. It yielded a none too generous living for himself and his recently acquired family, but it gave him a bent of mind, a drift of thought which was to furnish fertile and congenial soil for his great idea, when it should come to him.

Dryden came to Newark because it was a factory town with a large population of wage-earners, and to New Jersey because it had an amiable Legislature. An amiable Legislature was the first essential for the development of his idea. An amiable Legislature has been the keystone of his fortunes, his ready resource in many times of need. The first steps in building upon his idea must be charters and amended charters —and such charters as only an amiable Legislature would grant.

Why Dryden Came to New Jersey

THE charter that he wanted Dryden first tried to get from New York. "If you care for a brief history of the company," said Mr. Dryden before an investigating committee, "I will give it—why I happened to come to New Jersey with this enterprise. . . . I was a resident of New York. . . . I procured a special charter from the Legislature of New York. Governor Hoffman, then Governor of New York, vetoed that on the ground that all the powers desired were conferred under the general law. . . . He having thus vetoed that charter, I came to New Jersey, and was introduced by a mutual friend to the late John Whitehead. His partner, Mr. Morrow, was a member of the Legislature. Mr. Morrow introduced the bill which afterward became the charter. . . . I prepared that charter."

Subsequently that charter was amended and re-amended. Few sessions of the busy New Jersey Legislature but have passed an act to oil the legal machinery for carrying out the devices of the owners of the Prudential Insurance Company. Concerning these acts, more later. Any crimes that have been committed by the Prudential Insurance Company have been done by means of laws passed by an amiable Legislature in Trenton.

Mr. Dryden had got his charter. Then began the long, discouraging search for capital to back his enterprise.

Senator Dryden, addressing an investigating committee last summer, spoke unctuously and sanctimoniously of his insurance company as "without parallel in the whole range of philanthropic or charitable enterprises." He presented a less altruistic side of it thirty years ago when he was trying to persuade hard-fisted business men to invest their money in it. He went to the men in Newark who owned factories. He pointed out that their laborers were a thriftless class. When the laborers fell sick or died the employer was called on, very often, for a subscription to help pay the doctor and the undertaker. Mr. Dryden said he had a plan which would do away with this heavy drain on employers' pockets. He recited statistics which showed the large proportion of pauper burials.



The basement room where the Prudential Insurance Company began business thirty years ago

To quote a sketch printed in the Newark "Standard" of that year, the leading manufacturers and merchants in the city "had been daily called upon for subscriptions to bury the poor or furnish aid in sickness or distress." To relieve themselves of this constant annoyance and expense, Mr. Dryden proposed to these leading manufacturers and merchants that they should help him to organize a society which should collect from every laborer three or five or ten cents a week, and in return give to that laborer, in case of sickness, a small sum per week, and, in case of death, the cost of burial. To the work of organizing this society Dryden undertook to contribute the energy and industry in which he was rich; from the merchants and manufacturers he begged that in which he was very poor, ready cash.

...and ...
...and Receipt Book.

"7. If, for any cause, this insurance shall terminate, all premiums paid on account thereof shall be forfeited to the Company, and all liability on the part of the Company under this policy shall cease; and in case for any reason the Company shall not attend to the collection of premiums payable on this policy through its agent or collector, it shall be the duty of the policy-holder (within the time allowed by the Company) to bring or send said premiums to the home office or to the Company's agent, and in event of the failure of the policy-holder to perform this duty, the Company may cancel this policy without notice to any person or persons interested therein, any statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

... suit or action at law or in equity shall ..."

An iniquitous clause in the early policies issued by the Prudential Insurance Company. It provided that once the policy-holder failed to keep his insurance up he lost all he had paid in, no matter how much it was or how long he had been paying

Life insurance at five cents a week was Dryden's great idea, not as an original invention—merely as an adaptation. Only the introduction of the plan in America was his. Once in the early days, shortly after he left college, when he was working for an ordinary insurance company, while fingering over some of the journals of his trade, he read that there was a company in England which insured laborers for five cents a week and collected the premiums weekly.

That simple little paragraph in an insurance journal was one of those insignificant and unimpressive tricks of chance, marked by nothing to distinguish them from a million of the commonplace minutiæ of the day's work, whose outward seeming give no hint of the destiny with which they are charged. To this obscure young man, whose circumstances gave no promise of other than a hard-working and a humdrum life, it was the pebble with which fate trips its favorites and diverts them from the unthinking path of the unchosen.

Dryden reread the paragraph. His eye dwelt upon it. His mind revolved about it. He talked to others about it. He wrote to sources from which he might get more information about it. Finally he adopted it as his own path to fortune.

Dryden, in the company he later founded, copied the English company's organization, body and spirit. At a time when his own plans began to take shape, he made, with funds furnished by his backers, a trip, of several months, to London to study the details and office minutiæ of the English company. He talked to clerks and heads of departments. He examined each form and blank, and had copies made of them. From London he went to Liverpool, where he studied the field work of the business, spending weeks with the agents and collectors. Thus, equipped and ready, he returned to conquer America.

It was after Dryden had thought and dwelt upon his plan for several years that he came to Newark. The Newark men of money turned a chilly ear to it. There are men in Newark to-day, ending their lives as small shopkeepers, who had the chance—who, by risking a few hundred dollars to back the plan of a strange and friendless young man, might have ended their lives as millionaires. Those who did have faith in Dryden then now share his financial supremacy and are his neighbors on the splendid estates in Somerset County. Once he paid formal tribute to them. "To Noah Blanchard, Leslie D. Ward, and Edgar B. Ward," he said, "the writer owes it that his aims and ideals of the early seventies were carried into successful execution. Those who came into the company not only risked their money but their reputations in a venture which seemed almost certain to fail."

Newark Men Who Snubbed Opportunity

TWO discouraging years were spent in appeals to Newark men of money before Dryden had the minimum sum on which he reckoned it safe to begin business—five thousand nine hundred dollars. That is probably something less than a week's income for Mr. Dryden now. The paltry sum and the time consumed in securing it are eloquent of the drudgery that the organizer and his associates put into the enterprise. The affluence of their later years is a bizarre contrast with the struggles of their earlier ones. For months Dryden was the entire office force, and his office was an ill-lighted basement room. At first he drew no salary at all; during 1876 his salary was $100 a month, for the next two years it was $150 a month. Dr. Leslie Ward, who now shares Dryden's affluence in the ownership of the Prudential, and lives on an adjoining estate in Somerset County, was one of the first men Dryden met in Newark. He introduced Dryden to Newark capitalists and helped him get together his modest capital. For three years Dr. Ward served the company as medical director without a cent of pay. Until the company was comparatively prosperous he drew less than three thousand dollars a year. To these early years of hard work and privation, when they risked all on the chance of later success, Mr. Dryden and Dr. Ward now point as justification for the munificent profits they take from the company.

Mr. Dryden worked early and late. A card in the Newark papers announced that he would keep the office open till half-past seven, evenings. He buttonholed acquaintances on the street to insure in his company. And his faith never wavered. "His whole soul appeared to be bound up in the

idea," says a contemporary associate; "he often talked with me about it and prophesied its coming success."

Two and a half years after Dryden came to Newark, at the end of 1875, just two hundred and eighty-four policies were in force. Then an advertisement was put in the Newark papers calling for agents, both men and women, to canvass from house to house. With these, five, and then ten, and then twenty policies a day were written. Dryden prodded and cajoled the agents to the limit of their energy. He inaugurated contests between agents, and awarded prizes. He devised systems of higher commissions for greater volumes of business. As soon as Newark was well organized, a new group of agents was set to work in the neighboring factory town of Paterson. Other New Jersey towns were covered.

The Golden Flood of Premiums

WITHIN four years, the network of agents had spread over into Pennsylvania and New York. The weekly flood of collections into the little basement office in Newark ran into the thousands. This part of Dryden's scheme of fortune was simple enough. Get men working for you on a plan by which a fixed fraction of each man's earnings goes into your own pocket. Then multiply the number of men, spread them over the civilized world. The talent for organizing and disciplining agents, and keeping them working to the limit, was Dryden's unique genius. It was at least half of what made him and the Prudential great.

Mr. Dryden had his money-making machine in order and running. Hundreds of agents were at work, and

The evolution of the Prudential from a friendly beneficial society to a stock insurance company whose profits belong to Mr. Dryden and his associates. Each change was made by an act of the New Jersey Legislature.

April 3, 1873—Incorporated as "The Widows and Orphans' Friendly Society."

Feb. 18, 1875—Name changed to "The Prudential Friendly Society."

March 30, 1877—Name changed to "The Prudential Insurance Company of America."

March 3, 1880—Policy-holders deprived of the right to vote, so that the surplus became the property of Mr. Dryden and his associates.

PHILANTHROPY

SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN, President of the Prudential, in an address to the New Jersey Investigating Committee: "The history of the Prudential . . . is a wonderful history and without a parallel in the whole range of philanthropic or charitable enterprises."

BUSINESS

SENATOR DRYDEN'S SON, Forrest F. Dryden, Vice-President of the Prudential, in an affidavit in a lawsuit in which it was to his interest to prove that the company had been a very profitable enterprise for the stockholders (the legal technicalities of the affidavit have been eliminated; the quotation is otherwise correct): "William Robotham, a stockholder in the Prudential Company, on October 13, 1875, paid into the company in cash $2,200; for that investment he has received in cash dividends, and for the sale of part of his holdings, $149,363.60; the remainder of his holdings are now worth, in cash, $180,000; so that he has received altogether, for an investment of $2,200, a return of $329,363.60." This profit is 15,000 per cent.

From a report of Insurance Commissioner Cutting of Massachusetts: "The stockholders (of the Prudential) have already received enrichment beyond what avarice could have dreamed of when the company started, and are yearly receiving an amount more than twice the original investment."

Richard V. Lindabury, leader of the New Jersey bar, at present General Counsel for the Prudential Company, in an address to the court in a suit in 1902, before he entered the employ of the Prudential Company: "Here is an insurance company with forty-eight millions of assets which . . . are gathered from the fingers of the poor. They consist of the pennies of the working classes."

When Governor Hughes had Senator Dryden on the witness stand he asked the Senator about this act of 1880.

"I think," asked Mr. Hughes, "you testified that an act of the Legislature took away the right of the policy-holders to vote?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dryden.

"Was the passage of that act procured by your company?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dryden.

And one may imagine the great insurance president blushing a little as he made his simple answer. Later he said to Mr. Hughes: "I regret now it was done." And at another investigation he confessed that he would like to have this legislative act undone, but some of his fellow-owners of the company would not let him take the step.

In a score of ways that statute has come back to plague the owners of the Prudential; and to-day they live in doubt whether they have a legal right to the dividends they divide among themselves.

What was the nature of this statute which diverted twenty million dollars into the pockets of Dryden and his friends—Dryden's Midas wand? It is complicated, yet it is simple. And it is worth thoughtful study.

Here was the situation. There was a surplus—that feature of every insurance company which sooner or later becomes the prize of the covetous. That surplus was made up from the five and ten cent weekly contributions of the policy-holders. And as the company grew, the surplus grew. Finally it became something worth intriguing for.

The Law That Led to Fortune

NOW, the company consisted of two classes of persons: the stockholders—Dryden and his friends; and the policy-holders—laborers and wage-earners paying their little weekly premiums. *Both classes—stockholders and policy-holders alike—had votes in managing the company*, and managing the company included, of course, disposing of the surplus.

The stockholders—Dryden and his friends—had just as many votes as there were shares of stock—that was small. The policy-holders had just as many votes as there were policy-holders. Up to 1880, that number was always less than 40,000. At any election, therefore, the stockholders—Dryden and his friends—could outvote the policy-holders. They could manage the company—and control the surplus.

But on January 1, 1880, when the previous year's business was totaled up, it was found there were just 43,715 policy-holders. That was much more than there were shares of stock. For the first time, the policy-holders could outvote the stockholders. If an election had been held that day, the policy-holders could have controlled the company. They could have done what they might have wished with the surplus. They could —arguing that it came from their own pockets—have voted it back into their pockets. Or they could have voted to use it in reduction of their premiums. Certainly the last thing they would have done would have been to give it to those who had not contributed toward it—to Dryden and his friends.

That was the situation January 1, 1880. On the same day the New Jersey Legislature came together at Trenton. And within a few weeks there appeared an innocent-looking bill. It consisted of less than one hundred words, and no one of those words was "Prudential." The Prudential Company was not named; *but the statute applied to that company, and to no other company.* . . . It was by Dryden, and for Dryden. Briefly the substance of that bill was:

"All elections of directors of any joint stock insurance company whose object it is to assist its sick or needy members or to aid in defraying funeral expenses . . . shall be by the stockholders of such company, *and no policy-holder or person insured in such company shall be entitled to vote.*"

The Act of the New Jersey Legislature which took from the policy-holders of the Prudential control over the surplus, and enriched Dryden and his associates:

LAWS OF NEW JERSEY. 1880.
CHAPTER LXIV.

1. Be it enacted . . . That all elections of directors of any joint stock insurance company . . . shall be by the stockholders of such company, and no policy-holder or person insured in such company shall be entitled to vote. . . .

Reaping the Harvest

THAT act was the Midas wand which made Dryden rich. It was approved March 3, 1880. On March 2, the policy-holders controlled the surplus; on March 4, Dryden and his friends had it. And Dryden has stated on the witness stand that he secured the passage of the statute that made the transfer. From March 3, 1880, on, no policy-holder has had a vote in the Prudential Insurance Company, nor aught to do but pay his weekly premium.

Dryden and his friends had secured exclusive dominion over the company and over the surplus. And how they have used it! Out of it and its subsequent accretions they have voted themselves splendid estates in Somerset County. Out of it they have bought half the gas works and electric railroads in New Jersey. From it they have bought for themselves ownership of the rich banks and trust companies of Newark. It is hard to measure in cash the harvest that Dryden and

(*Continued on page 26*)

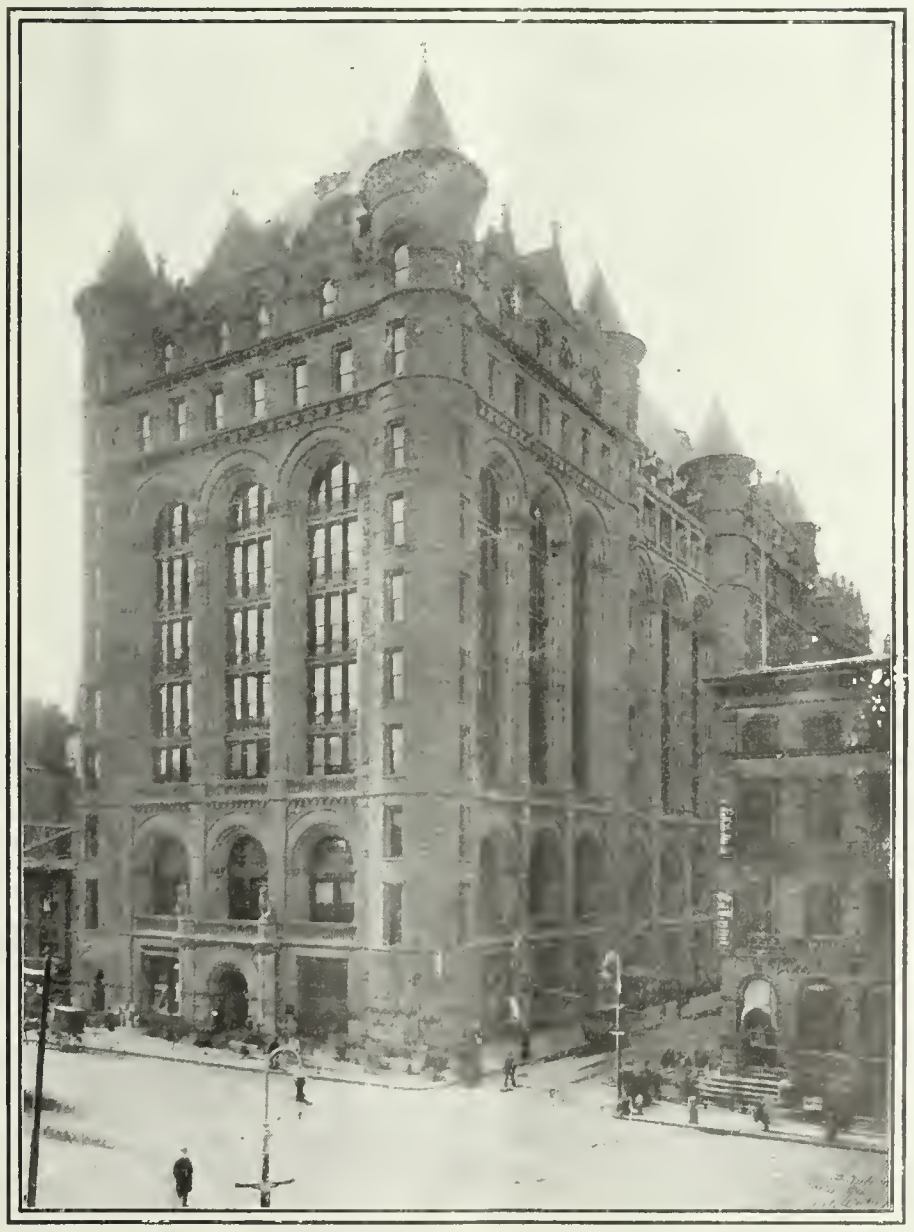
he number was being increased to thousands. The low of money into the Newark basement office had the leasing hum of busy industry. There seemed no limit o expansion. The collections weekly would eventually each millions. But in one important particular Dryden ad not exercised far-sighted provision. Millions would low into his office—but what fraction of them might e take and keep? Some he must pay back o the policy-holders, and some he might airly keep. The power to make his own livision between meum and tuum he arnestly craved—and the New Jersey egislature was amiable.

Pause, student of the romances of great ortunes, and study Chapter LXIV of the aws of New Jersey for 1880. Historian f vast accumulations, dissect and analyze hat statute. Biographies of self-made nen are singularly derelict about pointing ut the exact step which departed from ommonplace poverty and led on to forune. In Dryden's case there is day and late for it, and it is written in the session aws of New Jersey. For the understanding of the act of the Legislature which put n Dryden's pocket the money of seven nillion wage-earners, a chronological statenent of the legislative history of the Prulential Insurance Company is useful.

What's in a Name

THAT history begins with the charter, the getting of which has already been described in Dryden's own words. That harter gave the name of the company—Dryden invented the name—as "The Widows and Orphans' Friendly Society." That name sounds generosity, charity, nutual sacrifice, and help-one-another. Perhaps it was some vague recollection of hat baptismal name which made Senator Dryden last summer describe his company as a "philanthropic and charitable nterprise."

Two years later this name was changed, by the amiable Legislature, to "The Prulential Friendly Society." And two years fter that, in 1877, again the name was hanged to "The Prudential Insurance Company of America." In this evolution f name from a widows and orphans' riendly society to a plain insurance company perhaps there was no sinister intent. Names mean little; and the changes in ame had been accompanied by no essential hanges in the rights of the policy-holders. But that there was sinister purpose in the ext legislative change, the act of March 3, 880, no charity need pause to doubt.



The present Prudential building A contrast with the first one opposite



SHAKE

A Personal Reminiscence of San Francisco, April, 1906

By WILLIAM KENT

IT IS an old field that I am going to plow over again; perhaps we may turn up a few small potatoes left from the gleaning; at any rate, there are always stones to be harvested.

My life has not been tame or monotonous. I have tried railroad wrecks and a fire at sea. Bronchos, a many of them, have bucked me off, have kicked, bitten, and rolled on me; from Mexico to Montana, from California to Connecticut, I have sought the open country and taken a chance. My political experience has been cursory, numerous, and exhilarating. I have felt the horny fist of Walsh in finance and in civics, and have mingled freely with grizzlies, snakes, skunks, porcupines, politicians, and the Chicago traction question.

But in all this album of experience there was a blank page, and so it came to pass that I went West last spring to watch an earthquake. It was a deliberate deed; for just as men with glass-ended tubes seek remote places to capture an eclipse, so I went to the coast to try on an earthquake, and it was a fit.

Familiarity with earthquakes does not breed contempt, but rather engenders a high and wondering awe that the works of God can be so very different.

The recent literary person who told of how the little hills skipped like young sheep, spoke so glibly and flippantly of a really serious occasion as to make it certain that he was not present at the performance. But there was much more to the show than the gaiety of the mountains; more interesting than the uneasy sleep of Mother Earth was the disturbance set up in a human ant-hill.

Whether we consider the occasion from an Insurance standpoint as a misfortune, or whether, in geological patter, we blasphemously call it a "fault," without designating whose, the show was worth the car-fare while it lasted, and it lasted plenty long enough. Now that it is over it is the most valued picture in the album of my life, and I can say with Odysseus: "For many things have I suffered on land and sea, let this be added to the tale of those."

Like Corn in a Popper

THE physical phenomena contiguous to the slip were certainly efficient.

I saw where some bricks from a chimney hit the ground forty-five feet distant from the final resting place of others. I saw where a house had jumped four feet off its foundation, and then had bumped over the ground, while the lone lady inhabiting it stated that she felt like corn in a popper. I visited the scene of the greatest disturbance and saw where a man's front yard had shifted sixteen feet with a plain furrow marking the slip of the surface. The earthquake came to the dairy country at an hour when men were milking. The men and cows were ruthlessly spilled on the ground only to be thrown down again on attempting to rise. Subsequent events could be prophesied by those familiar with bovine nature. The cow in distress or terror always attributes her troubles to the nearest human being, and Portuguese dairymen strapped to one-legged stools climbed trees and fences in all directions while the cattle broke away and took to the open country.

If you place your hands on a wobbly table, key up your nerves to the highest point of tension, and then proceed to give the table St. Vitus' dance, any cat, puppy, baby, or other animate object seated upon the table will experience the exact feeling bestowed upon the participants in this particular earthquake.

Now, having dismissed cows and Portuguese dairymen, let us consider what happened to human beings and to San Francisco, and first let me tell of the old San Francisco.

Born of the reckless, hopeful, cheerful youth of the Argonauts, the ante-natal days left their impress upon the city. Its population with a larger admixture of the best blood of the Latin races than is found in any northern centre, gave art and gave gaiety. With her back to the Ocean and her face to the wonderful harbor, and the marvelous wealth of the valleys beyond, she sat the queen of an Empire, with the health-giving sea wind blowing through her hair.

San Francisco possessed the strongest individuality of any city I have ever known. It was the soul of the real California, and bore no resemblance whatever to those hothouse annexes of the East that crowd out the sagebrush of the southern part of the State. To every local Californian San Francisco is "the City," and any man who abbreviates the name to 'Frisco is suspected of traveling for a snide jewelry house. The city was brilliant, Bohemian, tolerant, sentimental. It was full of the joy of life, and hospitable beyond all cities. Perhaps it lacked in respect for law and convention; perhaps there was too much singing in the sunshine. La Cigale you picture this city, La Cigale, with a cigarette in her pretty mouth; well, perhaps, we shall see.

I wish I could give you the atmosphere. Would I could enumerate the men and women whose independent originality have made brilliant the passing literature and have graven some of it deep in the rock, the painters that have scattered their work through the world; the actors, the athletes who have gone to the top. But always, always the heedless bounty of it all. Easy come, easy go—just like the gold of the Argonauts. Through the gay whirl there ran a prophetic vein like that of Paris.

San Francisco was by nature the home of luxury, a luxury shared by all. Sea, orchard, garden, vineyard, pasture, and wild, all produced more good things than could be consumed. The Bay bobbed with cargoes of wasted fruit; the markets were glutted with game and fish.

For years there roamed the streets of the city a dear old lunatic who called himself "Emperor Norton I." He benignly ruled with about the average standard of administrative efficiency found in a mayor's office. He wore a surprising uniform with enormous epaulets, and spent his days in jollying children, petting stray dogs, and in grave but kindly conversation with his loyal subjects. He required as imperial perquisites three meals a day, an occasional or semi-occasional drink, a place to sleep and shoes, cap, and clothing. He furnished everything else needed in life; lungs, digestion, and a kindly spirit. When thirst came upon him the nearest of his loyal subjects who stood in white apron behind a bar fulfilled his sovereign behest. No restaurant turned him away when the Emperor hungered. Clothes and shoes were handed out without money and without price. No one was there who was not touched and honored by the requisitions which the "Emperor" carefully spread widely among his subjects. Every one seemed to love the old fellow, and he had an impressive funeral when he was finally laid away.

I recall another strange street character, an old Frenchman with an accordion and a wonderful voice. What a treat it was to moisten his throat and turn him loose in the wild ecstasy of the "Marseillaise," and this on busy, crowded Montgomery Street. And every one enjoyed it and cheered him on.



Our Lady is no Trilby to be forever dominated by the Svengali of graft and greed

All Good Fellows

AND then the Bohemian Club, most typical of all in its prodigal riot of taste and art, and the delicacies and whimsies of the mind. Who has not heard of the Midsummer Jinks held in the virgin Redwood forest from noon to moon and moon to noon of two perfect days and a glorious night! An original play of high quality in a sylvan setting of surpassing loveliness, with staging and light effects impossible anywhere else and music composed for the occasion. The camp is decorated by artists with canvasses not elsewhere available, and statues of staff, that are destroyed when the tents are folded. Months of thought and work are expended on this brief pageant given for a few members and guests. And the quaint tolerant camaraderie of it all where saint and sinner and friends and enemies meet in good humor, and do each as seems good to him; none too good to be eligible as a victim of any sort of jest; eating well, drinking as much or as little as thirst prescribes. Actors and singers who all through the night give their best efforts. Sleep if you can; sing if you wish; for the forest is free. Sit around the great camp-fire until sunrise if that pleasure suits you. A plunge in the river will fit you for breakfast, and a splendid concert follows before the break-up. "God bless all good fellows and we are all good fellows."

This is all part of the spirit of San Francisco, charitable, kindly, brimming with hospitality. Surely L. Cigale was a generous spendthrift; perhaps she was a great deal more than this. We shall see.

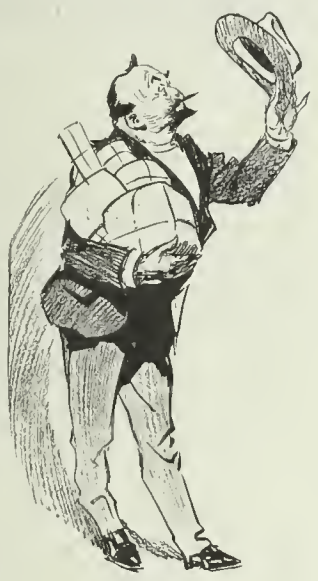
The city that watched the sun rise over the sparkling Bay, the city that saw the sun set in the great sea

whose tall ships brought tribute over the ungraded ways, the city whose law was spasmodic, whose government, too often typified by the Vigilantes' pick-handle and noose, awoke one morning to find its foundations shattered and its streets ablaze.

The people crowded the avenues of escape; they were dazed and overwhelmed at first. Mothers dragged little children with their feet clear of the sidewalk. The strangest bundles were rescued and many walked out of their houses leaving everything behind. The ferry building was crowded with birdcages; pet dogs were continually complaining when stepped on. No one seemed to care at first what the other fellow was doing.

Helping Each Other

IT was a grave question what would happen when the shock wore off. A little, alert man in regular uniform made up his mind that if there were to be disorder it should be confined to the elements, and within half an hour of the earthquake troops marched down through the town. A few scattering shots, a little application of bayonet and butt, and the city became more law-abiding than ever in its history. Personal possessions strewed the parks. Clothing hung on the bushes unmolested, and, although a scene of looting might well have been anticipated, the strange psychology of the crowd at a time of unexampled waste and destruction decreed a respect for the rights of property. The shock wore off and there came a great, spontaneous outburst of helpfulness and cheerfulness. "God bless all good fellows, and all of us are good fellows together now."



"Seex in family"

"My neighbor needs food, my neighbor needs water; his necessity is greater than mine."

Before ever half the destruction by fire was accomplished the people of the city and the environi g country rushed to help. Though beset with difficulties almost insurmountable, in impassable streets, in burnt stores, four hundred thousand people were fed so that few went hungry, because men remembered their neighbors. While their own property was burning, when all their possessions were in jeopardy, men worked efficiently through endless hours at the work of relief. Magnificent was the outpouring sympathy of the world; finer yet the spirit of broken but unbowed San Francisco. Even the public service corporations found out that they were men in disguise. The people must be carried and the ferries and railways carried them free. Water was shipped in from the suburban reservoirs, and all men, individually and collectively, practised the luxury of sharing.

Dividing With the Poor

THE people must be clothed; they must be kept warm at night, and the whole community divided its blankets and its wardrobe. The rich could not escape from their humanity by the doling out of money, for the Chinese cook was sure to have more currency than the master of the house, and anyway there weren't any rich or any poor in those days.

I was helping at a relief station in San Rafael when there appeared at the desk a stocky little old Frenchman who wished to buy a five-cent loaf of bread.

"How many in your family?" queried the man at the helm.

"Seex," said the Frenchman; "please sell me the bread."

"Dozen and a half eggs, five bread, pound butter, three pounds bacon, four beans, two rice, two sugar, and a half coffee," droned the boss to his helpers. "Here, old man," and the great bundle was shoved over.

"What is that? I am no beggar. Sell me the bread; here is your money."

"Say, old man, you're broke, maybe we're all broke; but this is on Uncle Sam; he ain't broke," and the little old man took the provisions and proudly bared his grizzled head. "I take off my hat to Uncle Sam," he said.

I overheard a conversation on the ferryboat. "Say, you never saw such crazy things as people done last week. They rescued the doggonest mess of stuff I ever see. Say, one feller came on to the boat with what-dye-think? A great big coop with a ding-beaten white rat in it. Took as much room as three babies or a real trunk. I had a good notion to kick the blame thing overboard. What d-ye-think of that!"

"Say, what day was that?"

"Thursday noon."

"Say, I guess that was my rat? He's a trained rat, ye know. He comes when I call him; he can pray and beg like a dog and do all kind of stunts."

"Well! was that your rat? Say, I've heard tell they was awful smart—wish't I could see him perform—sure, I go round where you're stopping; you bet I'd 'a' saved a rat like that." And so where war was threatened, peace came. It was in the atmosphere.

Women with luxuries gave their eider quilts and warm clothing and their time and their sympathy. Women with little worked side by side with them and gave away the children's extra shoes.

Society Reduced to Fundamentals

THE county judge and I posted a motto on the billboard of our little suburban town on Sunday morning as a sermon. It was a question between the King James and the Revised Version. Tradition won, but the decision was wrong. "Anyhow," read the sermon, "'there abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity,'" but the last word grated; the sermon was spoiled; the larger word should have been used.

There was no begging, but a proud acceptance of necessaries as a just division; it was a strange, extempore communism, and it worked. Food, clothing, pocket money were shared; nothing was borrowed.

When I call it a state of simple communism, I forget something. There was Funston and his army with high-handed orders that had no sanction of constitution, charter, law, or ordinance; an army with little to do except help the people. Yes, that was a sort of military despotism, and that worked, too, and the people didn't know it was there, except by its beneficence. The Governor added to the confusion by making one holiday succeed another so that courts could not sit nor lawyers jaw, think of it!—no law at all! It was obviously a state of anarchy, and that was good. Jails were never less needed than in those days. The most rabid Socialist would not demand that a street railroad company should pay its own expenses and turn all its receipts into the public fund, and yet that also happened.

The sanctified, self-operating law of supply and demand got lost somewhere in the ruins. A half-inch of bayonet reduced the price of newspapers from twenty-five cents to a nickel, and a rude sheriff placed the quotations on potatoes back to ante-earthquake prices, while all men approved these aberrations from established theory. The saloons were closed and kept closed largely with the consent of the owners. The constitutional right to carry a bottle was rudely shattered along with the bottle, and enforced temperance was uncomplainingly borne in a time of nerve-racking excitement.

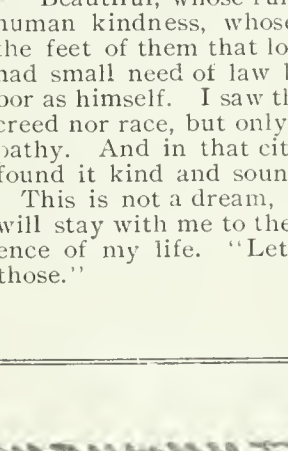
People forgave the banks for clamping down on their deposits, and were at first sorry for the insurance companies. Shake? The earth must have been ashamed at its slight variation from normal behavior, when it saw what men were doing to their traditions.

Courage there was to face the disaster. Courage there is to work the resurrection. There is, in the souls of the loyal sons of San Francisco, and of the loyal Californians, no doubt whatever as to the future of the City by the Gate. In the midst of their distress the people are cheerful, hopeful, and resolved to make the best of it. Give them time, for they are stayers.

What of the Future?

THUS it was that La Cigale faced her adversity. She had perhaps danced too much in the sun, and perhaps she had o'erheedlessly enjoyed her youth and health; but behind her gaiety is a big heart, a clear mind, and courage, splendid courage, for La Cigale is a thoroughbred.

And now another struggle is at hand, and our lady is again to be tested, tested and tried in her days of grief and depression, sitting alone in the ashes. Alone must this fight be made not only against the wickedness, the selfishness of men, but against the charming but frail quality of her own gay tolerance.



Emperor Norton I

Men who have remembered their neighbors, who have smilingly faced adversity, have but to apply the lessons they have learned and taught, to the steady-going ways of life.

Our lady is no Trilby to be forever dominated by the Svengali of graft and greed. As she is rising from the ash heap so shall she break away from the dominance of evil in her public life. Svengali had best seek the wilderness, for, if the law fails, the lady has not forgotten the ropes and pick-handles of younger days, though her friends would prefer that her memory should lapse. I stood upon the mountain-side across the Golden Gate and looked down upon the fog bank that veiled the city. The fog broke away, and there was the vision of the City Beautiful, the most beautiful city of all the world. And then the fog closed in and behind it there lay the ruined city struggling bravely in its adversity against the calamity wrought by the elements, and the discredit due to the weaknesses of men.

The City That Knew Not Caste Nor Creed

BUT in the glance given me I had seen the City Beautiful, whose ruins glowed with the flowers of human kindness, whose torn streets were smooth to the feet of them that love mercy. I saw the city that had small need of law because man loved his neighbor as himself. I saw the city that knew not caste nor creed nor race, but only human need and human sympathy. And in that city I saw the heart of man and found it kind and sound.

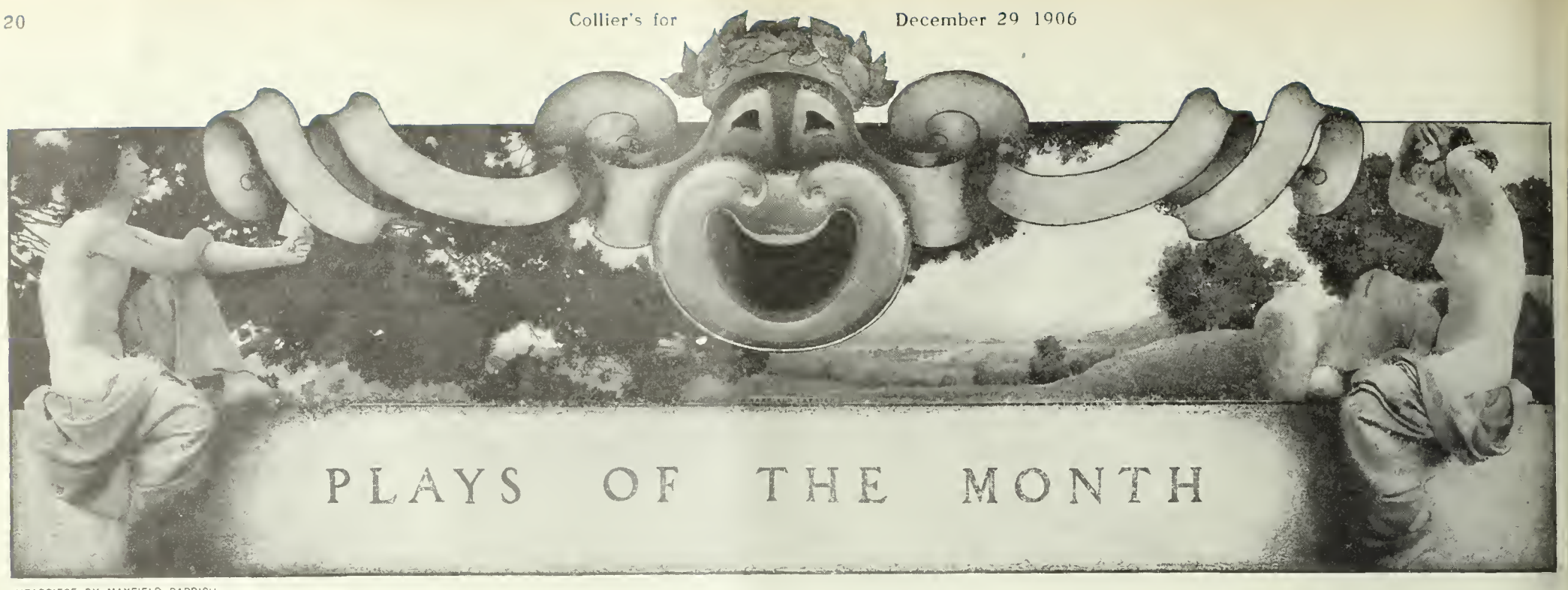
This is not a dream, but what I saw; and the vision will stay with me to the end. This is the best experience of my life. "Let this be added to the tale of those."

In Memoriam

By Edward S. Van Zile



THE midnight hour is sped,
And distant bells come faintly to my ears;
Old Santa Claus is dead!
I wish you "Merry Christmas," but a tear
Creeps to my smarting eyes;
For I have lost a friend of yesteryear,
Whose jovial disguise
Made midnight joyous; as the love of man
Shone from him like a light
That burned within his bosom,—made of bran,—
And snow-clad fields of white
Seemed weird to me because his reindeer ran.
But Santa Claus is not!
If so it be, let's raise to him a stone
Upon some sacred spot
In name of little children who are grown.
And on this pillar white,
'Neath skies as bracing as his bonny laugh,
Let carven words indite
The love we bore him in an epitaph.
And round the marble base,
In tearful mem'ry of our childhood joys,
We, gray-haired babes, shall place
The long-lost fragments of forgotten toys.
And where the dipper shines
On wan, white fields of wintry ice and snow
Shall rise pathetic shrines—
The skates and knives and sleds of long ago.
Then from that mournful mound
That marks his grave we'll, weeping, turn; nor pause
To heed the solemn sound
Of phantom sleigh-bells. Farewell, Santa Claus!



HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

BY ARTHUR RUHL

MISS ALLA NAZIMOVA is a young Russian actress with very remarkable Oriental-looking eyes and a body which might be variously compared to that of a mermaid and a leopard. It has the smooth, undulating grace of the one and the lithe, feline strength of the other. She can do all sorts of things with it. She can draw herself up like a serpent, with a quick, boneless heave that begins nobody can say exactly where, until—though she is but of medium height—she seems to tower over everybody on the stage; and she can collapse all over, with a sort of shuddering rhythm, like that of the same serpent, dead, and thrown over the side of the chair. Just how many of our women could look like Miss Nazimova if they were to dress as she does, it is not for a mere man to say, but as the mere man contrasts the two—at a matinée, for instance—the young Russian on the stage, the audience of hardshell "Anglo-Saxon" ladies in front, with dresses each joint of which seems almost to have its arrow and dotted line and guide-post saying: "This is the neck," "This is the waist," "This is where it hooks up," and sees the look of baffled disdain on their faces and catches whispers of "There she goes, draping herself on the chair again,"—"My goodness *gra*cious, would you *look* at *that!*" "Well, I must say, Grace, she makes me *ner*vous!"—the two seem creatures of different worlds.

If any excuse need be given for thus accenting merely physical manifestations it lies in the fact that Miss Nazimova is, in her way, so superbly different that nobody with eyes in his head can be indifferent to the difference, and that in her assumption of the character of Hedda Gabler this difference is one of the two things which most noticeably differentiates it from our ordinary conception of the part; one, as it happens, which hinders rather than contributes to its success.

From the East Side to Broadway

CERTAINLY, those who went down into the East Side a year ago last spring, when Miss Nazimova and Mr. Orleneff and their fellow Russians, new pilgrims from the land of the Little Father, first gave in their native tongue Tchirikoff's "The Chosen People," and other gloomy and terribly realistic plays, little thought of this aspect of Miss Nazimova's acting. She was playing then for people who regarded the stage less as a place for amusement than as a sort of battle-ground, and plays less plays in our sense of the word than literal cross-sections of life transferred to the stage by those who had themselves endured the sufferings they depicted. That artistic conviction in which the existence of an audience to play *at* seemed utterly forgotten, that superb technique which achieved its effects not by noise or violence, but quietly, artlessly it seemed, by the sheer power of perfect authenticity—this was what filled us with enthusiasm, and sent us back uptown filled with the missionary spirit of reforming Broadway. Since then many things have happened. The gifted and erratic Orleneff has departed, the little company broken up, while Miss Nazimova, having acquired a smattering of English, has herself come uptown, now to be judged by the different, but by no means easy, standards of Broadway.

Now this Mrs. Hedda, as Judge Brack was fond of calling her, may have been this or that, but she was essentially a modern, sophisticated woman, intellectually restless, with "nerves," and all sorts of queer whims and cravings, which come only to those whose whole make-up is some distance removed from the comparatively simple and direct emotions of the primitive female. If she need not have been a Scandinavian she was at least a west-of-Europe woman, not an Oriental; her eyes may have looked gray one minute and green the next, with even yellow flashes now and then, but it is rather hard to fancy them being of the velvety Oriental black, so large and impressive that—as we once remarked of Miss Nazimova's eyes—you could almost speak of their "deep contralto notes" their "sweeping gestures." Now Miss Nazimova's stage personality is distinctly not this sort of a woman.

A Russian Hedda Gabler

IT is primitive rather than sophisticated. In the part of a Russian "intellectual," wearing the clothes of a working girl and submerged in some tense, gloomy situation involving literal life and death, this does not appear; it does appear when she steps into polite clothes and endeavors to portray the kaleidoscopic lights and shades of such a lady as Mrs. Hedda Tesman. She then becomes rather heavy, a creature of attitudes and calculated poses. She is a beautiful barbarian, out of place in a Christiania villa. Nothing but the nicest and most illuminating reading of the lines—and it is precisely such reading that the terse, unrhetorical language of Ibsen requires—could make up for this external defect. This, Miss Nazimova is, as yet, physically unable to give. Time and again, even when her face and pose gave every indication that she rightly understood what she was about to say, her mere inability to reproduce our accent and intonation made the lines almost absurd.

Nor, indeed, could any one expect more. To shift in a few months to English from such an unrelated speech as Russian and to read the lines of this master of condensation and, so to say, static oratory, as such a keenly intellectual woman as Mrs. Fiske would read them, would be quite too much to ask. Nothing, however, could be more interesting than such an experiment as Miss Nazimova is trying—than having such a new and superbly different force come into our stage world. Her progress will be watched with the heartiest best wishes and liveliest anticipation. Why would it not be worth while to try in English such a piece as Fabmaeyeff's "The Abyss," a piece having none of the fine-lady business so trying for an actress unfamiliar with our language, and one in which, in her own tongue, Miss Nazimova appeared at her very best?

Mrs. Fiske, our Hedda Gabler of the past, has also undergone a metamorphosis and reappears a slender, brittle, sprightly girl in the very amusing farcical play, "The New York Idea." What this piece might become in less discriminating and accomplished hands than those of Mrs. Fiske's Manhattan Company one shudders to think—the manner in which the alleged metallic cynicism, raw brutality, and what not, which some of the first-night reviews ascribed to it, and which, indeed, any verbal account of the piece is likely to give it, disappears in the acting, well enough suggests what might have been—the essential thing is that, as they do present it, the piece is always entertaining and, in its most shocking moments, as harmless as Shaw.



Miss Alla Nazimova, the young Russian actress now appearing in English in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler"

Mrs. Fiske's "New York Idea"

IN a general way "The New York Idea" is a satire on the subject of divorce. There is no pertinency in the title; the words "New York" are attached to the play merely, apparently, because of their more or less alluring connotation, and the "idea," whatever it may be, has no special connection with actual conditions or opinions in Manhattan or anywhere else. The merit of the piece lies in its original and very clever characterization, the vivacious absurdity of its situations, and the adult brain which shows through many of its lines. Mr. Langdon Mitchell—its author and the son of Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia—has many ideas. Outside of the fact that after "Cæsar and Cleopatra" it is perhaps the most amusing play of the season, it is most interesting in being a result—of which there are bound to be many—and a highly successful one, of the vogue of Mr. Shaw. Some parts of it—that Garden of Eden passage, for instance, between Mrs. Vida Phillimore, the accomplished divorcée, and her mature suitors, might well have been the work of the Intellectual Slap-Stick Man himself. This Mrs. Phillimore is a large, luxuriant, and lackadaisical siren, a quite new type, killingly acted by Miss Marion Lea, who befogs her avid desire to capture every male she meets under a studied indolence

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f manner, a vague absentmindedness of speech. In his instance she is entertaining Mr. John Karslake, a ery normal, direct sort of an American, in her boudoir. Both are divorced. Now, in all comedies of the modrn stage, there is no moment more typical than that yric passage in which the hero and heroine having eached a crisis in their affairs—the hero is just leaving or the Philippines or is about to propose—suddenly rop the language of every day and plunge into an alleorical antiphony pitched in the vein of toploftiest omance. This sort of thing, conventionalized now by nnumerable romancers and matinée idols, has become lmost as detached and well recognized a "stunt" as the erious lyric duet between the tenor and soprano in nusical comedy or the favorite songs of Italian opera.

"And then," says Mrs. Phillimore, having led her visitor n to the proper mood of sentimental receptivity, "we vill walk together into the Garden of Eden—and close -the gate—"

"And close the gate," echoes the solid Karslake, . red-faced, rather horsy young man.

"And lock it," continues the divorcée in a far-away 'oice, "on the inside—"

"And lose the key—"

"Under a rosebush," sighs the lady.

"Under a rosebush," agrees the man, and about this noment they are interrupted. Karslake is sent below o the "men's room," where papers, cigars, and drinks re provided for such visitors. Appears the card of Sir Wilfrid Cates-Darby. The languid Mrs. Phillimore as been arranging roses in a vase during the late nterview. Languidly she signals to her maid, who emoves the roses from the vase and carefully puts them ack in their box. Mrs. Phillimore resumes her shears. Enter Sir Wilfrid, Mrs. Phillimore discovered in the charming occupation of taking roses from a box, snipping off stray leaves, and arranging them in a vase. Conversation is steered inevitably; before the Englishman knows what's happening he has the lady's hand n his, a rapt look enthralls her eyes, she is repeating dreamily: "And we will walk into the Garden of Eden —together—and lock the gate—on the inside—and—"

This is in the real Shaw manner, which consists in slapping internally, so to speak, our dear emotional conventions, our "better nature," as they say in "You Never Can Tell." From a critical point of view it is very interesting as being a note rather new to American playwrights, who have been accustomed to have fun with people viewed externally, individual types rather than common moods or emotions which we assume to be fundamental. Mrs. Fiske is never better than in brittle comedy, and she has rarely appeared to more advantage than in this piece, although the rapid movement of some of its passages tempts her to fall into her worst mannerisms of unintelligible speaking. These are inexcusable in a woman so intelligent and ordinarily so opposed to all that is merely mannered and unessential. It is bad enough to understand a bad actor, but to miss whole sentences at the moment when one is most captivated is certainly depressing. Mr. Arliss as the English lord was as finished and delightful as ever, Mr. Mason generally excellent, though occasionally, particularly in the more serious last scene, slow and heavy. This is the sort of thing which least of all can endure a beef-and-cabbage sort of stodginess. The rest of the company each contributed his part to a well-nigh flawless performance.

Miss Ashwell and Miss Anglin as "Mrs. Dane"

THE two recent matinées of "Mrs. Dane's Defense," in which the parts of Mrs. Dane and Lady Eastney were taken on alternate afternoons by Miss Lena Ashwell, the English actress, and Miss Margaret Anglin, presented an object lesson in the art of acting and in certain matters of taste which many ambitious ladies of the stage might well take to heart. Miss Ashwell appeared in the first matinée as Mrs. Dane, Miss Anglin in the comedy part of the vivacious Lady Eastney. The Mrs. Dane of the English actress was pitched in a low, quiet key that brought out all the more strongly the anguish which that unhappy lady was suffering by seeming to suppress it. She seemed all the time to be fighting down a pain that she had grown enough used to to conceal, but that was burning into the very heart of her. She revealed it to the audience by, so to speak, holding her breath instead of by shouting. And this suffering, suppressed with a woman's infinite patience, combined with her own unassuming yet winsome personality to give the part a certain sweet womanliness. Everybody felt sorry for this Mrs. Dane. Meanwhile, Miss Anglin with her vigorous personality, vivid eyes, smile, and speech was charming as the good-humored widow—so dazzling did she show in comparison with the more subdued colors of the other that one could almost hear her saying: "Just wait till you see *me* do that!"

This was the air with which Miss Anglin attacked the rôle of Mrs. Dane the next afternoon, a sort of "Watch me—it's a shame to do it!" air. It was a part in which she had won her first great success here; nobody questions her extreme cleverness in the technique of emotional acting; the audience were very friendly and hungry for the slaughter. And one must admit that Miss Anglin can do certain things which Miss Ashwell can't do at all. The latter hasn't the vivid personality and speech, she couldn't do that nerve-racking sob with which Miss Anglin throws herself at the feet of Sir Daniel in the final moment of defeat. Miss Anglin is a virtuoso in these matters—even though her wonderfully expert sobs have little more effect on the spectator than the physical cleverness of an acrobat or juggler. Miss Anglin has all this superior technical ability, yet not for a minute did she get inside the part—and inside the emotions of the audience—as did her quieter and simpler rival. She dressed for the part as elaborately as did the musical comedy ladies who gleamed in one of the proscenium boxes. Not that the dresses themselves were in bad taste—far from it. They were of such exquisite taste and beauty that no spectator could cease to be conscious of them for an instant, their design and shimmer and rustle, or believe that Mrs. Dane could really be feeling so very bad and wear such lovely clothes. Of course, one might say that Miss Ashwell didn't wear superlative gowns because, not being leading lady in such a success as "The Great Divide," she couldn't afford a superlative dressmaker, and that she pitched the part in a low key and acted quietly because she couldn't do it any other way. That is beside the point here, where we are considering from which actress it was that the audience received the most worthy interpretation of the part, not how or why her effects were gained. The two matinées merely illustrated the axiom that the careless and self-conscious hare may be beaten by the earnest and painstaking tortoise.

ARE STATE RIGHTS WRONG?

SECRETARY ROOT HAS REOPENED A DEBATE ABOUT LAW-MAKING WHICH IS AS OLD AS THE UNITED STATES

ELIHU ROOT, Secretary of State, at a banquet of the Pennsylvania Society in New York, made a speech bearing on what laws ought to be made at State capitals and what ones at Washington. This speech has been interpreted by some as meaning that the Government at Washington is disposed to infringe more and more on "State rights," to take over more and more matters and make the laws concerning them at Washington. Such a suspicion has caused outspoken opposition from those persons—especially old-time Democrats—who believe the interests of the people are best served by giving them the greatest possible measure of local self-government, and responsibility for making that government good; who believe that more and more laws ought to be made at the State capitals and fewer and fewer laws at Washington. The issue of State rights and Federal sovereignty thus raised is as old as the United States itself.

When the thirteen original colonies came together to form a united government, they came as more or less hostile units. Massachusetts hated Virginia, New York once tried to put a customs tax on goods brought across the Hudson River from New Jersey, small colonies were suspicious of large ones, slave-holding colonies distrusted free colonies, colonies of one prevailing religion were bigoted against colonies of other religions; some colonies had almost come to arms over boundary disputes.

What Laws Can be Made at Washington

A group of delegates representing such opposing interests, such antagonistic prejudices, such hostile passions, would manifestly be disposed to concede as little as possible to the General Government over all, which they were gathered together to form, and to retain for the States they represented just as much as possible of the scope of law-making and governing. On the other hand, there was in the convention a little group of far-sighted statesmen who realized that if the General Government was to endure, if it was not to be broken up the instant one colony should become angry and conclude to secede, then it must be made strong, and the individual States must give up many of their prerogatives. This latter party, the Federalist, was led by Alexander Hamilton; the State Rights Party was led by Jefferson. Between these two factions the debates continued for months; and "The Federalist," the record of the Constitutional Convention of 1789, is filled with their arguments as to whether the making of the laws on this subject or on that should be retained by the States or delegated to the National Government. Finally, they carefully incorporated into the Constitution which they made a list of seventeen subjects on which the National Government should be permitted to make laws; as to all other subjects, by implication, the laws were to be made by each State for itself. This list of seventeen is Article I, Section VIII, of the Constitution. The subjects named in it include coining money, punishing counterfeiters, managing the post office, copyrights and patents, declaring war, bankruptcy, maintaining an army and navy, regulating commerce.

Scarcely was the National Government formed upon this Constitution under way when it began to inch over the boundaries of these strictly limited seventeen subjects. That course of encroachment it has continued up to to-day. At the last session of Congress laws were passed on subjects farther removed than ever before from any relation to the seventeen named in the Constitution. And the President's recent message contained recommendations that Congress pass laws on subjects still farther removed from the scope of the original seventeen subjects decided upon by Hamilton, Jefferson, and their fellow delegates.

During this century of encroachment on the part of the Federal Congress, the State Rights Party has resisted strenuously, but always more and more feebly. To-day, the advocates of State rights are probably fewer and less powerful than ever before. Most of them are in the Southern States, where much of the old-time spirit of Jeffersonian Democracy still exists. Many of them are able and distinguished men; but it is a far cry back from the present to the time when a powerful party believed in State rights so fully that it tried to secede from the United States when the Federal Government infringed upon what it considered the rights of the States. The Webster-Hayne debate of 1832, followed by the unsuccessful war of the rebellion, settled for all time the right of a State to secede when it thought its rights were invaded by the National Government.

Whenever the National Government has wished to make laws on a subject, and has failed to find that subject named in the prescribed seventeen, it has resorted to some technicality. Occasionally it has taken the ground that, although a certain subject was not found on the list, nevertheless the power to make laws on that subject was *implied*—that if a government was a government at all it must necessarily have, without express grant, the right to make laws on certain subjects. That is what happened, for example, when we acquired Porto Rico and the Philippines. Having acquired, without very much plan or forethought, insular dependencies, it was necessary for the Federal Government at Washington to make laws concerning them. Then it was discovered that the Constitution contained nowhere any authority to make laws concerning colonies. But that discovery did not dismay Congress. It was argued that if there is a nation, that nation will have colonies. Therefore there must be an *implied* power in the National Government to make laws concerning those colonies. And so the laws were made. Some of the most important powers now exercised by the Government at Washington are the so-called "implied" ones.

But the great gateway for technicality has been the "interstate commerce" clause. Among the seventeen subjects on which the Constitution says that the Federal Government may legislate, the third is this:

3. "To regulate commerce . . . among the several States."

On the ground of "regulating commerce among the States," the National Government at Washington has passed laws that the old debaters in the Constitutional Convention of 1789 never could have foreseen, and probably would never have approved. Even Hamilton would have frowned upon some of them. It was under the plea of "regulating interstate commerce" that the Pure Food bill was passed last year. Some Senators and Congressmen who believed heartily in that law voted against it because they thought it was a subject which the States should attend to, that it was against the letter and spirit of the Constitution for Congress to be making laws concerning such a subject.

The history of the Pure Food law, indeed, is typical of the way the whole question comes up. There ought to be such a law; the States themselves failed to make it, Congress proposed to make it, the people wanted it, and they took the quickest means of getting it. Public opinion did not draw any fine constitutional distinctions; it wanted the law and the Federal Congress furnished the means of getting it.

Here, indeed, in the failure of the States to make the laws they ought to make, is the meat of Secretary Root's speech and the chief buttress of his arguments. Said he:

> "It is useless for the advocates of State rights to inveigh against the . . . extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control where the States themselves fail in the performance of their duty. The instinct for self-government among the people of the United States is too strong to permit them long to respect any one's right to exercise a power which he fails to exercise. The governmental control which they deem just and necessary they will have. It may be that such control could better be exercised in particular instances by the Governments of the States, but the people will have the control they need either from the States or from the National Government, and if the States fail to furnish it in due measure sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised in the National Government."

The Longest Step Yet

The meat inspection law last year was another extension of the Federal Government under the power of regulating interstate commerce. Now come two Senators, Lodge and Beveridge, both lawyers, and presumably familiar with the constitutional limitations on what can be done under the pretext of "regulating interstate commerce," with a proposal to pass a national child labor law. Here again no one doubts that there should be a child labor law, the people want one, the individual States persistently fail to pass one. Naturally, when the Federal Congress proposes to pass one, public opinion backs it and draws no fine constitutional distinctions.

The States neglect their prerogatives, and awake to consciousness of them only when the Federal Government usurps them. The States neglect to make laws which the people want; the Federal Government offers to make those laws, and then the States—and the advocates of State rights—raise their voices in protest.

Not only do the States fail to make the laws. As to some subjects, if the States made their laws with the best will and the greatest intelligence, the sum total of forty-six State laws would be far less effective and more confusing than one law made at Washington and enforced from there.

THE SINS OF THE MOTHER



AND HOW THEY VISITED AN UNDISTINGUISHED THEATRICAL FAMILY

By CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

HALF AN HOUR after the performance was over Mabel Rand and her mother were still waiting on the deserted stage. It was early in June, and the night was very warm. Mrs. Rand was leaning against the proscenium arch, and Mabel had walked over to the watch-light with the comedian of the company to show him a jeweled locket which had been sent her that afternoon.

"What do you suppose has happened to that child?" Mrs. Rand called querulously. Mabel smiled across the dark stage in the direction of her mother and pried open the case of her locket to show the inscription which had been engraved inside.

"You mayn't mind staying here all night, Mabel, but I'm hungry." Mrs. Rand walked across the stage and called down an iron stairway which led to the dressing-rooms in the cellar. "Annabel, Annabel, do for Heaven's sake hurry up!"

A chorus girl came slowly up the iron steps pulling on her gloves and nodded to Mrs. Rand.

"Did you see that child of mine?" asked the woman. The girl shook her head in dissent. "She dresses down the hall in the big room. I wouldn't go down to look for her if I were you or you'll get drownded. This theatre's something fierce. There's water all over the place. Good-night!" The girl moved slowly on across the stage toward the letter-box just inside the street door, and Mrs. Rand continued to call "Annabel" down the stairway.

Two young men in evening clothes came out of the star's dressing-room, which opened on the stage, and walked over to where Mabel Rand was still pointing out the hidden beauties of her last gift to the comedian.

"It's a peach, sure," said the actor and nodded to the two men. "Good-night!" he added, "it's a glass of Münchner for mine. Good-night, all!"

"Annabel's late, as usual," sighed Mabel, "and mother'll have a fit in about two minutes and fall down those iron stairs. Let's sit down on the throne and wait. I'm all tired out."

The two men and the girl crossed the stage, and Mabel climbed up to the gold property throne and the two men sat at her feet on the steps of the dais.

"Mother's so particular about Annabel," said the girl dreamily.

"Yes, I've noticed that," answered one of the men. The girl on the throne looked down sharply at him, with lowered eyebrows.

"Just what do you mean by that?"

The man looked up and smiled into the flashing eyes above him.

"Why, nothing, Mabel," he said, "nothing, of course. Don't be foolish."

"I guess I'll hurry her up," and the girl ran down the steps of the throne and started for the iron staircase.

"You ought to be more careful, Billy," said the other man.

"I suppose so, but I get a little tired of their grafting sometimes. I'll match you now who pays for Annabel's cab home."

The two men each pulled out a coin from their waistcoat pockets.

"Who matches who?" said the one who had made the suggestion.

"I'll match you," said the other, but before he had tossed the coin in the air he turned sharply to a young girl who appeared before the throne as suddenly and as unexpectedly as if she had risen from the stage. "Why, Annabel," said the man, "where did you come from? Did they shoot you through a trap?"

"No," said the girl, "they didn't shoot me through a trap. There was a row in the dressing-room, and it made me cry, and I came up here and hid behind the throne. I wanted to dry my eyes before you all saw me, and then I heard what you said about us and matching to see who would pay for my cab. I don't want your cab, Mr. Lorimer, and—" The tears suddenly broke out afresh, and the girl covered her face with the sleeve of her white duck coat.

The man took the girl's free hand in both of his and drew her toward him. "Now, Annabel, you must stop crying. Please," he said, "I'm sorry you heard what we said, but I'm glad you don't care to have me pay for your cab. Now, go right across the stage and tell your mother you want a nickel to pay your fare home in the car."

The girl dropped her arm and looked curiously into Lorimer's eyes. She had never had a man speak to her in just that way before. "Thank you, Mr. Lorimer," she said.

She started to go to her mother, but Lorimer stopped her, and took her hand in his.

"And, Kid," he said, "I don't mind spending the nickel or even the cab fare, but I want to save up so that when you come to me and say you want something worth while I'll be ready for you. Do you understand?"

The girl nodded and smiled through her wet eyes. "Yes," she said, "I understand—perfectly."

"Well, Annabel, child, where have you been?" cried Mrs. Rand as her youngest daughter appeared out of the darkness.

"I came up the other stairs. Please let me have a nickel, mother. I forgot my purse."

Mrs. Rand began to fumble in her reticule. "What do you want a nickel for, precious? Mr. Lorimer will put you in a cab. And upon my soul, if you haven't been crying. You poor, dear child," and Mrs. Rand made a dab with her highly scented handkerchief at one of her daughter's eyes.

"Please, mother," begged the girl.

"All right," said Mrs. Rand, returning to the reticule, "but I don't see why you want to ride in a dirty car when here is Mr. Lorimer ready and willing to put you in a cab." Putting a lady in a cab and paying the fare were synonymous in the eyes of Mrs. Rand.

The two men and the elder daughter had joined the group, and it was Lorimer who led the way to the stage-door. "Come on, Annabel," he said, "I'll walk to the corner with you. The rest of you had better wait here in the hallway."

Once outside he crossed the sidewalk to a closed cab, opened the door, and the girl got in.

"Thank you, Mr. Lorimer," she said, and put her hand out of the carriage window.

"Don't mention it, Annabel," he said, "and don't forget me."

He paid the driver and for a moment stood looking after the cab, jolting over the cobblestones.

"Such a sweet kid," he muttered, "such a nice girl and a grafter at seventeen."

Mrs. Rand and her daughter had long been known to the managers of comic opera and the young men who affect the acquaintance of the women of the stage. Mabel and her mother had been celebrated in their own circle for their remarkable likeness to each other, and for the fact that for several years they had worked side by side in the same chorus. But during the last season the years or the strain had begun to write their story in little lines and shadows about the hard classic features of Mrs. Rand, and she had been relegated to the last row of the chorus, while Mabel had risen to the position and the emoluments of a show girl. And then, before she was seventeen, Annabel was launched in the business, and Mrs. Rand was enabled to retire and still receive the benefit of two salaries. It was, however, only the work which she neglected; the social side of the life appealed to her just as strongly as ever, and she seldom failed to reach the theatre after the performance was over, but in time to send Annabel home and accompany Mabel to supper.

To send Annabel home in a cab and to satisfy Mrs. Rand's chronic desire for rich dishes were the two necessary but thoroughly understood evils connected with any supper to which Miss Mabel Rand lent her presence. There had been a time when the company of the mother was not unsought—indeed, she may be said to have fairly shared the honors with her beautiful daughter.

But of late a certain querulousness of manner had taken the place of her former gaiety, and Mrs. Rand had become more the mother and less the companion of her daughter Mabel. It seemed as if the winter of her life had suddenly come upon her, but spring in the form of Annabel held out abundant hopes for the future of the Rand family.

At seventeen Annabel was an unusually pretty girl, and it was the kind of prettiness which promises the development of great beauty. During her one season on the stage she had learned much of life from "the big dressing-room," but of her own family she knew little or nothing. That she did not know more was the tragedy which had come into her life at the time when other girls are busy with their dolls. She had walked to her school and back again to her mother's flat in Harlem, and then she had given up the school and ridden to the theatre in a trolley-car and back home in a carriage, supplied by her mother's and her sister's friends. These were the three things she knew—school, home, and the theatre downtown. There had been nothing to fill in the chinks—no friends, no games in the city parks, no vacation in the country, nothing but a daily change in the evening paper, that she read after the rest of the family and the maid had finished with it. It was a life which left the girl much time to speculate on what kind of a life it was her mother and her sister and all the rest of the people were living on the outside. And yet her mother and her sister were not in a way a bad kind of people. They belonged to that great class of women in New York who work very hard to keep alive—who starve by day, who have one good dress, and who afford a telephone in the hope that it may bring them an invitation to dine in a downtown restaurant. Up to the present time Annabel Rand had had only the scant, badly cooked meals at home—the telephone had not yet begun to ring for her.

William Lorimer, stocking manufacturer, was not in the habit of receiving his player friends during business hours, but with Annabel Rand it was another matter, and the next morning when she called at his place downtown she was promptly shown into his little glass office.

Lorimer was in his shirtsleeves, held a half-smoked cigar tightly between his teeth, and the burden of his manner was business and business only.

"Now, Annabel, my dear," he said, "what can I do for you?"

The girl drew a long breath. "I'm going to leave the stage," she gasped.

Lorimer picked up a pencil from his desk and drew a square on the new blotter. "Why?" he asked. "Do you love your home so much you can't leave it even to go to the theatre?"

"I don't love my home at all. I want to leave it—forever."

"And your mother and Mabel?"

There was a catch in the girl's breathing, and her hands seemed to close instinctively. "Forever," she whispered, "forever, forever."

Lorimer looked up from his desk and into Annabel's wet eyes.

"Of course, you would leave town?"

The girl nodded.

"And you wish me to send you away—that is, if it is possible?"

"Yes," she said, "I want to begin again in my own way. I'm starved, Mr. Lorimer, I'm starved. They take my money and fight over it, and I can't stand any more fighting. I have no friends. I don't even get enough to eat. I have no clothes—nothing. It's been bad enough, but what's coming is worse. It's all right for mother and Mabel to fight and work and scheme for late suppers, but not for me. I heard what you said

ıst night about them being 'grafters.' That's what ney are, grafters; and I'll never be a grafter—never e—" The girl suddenly ended in a long convulsive ob.

Lorimer got up and brought her a glass of water. That's all right, Annabel," he said, "I always claimed ıat I had never broken up a family, but I guess here is here I begin. Now listen to me. We have two mills; ne is at Belmar in Pennsylvania and the other is at outh Haddon, Massachusetts. The one at Belmar is big mill, where we employ over two thousand hands -the other is very small, where we don't make anyıing but silk goods. Belmar is a big manufacturing own, and there is plenty doing all the time. South laddon is a typical little New England village on the ater. The people are as narrow-minded as their reets are broad, and I should say the town lights go ut about eight-thirty. From my point of view, it is unday there every day in the week, and they believe automobile is a sure invention of the devil. Now, I ın put you in the office at either Belmar or South laddon, and in both places I will guarantee that you ill be as completely lost to your mother and Mabel as you had been dropped off a liner in mid-ocean."

"If I may," said Annabel, "I think I will go to South laddon."

Lorimer looked up suddenly at the girl and then ırned away to press an electric button. "All right, nnabel, all right," he said, "and I'll guarantee the right lights of Broadway will never hurt your eyes in outh Haddon."

II

T was late in the afternoon when Lorimer, grimy and dusty from the long ride, stopped his automobile in ront of South Haddon's only hostelry. As the owner f the town's first and solitary industry, he was shown the bridal suite, and, after he had changed his othes, he found that there was still half an hour beore supper to call on his old friend and protégée—nnabel Rand. The house stood at the end of a oad which was shaded by great elms and overgrown ith weeds and wild flowers and clumps f tangled grass. Indeed, if it had ot been for the daily visits of the ilkman and the canvas-covered cart f the butcher the wheel ruts would ave disappeared completely, and the oad would have become only a footath. Annabel Rand's house was very uch like the half-dozen others which ced on this almost forgotten lane. hey were all square-built houses of ingles, warped and grayed by the orms of more than a hundred years. here were no trimmings of green, or hite, or brown—nothing but the gray alls and gray roofs. But every house ad its lawn and every lawn was bright ith dahlias and marigolds and thyme nd long rows of hollyhocks, so that the oad seemed like a broad path dividing ne great garden.

Lorimer found her sitting on the orch at the side of the little gray ouse. The porch overlooked the arm f a small landlocked harbor, which as the cause of South Haddon's being, nd the lawn ran down to the water's dge. As he unlatched the gate, Anabel recognized her old friend and ran meet him. She took both of his ands in hers and looked him fairly in ne eyes. "And so you have come at ast," she said. "I had begun to believe hat you had almost forgotten the mills nd me."

Still holding one hand, he swung her alf around as if she had been a child. Dear me," he said, "how you've rown, and so good-looking, too." The irl blushed and led him across the lawn the house. They passed through a iny hallway and a little sitting-room, ith old-fashioned yellow paper and right chintz curtains, and out on to ıe porch overlooking the bay. Lorier glanced about him at the grass and he water and the nasturtiums which ung like a curtain about the piazza. My, how good it all smells," he said. How long has this been yours?"

"A whole year, and you never came see."

"Two years I never came to see," he aid. "Wasn't it terrible? But I heard ll about you; how well you were comng on at the mills, and how successful and important ou were. I intended to come, many times, but somehing always seemed to interfere. How are you—appy?"

"How do I look?"

"Radiant," he answered.

"And now," she said, "you must sit down and tell ne all about everything." He dropped into a chair, nd she sat on the edge of the porch with her feet restng on the soft turf. For a few minutes there was ilence. Both knew what was in the other's mind, and et neither cared to speak of it. It was Lorimer who roke the silence.

"Did you tell your mother or Mabel?" he asked.

The girl looked out at the water and shook her head. No," she said, "did you?"

"Not me," he answered, "I wouldn't have dared."

"Do you—do you know what has become of them?"

Lorimer took out a cigarette from his case and lighted t. "Mabel, I understand," he said, "is abroad, and some ime ago your mother closed the flat and went away—n the road, I think. She wrote me once or twice."

"Yes?" asked the girl. "For money, I suppose?"

"Well, I believe it was—now that you mention it. But I haven't heard from her for a long time—a year, perhaps."

The girl rested her elbows on her knees and held her chin between the palms of her hands. "Poor old mother," she sighed, "poor dear old mother! And so she has gone back to work. Heavens, how she must hate it."

"I guess you're right," said Lorimer, "but I want to hear all about yourself. You're very comfortable."

The girl's glance swept the tiny, well-trimmed lawn and the quiet waters of the bay. "Indeed, I am," she said, "and it's all so cheap. Some day the Boston millionaires will discover the place, and this little lot will sell for thousands; now it rents for what I would pay for a hall bedroom in New York."

"Why don't you buy?" he asked.

"Buy?" she repeated. "I haven't the money, but I hope to have it some day, and then it will be all my own. Just think of it—all my own."

"You say that," said Lorimer, "as if you meant to live here always."

"Why not?" she asked. "It's the only home I've got. And then, besides, every foot of land I buy here, every friend I make, every hold of any kind, is a—well a sort of anchor to windward. You know what I mean?"

Lorimer nodded gravely. "Of course I understand. You mean there are times—times when South Haddon is a trifle difficult. I was a little afraid those times would come. After all, you were not born in South Haddon."

"It doesn't make so much difference just where I was born," she said, "it was the people who were responsible for my being at all. I'm full of their blood, and it's not very good blood, and just once in a while it breaks out and—and then I hate things. I even hate the people who work with me. I hate their miserable narrow minds, and I loathe the sight of their drawn, putty faces. They're starving over there, those men and women at the mills—starving in mind and body. They eat cold pie for breakfast and boiled meat once a week for supper, just because it costs too much to build a fire. Their only recreation is to hoard their money in stockings and old teapots, and go to the Social Hall on Saturday nights. I wish you could go to one of those Social Hall entertainments on a Saturday night." Annabel laughed aloud at the very thought.

"But I never let on—I never let them know," the girl ran on. "I keep my lips tight closed, and after the work is over at the mills I come back here, and it's so sweet, and quiet, and peaceful that it makes me feel better again. Sometimes I cry a bit and sometimes I go to work cooking my supper, and when that is over I go out to visit some of the old women in the village so that they will speak well of me, and sometimes I go to the library and help Nannie Cross with the books."

"More anchors to windward?" Lorimer asked.

"Yes," she said, "and I need them all. You don't know how hard I tug and pull at those anchors some days."

"But you must have some real friends?" he asked. "Some girls or men you can talk to in your own language."



"They had a row, and Barry Culver threw a chair on the stage"

For a moment the girl hesitated. "Yes," she said slowly, "I have one friend, one great friend. He's a man."

"Oh," said Lorimer, "and he's a native?"

Annabel nodded her head.

"And you're going to marry him?"

"I suppose so," she answered, "although no one but he and I know it. We haven't told any one yet. His folks don't like the idea very much. It's hard for you to understand till you know these people, but this boy's family goes back to the *Mayflower* and some of his relatives are swells in Boston, and yet he works at the grocery store. But his folks don't think so much of that as they do of the Boston relations and the ancestors that came over in the *Mayflower*."

"And they are against you," interrupted Lorimer, "because you didn't have any ancestors on that very overcrowded liner?"

"You know how it is with me. I couldn't tell them who I was and where I came from. My history begins with the day I started work at the mill."

"And what does he say?"

"He doesn't say anything. He just looks at my face."

"Pardon me," said Lorimer, "but is the young man the regular kind of sweetheart, or is he just another anchor to windward?"

The girl smiled. "No, he is the real thing—at least I try to think so. You probably wouldn't care for him, but you don't live in South Haddon. He wears pepper-and-salt clothes and a ready-made tie, and he works in the village store, but he's—that is, I think he is, different from the others." The girl looked down at the ground and pressed one heel into the soft turf. "And if he's not," she added, "I'll make him different. We will live here in this little house, and we will be as happy as we can be. We will both have our work, and we will have each other, and perhaps there will be children. Every morning he will go to the store and I will go to the mill, but our lives will really reach only to the end of the lane up there."

"And some day," said Lorimer, "I will turn up here with a fine large French touring car and pack you and your husband in the tonneau, and away we will fly to town and the white lights of Broadway."

The girl still looked out across the lawn and the quiet waters of the bay. She reached out her hand and patted Lorimer gently on the arm and spoke to him as if he had been a child at her knee. "The white lights of Broadway," she repeated. "I used to see them from the windows of the cabs you and the other boys paid for. Do you remember? No, my dear old friend, my world ends at the head of the lane, and you are the very last one who would ever take me beyond it."

Lorimer rose and held out his hand. "I'm off to the hotel now. But surely I am to meet the fiancé before I leave town."

Annabel looked up at him and smiled. "Of course you are," she said. "You must stay to supper, and David—that's his name, David Barr—will be in later. I suppose it really isn't right for the head of the handwork department to ask her employer to supper with her, but just the same she is going to insist."

"And so is the employer," said Lorimer. "I emphatically insist. And we might take a turn in the motor afterward?"

"Not that I'm afraid," she said. "People talk so in a small town. They wouldn't understand. Why not spend the evening here if it doesn't bore you too much? David wanted to go to a show to-night, but he didn't care to leave me alone. Now he can go and every one will be happy. I do hope you'll like him."

"A show?" asked Lorimer, "what kind of shows do you have at South Haddon?"

"I don't know," said Annabel, "just poor little shows. Half a dozen variety people get together and go from one small town to another, trying to pay their way through the summer months. They're very bad—'ten-twenty-and-thirty,' you know."

"Let's all go," he said. "It might be funny."

The girl shook her head. "No, it wouldn't be funny to you or me—tragic, that's all. With David it's different. He's only been to Boston once, and then he was too young to go to the theatre."

Lorimer and Annabel had finished their supper, and the table had been cleared, when David Barr appeared at the cottage. He was young and athletic looking—a broad frame with no superfluous flesh, a freckled face and blue eyes, a weak chin and sandy hair. He wore the pepper-and-salt clothes and the ready-made tie that Annabel had described, and he had well-meaning manners and no manner. He was glad to meet Lorimer and said so; he acknowledged that it was especially pleasing to him as it gave him the chance of going to the show.

"I don't like to leave the little girl alone," he added.

There was something in the words and more in the manner of their saying that Lorimer did not like. There was just a suggestion that Barr was patronizing the girl, and his whole manner was that of the master and the owner, rather than that of the lover. Lorimer recalled what Annabel had said about the difference in their social positions, and the thought pleased him even



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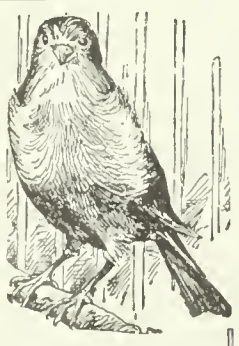
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Beware of Imitators. Cage and bird's inside wing must be stamped with my registered Trade-Mark, "Living-Music-Box," or not genuine.

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Received my Geisler-Roller in perfect condition. I never heard such sweet notes before. Thank you, Mr. Geisler, for your fair treatment. L. L. LOUREKE.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

THE SINS OF THE MOTHER

(Continued from page 23)

less than it had before. And yet in the scheme of life she had mapped out for herself he could see that the marriage would probably be best. In her work at the mill, in her renunciation of the life into which she would have inevitably drifted in New York, in her efforts to quell the turbulent blood of her forefathers, she had proved her strength, and there was reason to believe that she would prove it again as the wife of David Barr.

Shortly before eight o'clock David started for the town hall and left his sweetheart and Lorimer talking in the little sitting-room. Lorimer smoked and Annabel told him in her own quaint way her plans for the future. How she well understood that she had risen nearly as high as any woman could rise in the mill, but for her husband she could do much. She was going to make him the most important man in South Haddon. And then through the open window there came the patter of hurrying feet; the door was flung back, and David stood at the threshold wild-eyed and disheveled. He was breathing heavily, and it was some moments before he could make himself understood.

"There's been a row," he panted, "up at the hall. The show was rotten, and the audience got so all-fired mad they began to hiss and hoot, and then Barry Culver threw a chair on the stage, and it hit one of the women, and they had to run for it in their stage clothes." David, still exhausted from running, fell into an armchair.

Annabel was sitting on the other side of the centre-table from him, her arms thrown out in front of her across the table, and the light of the lamp falling full on her white upturned face."

"Where did they run?" she asked. "I mean the actors; where did they run?"

"Why, they ran around Geyer's corner and cut for the depot, but we caught 'em all right and chased them all the way. They're locked in the station now waiting for the local. The crowd pretty nearly cleaned out Bill Wilson's store—they grabbed a lot of eggs and herring and pretty near a whole barrel of apples. Golly! I wish you'd seen the fun. We pelted them good; you see they couldn't run in their stage dresses."

"And there were women, too?" asked Annabel.

"Sure," answered David, his breath slowly coming back to him. "Sure, three women and four men. I guess we gave 'em a lesson they won't forget soon."

"And you," asked the girl, "you say that you followed them and threw things at them?"

"Certainly I did," David protested; "served 'em right. I don't know that I hurt any of 'em particular. Some fellow—I think it was Mell Dawson—hit one of the women in the head with a tomato. She was sort of old, and it knocked her out. They carried her into Mrs. Crandall's up the street. What's the difference, anyway, Annabel? They were only play-actresses."

The girl's face was as white as the marble centre-table, and her body was as stiff as a wax figure. She rose about an inch out of her chair, and then threw her arms out on the table in front of her and buried her head in them. David Barr pushed himself a little farther back in his chair; Lorimer took out his watch and put it back in his pocket without looking at it, and the clock on the mantel tolled out the seconds with the easy deliberation of the town clock striking the hours. And then the stiff lines of the figure at the table suddenly relaxed and Annabel pulled herself to her feet. Her eyes were dry, and the color was coming back to her cheeks, and there was the suggestion of a smile about her scarlet lips. The storm had come and gone, leaving in its wake two wrecks with their naked hulls beached and half buried in the sand, the blue sky overhead and the hot sun glaring down upon them. "You must go now, David," she said. "You must go away. You're a poor, cruel thing. It isn't your fault—that's the way you were born. You're cruel—that's what you are—cruel."

Barr rose slowly from his chair and shuffled clumsily to the door. Then he turned and faced her. He threw back his head, and his manner had regained much of its old braggadocio. "You're making a lot of fuss over nothing," he shouted. "I tell you they were actresses, and they gave a rotten show. They're robbers."

"Go," she said, "go, you fool! You're cruel, you're cruel! I tell you, you're cruel!"

The door slammed behind him, and Annabel would have fallen, but Lorimer caught her and half led, half carried her to a lounge. In a few moments the girl was almost herself again.

"What a fool I am," she whispered. "What a fool, but I'm all right now. Get me some water, please. Then we'll go and see about that poor woman. The beasts, the beasts, the inhuman beasts! Just because they were actresses!"

When Annabel and Lorimer reached the gate of the Crandall place, they found the garden peopled with dark figures. The men sat in lines along the fences or stood about the lawn in whispering groups, and as many as could crowded on the porch and peered through the half-closed shutters of the one lighted room. The room itself was half filled with the womenfolk of South Haddon. Some were hatless and others had shawls falling loosely over their heads and shoulders, and many wore only wrappers hurriedly thrown on in their great haste to see the scarlet woman. Most of them stood away and whispered about her, as if she was something apart—something less than a woman. But a few more brazen, but no more curious than the others, formed a semicircle about the couch on which she lay. When Annabel and Lorimer opened the door, the whispering suddenly ceased, and there was a break in the semicircle of women. A young man, the doctor of the village, rose from the side of the couch. At the sight of the newcomers a look of relief came into his face, and he crossed the room to greet Annabel. "I'm so very glad you came," he said. "The woman is only a little stunned and is suffering from shock, but she needs some nursing. Won't you speak to her now?"

"Is she well enough for us to take her to my place to-night?"

"Quite," said the doctor, "that is, if your friend will help us."

The woman was stretched at full length on the couch. Her hair was streaked with gray, and those parts of her face which were not covered by the daubs of grease paint and rouge were as white as the bandage about her forehead. She wore the stage clothes in which she had been forced to run from the theatre—a frayed scarlet velvet waist and a pair of yellow cotton tights, loose and stained with much usage. These were the first tights that the women in the room had ever seen, and to them tights had always stood for the emblem of sin.

Annabel crossed the room, and, kneeling at the side of the couch, gently brushed back the hair from the bandaged forehead. The woman wearily turned her head and the light of understanding slowly came into the half-closed eyes.

"It's I, Annabel," said the girl; "don't you know me, mother?"

The women who had been standing near the church stealthily drew back, and at the same moment the broad frame of David Barr loomed out of the shadows of the ill-lighted room. Quietly he brushed aside the doctor and Lorimer, and coming over to the couch put his arm about the girl and gently drew her to her feet. "Let me carry her home, won't you, Annabel?" he said.



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Careful analysis by **U. S. Government** chemists establishes **Cudahy's Rex Beef Extract** as absolutely pure.

Available always for instant use.

We furnish these spoons without cost

except the expense of mailing and packing.

See offer below

They are A-1 standard silver plate, superbly fashioned, French gray (sterling) finish, free from advertising and manufactured exclusively for us by the celebrated silversmiths, Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd., whose name they bear.



How to Get the Spoons

For each Spoon desired send a metal cap from a 2-oz. or larger sized jar of **Rex Beef Extract** or Cudahy's Nutritive Beef Extract and ten cents in silver or stamps to cover packing and mailing expense. (A set of six spoons requires six metal caps and 60c.) When sending more than one cap, register your letter.

State plainly whether you want Tea Spoons or Bouillon Spoons.

If you cannot obtain it, send us the name of your dealer and 50 cents in stamps and we will send you the regular size, a 2-oz. jar of **Rex Beef Extract;** or 60 cents and we will mail you spoon and jar.

Cudahy's Rex Beef Extract is sold by grocers and druggists.

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Send 2-cent stamp for "From Ranch to Table," an illustrated cook book.



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Pure Olive Oil

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Tested at United States Dept. of Agriculture, and by the Italian Government.

If your provisioner does not have it, send his name and address and I will send you a sample free.

To introduce Maspero's Pure Olive Oil to the consumer we will fill orders direct at the following prices. Cans: 1 Gall. $3.00, ½ Gall. $1.60, ¼ Gall. 85c., Pint 50c. Bottles: Case of 1 doz. $7.00, 2 doz. ½ Bottles $7.50, 2 doz. ¼ Bottles $5.00. Per Bottle 65c., 35c. and 25c. Delivered free in New York City.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



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El Principe de Gales

THE best judges of cigars have long since rendered their favorable verdict on the qualities of this superb production. From Atlantic to Pacific and from Lakes to Gulf—wherever men of cultivated taste forgather—it has won and now holds the title of

"The King of Havana Cigars"

This brand was first made in Havana, Cuba, in the same year that the English people hailed the birth of the present King. In the sixty years that have since passed, while the manufacture of the cigar has been transferred to Tampa, Florida, it is made to-day, as for the past two generations, from the same choice grade of Vuelta Abajo leaf, and for many years has enjoyed the largest sales of any Havana cigar in the world.

A mild cigar, but with the true, inimitable, Havana fragrance. Made in more than 150 sizes, priced from 3-for-25c. to 25c each. Sold everywhere; no other Havana Cigar has such a wide and general distribution.

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3,303

Salaries Raised

October, 1905	-	372
November, "	-	289
December, "	-	223
January, 1906	-	266
February, "	-	251
March, "	-	363
April, "	-	288
May, "	-	424
June, "	-	231
July, "	-	193
August, "	-	230
September, "	-	173
		3,303



This is a twelve month's record showing the number of men who have voluntarily reported an increase in salary and position, as a *direct result* of the help received by them from the **International Correspondence Schools.**

Their names, addresses and letters are open for public inspection and investigation.

This marvelous record tells better than words how well the **I. C. S.** enables men to make more money by fitting them for more important positions. These 3,303 were, most of them, poorly paid and had no chance of advancement until they called to their assistance the **I. C. S.**

Are you at this minute situated as they were?

If so, why not do as they did?—mark the coupon and have the **I. C. S.** show you, as it has shown many thousands of others, how you can qualify yourself to earn a high salary in the occupation of your choice.

There is nothing peculiar about your case. There is no obstacle either of time, money or location to hinder you. It's merely a matter of your own ambition.

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Will you send it to-day and thus take the first step toward a higher salary?

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7 Illustrator	25 Mining Engineer
8 Civil Service	
9 Chemist	
10 Textile Mill Supt.	
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12 Electrical Engineer	
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California

No travel in the world is so luxurious as that from Chicago to California. Both as to scenery and train equipment no route is so attractive.

The Overland Limited

Leaves Chicago daily, electric lights in every berth—all the latest books and papers—news of the world bulletined twice daily and in extras when occasion warrants.

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Union Pacific
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Write for booklets telling about California, to

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Sure Profits!

You can start a business of your own—simple, certain and profitable in any locality, and with a trifling outlay for machinery!

Concrete Building Blocks are replacing brick, stone and lumber everywhere, because more durable, ornamental and cheaper. May be manufactured *anywhere*, at half the cost of brick, and yet pay the manufacturer a profit of one hundred per cent!

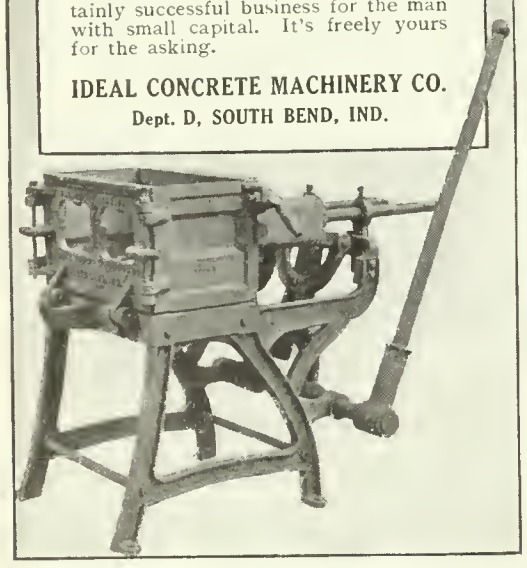
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assure a business of wonderful profits to any man, without the necessity of previous experience. One man can do all the work, starting the business on little capital, and on as small a scale as desired.

The Ideal Concrete Machine is simple, rapid and adaptable. Has no cogs, chains, wheels or gears to wear out, and will positively last a lifetime. Makes blocks with plain, tooled or ornamental face, or natural stone effect.

Write for catalogue and complete details of the most profitable and certainly successful business for the man with small capital. It's freely yours for the asking.

IDEAL CONCRETE MACHINERY CO.
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Sale of Pianos Returned from Rental

This has been one of the greatest years ever known for people to rent pianos in Chicago. All classes of pianos have been in demand—the Steinway, Weber, Krakauer, Washburn, Sterling, Huntington and many other celebrated pianos have been used in large numbers. These rented pianos are now being returned in great quantities to the largest Chicago Music House, Lyon & Healy. Their position in the matter is this: These pianos can no longer be classed as new, they must be sold as second hand, no matter how little they may have been used by the persons renting them. Some of them, as a matter of fact, have merely been standing in a private parlor for six months or a year.

If you want one of these pianos or if you think you might be interested, why not drop a postal to Lyon & Healy for particulars? State about the kind of a piano you would like, and they will send you quite a list to look over. On every one of these pianos you are sure to make a large bona-fide saving. Furthermore, you may be certain that any one of these pianos will be exactly as represented, for Lyon & Healy particularly guarantee this fact. These pianos may be purchased for a small cash payment and easy monthly payments when desired. Write in the near future for the list to Lyon & Healy, 7 Adams Street, Chicago.

PROSPERITY CRIES "MORE CARS," AND OREGON HAS DEVISED A PLAN TO MAKE MR. HARRIMAN SUPPLY THEM

By JOHN E. LATHROP

FROM cities, towns, and villages, from farms, factories, ranches, and mountains, poured forth recently an army of angry citizens to meet at Eugene, centre of the famed Willamette Valley, rich province in the kingdom of E. H. Harriman. There were men of labor's stamp, men of miner's garb, men of well-groomed mien from Portland, men of every shade of political belief.

Hotels were filled; citizens opened their homes. The little city on the banks of the Willamette was for the time the centre of a propaganda which bodes discomfort for the railroad usurpers of industrial power.

"We want cars in which to haul our products to market!" cried the first speaker in the mass meeting.

The applause was deafening; that was the key-note of the gathering. A legislative program was outlined, and all newspapers of the State printed it with commendation. That program is the expression of an outraged people. It will be carried through in January when the Assembly meets at the State Capital. These are the numbers billed for the Assembly performance:

Act One—A reciproeal demurrage bill. Act Two—A maximum rate bill. Act Three—A railroad eommission.

Railroad eommissions are well known and often tried expedients in many States; rate bills have become familiar in commonwealth and national legislation. But the reciprocal demurrage law—that is what meets the exigencies of the situation and may end the car shortage and aecelerate railroad kings.

What is reciprocal demurrage? It is the people's "Big Stick" with which in that State the railroads will be compelled to supply ears when needed, or pay a given sum as a penalty each day during which they delay in doing so.

For years it has been the universal custom for all railroads to charge demurrage to shippers—when a car is asked for and switched to a certain mill, and the shipper fails to load it in the following twenty-four hours, there is a charge of, say, $10 for each day in which the car stands on the sidetrack unloaded. It is a rule against which shippers have not rebelled; for it is manifestly just and proteets the busy railroad from the oecasional negligence of careless shippers.

To Make the Rule Work Both Ways

Immense sums have been thus collected from the manufacturers and grain dealers and others who ship in car lots. It is proposed now in Oregon to make this excellent rule work both ways. Apply it to both shipper and transportation company. In January a law will be passed—and the bill therefor will not rest long in the desk of any eommittee chairman, either—for reciprocal demurrage; the car shortage will then be at an end. The request of the shipper for a car will be a eommand for a car; for every day in which the car is not supplied after the first twenty-four hours the railroad must pay the shipper $10.

On the other hand, the bringing of a car to the siding of the factory and the notification of the shipper that it is ready for his uses, will be the means of extraeting from that shipper's pocket $10 for every day in which he fails to load it, after the first twenty-four hours.

Why have not the roads supplied cars for the goods of the faetories and the farms? The answers might be various. The business men of the West—for Oregon is not alone in its revolution; other reciprocal demurrage bills will be passed this winter—have discovered that Mr. Harriman has plenty of money with which to buy up the mileage of the United States, and has had capital sufficient to make him the railroad emperor of the nation. Yet, for years he has pleaded to those Westerners that he simply could not get cars from the shops of the East; that the orders were larger than the shops' capacities.

Some Western men declare that Mr. Harriman might build his own shops. He may do as he pleases, after January, in one State; but he must supply cars.

Those Western business men thought that a man who commanded the billions controlled now by Mr. Harriman certainly might secure an interest in existing car plants somewhere, so that he could get cars built. However that may be, after January in Oregon he must either have cars enough or pay $10 a day demurrage. When it is considered that Oregon alone needs right now more than 2,000 cars, which she can not get, it will be seen that that reciprocal demurrage bill means that Mr. Harriman might have to pay $20,000 a day penalty for failure to meet the needs of the shippers. Potentially, then, the people of Oregon purpose to construet a financial club worth $6,000,000 a year with which to batter the "Wizard of Wall Street." But, of eourse, before 1907 shall have passed, Mr. Harriman will have found cars somewhere; else he will have reeouped in part the losses suffered by Oregon shippers through his failure to perform his duty as a eommon carrier.

Car Shortage Paralyzes Industry

The movement in Oregon is only the counterpart of similar enterprises in other States; from all quarters come complaints that car shortage has paralyzed many industries. The people have heard of the evils of rebates, whereby the railroads discriminate against the many industrial concerns in favor of the few more powerful. Informed men assert that fully as unjust discriminations, as disastrous in results, have been practised under the plea that the roads were unable to procure cars; at the same time, some concerns were supplied with rolling stock, and promptly shipped their output, while others gnashed their teeth in rage as they witnessed the favors conferred on their eompetitors.

Oregonians are the more enraged at the failure of Mr. Harriman to perform his duty as a common carrier there because they have remembered, first, that the "Wizard of Wall Strcet" has found money enough to buy Illinois Central, Chicago & Alton, Baltimore & Ohio, and other properties, and yet has not been able to utilize that money or a part of it to induee ear builders to sell him cars at the "going prices"; and, second, beeause they have been gathering statistics showing that the Harriman lines have reeeived in land grants from the Federal Government in Oregon alone 5,888,000 acres as a subsidy. So enormous was this subsidy that it equaled $35,000 a mile for all the lines controlled by Mr. Harriman in that State.

At this time the Harriman lines in Oregon retain more than 2,000,000 acres in western counties, in one of whieh the railroad owns more than half the area; yet Mr. Harrimar refuses to sell those garden spots of the world.

But, reciprocal demurrage—that will solve the problem; car shortage will be merely a page of history when the law becomes effective.

PURE AT THE SOURCE

Milk is the chief article of food in the sick room and hospital. Every physician and nurse should know the source of supply before ordering in any form. It is not enough to know that it comes as "country milk." Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, the original and leading brand since 1857. Integrity and experience behind every can.—*Adv.*

BRIGHT AND SPARKLING
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Healthful and clear as a winter morning is this cleaning, healing and most refreshing liquid dentifrice.
As the beautiful snow refreshes the air and enhances the charm of earth with its invigorating power, so glistening, brightening RUBIFOAM purifies the breath and showers snow-like whiteness upon the teeth.

IT IS WISE TO USE RUBIFOAM
25¢ EVERYWHERE.
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Resolve to Save

Your money is helping other people to get ahead. Make it help **you.** You can tuck away a dollar a week almost without knowing it. In only five years, when that dollar a week has piled itself up to **$293,** you will appreciate the value of systematic saving.

Begin the New Year by saving **something** every week. If you have a Christmas check, start with that. The money you put in the bank at 4% is working for you. It won't take many years to have enough to buy a home or start in business. Our system of banking by mail at 4% is more convenient than if you lived next door to our large, safe bank. Besides, you will not be so likely to "draw it out," but will let your money pile itself up, and add to it regularly.

Get our little book "Banking by Mail." It is interesting and instructive. It will show you how easily you can **have** something worth while. Write for it **today.**



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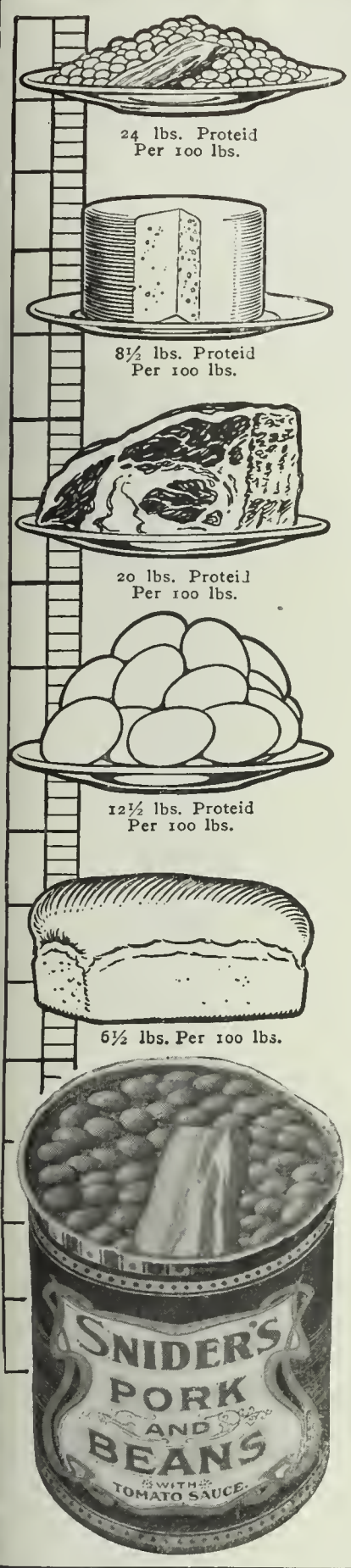
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SILVERWARE

Send address for a **FREE SAMPLE,** or 15c. in stamps for a full box. **Electro-Silicon Soap** has equal merits.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 30 Cliff St., New York
Grocers and Druggists sell it

Beans are "Nuggets of Nourishment"



FEW people understand *why* Beans are so nourishing.

Down among the roots of every Bean stalk there is a small army of little Nodules working to enrich the Bean berries beyond all other Vegetables, and beyond all other foods of twice their cost.

These Magicians have the unique power to seize Nitrogen from the air and fix it (in nitrates) around the roots.

And, this Nitrogen is then carried up through the stalks, by Nature, accumulating in the Beans as Nitrogenous Proteid.

❦ ❦ ❦

Now, the word "Proteid" means "pre-eminent."

And, Nitrogenous Proteid is so named because it is the most valuable of all food factors—*that which builds*, re-builds, and repairs, Human Tissue, Muscle, Flesh and Blood.

Other food-factors merely supply Heat and Energy to the human machine which *Proteid* builds and repairs.

(Proteid *can* supply Heat and Energy a'so, but being much rarer would do so at a higher cost than through the use of Carbohydrates.)

Bread, for instance, has only about 6½ pounds of *Proteid* per 100 pounds.

Bacon has only 8 pounds, Cream Cheese 8½ pounds, Eggs 12½ pounds, while Beef contains but 20 pounds of this most powerful *building material* (Proteid) in every 100 pounds.

But Beans, as grown and selected for "Snider Process," contain 24 pounds of Nitrogenous Proteid in every 100 pounds, with practically *no Fat*.

Consider what *that* means for muscular body-building, without excessive *Fat building*.

❦ ❦ ❦

When these highly nitrogenous Beans are "Snider-Processed" their *digestibility* is doubled through their being made very *porous*, so that they freely *absorb* the digestive juices.

The "Snider Process" eliminates, at the same time, that bitter flavor natural to all Beans, and reduces to a fraction their useless surplus of Sulphur.

That sulphur, turning into Sulphuretted Hydrogen Gas, is what causes Flatulence, Colic, "Wind on the Stomach," you know, when *ordinary* beans are eaten.

The "Snider Process" also renders the Beans mellow, cheesy and firm to the tooth though porous and tender, permitting them to freely absorb the delicious Snider Tomato Catsup with which they are generously surrounded.

This appetizing Snider Tomato Catsup is made, you'll note, from strictly *sound*, red-ripe Tomatoes, delightfully seasoned with *seven* fine Spices, instead of with the usual *single* Cayenne Pepper.

Buy your *first* tin of ready-cooked "Snider Process" Beans to-day.

Cut it open, before heating, and *compare* its contents with the best brand of Pork & Beans you have ever used before.

If you do not find "Snider Process" Pork & Beans *more* inviting to the eye, finer-flavored, more delicious and more digestible, you can get your money back from the Grocer.

This advertisement is your authority for the refund.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co., Cincinnati, O., U. S.

New Edison Records for January



SEND for these three books to-day. They are the Edison free library for lovers of the Phonograph—new every month; free to every asker. Mailed December 27th

Do you remember to buy new records for your Edison Phonograph? Have you forgotten how you liked the records you now have when you first got them? Do you notice how entertaining they are to your guests who hear them for the first time? Then bear in mind that every new record renews your interest in your phonograph. It is time you had some new music.

When you bought your first supply of records, you possibly bought the things you liked at that time. There are other good things—perhaps different from what you liked then, but which appeal to you now; which appeal to your friends. Besides, there are new records every month. The Edison Phonograph is the same phonograph. It is the records which change.

Go to your dealer and hear the new records.



Three Books Free—Send for the complete catalogue of Edison Records, the Supplemental catalogue of Edison Records for January and the Phonogram, describing the records for January. All published December 27. They will give you a new interest in your Edison Phonograph.

TRADE MARK
Thomas A Edison

National Phonograph Company
12 Lakeside Avenue Orange, N. J.



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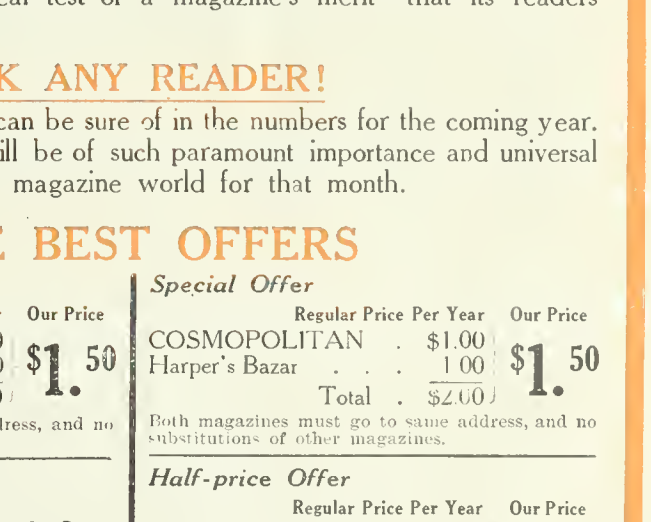
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1907

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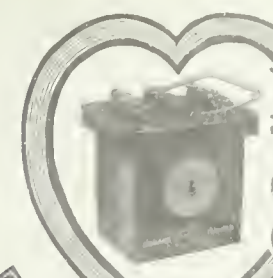
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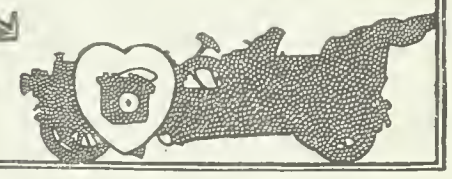
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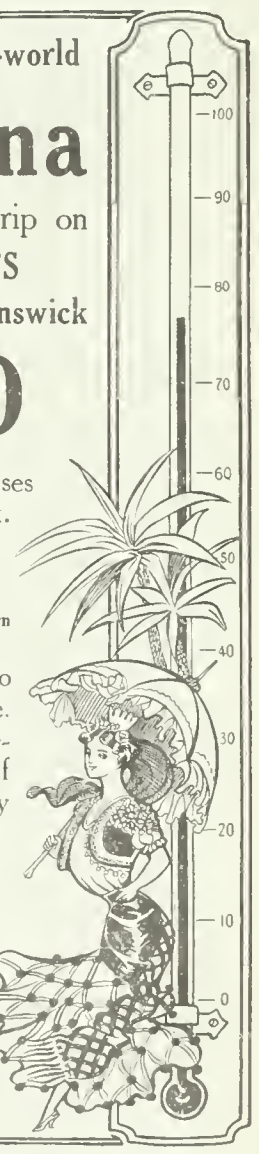
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THE RELIABLE'S RECORD IS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF SUCCESS. Why take chances with unknown machines when the same price buys a Reliable of which you can be sure? "Silver Jubilee" Catalog sent free. Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co., Box B-116, Quincy, Illinois.

GOLD FISH. Most elegant and delightful of all home pets. New Japanese varieties are extra fine. We ship everywhere in U. S. and guarantee live arrival. Large illustrated catalogue free. Iowa Bird Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

BEFORE BUYING AN INCUBATOR get our Free Catalog. It will give you some Money-saving points. Brooder House Plans 15c. Poultry Book 50c. Columbia Incubator Co., Box 8, Delaware City, Del.

SOUVENIR POST CARDS

POST CARD COLLECTORS, JOIN THE UNION. 25c including Cards and Outfit, enables you to exchange cards all over the world. List of exchangers, your name in list. Post Card Union of America, Dept. C, Philadelphia, Pa.

SEND 25c for 12 choice imported Postal Views of the world, or 6 real Photos of Actors and Actresses, also Art subjects. Name your favorites. Phila. Camera Exchange, 129 South 11th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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HORSFORD'S Hardy Plants for cold climates. A thousand kinds, Ornamental Plants and Seeds, tried in cold Vermont. Carriage saved in price and quality of stock. Write for catalogue. Frederick Horsford, Charlotte, Vermont.

HELP WANTED

AT ONCE—Several young men to prepare for coming Examinations for Railway Mail Clerks. Permanent positions. Good salaries. Many appointments. No experience necessary. Room 69, Inter-State Bldg., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

SALESMEN, can easily make $10 a day selling our Gold Window Letters, Novelty Signs, and Changeable Signs; quick cash sales, unlimited quantities. Catalogue free. Sullivan Co., Dept. G, 405 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES. Catalog explains how we teach hair-dressing, manicuring, facial massage, chiropody, electrolysis. Write brauches. Moler System of Colleges, New York City, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Denver.

YOUNG COLLEGE MEN seeking positions that will open up possibilities for the future should learn of our facilities for serving them. Salaries, $500—$1000. Hapgoods, 305-307 Broadway, New York.

SCIENCE OF MODERN SELLING tells how to increase your efficiency, multiply sales, secure orders you "almost get." Free booklet. Elmer Dwiggins, 8 Astor Theater Building, N. Y. City.

OPEN POSITIONS for managers, salesmen, clerical and technical men. Salaries $1000-5000. Write for list and plan. Now is the time of the year. Business Opportunity Co., 1 Union Sq., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Any bright young man between 16 and 20 years old can act as our local demonstrating and sales agent, and make easily from $5.00 to $15.00 per week working after hours. To the right kind of a boy we will give exclusive territory. All you have to do is to call at houses or stores where they have electric lights and demonstrate that this new electric bulb, the Hylo, will turn high and low like gas. No skill or knowledge of electricity necessary. Excellent training for high grade, ambitious young man. Name refcrences when writing. Send 2c. in stamps for Advice to Young Men. The Phelps Co., 39 State St., Detroit, Mich.

PHILADELPHIA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Capital $1,000,000. Something new in Life Insurance. Regular income can be readily made through sale of new Life Insurance Policies issued by this Company. We want responsible representatives in every locality east of Mississippi River. Liberal Terms. For particulars apply, Dept. C., Philadelphia Life Insurance Co., North Am. Bldg. Phila., Pa.

AGENTS wanted to sell best Kettles in the world for Cooking, Steaming, Straining Food of all kinds; no more burned or scalded hands, or food wasted. Sample free. Write American Specialty Stamping Co., Johnstown, Pa.

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MONEY IN WHEAT in the Great Wheat Region of Western Canada. Finest land in the world. Low prices—easy terms. You should write for our free book, No. 3, "The Home-Builders," telling all about this great opportunity. Saskatchewan Realty & Improvement Co., St. Paul, Minn.

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PRODUCTIVE FARMS bought and sold. Several now for sale; rich soil, $20.00 an acre. Near town and railroad. Desirable realty everywhere bought, sold and exchanged. No sale, no fee. Write F. B. Eborn, Birmingham, Ala.

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AUTO HORNS. Our American made horns are equal to any in the world. To introduce them we will send one large Dragon Horn No. 31 with screen, bulb and 40 inch brass tube, to any address in U. S., express prepaid for $7.00, cash with order. This ad. will not appear again. Stevens & Co., 99 Chambers St., N. Y. City, U. S. A.

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SANITARY AND DUSTLESS HOUSE CLEANING. For Sale—Portable Compressed Air House Cleaning Wagons and Machinery sold to responsible parties to operate in Cities of from 5,000 inhabitants upwards. Each Portable Cleaning Plant has an earning capacity of from $50 to $70 per day, at a cost of about $8 per day. Capital required from $2,000 upwards. Stationary Residential Plants from $350 upwards. Over 100 companies operating our system. We are the pioneers in the business, and will prosecute all infringers. State references. Address General Compressed Air H. C. Co., 4400 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

SALESMEN WANTED TO ACT AS LOCAL DEMONSTRATING AND SALES AGENT for the new electric light bulb—the Hylo. Good men can make from $20 to $50 per week and to such men we give exclusive agents' territory and credit them with repeat orders. When you call on the housewife or business man and demonstrate that the Hylo will turn high and low like gas they will buy, never fear. We furnish sample outfits for $10.00. Name reference when writing. Booklet "How to Apply for a Position," 10c. in stamps. The Phelps Co., 39 State St., Detroit, Mich.

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EVERYONE INTERESTED in the mail order business should have our booklet, "Mail Order Advertising." 32 pages of valuable information. Rates, plans, mediums, follow up systems. Also booklet, "The Right Way of Getting Into the Mail Order Business," both 20c. None free. Ross D. Breniser & Co., 441 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia.

$100 PER MONTH SALARY PAID WEEKLY TO ENERGETIC MAN IN EACH COUNTY to represent Hardware Department. Established business. Expense money paid in advance. The Columbia House, H-2. Chicago.

PATENT FOR SALE ($3,000). Appliance for cleaning and adjusting incandescent electric lamps—high and difficult places reached without use of ladders—very valuable—best references. L. Weissenbach, 868 E. 50th St., Chicago.

YOU CAN EARN $2,000 UP. Advertising Thermometer sell easily because they pay. High-grade proposition. No collections. Ask for Booklet W and liberal terms. Taylor Bros. Co., Rochester, N. Y. Established 54 years.

ACTIVE man or woman wanted as local manager for Suffolk Hosiery Mills, 177 Summer St., Boston, Mass., manufacturers of first quality hosiery; factory to consumer unmatchable prices; no capital required; write for terms.

MANAGERS WANTED in connection with our system of stores in principal Pacific Coast cities. High-grade forceful men with selling ability, address Pacific Syndicate Stores Company, 1031 Ellis Street, San Francisco.

ADVERTISERS MAGAZINE. The Western Monthly should be read by every advertiser and Mail-Order dealer. Best "Ad School" in existence. Trial Sub. 10c. Sample copy free. Western Monthly, 827 Grand Av., Kansas City, Mo.

LEARN TO ADVERTISE PROFITABLY. A successful advertising agent offers to teach present or prospective advertisers or advertising men how to plan and conduct profitable campaigns. My Course covers retail, mail-order and general advertising. Must not be confused with ordinary "double-anybody's-salary" schemes intended for credulous youngsters. I guarantee my personal attention, criticism and advice, and stake my good name on the practical value of the Course. I invite inquiries from intelligent, progressive business and advertising men on their concerns' stationery. George Frank Lord, Proprietor Lord Advertising Agency, 106 German Savings Bank Bldg., New York.

WANTED. Managing Agents. Work based on large commission; liberal advance to right men; excellent opportunity; a sound and attractive proposition. Address Superintendent, Dept. A, 701 Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa.

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STOCKHOLDER'S REPORT TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF A MUTUAL BUSINESS. We want you to read this handsome book, illustrated with over 40 photo-engravings. It will interest any man or woman who wishes to provide a safe and sure income for old age and "rainy day." Your income may begin today by a payment of $5. or more. The book also tells how to leave a substantial bequest to your family when you die. It is not about insurance. A simple request will bring it to your door without charge. I. L. & D. Co., 715 Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa.

PASCO Power & Water Co., a Pacific Coast Investment of unusual merit. Owns developed Water Power, 6,000 acres of irrigable lands. No indebtedness. Address The Broker Guarantee & Trust Co., Failing Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

WE OFFER THE 6% GOLD BONDS of the Niagara Falls Power Co. Denomination $1,000. Send at once for circular and statements of earnings. Meadows, Williams & Co., Bankers, Buffalo, New York.

SAVINGS BANKS

BANK BY MAIL. We pay 4% interest compounded semi-annually on every dollar deposited. Send for Booklet "A," giving full details. Capital and surplus $2,500,000. Commonwealth Trust Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PATENTS

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. Our three books for Inventors mailed on receipt of six cents stamps. R. S. & B. Lacey, Rooms 19 to 29 Pacific Bldg., Washington, D. C. Established 1869.

COLLECTIONS

"SOME PEOPLE DON'T LIKE US." We collect bad debts from dead beats everywhere for everybody. We can collect yours. We collect more hopelessly bad debts than any agency in the World. Write us and we will both make money. Merchant's Protective Association, Frank G. Luke, General Manager, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Classified Advertising

¶ Every advertisement submitted for Collier's Classified Service is scrutinized closely. If its text suggests the slightest probability of double dealing, it is "suspended" until the standing of the advertisement can be looked into.

¶ A good many dollars' worth of business is lost each week through the enforcement of this policy, yet we hope to make up these losses many times over as soon as honest advertisers realize what we are doing for them.

¶ *Your* advertisement—would you prefer to have it mixed in with all sorts of dubious catchpenny offers or keeping company with respectable offers of reputable men?

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
NEW YORK

Curtiss World's Record **Motorcycles**



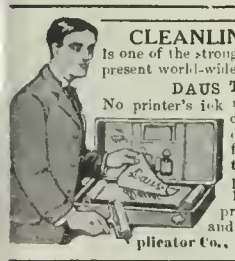
2½ and 5 H.P. Light motors up to 8-cylinder, for airships, etc.

G. H. Curtiss Mfg. Co.
Hammondsport, N. Y.

(World's Motorcycle Record: 10 miles, 8-54 2-5, Ormond Beach, Fla.)

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Catalogues and reliable information concerning all schools and colleges furnished without charge.
(*State kind of school.*) American School & College Agency, 351-41 Park Row, N. Y., or, 351, 315 Dearborn St., Chicago

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shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution.
We want more salesmen.—Stark Bro's. Louisiana, Mo.

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1907 Price List and 2 Unused French Pictorial Stamps Free. 155 all different 10c. Pocket Album 5c. 1000 hinges 5c. Approval Sheets also sent. 50% commission. Largest Stock in U. S. NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 93 Washington Bldg., Boston.

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JAPAN Frequent Spring Parties. First class throughout, $625.
30 Tours to ($270. up) **EUROPE**
FRANK C. CLARK 96 Broadway, New York

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1907

¶ One of the most stupendous dramas the nation has ever seen is being enacted in San Francisco. We are not sure that the general public realize the importance of the situation out there. San Francisco, after the earthquake, was a nine days' wonder—and what then? The San Franciscans came to realize that their city could never revive under the thievery of the Schmitz-Ruef gang. The Argonauts arose in revolt. The earth-tremor was followed by a political cataclysm which is rumbling yet.

¶ Frederick Palmer finds Ruef peculiar. The graduate of a California university, he has brought educated methods into dishonesty. His water-front board of supervisors, the Hon. Mike Coffey and his pals, are men of less than no education. He has organized thuggery, gambling, prostitution; has formed them into a chain of trusts and appointed himself their corporation counsel. Ruef, the Boss, appears nowhere officially, but the sign "A. Ruef, Law Office," is a familiar one in the precincts of graft. That sign is already displayed in Fillmore Street, the new Tenderloin. The heroes of the hour in San Francisco seem to be Rudolph Spreckels and Francis J. Heney. Mr. Spreckels has volunteered to furnish the capital to prosecute the public criminals whom Mr. Heney intends to drive into the bay. It will, no doubt, be the most celebrated legal fight in history. Mr. Palmer's article will appear in our next issue.

¶ With the new year we turn over a new leaf in the general construction of Collier's. We shall have three pages of editorials instead of two as heretofore, as the increasing popularity of this department calls for expansion. The review of events comprising "What the World is Doing" will go in the back of the paper in wide columns. This change will allow for each important special article to be printed consecutively on full pages, thus avoiding the rather unpleasant device of continuing a story on the back pages. Mr. Moffett's review of the year in this week's issue is accompanied by the most striking photographs we have published during the year past and is embellished with cartoons by F. T. Richards.

¶ According to Maxfield Parrish, Aladdin, of Arabian Nights' reputation, could never be admitted at our ports as an American citizen. Aladdin was a Chinese coolie; but the Arabian chronicler saw no objection to admitting him to the gem-girt House of Dreams which has preserved his name and made it immortal among the Captains of Wizardry. In the next picture of Mr. Parrish's Arabian Nights series, Aladdin, the Chinaman, is shown gazing in wonder at the magic trap-door which shall lead him down to the Wonderful Lamp.

¶ It is quite natural to mention Maxfield Parrish and wizards in the same breath. Every picture that he makes is, in its way, quite a miracle of technique. He paints on vellum, and does his work with a minute skill which we would attribute to a maker of Satsuma ware rather than to an illustrator. An art review, in analyzing Mr. Parrish's work, recently remarked that its fineness baffles criticism, and is made doubly remarkable by the poetic view and large feeling which characterize it. He spends his days on his quiet Vermont farm and cultivates his natural passion for doing minute things well. The very boxes in which he ships his drawings to us he makes himself, dovetailed and polished by his own hand—and they are much too nice examples of cabinet-making to waste on express companies.

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Perpetuates Youth



Mrs. J. B. Zook, of Warsaw, O., writes: "Have used your Lablache Powder for twelve years. I can honestly recommend it. My flesh is too tender to use any other. I am always taken for a woman 10 or 15 years younger than I really am." **Lablache Face Powder** is pure and healthful. It is the greatest of all beautifiers. It prevents wrinkles, sallowness and perpetuates youth. *Refuse Substitutes.* They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for sample.*
BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. 24 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS
39,427 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail hundreds of persons who pass these examinations and receive appointments to life positions at $540 to $1200 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing dates, places for holding examinations, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.
Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.



$25 TO $50 PER WEEK
Earned by my graduates in Sign Painting and Show Card Lettering. I give practical, personal instruction by mail and guarantee your success. Only field not overworked. Easy terms. Large catalog free. Chas. J. Strong, Pres., Detroit School of Lettering, Dept. E, Detroit, Mich. *"Oldest and Largest School of its Kind."*



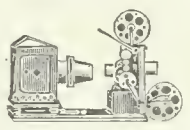
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Our Literary Information Bureau, as an introductory offer, will answer three questions on any branch of writing, if you send stamped envelope with 25c. and names of three friends who write.

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Sample card containing 12 pens, different patterns, sent to any address upon receipt of six cents in postage.
Spencerian Pen Co., 349 Broadway, New York



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PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Advice free. Terms low. Highest ref.

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"I'll make a few calls, see if I can't revive that good old custom"



"Sorry old chap, but we were up all night with the baby, can't see anyone"



"Lets see. The Wilkins next. They live just around the corner"



what you ringin dat bell for, de folks been away for six months, is you crazy"



"Tough luck, by jingo. Ah! the Jones. They'll be glad to see me"



Naw dey dont live here, what are yer, de land lord, go chase yerself



— See! ...



what's the matter old chap' too much New Years, hey!



I give you my word as a gentleman, I was merely trying to revive an old and honorable custom"



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A REVIVAL THAT FAILED

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

GEORGE W. PERKINS was—and still is—a member of the firm of J. P. MORGAN & Co. He was also vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company. PERKINS (MORGAN & Co.) sold to PERKINS (New York Life) $800,000 bonds of the Mercantile Marine. They were very bad bonds, and PERKINS (New York Life) didn't want the public to know what he had done. The public would get a chance to find out only on January 1, on which day PERKINS (New York Life) had to make a sworn statement of all the assets owned by the New York Life. If that statement told the truth, many serious consequences would follow, among others the expulsion of the New York Life from the careful and vigilant kingdom of Prussia. So, on December 31, 1903, PERKINS (New York Life) sold back to PERKINS (MORGAN & Co.) the $800,000 of Mercantile Marine bonds. The next day, January 1, the sworn public statement, shouting with the flamboyant virtue of its safe and conservative investments, was solemnly and ceremoniously made and given to the world in many a full-page advertisement. Another twenty-four hours passed. PERKINS (MORGAN & Co.) sold back to PERKINS (New York Life) the $800,000 of Mercantile Marine bonds. All this is now a matter of three years' history. Under pressure of a legislative investigation and criminal prosecution, PERKINS is, in form at least, out of the New York Life. But he is still openly in MORGAN & Co. Bookkeeping, to be sure, was invented to conceal facts; and PERKINS is a master of its more delicate arts. But do these things ever suggest reflection to those persons who do business with the ancient and honorable house of MORGAN? Would such persons—doing business with what they properly regard as a public institution—be pardoned for a passing wonder as to whether the peculiar talents of GEORGE W. PERKINS are now by disuse allowed to rust?

WITHOUT THE MORAL

IN THE GREAT INSURANCE elections about half the policy-holders failed to cast their votes, and this after an investigation which echoed around the world, and after an agitation that should have reached the dullest ear. Perhaps the press did not do its part. COLLIER'S certainly did not do its part. Puzzled by conflicting considerations, it reached its conclusions too late for an effective fight. When the next election approaches we shall know better what to do, and in the meantime it is our duty, and the duty of all newspapers, to look closely into legislation and into administration. The vast public lethargy or ignorance expressed in the failure of some eight hundred thousand policy-holders to vote must be recognized, and the estimate of this indifference will be increased when we remember that most of the vote for the administration tickets was forced out by agents who were being paid for this partizan work with the money taken from the policy-holders. Here, indeed, is something big to overcome.

LETHARGY

THE STRONGEST MAN of fable managed to clean a stable. A strong nation of eighty million persons, more educated than any other group of equal size upon the earth—persons free to enact and execute whatever they may please—ought to be able to make certain obvious improvements in a business which bears heavily upon the actual lives of children and lonely women. The first step is plain. Laws, and stringent ones, should be passed, by which criminal penalties will be visited upon the officers of companies which dare to stir up thousands of employees in elections to keep themselves in office, and pay these employees out of the money belonging to policy-holders, a large part of whom might desire a contrary result. How is this less evil—if, indeed, it be not worse—than for a company to contribute in a Presidential contest? Any pressure whatever upon an agent with regard to an election should be a crime in the officer who brings it. Then why not abolish proxies? Why should there be proxies, when a policy-holder has only to drop his vote into the mail? A third reform must deal with the power of policy-holders to secure correct lists and addresses, and this is not the less required because, on account of the eagerness of business competition, it requires delicate consideration. Such laws must be passed, and above all the officers must be watched and right judgments formed about the methods in which the companies are run.

LITTLE JOBS FOR HERCULES

IS NEW JERSEY wholly servile? Is there no manliness in its citizens? Is its press seduced by the revenue from Mr. DRYDEN's Prudential advertisements? A little vigilance, prompt pressure at the right time—these can make out of the present New Jersey Legislature a body of record-breaking usefulness. For a generation it has been the easy-yielding handmaiden to Mr. DRYDEN's purposes. It passed the law that enabled him to rob the policy-holders of their surplus. Twelve years later it passed a law to legalize that robbery. When other States, protecting their own poor, condemned Mr. DRYDEN's practises and threatened to exile his company, then the ever-willing New Jersey Legislature gave Mr. DRYDEN a retaliatory club with which to intimidate them. It passed a law of which the effect was thus described by the Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts: If Massachusetts should refuse a license to the Prudential, New Jersey could refuse to every insurance company whose home is in Massachusetts the right to do business in New Jersey. Never was the dignity of a commonwealth so degraded to the purposes of a predatory corporation. And that was as late as 1904. Much water has passed under the bridge during these two years. The present New Jersey Legislature is one of better promise. Leadership and pressure of public opinion at the proper time will cause it to make a beginning in undoing the generation of legislative iniquity which has made Mr. DRYDEN strong. First of these things should be the rejection of this dangerous man as representative of his State at Washington.

DRYDEN

PROSPERITY CRIES: "More cars!" And the beseechment receives only helpless echoes from the car-building companies. These are months behind their orders. The shipper clamors at the railroad, the railroad clamors at the car-builder; the car-builder does his best, but that best does not keep up with prosperity. In the West there are not cars enough to carry coal to those who need it, nor to move the grain to the flour mills. In the Pennsylvania manufacturing districts millions of tons of freight await cars to carry them to market. It all reads magnificently—something like a man so rich that he can't invest his money as fast as it accumulates. But he is fatuous who sees in this merely a temporary inconvenience flowing from abundance. Prosperity without cars is no prosperity. Coal at the mouth of the mine is not heat or power or light; wheat in the barn, unable to reach the mill, is not flour or bread. And, moreover, manufacturers, mine-owners, all producers, do business on credit. To pay their bills they depend on prompt marketing of their output. Goods clogging the factories, and no cars to carry them to purchasers—if this does not spell potential panic, what handwriting is clear?

CARS

THE CONDUCT OF SCHOOLS is, of course, one of the permanently important subjects in a country governed by universal education. Chicago, with its habit of applying energy

to its civic life, has been confusedly and actively fighting about its school system. One protagonist is the Teachers' Federation, which has represented the interests of the teachers, and has been supported by labor unions, although it has refused to become identified with the Federation of Labor. Another combatant is Superintendent COOLEY, who has undertaken to introduce examinations after seven years' service to test the teacher's right to increase of salary. In looking at the whole situation it is but fair to begin by saying that under Mayor DUNNE men and women of exceptionally high purpose and ability have been put upon the school board, and that among his appointees probably a majority have been in sympathy with the Teachers' Federation in its objection to the Superintendent's policy. The fight is still on, and the issue is sharply whether examination in subjects outside the schoolroom is the best means of testing the right of a teacher to advancement.

SEETHING IN CHICAGO

A TEACHER'S EFFICIENCY should be tested by the success of her work in the schoolroom. No teacher, nevertheless, should abandon general reading and some study that is not part of her routine. There is no greater help to breadth and freshness in the classroom than independent thought outside. Examinations based on outside study, as the Chicago superintendent wishes, would, of course, force this outside study, and the idea appeals to some of the teachers, although to a minority. Probably, however, a majority would support examinations based on outside study which was so related to their work that they could see its direct bearing and its helpfulness. Any genuine workman is glad to be strengthened where he is weak. A difficulty of the Chicago case is that the assistant superintendents, besides being much too few in number for their work, are much less capable of passing upon outside examination papers than they are upon the general classroom work, and are quite incapable of directing teachers to profitable outside study. Out of the confused Chicago quarrel emerges at least the one clear principle, that if the teacher is to be tested by her outside study she should have the help of highly educated persons in this study, and it should be so chosen as to bear directly on her schoolroom work. The question is fundamental, and it is an error to lose it in irrelevant talk about democracy, labor unions, or socialism.

HOW TO JUDGE TEACHERS

IN THE ORIGINAL CHARTER for the University of Michigan, the institution was called "Catholepistemiad"; medicine was referred to as "Latrica", and literature as "Anthropoglossica." In the triumphant Volapük which the founders were preparing for, the professorships were to be "Didaxiim." In spite of this handicap, the school at Ann Arbor grew; under the beneficent reign of JAMES BURRILL ANGELL it has become the second college in the country in size, and, since YOST was called in to collaborate, first in the hearts of the Western football men. President ANGELL has been at its head since 1871, with one year off as treaty maker with, and minister to, China, and another as the country's representative at Constantinople. Also, he helped to settle our dispute with Canada over the fisheries in 1887, and served as Chairman of the Canadian-American Deep Waterways Commission in 1896. Now, at seventy-eight, he may become the Michigan Legislature's choice as Senator to succeed RUSSELL A. ALGER. Quarreling among the Congressman SMITHS as to who shall get ALGER'S seat is said to be the reason why the Republicans are putting President ANGELL forward. After ALGER, ANGELL. It is a pleasing alliteration. As well-wisher to the Senate we are muttering: "More truculence to the quarreling SMITHS!"

ANGELL FOR SENATOR

TO THE TREASURER of Yale University we recommend these familiar lines:

> "Kick the stranded jellyfish back into the sea.
> Always be kind to animals wherever you may be."

In advertising for sale "a defunct female college" at Le Roy, New York, now a Yale asset of doubtful value, Mr. MCCLUNG has suggested lack of heart: "If it may prove an incentive to the consummation of the deal," he says, "I should be pleased to throw in a cemetery which is located on the grounds." Founded seventy years ago, Ingham University closed its doors in 1892. In its decline it became indebted to the late WILLIAM LAMPSON, a rich citizen of Le Roy and a graduate of Yale. Instead of canceling the debt and putting the college on its feet, as the story-books would have it, Mr. LAMPSON foreclosed the mortgage and, with the bulk of his estate, left it to Yale. Far from dropping a sympathetic tear over the passing of one of the oldest schools in New York for the higher education of women, the purse-keeper at New Haven adopts the tone of the frank and cheerful auctioneer. Two generations of Ingham alumnæ remember that in the little burying ground at Le Roy lie the founder, Mrs. EMILY INGHAM STANTON, and her husband, Colonel PHINEAS STANTON. They wonder if Mr. MCCLUNG's humor will stimulate competition among the bidders for the defunct college.

AN INHUMAN TREASURER

LABOR JOURNALS ought not to print advertisements of quack doctors. These papers have a responsibility for their readers' good more direct and heavy than the publication which is almost entirely a commercial enterprise. They are supposed to furnish light and guidance for the unions of which they are the organs; and the members of those unions have faith and confidence in their official exponents. The "American Federationist" knows better than to tell its readers to buy Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup; the "Journal of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers" should not advertise a "Sure Cure for Sore Eyes" and a fraudulent blood-poison cure; the "United Labor Journal" of New Orleans must forfeit its claim to deal in good faith with its clientele if it continues to proclaim the virtues of "sure cures" for cancer and consumption. Any man with intelligence enough to run a newspaper knows that these things are humbugs and frauds; to advertise them is ground for the belief that the editors do not in good faith run the union organs for the good of the members. To be sure, such papers, as a rule, are none too prosperous. One does not feel like judging their editors as harshly as he would the wealthy Mr. HEARST, or the wealthy Mr. PULITZER, who both print many more quack and patent medicine advertisements, and worse ones. This, nevertheless, is a subject which members of labor unions, who are the last authority on the union organs, might well take up for thorough and official discussion with their editors.

FOOLING THE POOR

THE DISCOVERY that the nine million dollars' worth of trimmings in the new Pennsylvania State Capitol included molded plaster ornaments instead of marble carvings has been matched by the disclosure of the fact that "plaster enrichments" have been substituted for marble in parts of New York's eight-million-dollar Hall of Records. It was found that the enormous sums allowed for marble finish, running on the original estimates up to the neighborhood of two million dollars, would not cover honest work throughout, and it was necessary to retrench in some parts where the change was not likely to attract much attention. The incident merely emphasizes a blunder that was melancholy enough before. When it was proposed to squander a fortune on marble trim for the Hall of Records the artists begged for a chance to furnish some of the decorations in the form of mural paintings. For a mere fraction of the cost of the intended display of vulgar ostentation the whole building could have been made one exquisite work of art. It could have been made an attraction which every visitor to New York would have had to see, as every visitor to Washington must see the Library of Congress. New York preferred to spend several times as much on shiny marble, and when the money gave out to fill in with imitation marble of cement.

MORE PUBLIC ART

HEIRS TO THE DREAM of the alchemists, who sought to transmute base metals into gold, many scientists to-day are striving to unite the cheap elements which make up precious stones, and so to build us jewels while we wait. Theoretically the task is simple. Practically, the difficulty of counterfeiting that welding point of heat and pressure which existed when the molten earth was cooling is very great. Apparently it can be done. Whoever fuses alumina with chromium oxide in the oxy-hydrogen flame may obtain a veritable ruby. The diamond is a tougher opponent, but MOISSAN points out the road to suc-

cess. By saturating molten iron with carbon in the electric furnace at a temperature of 3,500°, and then suddenly cooling the mass, he produced the pressure necessary to crystallize the carbon, and obtained minute but real diamonds. Lately Sir ANDREW NOBLE obtained a world's record temperature of 5,200° from the pressure of cordite exploded in closed vessels of iron, and in the residue of the explosion chamber small diamonds were found. In the near future, perhaps, methods will be found of producing all crystals in the size, homogeneity of texture, and coloring which make them precious stones. No longer, then, will the blood-stained gems of Indian princes glow in the pages of sixth-rate novels. In our children's children, it may be, the tales of the "Arabian Nights" will wake no visions of unearthly wealth, and the adventure of Mowgli with the Bandar-Log of the Forgotten City will have to be explained.

RUBIES AND DIAMONDS

A GENERAL RUMOR is afloat to the effect that the United States is building a battleship of 20,000 tons specific gravity—or maybe it is 20,000,000 tons. One can never be sure about the size of our next battleship from week to week. The construction of this iron ogre is, of course, merely a part of the international conspiracy to make the *Dreadnought* afraid of something. Germany is, no doubt, trying to outdread us, and France is hectic in her efforts to outdread Germany. There will be a limit some time, somewhere, to the size of nautical monsters and the endurance of naval budgets—and what then? Ah, we have it! Airships! We are indebted for this suggestion to the peace-loving "Christian Herald," which opines that warfare may be abolished by means of lofty navies carrying high explosives. ALFRED Lord TENNYSON once suggested the same thing in an offhand, metrical sort of way. Being twice warned, we should prepare for an impending naval reorganization. First we should give to all our promising aerial inventors the rank of rear-admiral; secondly, we should give our Jackies balloon-practise and change their uniforms from sea-blue to cloud-gray; thirdly, we should train our war-correspondents in high-diving, parachute-jumping, and wireless telegraphy. The year 1920 will, no doubt, experience little surprise at the following headlines: "BATTLE OF HOBOKEN!! ADMIRAL BELL DEFEATS ADMIRAL SANTOS-DUMONT, DRIVING THE ENEMY FROM THE SKIES! Commander Knabenshue's Splendid Cruiser *Star-Scratcher* Wrecked on the Flatiron Building. Thousands of Non-Combatants Drop into Jersey City by Parachute." Airships may not abolish modern warfare, but they will certainly place it on a higher plane.

AIRY ADMIRALS

POOR OLD SHAKESPEARE! Just as soon as a literary giant begins uplifting our generation by the hair he pauses and takes a back-slap at the bard we love so well. We are half sorry that we undertook the job of defending SHAKESPEARE, because "the talent" are making him so unpopular. The thrill-compelling HALL CAINE, as we recently noted, does not think that "Hamlet" is a real literary volcano like "The Christian," and GEORGE BERNARD SHAW looks upon "Romeo and Juliet" as the popular puddling of some Elizabethan Klaw & Erlanger. Then along comes TOLSTOY, an intellectual Polyphemus, taking the English Channel at a stride. "Who was SHAKESPEARE?" he thunders. "Was he an actor? Yes. A stage manager? Perhaps. But a psychologist, a genius —no! Oh, feverishly and repeatedly, NO!! What did SHAKESPEARE care about the brotherhood of man? Could Hamlet, great as he pretended to be, outline a Socialistic program? Was Othello familiar with government ownership or the relation of literature to life? SHAKESPEARE was not a reformer; he had no theories. Then what?" With so much arrayed against us, SHAKESPEARE and ourselves have yet one stanch supporter on hand, in case of a call for reenforcements. There is MARIE CORELLI, who still believes in SHAKESPEARE as she believes in a personal Devil. We have a notion to call in Miss CORELLI and cry: "Havoc! Shake 'em up, ye dogs of war!" Whoever else is Laodicean, Miss CORELLI and ourselves feel strongly about the bard of Avon, and are willing to meet any three literary heavyweights in the ring, Marquis of Salisbury rules, talk-as-talk-can.

ALONE WITH SHAKESPEARE

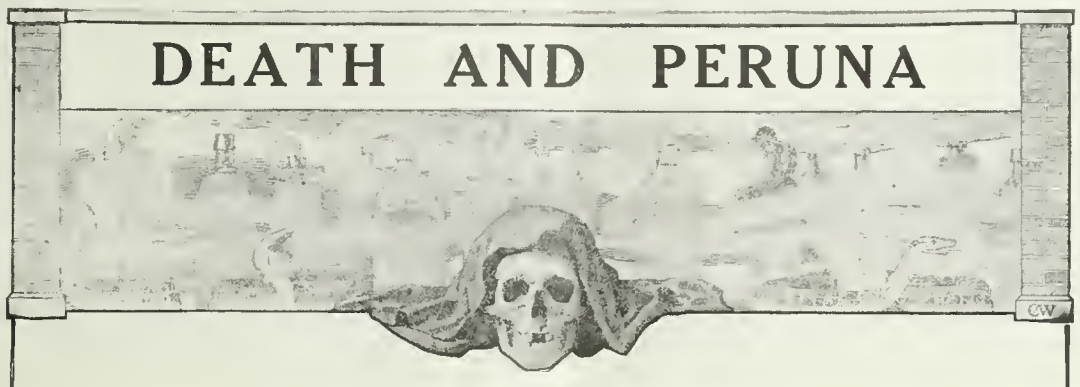
BUT ON SECOND thought it occurs to us that Miss CORELLI can not accept challenges on behalf of SHAKESPEARE this week. She is busy calling down the Tyrant, Man, and slambanging the Baggage, Woman. Why does the fiendish masculine down-grind the angelic feminine? she inquires. Because Woman is false; heart, hair, and eyebrows she is artificial. Woman has sacrificed her rights to her vanity. Look in the advertising section of any home magazine to read the doom of Eve. "Ladies, Why Be Bald? Fango's Fake Frizzes Make June Brides." "Cover Those Angles! Paddington's Artificial Forms Make Cute Curves!" Woman, asserts Miss CORELLI, can never succeed in politics so long as she is three-fourths factory-made. "Can we conscientiously vote the Hon. Mrs. Smith into Parliament knowing as we do that her hair, her figure, her complexion may be purchased at any vanity-shop in London?"

VANITY AND VOTES

"The hair, the teeth of Mrs. Smith,
Alas! are but a lovely myth
In every strand and particle.
If Briton's matrons shall be free
To sham they must not bend the knee.
Our Lady Member *shall* not be
A manufactured article!"

So, Comrade CORELLI, since you agree with us concerning SHAKESPEARE, we agree with you on Satan and woman's folly. Beauty in politics should be like Truth in politics—a little bald, a little angular, fearing neither Time nor the ruins of Time.

DEATH AND PERUNA



The following is an exact copy of a death certificate entered in the Department of Vital Statistics of the Board of Health of Buffalo:

Joe Murphy, Buffalo General Hospital
Died, Nov. 27, 1906
Born, Oct. 10, 1864
Age, 40 years, 1 month, 17 days
Married
Born in United States
Resident of Buffalo, 12 years
Informant, Jos. Allen, Buffalo General Hospital
Murphy's residence, 76 Pennsylvania Street
In hospital 2 days
Buried at Holy Cross Cemetery
Nov. 30, 1906

CERTIFICATE

I hereby certify that I attended deceased from Nov. 26, 1906, to Nov. 27, 1906. I last saw him alive on Nov. 27, 1906, and that death occurred on the date and at the place stated above, at 10:45 A.M. Cause of death as follows: Acute Alcoholism, duration unknown. Contributory: Drinking "Peruna."

RENWICK R. ROSS, M.D.
100 High Street.
Nov. 28, 1906.

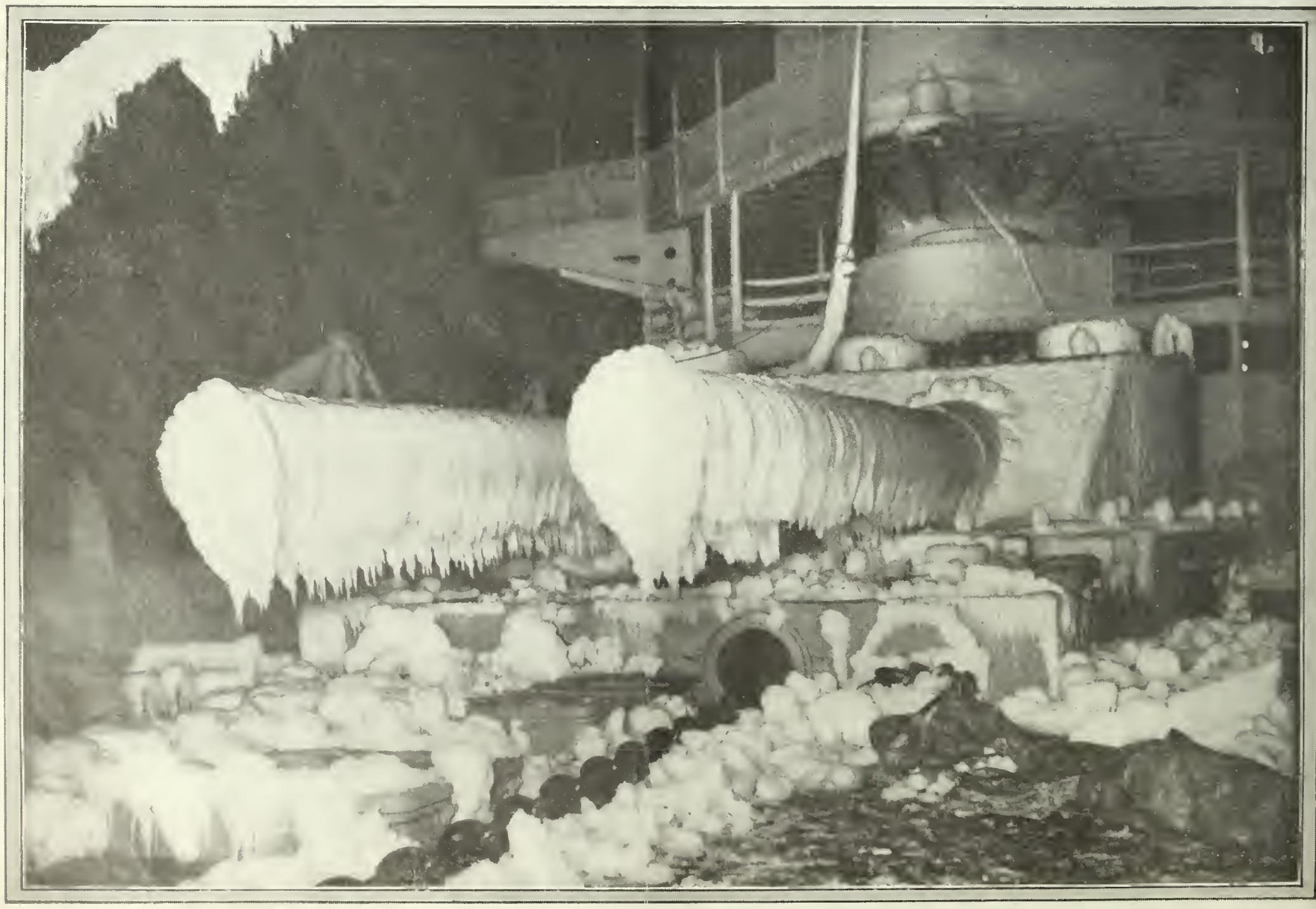
The physician who attended this patent medicine victim during his last illness, Dr. H. G. Hopkins, found him suffering from delirium tremens. The victim's wife stated that he had been taking Peruna for two years, and during the previous few weeks had consumed a number of bottles. In telling of this death in their news columns, neither the Buffalo "Courier" nor the Buffalo "News" mentioned "Peruna." Two other papers, "Truth" and the "Catholic Union and Times," gave the facts and named Peruna.

OUR NEWEST BATTLESHIP



THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "VERMONT" SETTING OUT ON HER TRIAL TRIP OFF ROCKLAND, MAINE

The "Vermont" accomplished her 4-hour full power trial and 24-hour endurance test in severe weather. The total average speed was 17.43 knots, that of the 4-hour period being 18.33. With 16,000 tons displacement and 16,500 indicated horse-power, this turret-ship measures 450 feet in length by 77 feet beam, and she carries 4 twelve-inch, 8 eight-inch, 32 smaller guns, and 4 torpedo tubes. Her keel was laid May 21, 1904. She was launched August 31, 1905. She is a sister ship to the "Louisiana," which recently took President Roosevelt down to Panama



THE FORWARD GUNS OF THE "VERMONT" ON HER RETURN FROM THE TRIAL TRIP

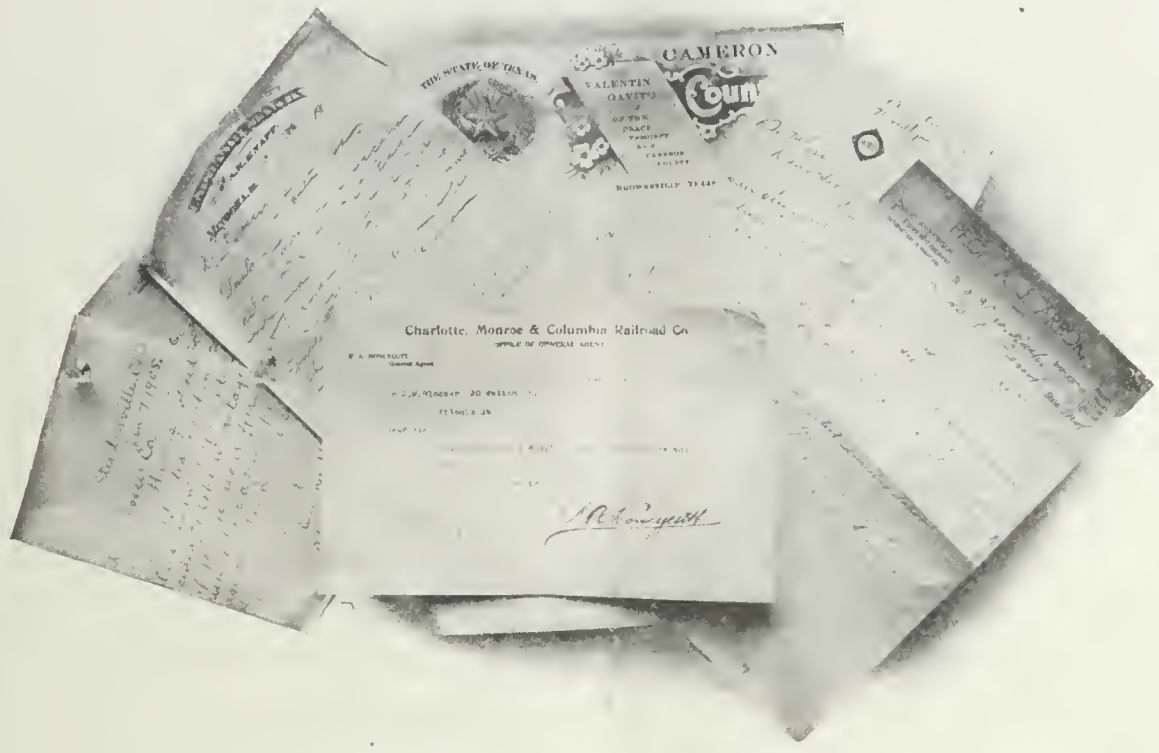
AFTERMATH

This article sums up our "Great American Fraud" series, and considers the libel suits and protests which have resulted from it. There have been but two bona-fide suits, and one case—the Oppenheimer Institute—where it seems necessary to right an injustice

IT IS now about a year and eight months since COLLIER'S announced the "Great American Fraud" series. In the ten long articles which composed that series, and the innumerable minor paragraphs which accompanied it, two hundred and sixty-four patent medicines, quack doctors, firms, individuals, institutes, and institutions were attacked and denounced. It is now nearly four months since the last article was printed, a period ample for all the attacked who had a grievance to bring their suit or state their protest. The time seems appropriate, therefore, for a summing up, which summing up discovers, out of all the two hundred and sixty-four concerns and individuals attacked, just two suits for libel on the docket and two personal protests filed with us. These are all that now remain; the scores of threats, lawyer letters, and loudly proclaimed suits which never materialized—they only remain as an amusing recollection.

This, in spite of the fact that the series dealt necessarily in strong language. While there was always the intent and purpose to be strictly fair, it seemed necessary to put certain truths bluntly and even harshly at times—not because we liked to use such terms, but because accuracy could be expressed no other way. Some of those with whom we have dealt have been called, without qualification, murderers. We used the word because we knew them to be taking their profits at the cost of human lives. Several we have specifically designated as thieves, because no other term describes them. And almost all we have denounced as fakirs, quacks, and swindlers.

In the beginning it was recognized that in attacking a business so vast and complicated, mistakes were possible, even probable, and from the start we had always before us the determination to give every man his day in court, to listen patiently to every man who claimed he had been wronged. A good many fruitless hours and days were wasted in listening to these appeals from concerns whose character would deprive them of any hearing whatever before a less conscientious court. Some of the office consciences, undoubtedly, went a little farther in this direction than any reasonable ethical standard demanded; however, there have been, in all, only two minor corrections of fact.



A FEW LETTERS SENT BY SICK PERSONS TO DR. BLOSSER, AND SOLD BY HIM TO LETTER-BROKERS

Threats That Never Reached the Courts

UPON the announcement of the series, inspired warnings began to come in from the more powerful of the frauds. Vengeance, swift and terrible, was to be visited upon COLLIER'S should it inflict any damage upon the "established business" of quackery. And very soon after the beginning of the series "lawyer letters" became a term of merriment in the COLLIER'S office. "Our client is ramping and champing; he demands that we begin suit immediately for three hundred thousand dollars' damages; but of course you and I understand each other. I don't want to be unnecessarily severe, and I'll give you a chance to print a full retraction. Awaiting this publication at an early date, I am," etc., etc.

There must have been scores of such letters. The similarity of all was what constituted the joke. The lawyer's bluff is the same, whether in Texas or in Maine. We had no fixed form of reply for such letters; we merely sent them, politely, the name and address of our own lawyer. The thunderous announcements of the quacks that they had "instructed their counsel to sue COLLIER'S for $300,000 damages" probably deceived many dupes. We had no way of preventing that.

The Proprietary Association of America, the body for mutual help and protection, which includes all the more powerful frauds and quacks, never intimated legal action. Their reply was made only in the columns of the newspapers they controlled. In these, for months, they kept a continual bombardment of COLLIER'S; but in time most newspapers began to see that the publication of this stuff was a brand of shame, an acknowledgment of domination by the patent medicine interests, and so they stopped it.

Peruna, Dr. S. B. Hartman's brand of "booze," was looked to by the patent medicine people to begin the fight. Shortly after the appearance of the article "Peruna and the Bracers," paragraphs blossomed in the Ohio country newspapers announcing that Dr. Hartman was about to bring suit for enormous damages. Whence came the data for the paragraphs, we know not. Not from the records certainly, for COLLIER'S has received no legal communication of any kind from this most conspicuous of all medical frauds.

On behalf of Piso's Consumption Cure a firm wrote COLLIER'S declaring that their clients had been most unjustly treated. COLLIER'S considered the protest and turned it down. This paper is quite ready to meet the Piso Company in any court on the proposition that its mixture of chloroform, alcohol, and hashish will not cure tuberculosis, but has not been invited to.

Headache powders came in for a considerable share of attention in the patent medicine articles. There was much talk of libels among the headache powder makers, but they decided upon the safer method of hiring a meretricious medical publication, the "St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal," to print an article in which the COLLIER'S statements were branded as lies, and the COLLIER'S editors and writers as liars and libelers. This article the Proprietary Association of America circulated in pamphlet form. The journal which printed it died a natural death a few weeks later. Its editor, who signed the article, one O. H. Ohmann-Dumesnil, has just appeared in the public prints in an unsavory connection with a corrupt lobbying project in St. Louis.

So much for the patent medicines. In dealing with the quacks we were forced to be even more personal than was the case with the patent medicines. For instance, there was Rupert Wells, M. D. He was characterized as the fake professor of a mythical chair in a purely imaginary college, whose "remedy," "Radol," contained exactly as much radium as dishwater does. In a letter to a prospective customer he wrote: "I am strongly advised to prosecute COLLIER'S for libel; only the fact that as a rich and powerful institution they would have a great advantage over me restrains me." That, or some other fact, still restrains Rupert.

Dr. Oren Oneal, the most prominent eye-quack in the field, accused COLLIER'S of circulating libelous and slanderous charges against him, and declared that "Mr. Adams has grossly misrepresented the facts in every statement he makes." Gross misrepresentation is excellent ground for damages; but Dr. Oneal merely issued a pamphlet. It was a very lively and abusive pamphlet, but it failed utterly to answer the charges of lying and quackery brought against its author. Another pamphleteer is Dr. W. O. Coffee, an eye and ear charlatan of Des Moines, Iowa. His literary effort is entitled "A Few Words About COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and Samuel Adams Hopkins" (sic). This pamphlet led to a spirited correspondence between Mr. Adams and Dr. Coffee. The last letter, from his lawyer, contained these paragraphs of polite correspondence:

"*Dear Sir:* Dr. W. O. Coffee of this city has referred to me your somewhat remarkable letter to him of the 11th inst.

"Its tone is overbearing, dictatorial, and insulting. I have advised Dr. Coffee to ignore it, and you and all future communications from you, until it appears that you are disposed to accord to him the ordinarily courteous treatment, which every gentleman extends to those with whom he is dealing, even though their positions happen to be adverse.

"Permit me to suggest further, that in my judgment, the people, in this section of the country at least, would see very little to commend in gratuitously calling a man a liar by mail at the very safe distance of thirteen hundred miles. Yours very truly,

"(Signed) N. T. GUERNSEY."

If we correctly interpret the veiled suggestion in the concluding sentence of the letter, Dr. Coffee is more likely to seek vengeance according to the code duello as practised in Iowa than in the courts of law. It was with regret that we felt ourselves, by the force of facts, compelled to exhibit Dr. Coffee, in a former article, as a thief and a liar, professionally. It is still more regrettable to discover "at the very safe distance of thirteen hundred miles," that Dr. Coffee does not confine his mendacity to his purely professional practise, where the necessity for lying is great.

Blosser's Denial, and the Facts

SO much for the closed incidents of the "Great American Fraud" series. There yet remain, as was said, two real libel suits, and two formal protests lodged with us that injustice was done. Of these protests, one, that of the Oppenheimer Institute, has merit; the other, that of J. W. Blosser of Atlanta, has none.

Blosser makes a "positive cure" for catarrh; also a blood vitalizer, various pills, a rheumatism cure, and "digestine." His name came up with a large number of others in a letter-broker's circular which we reprinted to illustrate the practise of patent medicine concerns who sell the letters sent them in confidence by confiding patients. The ink was hardly dry on that issue of COLLIER'S before Blosser was on the spot with a lawyer letter, and a personal letter which breathed injured innocence. This latter was accompanied by a large number of letters of personal endorsement from Atlanta's leading citizens and clergymen. The lawyer letter stated with "absolute confidence," based "on intimate knowledge of Blosser's business meth-



SOME BLOSSER LETTERS RECENTLY PURCHASED FROM A NEW YORK LETTER-BROKER WHO HAS OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND OF THEM FOR SALE

ods," that COLLIER'S would be "utterly unable to sustain by proof" the charge that Blosser sells his confidential letters. Blosser himself wrote that "it is not true that we betray the confidence of our patrons who write us giving a detail of their symptoms."

This seemed to raise a pretty clear issue of fact between our information on the one hand and Blosser and his lawyer friend on the other. The best way to settle it would be to buy a few thousand Blosser letters from the letter-broker who offers them for sale, and take a look at them. So a representative of this office went to the Guild Company, at 132 Nassau Street, New York. This letter-broker offers for sale, among others, the following letters:

LOT	QUANTITY	LETTERS OF	DATES
1330	51,332	Dr. Blosser Co.	1905
1067	45,389	" " "	1904
1120	16,292	" " "	1904

So it seems pretty clear that there are for sale to ann one who cares to buy, at least 113,013 letters, writtey by sick people all over the country to Dr. J. W. Blosser of Atlanta, Georgia.

The man from COLLIER'S office bought several packages of these letters. One of the packages and a few of the letters are photographed on this and the preceding page. Of the confidential character of the letters, the public can judge.

Not even Blosser himself, nor yet his lawyer friend, would deny—and yet they have denied—that the following letter, for example, is confidential. It is directed to "J. W. Blosser, M. D.," and it addresses him with familiar intimacy as "Dear Doctor." In part it reads:

"Your favor also came yesterday. Will say in reply that so soon as I can get the price, $1, I will send for a treatment. I am just emerging from a long spell of sickness, and it took all our money for doctor and medicine. Can not say how soon I may send, but your treatment is my preference, and I will order as soon as I am able to do so. Thanking you for favor, I am,

"Very truly yours."

Is that letter confidential? And are more than a hundred thousand others, which Blosser has sold, confidential? That is the issue raised by Blosser and his lawyer friend. If they don't think this letter is confidential, it might be interesting to have the opinion of the person who wrote it. The writing, the correctness of spelling and punctuation, indicate, in spite of his dealing with a mail order doctor, a person of intelligence and refinement. He lives in Kansas, and represents the United States Department of Agriculture for his county.

And would the woman in Pelham, Tennessee, who wrote to Blosser that, "I have suffered several years with the disease, and can find no remedy to help me; I would be extremely glad to find a permanent cure, for I suffer pain. My head hurts and throbs all the time, and I get so blind I want to fall over half my time"—would that poor woman regard her letter as confidential, and how would she like to know that her letter was bought, in a package with five hundred others, from a letter-broker in New York, on December 11, 1906?

Blosser writes: "It is not true that we betray the confidence of our patrons who write us, giving a detail of their symptoms," etc. How about the woman in Olisko, Cumberland County, Virginia, who writes, among other symptoms that can't be printed here: "My eyes are very sensitive to light, and much sneezing." And the man at Grand Rapids who writes pathetically about his daughter. She is a school teacher, and she suffers from disease so much that "she gets hoarse and has to whisper, and they are thinking of having her give up her school."

Obviously, those letters which give most fully what Blosser calls "a detail of their symptoms," are necessarily unprintable here; but the less disgusting portion of a letter from an apparently cultivated woman in Franklin, Tennessee, reads: "Have entirely lost the hearing in my right ear. Still there is a continuing roaring, and hissing like steam escaping. The roaring began in my ear the 1st of September, and gradually grew worse till my hearing is entirely gone in that ear. I am the second wife of Rev. ———, and have heard him speak of you many times."

And how about the referee in bankruptcy of the United States District Court for South Carolina, and the superintendent of the telegraph company in Buffalo, and the publisher in York, Pennsylvania, and the milliner in Austin, Texas, and the clergyman in Dayton, Virginia? All their letters, and a hundred thousand more sent by the confiding sick all over the country, to Blosser, have been sold and are now for sale again.

So much for Blosser and his claim that we did him an injustice when we reprinted the letter-broker's circular offering several thousand Blosser letters for sale. Blosser being disposed of, there yet remains from the two hundred and sixty-four concerns treated in the patent medicine series only one protest not yet passed upon.

The Pink Pills Libel Suit

IT was said in the beginning there remained four months after the last patent medicine article was printed just two libel suits—living suits actually on the dockets—and two formal protests that injustice had been done, and appeals to right that injustice. Of the libel suits, one is by Pink Pills for Pale People. This suit is, unhappily, thanks to a subsidized press which panders to patent medicine revenue, serving its real purpose. Every few months some technical move of the lawyers is made; and then, throughout the length and breadth of this land, in the newspapers which carry the Pink Pills advertising, appears a paragraph of tainted news, whose phrasing leaves with careless readers the impression that Pink Pills has just won its hundred thousand dollar libel suit against COLLIER'S.

As to the other libel suit, to tell here the reason why the complainant will never bring that suit to trial, would serve no public purpose, and would appear vindictive. Sufficient it is to say here that before the suit was brought, the complainant's claim that wrong had been done him in the articles, was generously and carefully considered in this office, and conscientiously denied.

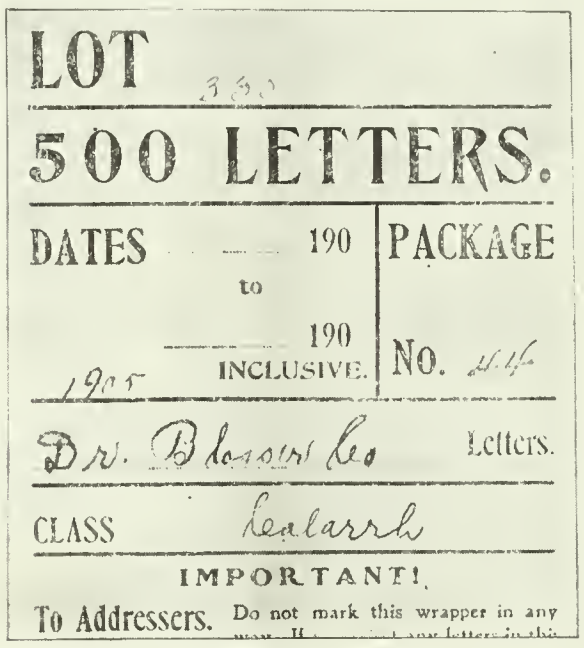
Of the two protests still unheard, one was Blosser; the other Oppenheimer, and the last represents the one case in all the two hundred and sixty-four where some substantial injustice was done.

The Case of the Oppenheimer Institute

THE position of this paper toward the proprietors of patent medicines and the quacks who have been threatening us with libel suits has been made clear. Where we are convinced that no injustice has been done, no threat will move us; but the case of the Oppenheimer Institute, which was severely criticized in the last of Mr. Adams's articles, is different. We consider it to be as much our duty when we discover that we have been in error to admit the mistake as to resist intimidation when we are in the right.

An undoubted injustice was done the Oppenheimer Institute by its inclusion in an article under the general head of "The Great American Fraud" and the subhead of "The Scavengers." The fact that an impression was created that the Institute was a charitable or philanthropic enterprise, while in reality it was a commercial undertaking, and the fact that many of the Institute's advertising methods were questionable and their claim to cure exaggerated—these things did not justify our ranking them, even by inference or by juxtaposition, with the scavengers who traded upon human weaknesses and fed the very habits they professed to cure.

A particularly unfortunate mistake, since it injured several men of really high character, was the sweeping imputation that the six active business directors named were in the business solely for money and have been getting money out of it. Concerning the president of the Institute, Mr. Jose Aymar, and at least four of



DR. BLOSSER LETTERS DONE UP IN PACKAGES FOR SALE

these active directors, James H. Alexander, Irving Bacheller, Frank A. Vanderlip, and Leroy Baldwin, we wish to say, with all the emphasis at our command, that they have been in this business not solely to make money, but from a thoroughgoing conviction that it was a good and useful institution. From letters written by some of these men, it is clearly the fact that they have stuck to the enterprise because of faith in its usefulness even during periods when they have disapproved of some of the methods of men more intimately connected than themselves with the active management. This, we think, is the most unfortunate error made, since, no matter what may be true of certain individuals in any enterprise, nothing could be worse than to cast discredit on others who are entirely innocent and full of belief and of high motives.

Mr. Adams's article mentioned certain cases where, by inference, bad after-effects might have been attributed to the Oppenheimer treatment. Any inferences based on these individual cases are unjustifiable.

As to the merit of the Oppenheimer cure and of the ability of the Oppenheimer Institute to make good the claims in their advertisements—that raises the whole vexed question of what constitutes a "cure." The matter has been thrashed over and over again with firms and individuals whom we criticized for saying in their advertisements, in their pamphlets, and on their labels, that their medicine was a "sure cure," or a "positive cure," or a "guaranteed cure," for any malady whatever. In the beginning we took the ground that these forms of expression were all wrong as to any medicine whatever. The best medical advice we could get assured us that there were very few "sure cures" for any malady; and so we criticized such exaggerated forms of advertising without mercy, and refused to listen to those whose grievance was that they were injured by this kind of criticism. The consequence has been that as one result of our patent medicine series there has been a very marked toning down of "sure cure" claims. Most patent medicine concerns now refer to their product as "a safe remedy," or, at the strongest, as "an unfailing remedy."

The Oppenheimer Institute has a unique way of forestalling this sort of criticism. They make in their advertisements and pamphlets the very strong claim, "alcoholism absolutely cured." It is the use of the word "cure" which is so indiscriminately displayed by patent medicine advertisers that seems to us to need the qualification, afterward provided by the Oppenheimer Institute in a so-called "Limitation Leaflet." We can not reconcile the use in one place of the words "absolutely cured," and in another place a severely qualified and modified claim. The prospective patient, attracted by an advertisement containing the words "absolutely cured," when he calls or writes, is given by the Oppenheimer Institute this "Limitation Leaflet," which leaflet carefully modifies and reduces the broad claim of the advertisement. This leaflet is also made a part of the contracts of the Institute with its agents. The much modified and reduced claim made on the leaflet is what the Institute calls "The official statement of the Institute of what is claimed for its treatment." The leaflet begins with a paragraph headed "What the Oppenheimer Treatment Can Do."

Under this heading the leaflet states that:

"The Oppenheimer treatment for alcoholism absolutely removes the craving for alcoholic stimulants, generally in from six to twenty-four hours; in extreme cases in forty-eight hours. In from three to five days the patient is eating and sleeping normally; in from two to four weeks the patient is fully restored to his normal condition. The general bodily functions are regulated, and the whole nervous system is generally strengthened, without any bad after-effects. The alcoholic craving of itself will never return; it can come back only through deliberate, voluntary indulgence. The only thing that this treatment can do for any patient is to restore him to a normal condition, i. e., to actual bodily health, where he will have no physical craving for stimulants."

Then there is a paragraph headed "What the Patient Must Do":

"Any person taking the Oppenheimer treatment for alcoholism must cease the use of alcohol in any form, both during the treatment and afterwards; otherwise it is useless to treat the patient. . . . If he begins to drink after the treatment, the alcoholic poison thus introduced into his system will again develop the diseased state from which he had formerly suffered. . . . The Oppenheimer treatment simply restores the patient to a normal condition, where he is free from that craving. To continue well, the patient must give his cooperation to the extent of abstaining from the use of stimulants for which the physical craving has been removed. If from overconfidence the patient tampers with drink after being cured, he is liable to again create the abnormal condition, which in turn will cause the craving for alcohol. The patient must let it absolutely alone."

Finally, there is a paragraph entitled "What the Oppenheimer Treatment Can Not Do":

"The Oppenheimer treatment can not give a man brains or moral character, nor will it change a man who is a moral or physical degenerate. Neither the Oppenheimer treatment nor any other treatment can prevent a man from drinking again if he deliberately decides to do so. . . . Every patient after taking treatment still has a mouth. . . . He can drink water, or milk, or whisky, or other alcoholic stimulants. If he takes whisky or other alcoholic stimulants enough times, after taking the treatment, it is only a question of time before he will develop the alcoholic craving again, as his system has demonstrated that it is sensitive to the poisonous effects of alcohol. No treatment can render a man immune to the effects of alcohol, if introduced into the system. In one sense alcoholism is a disease like pneumonia, which, having been once contracted, the patient may be entirely cured of, but by subsequent exposure may again contract."

The comparison made in the previous article between the Oppenheimer treatment and the Keeley Cure, stating that the Oppenheimer treatment makes extravagant claims and the Keeley Cure only moderate ones, did the Oppenheimer treatment an injustice, for the official claim of the Oppenheimer Institute is the comparatively modest one set forth in the limitation leaflet. Also, in order to be fair to a number of earnest men, we wish to say that a considerable amount of charity work has been and is being done for the poor by the Oppenheimer Institute through its charity department, and many men of high standing and character are interested in it; our criticism of that work was merely that it was sometimes used to advertise the business as a whole.

In order to be complete in this attempt at putting ourselves straight and doing the Institute justice, we will add that a good many of our criticisms, especially with regard to advertising and the split-fee system, related to the past, and that the management of the company has, during the past three years, been very essentially reformed, and in many important ways improved.

Peroration

"SO much for Buckingham." The tale is told. We can now turn the page and dwell for a while on other things. It has been a good job, and Mr. Adams's work has been praised by a score of State and national medical societies all over the land, and the effect has been made permanent in many State statutes. Doubtless, we may have to take a hand in the matter again from time to time. How often, will depend upon circumstances, upon the activities of the Poison-Bund, and upon the part taken by our contemporaries—especially the last, for upon the press rests the whole industry, and we are hoping from this long series no result more valuable than the stirring of a public opinion which will make it unprofitable for newspapers to accept the millions of dollars annually offered by the patent medicine combine. It is a great deal of money, but in order to secure it the newspapers are compelled to shackle their consciences. They could do more than all the legislation that has been or can be passed.



WELLINGTON'S GIRL

AND HOW SHE HELPED TO HANDLE A BIG NEWSPAPER STORY

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

RAINEY, the news editor, went to Blake, the managing editor, with a telegram.

"Wellington wires to know if he can't have his vacation now," said Rainey. "He wants to stop over at Newton on his way home."

"Tell him," instructed Blake, "that any vacation he takes now will be made permanent. We're short-handed, and we want him back here in a hurry. He ought to have started last night."

Rainey went back to his desk and answered the telegram as directed.

Wellington had been sent out on an important story, which he had handled successfully, and he should have been on his way home. Instead, he was still some hundreds of miles away, and he showed no disposition to return.

Rainey went to Blake again a little later with another telegram.

"Wellington wants to stop over Saturday and Sunday at Newton," he said.

"No!" thundered Blake. "He's lost one day already, and we need more men than we have right now—especially good men. I can keep Wellington humping every minute. We ought to have him on that bribery story. What is there at Newton, anyhow, that makes it so interesting?"

"Wellington's girl, I believe," replied Rainey.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" exclaimed Blake, with a laugh. "Well, we're running a newspaper and not a matrimonial bureau. Tell him to get back here on the first train."

Blake was not really as hard-hearted as this might seem to indicate. If the circumstances had been favorable he would have given Wellington his vacation at once, but the circumstances were not favorable, and he reasoned that the paper needed Wellington at that particular time more than the girl did. It might seem hard for a man whose girl lived so far away to have to pass through her town without stopping over to see her, but it happened to be a business necessity in this case. So he was decidedly angry when the third telegram came.

"Wellington says he's going to stop at Newton," Rainey announced.

"Fire him by wire!" instructed Blake angrily.

"Can't," returned Rainey. "He said he was leaving for Newton when he wired last, and he gave no Newton address. May not be at a hotel, and we couldn't pick out the right one anyhow."

"What's the girl's name?"

"Don't know."

"What a devil of a lot of trouble women make!" growled Blake. "I'll see that a letter of discharge is on his desk when he gets back, and that the reason is clearly stated."

The letter was written and put on Wellington's desk, and thereupon Wellington became a negligible quantity so far as the "Express" was concerned. He was considered no longer a member of the staff when a startling Associated Press bulletin was received the next day. There were others who could handle big stories quite as well, if not better, and this was so big that the slighting of less important matters never would be noticed.

The bulletin read: "Cloudburst in the mountains. Town of Highwood destroyed. Through passenger train in Highwood depot lost. Wires down and tracks washed out. No word since last night, except story of one half-dead survivor who has just got through."

Blake jumped for an atlas and a time-table, and Rainey and the city editor leaned over him as he looked up Highwood.

"Can't get any one there from here before to-morrow," he announced, "but it's more than a single-day story." Then to the city editor: "Start three men and an artist, Brown. Tell them to be there to-morrow morning, if it's necessary to buy up the road to get through. Rainey and I will figure out to-day's story."

The city editor hurried back to his desk, and Blake turned to the map again.

"It's an awkward place to reach," he said. "We haven't a first-class correspondent within striking distance, and we've got to have our own story. Associated Press alone won't do." His index finger, passing over the map, stopped at one town and then another, and he read off the names. "Tell our correspondents there to try to get through. One of them may make it, and—Hold on a minute! Here's Newton, only sixty miles away! Lord! we've just got to get hold of Wellington! Wire him, Rainey, and then try the long-distance 'phone. They may know him at one office or the other. Why the devil didn't he mention his girl's name?"

While Rainey was doing this, Blake tried to arrange for a report in a more roundabout way, but every other paper seemed to be experiencing his difficulty in getting men to the spot, and there was no certainty of anything. Nor was Rainey more successful in his effort to locate Wellington. They knew nothing about him at the telephone exchange, and the telegram was reported undelivered.

There is nothing more aggravating, no greater strain on the nerves, than comes with an attempt to get the elusive details of a difficult story. Blake and Rainey worked over it indefatigably, taxing their ingenuity to the utmost, trying to arrange with papers nearer the scene, but there was no assurance of a satisfactory report. So it naturally happened that Blake was in no amiable mood when he was finally notified that Newton wanted him on the long-distance.

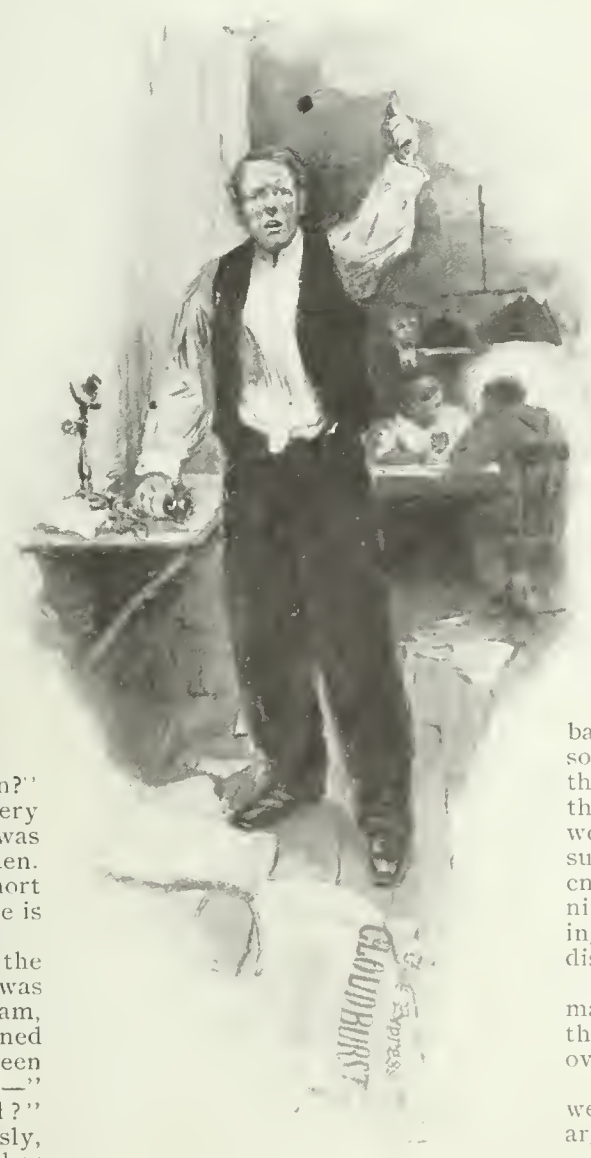
"Wellington at last!" he exclaimed. But it was a feminine voice that came to him over the wire.

"Do you want Mr. Wellington?" asked the voice, and it was a very pleasant voice, although Blake was too excited to think of that then.

"Do I want—" He broke off short and demanded sharply. "Where is he?"

"I thought you did," said the voice. "I heard a messenger was hunting for him with a telegram, so I got the telegram and opened it. Then they told me you'd been telephoning, too, and I thought—"

"Are you Wellington's girl?" Blake blurted out thoughtlessly, and he heard a gasp at the other end of the wire.



"Wellington's story coming!"

"Why—why, yes, I believe I am," came the hesitating reply.

"Well, get him to the telephone, quick."

"I can't; he isn't here."

"Not there! Oh—" Blake remembered that he was talking to a woman just in time to chop off the last word.

"No," said Wellington's girl, "he isn't here. He left for Highwood on the first relief train this morning—ran right away from me when I hadn't seen him for—"

"Gone to Highwood!" cried Blake. "Oh, good old Wellington!"

"Yes; he took three men with him."

"Great old Wellington!" was all Blake could say.

"And a photographer."

"Bully old Wellington!" cried Blake.

"But he isn't old!" protested the girl, aggrieved.

"He's anything you want to have him," returned Blake gallantly.

"And he ran away from *me*," complained the girl.

"I'll give you a bill-of-sale of him when he gets back!" cried the jubilant Blake.

"Do you want any bulletins?" she asked.

"Bulletins!" repeated Blake. "Say! you're a newspaper man's girl all right. We want every line we can get."

"I'll tell you all that's known here, if you like," she said.

Blake himself remained at the telephone and took her bulletins, repeating them to a reporter who wrote them out.

"She's a prize!" he exclaimed as he finally got up from the telephone desk. "She's the best ever! Tear up that note on Wellington's desk," he added as an afterthought.

WELLINGTON knew that he was making trouble for himself when he stopped over at Newton, but he did not believe it to be as serious a matter as Blake was disposed to make it, and besides he wanted to bring the girl back with him. He had no absolute certainty that he could do this on such short notice, but he thought a vacation at that time would give him a fair chance of success, and even two days might enable him to reach a more definite and satisfactory understanding. So he took the risk and disobeyed orders.

"Blake," he told her, "must be mad enough to tear the paper off the wall, but I just had to stop over and see you."

"Of course," she said, as if it were a matter that admitted of no argument. "Who is Blake?"

"He's the managing editor. He said I couldn't stop over."

"How ridiculous of him!" she commented.

"Isn't it?" he laughed. "He'll be pretty warm, but I guess I can explain it all right when I get back."

"I'd like to tell him what *I* think of him," she said.

"I'd like to have you," he assured her with cheerful mendacity. "That's why I want to take you back with me."

"Take me back with you! In two days!"

"Of course. It's just as easy to be married in two days as it is in two weeks or two months or two years."

"I never said I'd marry you," she protested.

"I know it," he admitted calmly, "but you never said you wouldn't."

"That's so; I never did," she returned thoughtfully. "I never said I wouldn't marry you, but there are a whole lot of other people I never said I wouldn't marry, too."

"The others don't count," he asserted. "They haven't been writing to you and dreaming about you and disobeying their managing editors to see you. I ought to be rewarded, you know."

"But two days!"

The form of this protest seemed to him to settle the main question.

"Call it two weeks," he urged. "I'll resign and stay over, if necessary."

"No, no," she said, shaking her head energetically.

"Two months," he persisted. "I'll get my vacation and come back."

"Perhaps," she conceded. "I won't promise. I must have time to think."

"Think!" he exclaimed. "What have you been doing all the time I've been thinking and hoping and writing and trying to get to see you?"

"Thinking," answered the inconsistent girl.

"Of what?"

"Well," she replied evasively, "I hadn't got as far as a wedding day."

He interpreted this so satisfactorily that his arms just naturally appropriated her.

"But you will now," he declared confidently.

"Can't I have a little time to think, if I want it?" she asked, with another bewildering change of manner and tone. "I don't want to be hurried. Let's talk of something else."

Wellington never had been so foolish as to think that he fully understood girls, but he had thought he knew a little bit about this one, and he was the more bewildered in consequence. She began to talk lightly and brightly of other things, and he had to make the best of it.

He was in this perplexed state of mind when the news of the cloudburst came. Instantly, the newspaper instinct became dominant, and all else was momentarily forgotten. His eyes sparkled, his mind was alert, he was considering all the possibilities before he fully realized it. The tracks were gone, the wires were down, the place was isolated; it would be difficult to get men there from anywhere, and he was certainly the nearest upon whom his office could rely. A train would take him part way, and he could push on with horses or on foot.

"That's my story!" he announced jubilantly. A newspaper man thinks only of the story as an opportunity, never as a horror.

"But you're not going to run away from me," she protested. "Why, you've hardly more than got here."

"It's my story," he repeated, as if he had not heard her. Indeed, he was already planning for a photographer and wondering whether he could get any local assistance.

"I won't let you go!" she declared.

"Won't let me go!" he exclaimed. "Why, Kittie, it's my story; I'm on the spot—almost. No one else from the office can reach it. You don't want me to fall down on the chance of a lifetime, do you? You don't want me to shirk! This is a big thing!" His enthusiasm was infectious, and she began to feel something of the thrill of it. "I couldn't keep away from it if I tried. And, perhaps, you can help."

"What can I do?" she asked.

He was planning, speculating, considering all the possibilities as he talked.

"I don't know what the conditions will be around there," he explained, speaking rapidly. "I may have to come back here to get wires. I may want typewriters who can take from dictation on the machine. I'll be late and in a hurry, you know. I'll telegraph or telephone—to you."

"Will you really?" Her eyes sparkled at the suggestion that she might have her share in the work and excitement. "I shall be ready, and I'll look out for bulletins."

"Bulletins! Well, you certainly are a newspaper man's girl," he laughed.

"Do your best!" she urged, and she kissed him. She certainly was a puzzling girl. Only a moment before she had demurred to his going, and now she was giving him most surprising and delightful encouragement.

Kittie's brother, Jack, was wild to go. He was a college boy, bright and quick, and he said he could get another youth who had had some newspaper experience.

"Get him!" instructed Wellington. "Take a carriage and hustle! I'll try to pick up a photographer on the way to the station. But don't miss the train."

Jack appeared at the station with two assistants, so the party, with the photographer, numbered five.

Throughout all the excitement of that day the question of a wire was uppermost in Wellington's mind. Of what use was even the most perfect story, if he could not get it to the office? He made inquiries on the way, and he gave all possible attention to conditions along the road. Eight or ten miles from Highwood they had to leave the train. One wire was working that far, and he was told there might be a second by evening. But the facilities were already overtaxed by official relief business and the men from the nearer towns.

From this point they pushed on by wagon, making the last two miles on foot. Conditions, he was told, were as bad or worse on the other side of Highwood, and there was practically no chance for a nearer available wire that day. The linemen were pushing on, but the work was difficult and slow, and as yet they were only extending the wire already in use, which would add nothing to the facilities, even if they got it working to a nearer point by evening.

These were the conditions that Wellington kept in mind as he directed the work of his little force. "Copy" was prepared as opportunity offered, a box or a board or one's own knee serving as desk, but the problem of "the wire" was ever present. One man was sent back early, to try to get the story started. Later, the others followed, and found the temporary telegraph office in a state of siege.

"No chance here for what we've got," was Wellington's decision. "We'd be lucky to get a thousand words through."

Their horses were pretty well winded, for, at the risk of life, they had come down the mountain road on the run. It was time that counted now—time and a wire; they had the story. They pushed on through the darkness to another station, where they hoped to find better facilities, but there were only three wires here. The Associated Press had one, the second was the wire in use from the station they had just left, and local men had been ahead of them with the third.

"It's Newton for us!" exclaimed Wellington. "We can get wires there."

"No train," said the station agent, when approached. "May be one later, but it's uncertain."

"Give us an engine!" said Wellington.

"Can't, without orders," returned the agent.

"You've got to!" insisted Wellington. "You've got a railroad wire open. Wire headquarters that the 'Express' wants an engine to Newton."

"Well, I guess not," was the reply. "I think too much of my job to bother 'em that way at a time like this."

"*I'll* telegraph!" threatened Wellington. "A telegram to your superintendent will have to go through, and I'll wire him that you refuse an engine to Newton for the 'Express.'"



"I'll go," she said, weakly surrendering

"Hold on!" cried the station agent, as Wellington began to write his message. "I'll wire him myself."

"And put a private message through to Newton for me."

"No, *sir!*" replied the station agent vigorously. "Nothing but railroad business on that wire."

"All right," acquiesced Wellington. "Get the engine!" He hurried back to the telegraph office and fought his way to the desk. "One word to Newton," he pleaded; "just one word! Sandwich it in anywhere!"

There was instant outcry and protest. He must take his turn, which would mean that his one word to Newton would get through some time the next day. But he insisted and argued and pledged and offered money. One of the wires in operation was working through Newton, and a word could be sandwiched in without appreciable delay. He won his point finally, and sent the single word "Coming" to Kittie. There was a protest that this was no time for love messages, but he insisted that this was strictly business. And it was.

"It's the best I can do," he confided to Jack. "It will be nearly midnight before we get there, and we'll want wires and typewriters. I hope she'll understand."

"You get your engine, and the track's clear!" the station agent called out.

IN the office of the "Express" there was anxiety and excitement. Fragmentary reports of the cloudburst they had, but there was no complete story and not a line of "special" except what had been secured from surrounding towns. No word of any sort had come from Wellington. How much or how little of the Associated Press report they would want to use was still uncertain. Preparations were made to rely on it entirely, if necessary, and much of it had been put in type. An emergency introduction, with the fragmentary reports received as a basis, had been written in the office. Blake himself was nervous and anxious when the hour hand of the clock slipped past eleven.

"With the wires clogged and working badly, he can't get much of a story in now anyhow," grumbled Blake. "We'll have to go ahead without him."

At 11:30 he gave instructions to use the emergency introduction; at 11:40 he was calling Wellington names and swearing at everybody in the office; at 11:50—

"Newton looping into the office!" one of the telegraph operators called out.

"Newton!" roared Blake. "What the devil does Newton want?"

"Wellington must have got back there," suggested Rainey.

"Newton looping in on a second wire—on a third!" called the chief operator. "Wellington's story coming on four wires!"

A thrill went through the office, the more pronounced because of the long, anxious wait, and every man nerved himself for the race against time in getting this story into the paper.

"Good old Wellington!" sighed Blake, forgetting that he had been consigning him to the perpetual furnace a few minutes before.

"Newton on the long-distance!" came the cry from the next room, and Blake hurried there.

"It's a girl and she wants you," said the city editor.

"Wellington's girl!" exclaimed Blake.

"Hello," said the girl; "is it coming?"

"On four wires," said the jubilant Blake.

"That's me," said the girl, proudly but ungrammatically.

"What!"

"I got the wires myself, and went for the extra operators with a carriage."

"Good old Wellington's girl!" commended Blake, that being his favorite form of commendation.

"And I had the typewriters ready. Oh, it's all been splendidly improper."

"Bully old Wellington's girl!" said Blake.

"Don't talk like that!" said the girl sharply, "or I won't give you the fast mail story."

"What's that!"

"Mr. Wellington said you'd want some things for the fast mail edition that wouldn't get through in time. He made notes of them, coming in on the engine, a mile a minute. You ought to see him! He's black and dirty and torn and muddy and wet and—and—splendid."

"Never mind that now."

"He couldn't call you up, because he's dictating," the girl persisted. "The pictures go by mail."

"Yes, yes, I know." He turned from the telephone a moment. "Two men here, quick! Take notes on this by relays and write it out on a split-second schedule." Then to the girl: "Let her slide!"

"What!"

"Give me the fast mail story."

"Oh, yes."

Reading from the notes before her, she gave him the facts, even supplementing them with details that she caught as Wellington and the others dictated to typewriters.

"Tell Wellington to call me up when his story's finished," said Blake when her work was done.

"All right," she replied. "But—oh, Mr. Blake!"

"Yes."

"I don't want you to think this is so dreadfully improper. My brother's here, you know."

Blake laughed. To think of chaperonage at such a moment seemed to him amusing and delightfully feminine. He liked the girl; she had feminine inconsistencies and vagaries, but she could do things. He told Wellington so when the latter called him up.

"Bring her back with you," he said.

"She won't come," replied Wellington, whereat the girl, who could hear this end of the conversation, gave a quick little gasp of comprehension.

"Won't come!" repeated Blake. "You stay there at office expense until you get her. She's a mascot! Won't come! Huh! Don't you believe it! Why, she told me over the telephone that she was your girl—yours, mind you! Just remember that if she tries to bluff you."

"Did she really say that?" asked Wellington joyfully, whereat the girl tried to think what she had said and remembered.

She backed into a corner when he hung up the receiver and turned toward her. He followed.

"Yes, yes, I'll go," she said, weakly surrendering.

"You hear, Jack!" exclaimed Wellington. "You're going to lose a sister, and I'm going to take a wife back to town."

But Jack, worn out, was peacefully sleeping on a table.

A REVIEW OF 1906

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

The first annual review in this department included an account of one of the great wars of history; the second covered the close of that war and the conclusion of peace; the third, which is presented here, shows the world moving more quietly, but perhaps with no less momentous issues hanging upon its progress than those which were decided in the clash of battle.



THE YEAR IN AMERICA

MORE SMASHING OF RECORDS

THE tide of material prosperity that has been running in the United States ever since the Spanish war has risen higher than ever in the past year. The volumes of crops, foreign and domestic commerce, shipping tonnage, railroad activity, and industrial output, which broke all records successively in 1904 and 1905, have broken them again in 1906. For the first time in our history our total foreign trade has risen above three billion dollars. Our postal business, the best index of growth and activity, has increased by over $15,000,000 in receipts—the greatest increase in our history—and by over $11,000,000 of expenditures. The postal estimates for the coming fiscal year call for expenditures of more than $206,000,000, an amount that would have paid the entire cost of running the rest of the Government, apart from pensions and interest on the public debt, as lately as ten years ago. Over twenty-one million acres have been added to our national forest reserves, of which we now have 106, covering 106,999,423 acres, or 167,186 square miles—exceeding the areas of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania combined.

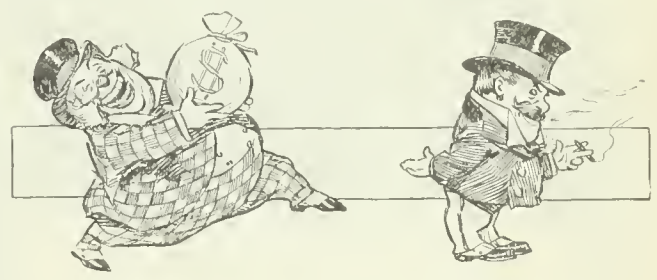
Our shipping has increased to 6,674,969 tons, passing last year's high-water mark by over 218,000 tons. The flood of immigration reached the appalling and unprecedented height of 1,101,401 alien arrivals. The population of the country on New Year's Day, 1907, was nearly or quite eighty-nine millions.

THE INSURANCE CAMPAIGN

The year witnessed the fruition of the insurance investigation of 1905. The Armstrong Committee submitted a report to the Legislature of New York recommending many reforms in the conduct of the insurance business, especially as affecting the two great mutual companies—the Mutual and the New York Life. It was proposed that the entire boards of directors of these companies should go out of office at once in order to give an opportunity for the institution of an entirely new management, if the policy-holders so desired; that all existing proxies should be revoked; that the policy-holders should have the right not only to get new proxies but to cast their own ballots either personally or by mail; that the amount of new business to be written by any one company in one year should be limited to one hundred and fifty million dollars, and that many restrictions should be thrown about investments and agency expenses. These recommendations were embodied by the Legislature in a series of new laws. Although the companies reorganized their own management to some extent, and introduced considerable reforms, the public was not satisfied with the progress made in that direction, and a formidable policy-holders' movement was instituted to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the Armstrong laws of putting entirely new sets of men in control. This movement was directed by an International Policy-holders' Committee for both the great companies, acting in cooperation with a Mutual Life Policy-holders' Association for the Mutual. An extremely vigorous campaign was waged, equaling in intensity the political contest in any State, and bringing out a vote surpassing that cast in any State but a very few of the greatest. Although the count of the votes is not yet finished, the old managements of the companies are believed to have been successful; but the contrast between the few hundred votes cast by the policy-holders under the old *régime* and the hundreds of thousands cast at the recent election has been so great as to furnish a most impressive reminder to insurance officials that they are administering a trust and not their own property.

THE CONGRESSIONAL HARVEST

The long session of the Fifty-ninth Congress, under the diligent cultivation of President Roosevelt, was fertile in good work. The President's pet measure, the Railroad Rate bill, passed the House almost unanimously, but was subjected to strange vicissitudes in the Senate, where it was first thrown by the President's enemies into Democratic hands; reported and managed by Senator Tillman; then thrashed out and amended until it became almost unrecognizable, and finally passed in a form which the President found acceptable. It remodeled the Interstate Commerce Commission; gave it power to declare, on complaint, what should be considered a reasonable rate, with provision for review by the courts; put sleeping cars and express companies under the rules governing common carriers, and strengthened the laws against discrimination. During the session a world-wide sensation was created by Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel, "The Jungle," describing conditions in the Chicago packing-houses, and with the help of the public interest so engendered, the President was able to force through an amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation bill providing for a stringent inspection of meat products destined for interstate or foreign commerce. After about seventeen years of effort Congress finally passed a satisfactory Pure Food law, under which the labels on foods and medicines offered for interstate transportation will bear some relation to the contents of the packages. The abolition of the internal revenue tax on denatured alcohol promises before long to create a vast new industry. The question whether the Panama Canal should be built with locks or at sea level was settled by Congress in favor of locks, but it is not yet certain whether nature will concur in the decision. After a desperate battle the Statehood question was settled by a compromise, under which Oklahoma and the Indian Territory were to be united as one State, and Arizona and New Mexico as another, with a provision for a referendum vote on the question of the union of Arizona and New Mexico. Arizona voted down the proposition at the ensuing election, so that Oklahoma will be the only new State to come in. Congress passed a law at this session to prevent the unlimited diversion of water from Niagara Falls. It also remodeled the naturalization laws, passed a bill to improve the consular service, and abolished the "immunity bath" of corporation witnesses.



POLITICS AND PERSONALITIES

ALTHOUGH a new Congress was elected in 1906, the chief public interest in politics was concentrated upon certain State elections, notably in New York, where Mr. William Randolph Hearst made a sensational bid for the Democratic Presidential nomination of 1908 by trying to capture the Governorship. After a campaign of almost unexampled virulence, Mr. Hearst was beaten by Mr. Charles E. Hughes, by a plurality of 58,000. The Democrats elected their entire State ticket except the head. At the same time Mr. Hearst had been carrying on active campaigns through lieutenants in three other States: Massachusetts, Illinois, and California. In all these States Mr. Hearst was badly beaten, and the general result seemed to be, while leaving him still a power in politics, to eliminate him as a Presidential candidate for the next campaign.

At the same time Mr. Bryan, who seemed in the early part of the year to be the predestined choice of the Democracy, was widely believed to have eliminated himself by expressing the opinion that after trying all other methods of regulating the railroads we might yet find it necessary to try Government ownership. But the conservative citizens who took this ground were soon compelled to face the unpalatable fact that if Bryan was radical they had a still more radical President in the White House. President Roosevelt pushed the prosecutions of the givers and takers of rebates, and the engineers of illegal combinations with such energy that several railroads and many shippers were subjected to heavy fines, some individuals were sent to jail, and at the end of the year the Standard Oil Company was cowering under an accumulation of indictments which, if followed by conviction and sentence in each case, might exhaust even its enormous resources. When on top of this the President advocated a graduated inheritance tax for the avowed purpose of checking dangerous accumulations of wealth, as well as a tax on incomes, Mr. Bryan's "radicalism" lost all its terrors.

CUBA UNDER GUARDIANSHIP

The Cuban Republic, started in life with so much American good-will, has fallen into a sleep from which there is no certainty of any waking. President Palma had been reelected as the candidate of the Moderate Party, but his Liberal opponents asserted that the election had been carried by gross fraud and intimidation. There were mutterings of

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THE HEARST CONVENTION IN NEW YORK

The "Independence League" was formed to advance the cause of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, who unsuccessfully opposed Mr. Charles E. Hughes for the Governorship of New York; the League's convention was held at Carnegie Hall on September 11. It was one of the most boisterous and determined conventions ever held in New York



ROALD AMUNDSEN

This Norwegian arctic explorer, in the 46-ton sloop "Gjoa," navigated the Northwest Passage and located the magnetic pole



DEUTSCH'S DIRIGIBLE BALLOON

Henri Deutsch's new flying ship made an unsatisfactory ascent at Sartronville, near Paris. As an original feature, this balloon has a peculiar and cumbersome arrangement of cylinders at the rear end, made of canvas tubes, and intended to act as a balancing tail. The motive power is provided by a single gasoline engine of 70 horsepower. The balloon is 203 feet long and 34 feet in diameter, and has a capacity of 113,005 cubic feet of gas. This airship, which was named after the city of Paris, is larger than the Lebaudy balloon recently constructed for the French army



View of New York
graphed from a ha

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TOM JOHNSON'S THREE-CENT FARE

Cleveland witnessed a new departure in transportation when a three-cent fare was introduced by Mayor Johnson







THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

The volcano burst into activity on April 5. The country for miles around was buried in ashes. A public market in Naples collapsed from the weight on the roof, killing many people

A NEW ISLA

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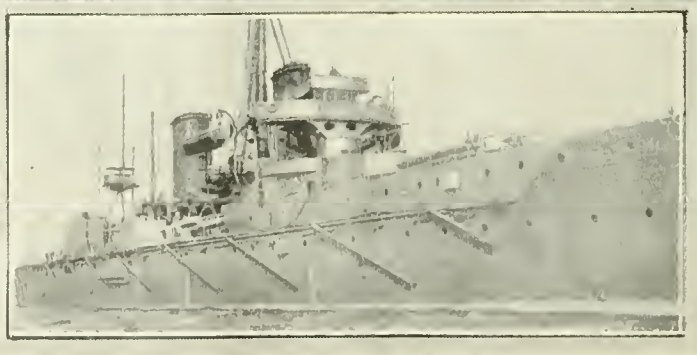
WHERE LIN

The Lincoln Farm
the log cabin in
Lincoln was born



THE TYPHOON AT HONGKONG

The 18th of September saw Hongkong and its vicinity swept by a hurricane which destroyed five thousand human lives and millions of dollars' worth of property, mostly in shipping



PANIC IN NAPLES

Terror at Vesuvius's eruption culminated in religious demonstrations



THE KING OF SPAIN WEDS

The marriage of King Alfonso XIII of Spain to Princess Ena of Battenberg was celebrated on May 31 at San Geronimo Church, Madrid



MISS ROOS

On the 17th of Fe
the President of t
in the White Hou

COPYR

RUSSIA'S ILL-FATED DUMA

Russia's first representative legislative body, the Duma, was elected in April by a restricted suffrage, and was dissolved by order of the Czar on July 26

THE BIGGEST OF BATTLESHIPS

Great Britain's new battleship "Dreadnought," the most powerful vessel afloat, marks a new era in naval construction; she is armed with ten 12-inch guns, and was completed in the record time of twelve months

district, photo-
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EVENTS

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E PAST YEAR



COUNT ZEPPELIN'S AIRSHIP

An important event of the year's aeronautics was Count Zeppelin's successful flight over Lake Constance in his dirigible balloon—the largest existing. Divided into six compartments filled with gas, this airship measures 420 feet in length, and is driven by a pair of motors of 83 horse-power each. The balloon reached a height of a thousand feet and traveled for two hours at the rate of two miles an hour. Count Zeppelin has been experimenting for a number of years and has always chosen to fly over water rather than over land like most other experimenters



PEARY'S SHIP IN THE ARCTIC

Commander Peary reached the "farthest north," 87° 6′, in his fourth expedition in search of the North Pole



SECRETARY ROOT AT RIO DE JANEIRO

The Secretary of State left New York on the Fourth of July to attend the Pan-American Congress at Rio. He subsequently made a complete tour of the Southern Continent, visiting Para, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Valparaiso, Lima, and other cities of Latin-America, bringing about a better understanding with our Southern neighbors



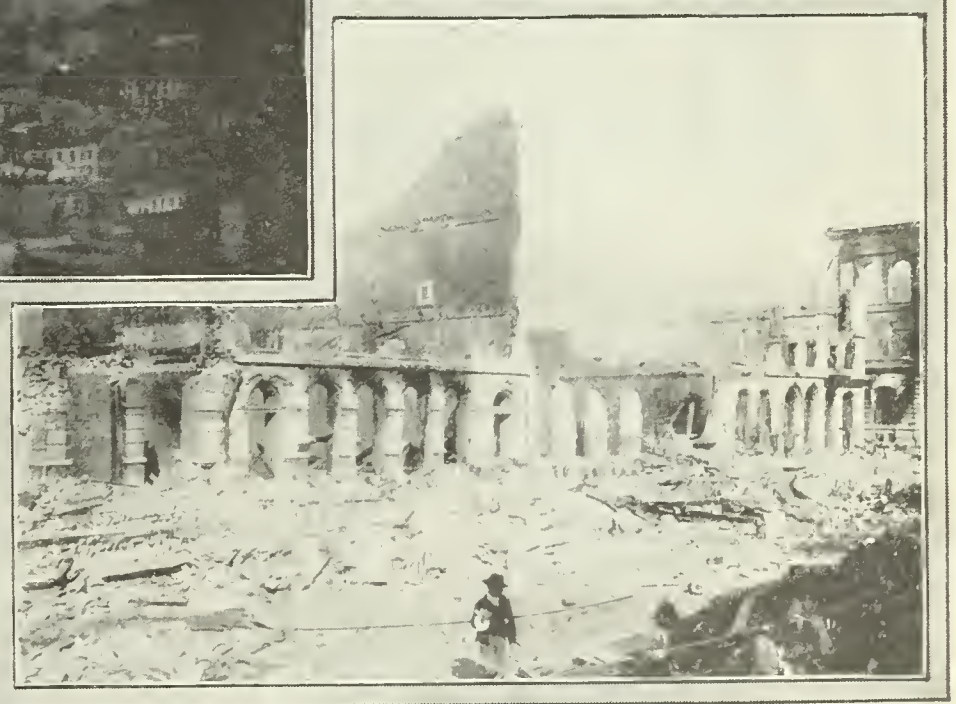
THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

The most destructive earthquake that ever occurred in the United States devastated San Francisco and a number of neighboring cities on the morning of April 18. The shock lasted three minutes



THE OCCUPATION OF CUBA

An insurrection breaking out in September made it necessary for American troops to occupy the island



THE VALPARAISO CATASTROPHE

Valparaiso, Chile, was visited by a severe earthquake on August 12, when half the city was wrecked and many of the remaining buildings were damaged by the violence of the shock



EVACUATION OF SAN FRANCISCO

Thousands of people left the burnt city after the shock and fire

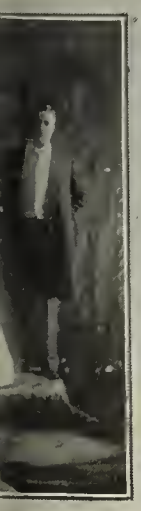


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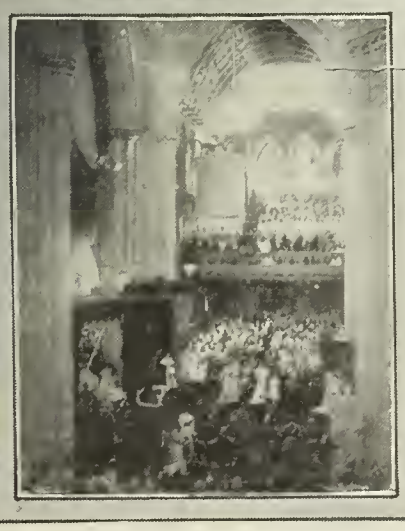
on will restore
sident Abraham
ville, Kentucky



MARRIAGE

eldest daughter of
tates was married
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CURTIS



NORWAY'S NEW KING

Haakon VII was crowned in Trondhjem Cathedral on June 22. It was the most elaborate ceremony Norway had ever witnessed



THE DISCHARGE OF THE NEGRO SOLDIERS

In November the President dismissed three companies of the 25th U. S. infantry (colored) because they had refused to give the names of the men who had participated in a riot at Brownsville, Texas



THE CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

In the spring of last year religious riots occurred at Paris, due to the Government's insistence upon its right to inventory the property contained in Catholic churches

discontent and scattered disorders through the early part of the year, and in August the disaffected partizans broke into open insurrection. The Government was unable to suppress the rebellion and appealed to the United States for aid. President Roosevelt sent Mr. Taft, the Secretary of War, and Mr. Bacon, the Assistant Secretary of State, to try to compose the difficulty, but neither side would make any concessions, and finally President Palma resigned and the members of his party, who formed a majority in Congress, refused to attend to fill the vacancy. Cuba was left without a government, and by authority of President Roosevelt Mr. Taft proclaimed himself Provisional Governor. He was soon succeeded by Mr. Magoon, late Governor of the Panama Canal Zone, who is still ruling the island pending new elections which are to test the capacity of the people for governing themselves.

UGLY RACE QUESTIONS

The traditional cordiality of our relations with Japan has been painfully chilled by the anti-Japanese agitation on the Pacific Coast, and especially by the segregation of Japanese pupils at San Francisco in a school with Chinese and Koreans. President Roosevelt has tried in vain to induce the San Franciscans to show some consideration to the subjects of a Power with which it is most desirable to cultivate friendship. The President has been further disturbed by a race question at home. Some of the negro soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, stationed at Brownsville, Texas, were said to have fired into houses and upon citizens at night, and being unable to find the guilty parties or to gain any information from their comrades the President discharged all the men of three companies without honor. His opponents in Congress, led by Senator Foraker, have seized upon this opportunity to attack him, and the new year finds him facing a formidable assault.

HISTORIC DISASTERS

VESUVIUS ENRAGED

SELDOM has a year won such an evil eminence as 1906 for calamities of world-wide and historical importance. In April, Vesuvius burst into one of the fiercest eruptions of modern times, equaling in intensity, according to the intrepid Director of the Observatory, Dr. Matteucci, the great convulsions of 1631 and 1872. The streams of lava that flowed down the mountain on three sides overwhelmed four good-sized towns and a number of villages, drove scores of thousands of people from their homes, and destroyed over two thousand lives. The property loss is estimated at eighty-five million dollars. Even Naples was threatened; ashes lay deep in the streets, and on the 10th of April their weight crushed a market house, killing and wounding a number of people.

SAN FRANCISCO IN RUINS

Before the devastating lavas of Vesuvius had cooled the world was startled by a new disaster in California. An earthquake shock, on the morning of April 18, did great damage to San Francisco, San Jose, Santa Rosa, Palo Alto, and other places up and down the coast. Had this been all, the catastrophe would have been serious, but the earthquake damage was completely eclipsed by the work of fires which broke out at once in San Francisco, and which could not be checked because the earthquake had wrecked the water mains. The flames were fought with dynamite, but before they were finally brought under control the whole central part of the city had been burnt out, leaving only a thinly settled shell of dwellings around the blackened waste. The burnt district covered an area of three thousand acres, and the destruction of property was estimated at $350,000,000—nearly double the loss from the great fire at Chicago, which had previously broken the record for such catastrophes in modern times. San Francisco's distress caused an unexampled outburst of helpfulness from all over the world. Foreign contributions were lavishly offered, but were discouraged by President Roosevelt, although the San Francisco relief committee expressed its willingness to accept them. The total subscriptions, in money, to the end of the year, amounted to nearly $10,000,000, besides which the Government spent two millions and a half in relief work, and about two thousand carloads of supplies were forwarded from other cities. The people of San Francisco were full of courage, and energetically entered upon the work of rebuilding, but their efforts were hampered by the delays in collecting insurance and by the obstructive policy of the labor unions.

A SUCCESSION OF CALAMITIES

As though San Francisco and Vesuvius, each of which would have given a lurid fame to any ordinary year, were not enough, Chile followed on August 16 and 17 with a series of earthquakes which, together with the ensuing fires, destroyed the greater part of Valparaiso and a number of other cities, and seriously damaged the capital, Santiago. The only reason why the disaster was not more colossal than that of San Francisco was that the places affected were smaller. As it was, it ranks with the great catastrophes of history. A month later a typhoon wrecked several thousand vessels at Hongkong and in the neighboring seas, destroyed twenty million dollars' worth of property, and swallowed some thousands of lives. This was followed after another month's interval by a terrific storm in the Gulf of Mexico, which devastated the coasts of our Southern States, a few days after that by a destructive cyclone in Algeria, and in the middle of October by a hurricane that wrought immense damage in Central Cuba.



AMONG FRIENDLY POWERS

CANADA FORGING AHEAD

OUR neighbors of Canada have had a year of prosperity rivaling that of the United States. Work on the Grand Trunk Pacific and the new Hill line—the only transcontinental railroads now under construction in North America—has made rapid progress. The Grand Trunk Pacific's new terminal city of Prince Rupert has been laid out. A new tariff has been introduced, embodying the principle of a third scale of duties ten per cent below the general rate for the benefit of countries that extend favors to Canada. The British preference is still retained, but it would be practically reduced by nearly one-third if the United States should secure the benefit of the intermediate scale. Whether this shall happen or not depends upon the course pursued at Washington. Canada was considerably agitated during the year by the agitation for a Dominion Sunday law, which was finally successful in name, although in fact the subject will remain under the control of the Provinces.

PAN-AMERICANS AT RIO

The third Pan-American Conference, held at Rio de Janeiro, July 21 to August 27, began a new epoch in the relations between the United States and the Latin republics. The tactless behavior of some of the men, and especially of the women, sent from Washington to the preceding conference at the City of Mexico had increased the unpopularity of Americans of the North among those of the South, and President Roosevelt determined that no such mishap should occur again. The delegates were selected with great care, including one from Porto Rico, and, to emphasize our Government's sense of the value of good relations with our southern neighbors, Secretary Root was sent at the same time to make a diplomatic tour around the South American continent. This policy was brilliantly vindicated by the results. Mr. Root made a triumphal progress from Brazil to Panama, and his admirable speeches, appealing to the noblest sentiments of his impressionable hearers, and free from every trace of patronage, seemed to wipe out at a stroke most of the distrust of the United States that had been sedulously cultivated in South American minds by European rivals. As far as the actual work of the Rio conference was concerned, not very much was accomplished. An extremely diluted suggestion was made that the Hague Congress consider the Drago doctrine reprobating the use of force in collecting contract debts, and suggestions were submitted to the republics represented on a variety of practical business subjects. Steps were taken to increase the usefulness of the Bureau of American Republics at Washington.

WORLD'S PARLIAMENTS OF PEACE

The Hague Peace Congress, which was to have been held in 1906, has gone over for another year, but a not unworthy substitute was found in the Conference of the Interparliamentary Union, which met at London July 23 to 25—the most imposing gathering of the world's legislators ever assembled. Every one of its five hundred delegates was a member of some country's national parliament. Twenty-one legislative bodies were represented, but on the opening day the delegates of the Russian Duma, who had just heard the news of the dissolution of the body that had sent them, withdrew, their action drawing from the British Premier his electrifying exclamation: "The Duma is dead—long live the Duma!" The resolutions unanimously adopted recommended that the Hague Conferences meet at regular intervals, that a permanent council be devised for the purpose of codifying and developing international law, that contraband should be restricted to arms, munitions of war, and explosives, that neither the ship carrying contraband nor non-contraband goods on the same ship should be destroyed, and that private property, even between belligerents, should be immune at sea as it is on land. The last principle is one traditionally advocated by the United States. On motion of Mr. Bryan, who supported it by a speech that created a profound impression, the conference also recommended that Powers disagreeing on points not subject to arbitration should not resort to hostilities before inviting the formation of an international commission of inquiry, or the mediation of one or more friendly Powers.

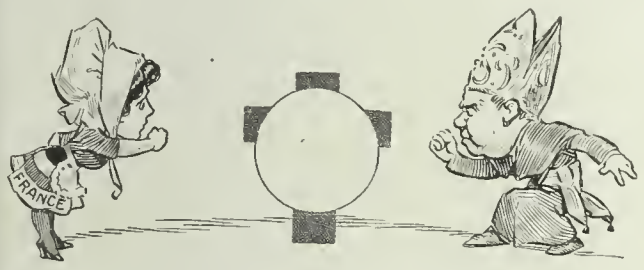
THE POWERS AT ALGECIRAS

By agreements among France, Spain, and Italy, which considered themselves the Powers chiefly interested in Mediterranean affairs, a preponderating influence in the decadent empire of Morocco had been given to France. In 1905 the German Emperor suddenly made this a cause of quarrel, and rather than allow the matter to go to extremities, as the Kaiser seemed willing to do, France consented to refer it to an international conference. This gathering met at Algeciras, in Spain, on January 16, the United States, along with most of the Powers of Europe, great and small, being represented, and after deliberating for two months and a half, reached a compromise agreement on March 31. In most of the discussions all the Powers except Austria-Hungary were ranged against Germany. By the final agreement the police service in Morocco was entrusted to France and Spain, the finances were internationalized, four seaports were put under French and two under Spanish control, and one was to be administered by French and Spanish officials supervised by a neutral police inspector.

TRIUMPHANT BRITISH LIBERALS

The political revolution that was foreshadowed when the Balfour Government fell at the end of 1905 swept over Great Britain in the elections of January, 1906. The Liberal and Labor parties elected 429 members of the new House of Commons, of whom 375 were straight Liberals and 54 Labor men. The Nationalists returned 83, and

the lately dominant Unionists went back with the beggarly remnant of 157. Mr. Balfour himself was one of the earliest victims, and by a curious irony of fate the only Unionist leader who came through the cataclysm in good condition was the one who had caused the wreck—Joseph Chamberlain. When the storm subsided, Mr. Chamberlain was discovered perched securely upon his Birmingham rock, with his six faithful followers beside him, all elected by increased majorities. The chemically pure, Pasteurized Liberals had a majority of 81 over all other factions combined, including their own allies. This was fortunate for them, for dissensions soon developed between them and the Labor Party on one hand and the Nationalists on the other. The Labor men were conciliated in a measure by the passage of a bill exempting the funds of unions from execution in trades disputes after the Government had said that the form in which it was demanded was inadmissible. This measure has been accepted by the House of Lords on the ground that there was a mandate from the nation to pass it. The question whether it is possible to devise a measure of Home Rule sufficient to satisfy the Nationalists without causing a revolt in England is still disturbing the Government. The subject that has occupied most attention during the year has been that of education. The Nonconformist uprising against the Balfour Educational law was one of the chief causes of the Unionist defeat at the elections. The Campbell-Bannerman ministry promptly met its obligations by preparing a new bill which would have prevented denominational teaching at the public expense. The clergy of the Church of England rose in fury against this, and, led by the Bishops, the House of Lords fell upon the bill and mutilated it with amendments beyond recognition. The House of Commons rejected the amendments in bulk; the Lords refused to recede, and the bill was laid aside until such time as it could be conveniently used in a threatened general assault upon the privileges of the hereditary chamber.



RELIGIOUS WAR IN FRANCE

WITHIN the past year France has had a new President, two new Ministers, and at least an attempt at a new church. On January 17 the Chambers, in joint assembly, elected M. Armand Fallières President of the Republic. A little later the Rouvier Ministry fell under the opposition of a queerly assorted combination of Clericals and Socialists. After an attempt, lasting a little more than a year, to solve the Church and State problem that had overthrown the Combes Government in January, 1905, M. Sarrien formed a new Cabinet, pledged to the same general policy of anti-clericalism that had been followed by Combes and Rouvier. It was understood that M. Sarrien's leadership was only nominal, and that the real head of the Government was the masterful Minister of the Interior, Georges Clémenceau. In October M. Sarrien retired, ostensibly on the ground of ill health, and the Cabinet was reorganized, with Clémenceau as its avowed, as well as its actual, head. M. Briand retained his position as Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, thus giving assurance of the continuity of French policy toward the Church. General Picquart was appointed Minister of War, becoming, in his own person, the most signal demonstration of the triumph of justice in the Dreyfus case. Dreyfus himself had been fully rehabilitated and restored to the army with the rank of Major. Throughout the entire year the mind of France was absorbed in the progress of the effort to find a modus vivendi between the Church and the State under the separation law passed at the end of 1905. On February 17 the Pope issued an encyclical condemning the law, but at the same time advising the faithful to maintain peace. The process of taking the inventories of church properties in the spring, caused mild riots in many parts of France. In August the French bishops tried to find a means of reconciling the requirements of the law in the matter of "cultural associations" with the constitution of the Church, but when the advice of the Pope was asked he issued another encyclical, absolutely forbidding every sort of association that might be permissible under the law. The Church was thus left without any means of taking legal title to its property at the expiration of the year of grace on December 11. Finally, just before the year of probation expired, Minister Briand issued a circular giving permission to hold services in the churches on the application of any two persons, under the old law of 1881, applying to public meetings, this application to be good for a year. But this concession was promptly rejected at Rome, and when December 11 came, no means remained by which a Catholic priest in France could continue to perform his duties and remain at the same time in good standing both with the Government and with his ecclesiastical superiors. The rest of the year was occupied in maneuvres for position. It was the policy of the Church to put the Government in the light of a persecuting power, and of the Government to avoid that attitude. Therefore, every effort was made to avoid the appearance of unnecessary force; religious exercises in the churches were not interfered with, although the names of priests officiating in violation of the law were taken, and a new law was introduced offering still other possibilities of accommodation. This, too, was rejected by the Vatican. The Government suppressed clerical salaries and took possession of the official residences occupied by the bishops and priests. The year closed with the dispute still at its height.



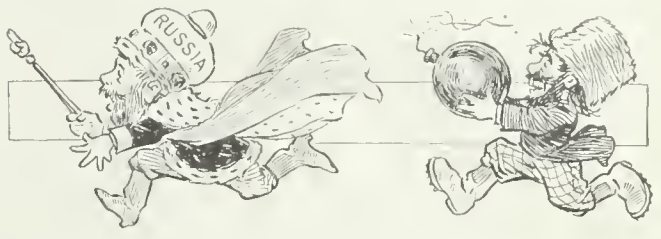
THE KAISER'S TROUBLES

GERMANY'S colonial enterprise in Southwestern Africa has been prolific of scandals. Horrible atrocities, as well as financial corruption, have been charged against her officials. A war against the Hereros has been raging for years with little glory to the German arms. Finally, in September, the Emperor resolved to try the value of a new broom, and he took the revolutionary step of displacing the aristocratic head of the Colonial Department, the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and substituting a young business man of Jewish blood, Bernhard Dernburg. Herr Dernburg is the son of a newspaper editor, and spent some years in the service of a German bank in New York. It was said, by some with satisfaction and by others with anger, that he would carry American ideas into the Colonial Office. But the change was not enough to appease the Reichstag, which reflected the intense unpopularity of the Colonial business in the country. When the time came in December to vote the supplementary estimates for the support of the army that was fighting the African natives, the Socialists, Clericals, and Poles were able to muster a majority of ten against it, the Government receiving the support of the various Conservative, Liberal, and Radical groups. This action, if acquiesced in by the Government, meant the recall of the troops from the field and the abandonment of the war in disgrace. The Emperor immediately dissolved the Reichstag, and the elections for a new one have been fixed for the 25th of the present month.

Germany was convulsed during the year by the publication of the memoirs of the late Prince Hohenlohe, containing very frank accounts of conversations with the Emperor and with Bismarck at the time of the latter's fall. It appeared that the immediate causes of the break between Bismarck and his imperial master were the Chancellor's cynical policy of "squaring" Russia behind the back of Germany's ally, Austria, and his insistence upon ruthless measures for the suppression of the Socialists. The real underlying cause, however, was the fact that there was room for only one man on the summit of power in Germany, and that neither the Emperor nor Bismarck was willing to let the other be that one.

PERSIA UP TO DATE

The ancient monarchy of Persia has joined the ranks of constitutional governments. The people had been discontented with the corruption and oppression of their officials, and by economic distress. Finally, a Moslem priest who had been expressing his opinions in public was arrested. Thereupon a general strike broke out, headed by the priests, the shops in the bazaar at Teheran were closed, and several thousand men camped in the grounds of the British Legation and announced that they would stay until the British Government did something about their grievances. The Shah finally yielded and summoned a national council, which may fairly be called the first Persian Parliament. It is called the Congress of National Consultation, and is to have control over the Ministers, even to the point of dismissal. It is not chosen by election, but is an Assembly of Notables. The peasants are not represented.



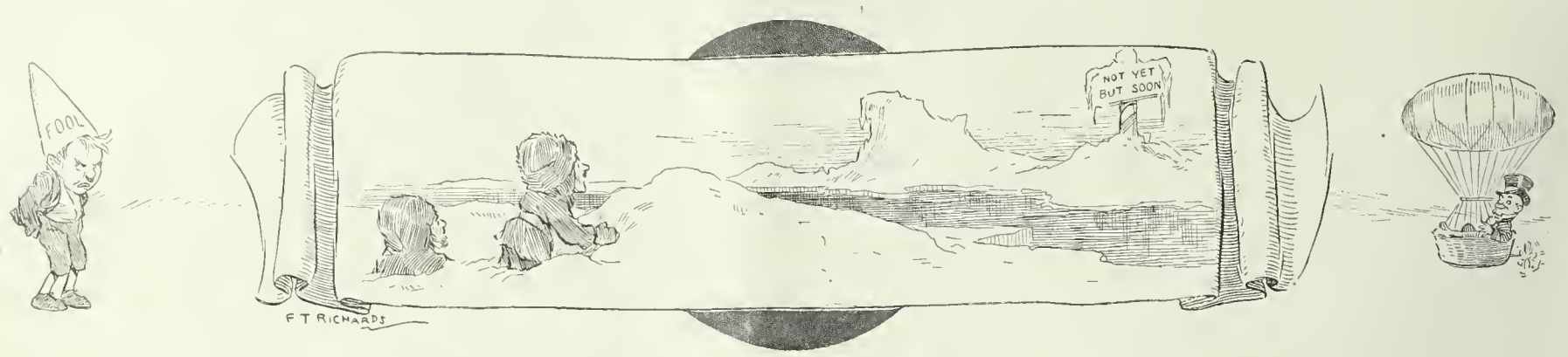
A YEAR OF TERROR IN RUSSIA

RUSSIA has run the whole gamut of political experience in 1906. She has seen her first Parliament elected, dissolved, and outlawed, and her people subjected to the extremes of anarchical disorder and tyrannical repression. The elections for the first Duma were held in April and May, and the assembly met May 10 in the Tauride Palace at St. Petersburg. The Government, under M. Goremykin, who had succeeded Count Witte as Prime Minister, had overreached itself in its effort to control the elections. It had introduced a complicated system of double election with the idea that the ignorant voters would be confused or overridden. But the actual working of the scheme was to suppress the conservative minority, which could not carry any of the electoral colleges, and so leave it almost totally without representation. The Duma from the first took up the position of stubborn hostility to the Government. It demanded a general amnesty for all political offenses, and the abolition of capital punishment in all cases before allowing anything else to be done. The ministers were hooted down when they made their appearance in the tribune. It was the hope of the Constitutional Democrats who controlled the assembly to force the dismissal of the Cabinet and the substitution of one responsible to Parliament. They seemed at one time to be on the verge of succeeding, but the reactionary elements at Court succeeded in gaining possession of the Czar's will long enough to bring him to the point of making a stand against the transformation of the Government. The Duma was suddenly dissolved on July 23, and at the same time an attempt was made to conciliate public sentiment by replacing Premier Goremykin, with the more liberal Stolypin. About a third of the members of the Duma met in the woods at Viborg in Finland, and issued a manifesto urging the Russian people to refuse to pay taxes or furnish recruits for the army until a new Duma should be assembled. They also warned foreign financiers that no debts incurred by the autocratic Government would be recognized. This manifesto, secretly circulated throughout Russia, had some effect on the minds of the people, but not enough to cripple the Government, and a reign of terror ensued. Liberal leaders were imprisoned by hundreds, and frightful massacres, nominally directed against the Jews, but really organized by the officials to divert attention from reforms, broke out in the various cities. The activity of the fighting revolutionists, which had been suspended during the sessions of the Duma, was resumed, and a peculiarly atrocious attempt was directed against the Prime Minister himself. A bomb was thrown into his house during a reception, killing and wounding a number of people, and frightfully injuring M. Stolypin's daughter. Disaffection spread in the army and navy, and serious mutinies occurred at Sveaborg, Kronstadt, and other places. The Government maintained its position, however, and the liberal system promised by the proclamation of October 30, 1905, still nominally remained in force. A new Duma is to be elected under precautions which the authorities hope will insure a larger proportion of conservative members, and its meeting is promised for March.

CHINA ON THE MARCH

Even China has been caught in the stream of progress. Not only has her military system been reorganized under Japanese direction, so that an efficient fighting force with unlimited possibilities

of development has been created, but steps have been taken toward the establishment of a constitution. The astute Empress Dowager, having wisely resolved to take the lead in this direction, instead of waiting, like the Czar, to have her hand forced by a popular uprising, has been able to act with that leisurely deliberation so congenial to Chinese habits of mind. She has sent a commission abroad to study foreign methods of government, and has begun the preparation of plans for a deliberative assembly, which, it is expected, will be fully perfected in about twelve years. Meanwhile she is introducing gradual reforms in the details of the administrative machinery. Thus the progressive ideas that nearly cost the young Emperor his life seven years ago have now been adopted by the chief of the reactionists. Three ancient monarchies—Russia, Persia, and China, one of them the oldest and most populous in the world, and all together comprising a third of the human race—may be said to have been fairly started within the past year on the road of constitutional government. There are really no absolute, irresponsible monarchies left except Turkey, Morocco, and a few barbarous tribes, and even those have been so brought under the tutelage of the civilized powers that the despotic authority of their rulers is hardly more than a name.



INVENTION AND EXPLORATION

THE MASTERY OF THE AIR

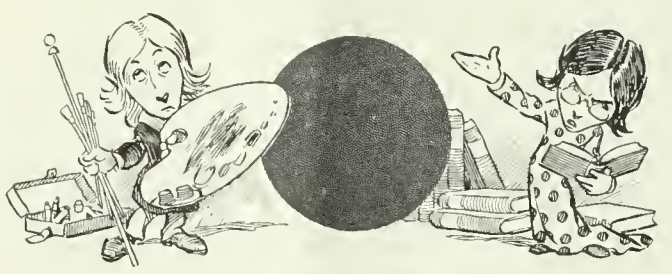
THE year 1906 has brought the world to the verge of the discovery of the secret that is destined to revolutionize human life — the secret of flight. Experiments in Europe and America have left nothing in the way of practical aerial navigation but mastery of the art of balancing. The common balloon and the dirigible gas bag have not been neglected—the first international balloon race came off September 29 and was won by an American, Lieutenant Lahm; the first balloon chase held in America was started from Pittsfield, Mass., October 22; and gigantic aerostats have been built, such as M. Henri Deutsch's *Ville de Paris*, with its 203 feet of length and its seventy horse-power motor; Count Zeppelin's new monster, the greatest yet built, 410 feet long and 38 feet in diameter, with which he resisted a wind blowing at 33½ miles an hour; the aerial war-fleet constructed by France for service at fortified posts; and last, but not least, the craft in which Mr. Walter Wellman would have gone to the North Pole if he had had a good chance. But interest in these developments of an old idea has been quite overshadowed by the progress of the airship of the future—the ship that needs no gas bag, but sails like a bird by its own power. M. Santos-Dumont created a sensation on October 23 by traveling 150 feet near Paris with his box-kite aeroplane, the *14-bis*. By this exploit he won the Archdeacon Cup, offered to the first aeronaut who should fly with a motor-driven aeroplane for a distance of 82 feet with an angle of drop not exceeding 25 per cent. On November 12 he flew 689 feet with the same machine. It was generally believed in Europe that the flight of Santos-Dumont on October 23 was the first ever made in an aeroplane driven by mechanical power, but if the accounts from Dayton, Ohio, can be believed his feats have been completely eclipsed by the achievements of the Wright brothers, of that place, who are said to have built a machine that has flown, with one of them on board, for a distance of twenty-four miles at nearly forty miles an hour. They have recently finished a new twenty-eight to thirty horse-power motor, with which they expect to drive a new aeroplane five hundred miles at fifty miles an hour. The secrecy with which they have surrounded their trials has been responsible for such incredulity as has been expressed concerning their achievements. Many other inventors have turned out promising airships, and large prizes have been offered in England and France for the first mechanical flyers to cover specified distances.

BESIEGING THE POLE

Arctic records have been broken in 1906 by Commander Peary, who has planted the American flag thirty-two nautical miles nearer the North Pole than the Italian flag left there six years before by Captain Cagni, of the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition. Peary's record of 87 degrees 6 minutes north latitude was achieved by wonderful skill and daring in the face of most adverse conditions, the ice proving treacherous even in winter, and the sledge dash being checked again and again, and finally hopelessly blocked by open water. From the time Peary's ship, the *Roosevelt*, left Sydney, Nova Scotia, July 16, 1905, until her return was only fifteen months, and the party came back without the loss of a man.

FROM THE CAPE TO CAIRO

Central Africa has practically ceased to be a field for exploration, and has become one for commercial development. The Cape to Cairo Railroad has now advanced from the south to a point over two thousand miles north of Cape Town and about four hundred miles beyond the once mysterious Victoria Falls. Of the gap between the northern end of the South African system and the southern end of the Egyptian system the greater part is bridged by regular steam transportation on lake and river.



RECREATION

SHIFTING BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIPS

THE baseball season of 1906 was notable for the downfall of the "Giants," New York's joy and pride. After winning the National League championship for two years in succession, and the world's championship in 1905, they were ousted from the lead in their own league in 1906 by the Chicago "Cubs," who distanced all competition early in the season. But the pride of the "Cubs" had a fall in the post-season series, when the championship of the world was captured by the Chicago "White Sox," who had raced to the front in the American League from a lowly position, in which they had seemed to be merely humble spectators of the struggle of the New York "Highlanders," the Philadelphia "Athletics," and the Cleveland "Napoleons" for the mastery.

CHRISTIANIZED FOOTBALL

The agitation against the carnage of the football field in 1905 led to a thorough revision of the rules, with the object of diminishing brutality and adding to the interest of the game by encouraging open play. Some colleges, led by Columbia, refused to tolerate the sport even under the new conditions, but most of the leading exponents of football science remained in the field under the revised rules. The general opinion was that the experiment proved successful. The mortality was greatly reduced, and the spectators found the game much more interesting than the old one. Mass plays, one of the principal causes of injuries, were almost abolished by the rule requiring the side with the ball to gain ten yards in three downs. Open play was further stimulated by the introduction of the "forward pass," the "on-side kick," and a number of minor innovations. The general result of the first season's campaign under the new rules was to leave Yale and Princeton, which played a tie, no-score game with each other, the only undefeated teams in the East. Western claims of superiority were rudely shaken when on the same day Michigan was beaten by Pennsylvania and Minnesota by the Carlisle Indians by identical scores of 17 to 0.

INTERNATIONAL YACHTING

The first race for the gold cup presented by King Edward to the New York Yacht Club as a perpetual challenge trophy was sailed off Newport, August 8, and won by F. H. Smith's sloop *Effort* on time allowance. In September the Germans, incited by the Kaiser, made a gallant raid with their little yachts of the "Sonderklasse" upon the "Roosevelt Cup," offered by the Eastern Yacht Club, but the series of races sailed off Marblehead was won by the American boat *Vim*.

JOY FOR CORNELL – SORROW FOR HARVARD

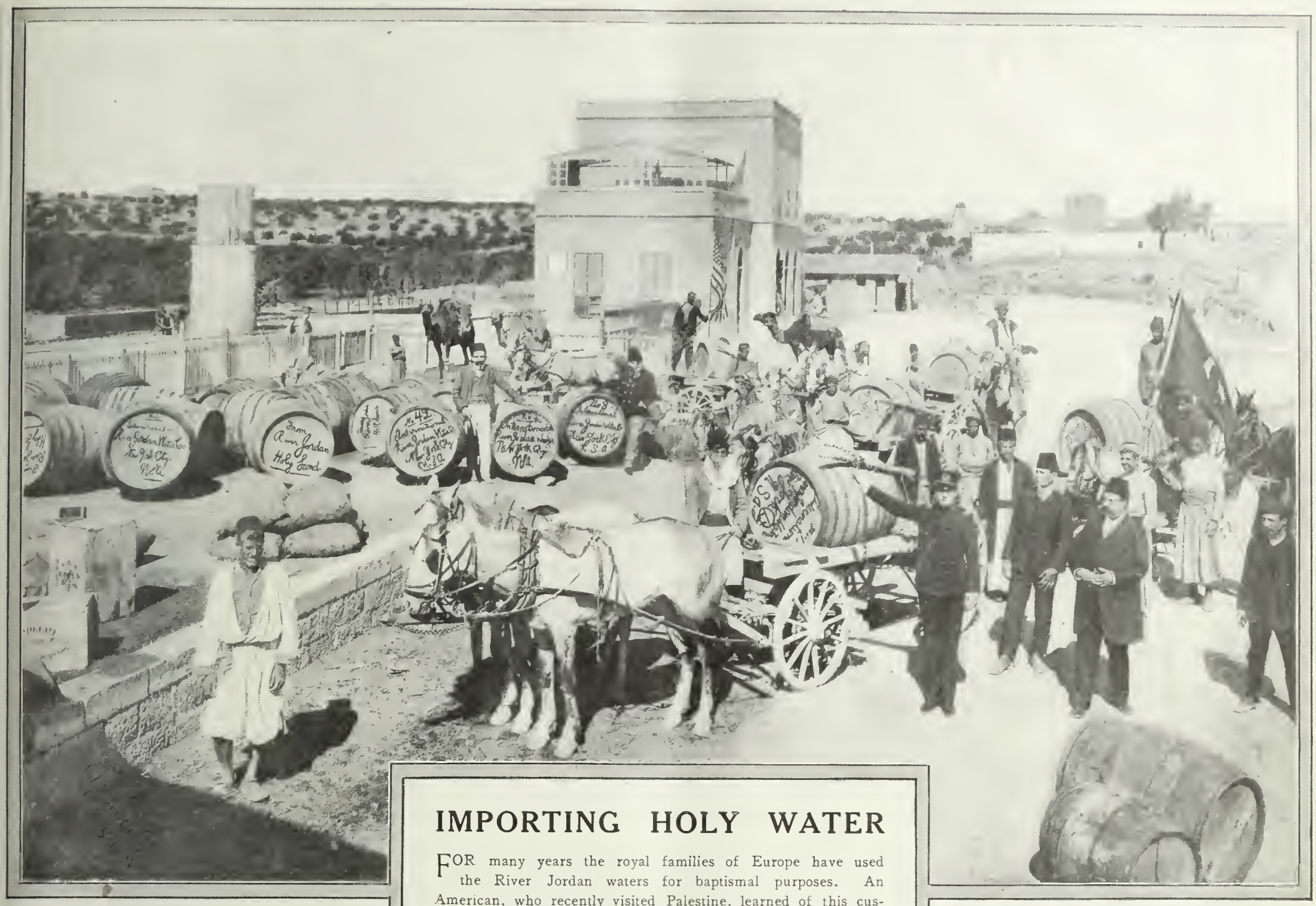
In intercollegiate rowing the year was full of interest. Cornell again swept the field, beating Harvard at Cambridge on May 25 by three lengths and a half, defeating Pennsylvania with her second crew on Cayuga Lake five days later, and finally winning the intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie. Harvard beat Yale at New London for the first time in seven years, and then sent her crew to England in the hope of conquering Cambridge, the winner of the annual race with Oxford. This hope was disappointed, Cambridge winning by two lengths. Harvard made better time in this race than Cambridge had made when she beat Oxford in the spring. A Belgian crew won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley—the first time in the history of the regatta that the prize has gone outside of the United Kingdom. American oarsmen fell under a cloud in that quarter in consequence of a scandal affecting the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia, and the Henley stewards took advantage of the opportunity to carry out their plan of excluding American competition.

VICTORIOUS AMERICAN MARKSMEN

Another international event of interest was the rifle match in which a team from the Seventh Regiment, New York National Guard, defeated a team of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, brought over by Colonel Sir Howard Vincent. The match, which was for a shield presented by Sir Howard, was shot at Creedmoor, October 2 and 3. The Seventh Regiment made 1,648 points to 1,588 for the Queen's Westminsters. The defeated team made 98 points more than it had made at home the year before when it beat the Seventh Regiment at Bisley. "Such shooting," said Sir Howard Vincent, "has never been seen at Creedmoor or anywhere else."

THE WORLD'S ATHLETES AT ATHENS

But the most interesting of all the international competitions of the year were the Olympic Games at Athens, April 22, which have been described as "without doubt the most imposing athletic spectacle the world has seen." Fifteen countries were represented, counting the British Empire as one country, and other empires on the same basis. The United States, although represented by only 43 entries against 858 for other countries, including 298 for Greece, 73 for France, and 66 for the British Empire, won eleven firsts against four for the British Empire, which came next, three for Greece, two for Sweden, and one each for Russia, Austria, and Germany. The American team won 75⅙ points, the British 41, the Swedish 28, the Greek 27½, and all other countries combined 44½.



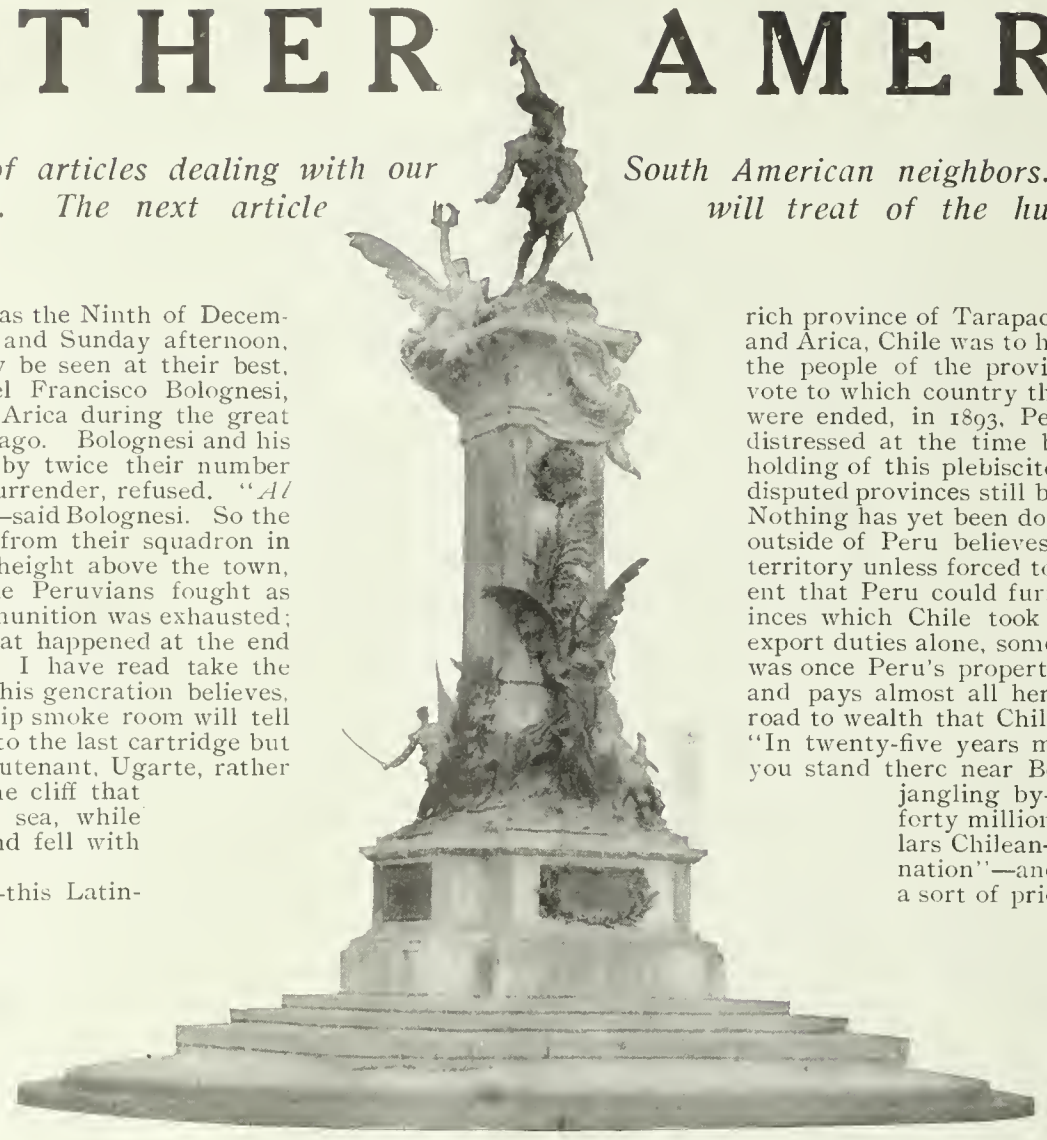
IMPORTING HOLY WATER

FOR many years the royal families of Europe have used the River Jordan waters for baptismal purposes. An American, who recently visited Palestine, learned of this custom and observed that most of the visitors to the holy river carried away jars of water for similar uses. He therefore arranged to have great quantities of the water barreled and shipped to this country. The lower picture shows this initial process on the banks of the Jordan. Thence the water was carted over the Judean mountains to the railroad terminus at Jerusalem. The upper photograph shows the railroad station in that city, whence the holy water was carried to Joppa, to be loaded on a vessel and brought to the United States



THE OTHER AMERICANS

This is the fifth of a series of articles dealing with our South American neighbors. The last article described the famous Oroya Railroad. The next article will treat of the human side of the Peruvians



THE MONUMENT TO THE WAR HERO OF PERU

By ARTHUR RUHL

AT THE end of the driveway known as the Ninth of December, where, late every Thursday and Sunday afternoon, the *gente decente* of Lima may be seen at their best, stands the monument to Colonel Francisco Bolognesi, who was killed at the battle of Arica during the great war with the Chileans nearly thirty years ago. Bolognesi and his two thousand Peruvians were surrounded by twice their number of the enemy, and when called upon to surrender, refused. "*Al ultimo cartucho!*"—"to the last cartridge"—said Bolognesi. So the Chileans attacked, bombarding the town from their squadron in the harbor, storming the Morro and the height above the town, occupied by Bolognesi and his men. The Peruvians fought as their leader had promised, until their ammunition was exhausted; then they fought hand to hand. Just what happened at the end none of the reports of the battle which I have read take the trouble to say, but what the Peruvian of this generation believes, what the man in the street or the steamship smoke room will tell you, is that the Peruvians not only fought to the last cartridge but died to the last man; that Bolognesi's lieutenant, Ugarte, rather than surrender, spurred his horse off the cliff that dropped sheer seven hundred feet to the sea, while Bolognesi himself died where he stood, and fell with his arms wrapped about the flag.

He has become a legendary hero now—this Latin-Peruvian, and his lieutenant—like that Teuton-Peruvian, Grau, who performed such prodigies at sea in the same war and whose statue stands in the square at Callao nine miles away. On a bookshop wall in Arequipa, far up in the interior, I saw a poster picturing Ugarte spurring his horse off the edge of the cliff. In the firemen's house at Mollendo—a village of stucco and corrugated iron stuck on a bare hillside of the southern coast, with a thunderous surf forever pounding at its feet—I saw a wandering troupe of players one night. It was warm and crowded in the little engine house, the lamps smoked, and that "aplaudido tenor comico nacional, Sanchez Osorio," did not seem so funny to us, perhaps, as he did to the inhabitants of Mollendo, who have nothing much to do from month to month but watch the freighters anchored off shore, kill fleas, and now and then bury another victim of bubonic plague in the wind-swept little cemetery on the top of the hill. So we left before the performance was over and went to bed, but just as we were getting drowsy, lulled by the steady boom of the surf —which is something tremendous in these parts—there was a great hubbub in the engine house across the street and much stamping and cheers. It kept up for a long time with quiet intervals in which we could hear a tenor voice ringing out long reverberating words. They were cheering that "notable spectacle" with which the program had promised the entertainment should end, "a monologue in original verse entitled 'A Soldier of Peru, or the Martyrs of Arica,' *dedicado á la gloriosa memoria de los héroes Bolognesi y Alfonso Ugarte.*"

South America's Franco-Prussian War

WHEN the war between Chile and Peru began, Peru was the dominant power of the west coast. She was wealthy, her army and navy were supposed to be the strongest, her capital city had all the prestige which attached to the ancient seat of the Inquisition, the home of the viceroys, the aristocracy which preserved best the blood and traditions of the conquerors. When the war ended she was beaten and broken. Her ships were captured or sunk, her fighting men gone; her seaports, even to their lighthouses, razed, her proud old capital sacked by the invaders. The enemy's horses had trampled over its parks, the enemy's soldiers had bunked in its ancient library, and—so they will tell you in Lima—lit their *cigarillos* with the illuminated pages of precious old books. It was merely another of those examples of the old succumbing to the new; vivacity and grace and charm—and, perhaps, the accompanying incompetence and effeminacy—crushed by fresh strength and preparedness. The Chileans were proud enough in those days to be called the Yankees of South America. They ended the war masters of the west coast. They pushed their coast line many hundred miles farther north, they took away from Bolivia her Pacific outlet and locked her up inland, they took away from Peru what they went to war to get—her incredibly rich province of Tarapaca. Two more of Peru's provinces, Tacna and Arica, Chile was to hold for ten years, at the end of which time the people of the provinces themselves were to determine by a vote to which country they were to belong. When the ten years were ended, in 1893, Peru, still weak from the war, and further distressed at the time by revolution, had no power to force the holding of this plebiscite. Chile did nothing—the people of the disputed provinces still being strongly Peruvian—to bring it about. Nothing has yet been done, probably nothing ever will be. Nobody outside of Peru believes that Chile will ever give up the captured territory unless forced to do so. There are no indications at present that Peru could furnish such power. From the nitrate provinces which Chile took from Peru she has already collected, in export duties alone, some three hundred million dollars; with what was once Peru's property she supports her strong army and navy and pays almost all her expenses; nitrate has been such an easy road to wealth that Chile has hardly bothered with anything else. "In twenty-five years more," so your Peruvian host will talk, as you stand there near Bolognesi's statue, with the carriage chains jangling by—"in twenty-five years they will take out forty million tons more of saltpetre—three billion dollars Chilean—a billion and a half of export duties. No nation"—and as he grinds the steel into the wound, in a sort of pride of pain, he throws in with the comparatively little lost through a treaty unfulfilled, all that won by the Chileans, openly, by strength of arms—"I tell you no nation in the history of the world ever paid such tribute! The greatest war indemnity recorded by history was that paid by France to Germany after the Franco-Prussian war—five billion francs. The tribute exacted by Chile amounts to five billion six hundred and seventy-five million francs, of which our part was four billion four hundred and forty million. And the Frenchmen paid one hundred and thirty-one francs per head. We paid, each man, woman, and child, fourteen hundred and eighty francs. Their indemnity meant only two years' public expenses, ours meant public expenses for one hundred and forty-eight years!"

Out of defeat and bitterness such as this the new Peru is springing, the industrial Peru of sugar and silver, cotton and copper. It is the new Peru which set up a gold standard, which is drilling oil wells, making roads, studying subsoil irrigation, building faster steamships, bringing millions of dollars of American capital to its Andean mines. And as we are concerned here not so much with these things, with causes and national right and wrong as with flesh-and-blood individuals, and how they feel and think, I have told here of this statue of Bolognesi because, in a way, it is Peru's very heart turned inside out and set up there in bronze and stone.

Colonel Bolognesi and the Carriage Parade

IN most countries in such a public place, where carriages parade and pretty ladies come to take the air and show their dresses, you find the statue of some conquering hero, sword aloft, his war horse rearing, front hoofs pawing the air—the image of martial strength and victory. The statue which stands on the top of this column is that of a beaten soldier; his body is swaying and about to fall, his right hand grips a useless revolver, his left clasps the battle flag—every line suggests hopelessness and defeat. I do not mean to



THE CENTRAL PLAZA AT LIMA AND THE CATHEDRAL WHERE MAY BE SEEN THE BONES OF PIZARRO

AN OPEN LETTER

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The Society has complied with the new laws of the State of New York with exact preciseness. These laws provide every safeguard that a wise Legislature could devise to protect policyholders. They restrict the investments of life insurance companies. They provide that expenses shall be kept within proper limits and control the cost of new business. They prevent rebating and political and other blackmail. They prevent many questionable things that insurance companies have done heretofore.

Hereafter every policy issued by this Society will bear the hall-mark of the State of New York.

The new management is committed to the interests of the policyholders. It understands thoroughly that the best advertisement it can have is a satisfied constituency. The effort of the present administration will be to make this Society the best life insurance company in the world.

Life insurance in the Equitable is the best asset you can have. It will grow better with time. If you have no insurance, or if you can afford to increase the insurance you already have, you are doing your family an injustice if you do not take it. Nothing can take its place.

We want new policyholders. We want new agents, both men and women, but none except energetic, able and truthful men and women need apply. For such there is a splendid opportunity.

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Address The Equitable Life Assurance Society, 120 Broadway, New York, for full information as to insurance or an agency.

PAUL MORTON, President.

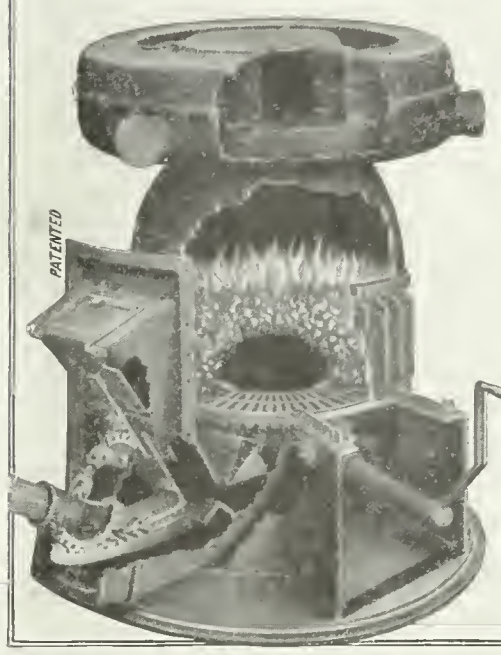


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½ to ⅔ Of Your Coal Bills

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A. C. Burgess, of the college town of Oberlin, O., writes: "For three years your Underfeed Furnace has given the best of satisfaction. It takes very little attention and keeps a very even heat. We are heating ten rooms upstairs, four large rooms downstairs and two large halls—one 60 feet long. All are kept warm enough for students' study rooms. Have used about 20 tons of soft slack coal each year, costing $2 per ton. The Underfeed keeps fire very nicely—I have had it keep six days through a warm spell without touching it."

Dr. H. E. Ramsey, of Allegheny, Pa., writes: "Two of my neighbors, with expensive hot water systems, nearly always had a volume of smoke coming out of their chimneys equal to a small Rolling Mill. I think your furnace the best on the market—clean and economical."

Illustration shows furnace with casing cut out, to show how coal is forced up under fire—which burns on top. It is fully described in our illustrated Underfeed Booklet. We will gladly send it with fac-simile letters just as enthusiastic as the testimonials above. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—FREE. Write to-day, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

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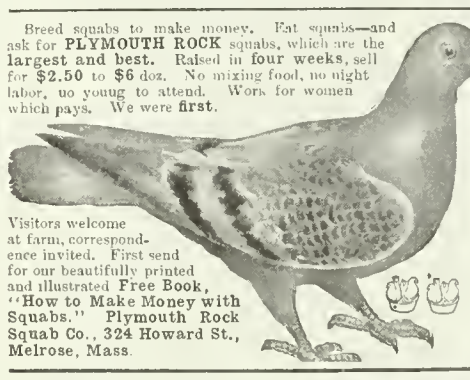
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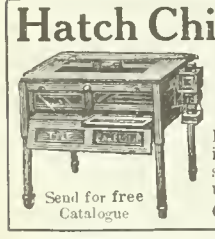
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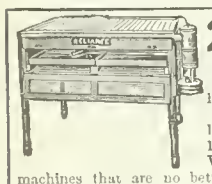


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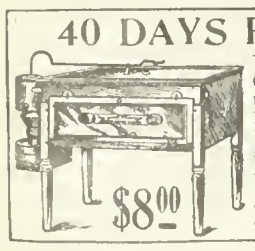
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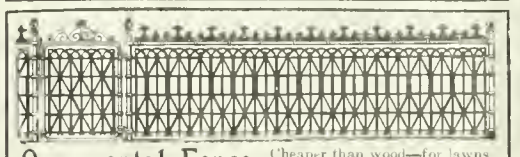


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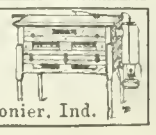


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THE OTHER AMERICANS

(*Continued from page 22*)

say that the Chileans were wicked wolves in this war, nor that Peru was not guilty of some pretty shifty business in her anti-Chilean overtures to Bolivia; all I mean to say is, that to a rank outsider the sight of such a statue in such a place changes the significance of the rather ordinary little carriage parade filing past it, and that the people take on an interest which they didn't, perhaps, have before. The statisticians will tell you, as Mr. Root told the people at Kansas City the other day—that the value of Peru's exports has increased in the past eight years from less than fourteen millions of dollars to more than twenty-eight. And that seems a big and important thing. But your Limenian host will tell you, as you stand beside the monument watching the victorias roll by, that five years ago there was scarcely one such carriage and pair in town. "Fifty-four, *señor*," says he impressively, "fifty-four in the last two years. You can see the lading bills in the customs house." And that, when you think of what it implies, seems important, too. For the beaten soldier is looking down on the procession as it rolls round and round, on the big Chilean horses stepping high, the young men promenading the sidewalk and ogling the *niñas* as they drive by. The band sounds in the distance. The little children, with their backs to the driver, in half stockings and big black patent-leather hats, sit very straight and solemnly, the pale Peruvian ladies look languidly at space out of their black, sad eyes. Everything about this little parade has a new and special significance, for they too have had their Sedan and siege of Paris; they too have lost forever an Alsace and Lorraine.

The City That Pizarro Built

OF all the South American capitals Lima best preserves in touchable wood and stone, in the very air of it, the old Spain transplanted by the conquerors. Pizarro himself founded it, in 1535, and started then walls which stand to-day Through these streets the invaders dragged their precious falconets, and Spanish cavaliers in complete mail, carrying lances or harquebuses, clanked impressively generations before Hudson sailed past the island which is now New York. When a horse was almost as strange a sight in the New World as a dinotherium, Pizarro's cavalry galloped out toward the enemy with their war bells jangling on their metal breastplates; priests of the Church swung their censers and recited the *exsurge Domine* as the battle opened, nearly a century before the Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. Dust had gathered on the parchment records of Lima's library, its university was old, before the little red school-house of the States had begun. Its history had been written by its own citizens, its clever young men were satirizing their townspeople, and writing verses after the most approved European models when Chicago was merely a prairie swamp. And not all the earthquakes which have shaken it, nor the countless revolutions and wars, have been able to destroy its ancient outlines and antique flavor. The very atmosphere, which blankets the town for a good part of the year in a tawny, sunlit haze—something more than air and less than mist—seems designed to shut in and preserve the past. One may still see, overhanging the street, carved balconies which the colonists patterned after those of their native Andalusia; houses with inner courts big enough for palaces, great spike-studded front doors almost as formidable as the gates of a city. Electric cars whir past moldering old monastery walls within which life has scarcely shown a ripple of change in three centuries. In the Cathedral the sacristan will draw back the curtains from a glass case containing the very bones of Pizarro. Standing on the Cathedral steps, you may see, to the left, the quarter from which the conspirators emerged on their way to kill him. One, as the legend goes, stepped out of the way of a mud puddle, and the others ordered him back, thinking that one who was afraid of water was not the one to wade through blood. To the right across the plaza is the Government Palace, in which they surprised the old conqueror, slaughtered his guard, and ran him through. As he fell he traced in his own blood a cross on the stone floor, kissed it and died. In those days they knew how!

The great war, which left the country flat and helpless just as the boom was developing in the Argentine, its inaccessibility, and the comparative lack of opportunity which it offered to immigrants from Europe have combined to keep it back. A few Chinese and Japanese have crossed the Pacific, there are British and German and occasionally American business men, but Peru has received nothing like the stream of colonists which has made Brazil's Little Germany, Italianized parts of the Argentine, made many of Chile's nitrate fields like British colonies. Superimposed on the remains of the old *Ciudad de los Reyes* is the new Lima of telephones and trolley cars, newspapers and clubs. One of its young men may occasionally be seen, toward the end of an afternoon, ambling down the Paseo atop some lofty hunter; its young women, who have worn their *mantas* to church Sunday morning, may be seen Sunday afternoon at the races in the most prosaically polite European dresses and hats. Its business men have their Chamber of Commerce which applies the energy which Latin-Americans used to be so fond of expending on apostrophes to liberty to the agitation of commercial treaties, customs reforms, and internal improvements. Through all the old quaint channels, in fact, is beginning to flow the stream of modern utilitarian life which such communities must accept to-day if they would go forward instead of back.

Trolley Cars, Telephones, and Cable News on Linotypes

BY trolley the startled gringo hums across the landscape from Callao to Lima, or down to take a swim with the summer colonists at Chorillos—one almost expects "Chorillos-by-the-Sea." The hotel—there was only one really good hotel when we were in Lima—compared very favorably with the best hotel of a city of similar size on the Continent; round the corner was a big white marble—or near-marble, for one never quite knows in South America—club, where late of an afternoon one might meet many sorts of gentlemen, from bankers to university professors, as well-informed, more polite, and considerably more acquainted with modern languages than the usual club crowd at home; find almost any sort of paper from our own inevitable "Herald" to "La Vie Illustre"; the London "Times" to "Caras y Caretas" of Buenos Ayres. The newspapers of this modern Lima have cable news from all over the world, correspondence from abroad and from New York, and in their press-rooms you find shock-haired *chollos* panking the keys of linotype machines with the *blasé* accuracy of Park Row. Every afternoon, on the outskirts of town, soldiers, sturdy, broad-faced *chollos* or Indians—suggesting in general appearance Japanese soldiers—in their white service uniforms tramp through the inevitable dust. Cocky Chileans will tell you that these men can't fight. Training their own army with German officers, they assume also that the French officers who train the Peruvians are inferior. The Peruvians may not have the fighting edge of their southern rivals—considering the climate they grow up in it would be extraordinary if they did—but they are certainly a stocky, sturdy-looking lot, and if their activity on their football field goes for anything they have plenty of wind and life.

The University of San Marcus, the charter of which was granted by Charles V, in 1551—"*Marcus was old Marcus when Harvard was a pup—Marcus was old Ma-a-rcus*"—belongs to old Lima as far as its crumbling stucco and shabby courts and dusty fountain goes, but the new Lima is here also, and the afternoon that I looked in she was there in a roomful of dark-eyed young men, puckering her brows and taking notes on the history lecture with the rest. The modern city showed itself again that same afternoon in the university's new medical school, where, under the guidance of one of their countrymen who had been to Cornell, they were carving up the remains of some poor, half-starved *chollos* for the good of mankind. Many of them come down from the interior—these half-nourished brown men—and, what with drink or uncleanness or the change from the thin, cold air of the Cordilleras to the tepid coast, die off like sheep. I saw dozens of them that same afternoon in the great "Dos de Mai" hospital wrapped in red

What Expert Shorthand Writers Earn

Milwaukee Sentinel Says Their Income is Larger Than Congressman's Salary — Anthracite Coal Investigation Reporters Paid $50,000 for Three Months' Work

UNDER date of November 4, 1906, the *Milwaukee Sunday Sentinel* printed an article, entitled "Expert Court Stenographers in Milwaukee Whose Income is Larger Than a Congressman's Salary," which detailed the work of the men and women whose business it is to report the proceedings of the courts in that city. The first paragraph on that article follows:



F. R. Hanna
An Official of Coal Strike Investigation Reporters

"When a court reporter can make clear, above all expenses of office rent and supplies, more money in a year than the salary of a congressman, why is it that there are so few court reporters? Why do only a small per cent of those who take up shorthand and typewriting as a profession show the persistence required to rise to the top notch in their work, when good court reporters are scarcities, not only in Milwaukee, but in every other city? The work is clean and fascinating and it offers, aside from the big net earnings, many other inducements usually demanded by a person of a scholarly turn of mind."

The article proceeded with an account of what each expert shorthand writer in the Cream City is doing.

On November 11, the same paper told of the advancement of Joseph M. Carney from a "business college" stenographer, until at twenty-four years of age he became a partner of Charles H. Welch, the veteran official reporter of the first judicial district of Wisconsin, and the youngest expert in that state whose income is larger "than that of a Congressman."

The conditions prevailing in Milwaukee are common throughout the United States In fact, the court reporters of Wisconsin's metropolis are not so well paid as those in other cities. In Chicago, a single firm does a business of more than $100,000 a year. Mr. Frank R. Hanna, formerly of the firm of Hanna & Budlong, in a recent address, told how that firm handled the reporting of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission Investigation, for which they received a trifle over $50,000 and the work took less than three months. The case of the Merganthaler Linotype Company vs. the Monotype Company, tried in Washington a few weeks ago, lasted but two weeks. It was reported by Mr. Hanna and his firm was paid $5,000 for that work. Throughout the entire country the men engaged in this class of work are paid the best salaries.

After graduating from a business college, Mr. Carney went to work as a commercial stenographer, his first position paying him but $3 a week. He then secured instruction by correspondence from expert court reporters, and in a short time became proficient to perform this class of work. His ability he owes to the instruction he obtained from the home study course of the Success Shorthand School.

This school has graduated hundreds of these experts, who are now employed as court reporters, private secretaries, in legal work and hold the best positions throughout the country. At the head of the Chicago School are those who were formerly at the head of the greatest court reporting business in the world, while Frank R. Hanna, whose work on the Anthracite Coal Strike Investigation is mentioned above, is now at the head of the school in New York City.

If you are a young man or young woman with no knowledge of shorthand, no matter to what position you may aspire, you should obtain instruction from these expert court reporters. Whether you are to become a court reporter, or are to learn shorthand for use in commercial or a legal position, you should know the best, especially when it is no harder to learn than that taught in the ordinary business colleges.

If you are now a shorthand writer, these experts can teach you the same shorthand with which others have succeeded, and with which they have performed the most difficult and best paying work in the shorthand line. You can learn at your home, or by attending the personal school located in New York or the one in Chicago. Write at once for the handsome forty-eight page prospectus, the "Evidence of Success" and a copy of the written contract given each accepted pupil to return all money paid in case of dissatisfaction. Do it today; your opportunity may come in a short time to join these people who earn salaries larger than a Congressman's. Address either school simply writing for information to Success Shorthand School, Suite 71, 79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., or Success Shorthand School, Suite 71, Broadway and Thirty-Ninth Street Building, New York City, N. Y. If a stenographer, state system and experience.

NOTE:—W. L. James and Robert F. Rose are the editors of THE SHORTHAND WRITER, the most up-to-date, instructive and interesting shorthand periodical ever published. Send 25 cents for three months' trial subscription. Address, THE SHORTHAND WRITER, 79 Clark Street, Chicago.



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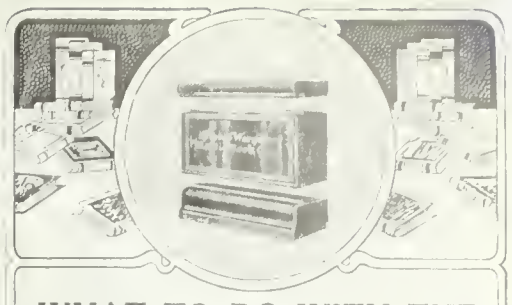
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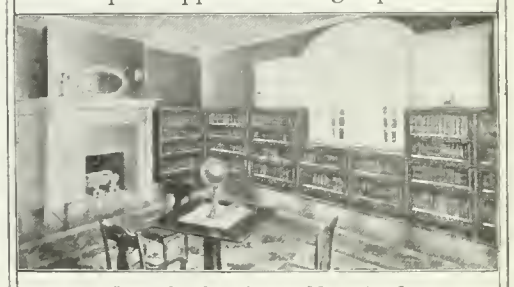
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THE OTHER AMERICANS

(*Continued from page 24*)

blankets, lying side by side down the long wards, coughing away their slow death. It was rather ghastly and queerly pathetic, somehow; as though these poor dumb creatures were out of place dying a white man's death in a white man's way; as though the white man's science and sanitation were somehow prolonging and making more acute a kind of suffering which one forgets existed before the white man came. Of course, the real significance of the spectacle was not at all this; rather that in a country where sanitation was once almost unknown, where, even now, more die of consumption than of fever and the diseases of which northerners have sueh dread, there should be a place like this—this great wheel-shaped building, each spoke a detached ward, the hub a central garden—where poor devils like these might come and be decently taken care of.

In the library there are still to be seen old books and illuminated parehments which the Chileans did not get —you will find young students taking notes and old gentlemen dozing over their books, and the same hushed, tiptoeing air of a city library at home. There are football and polo and gymkana races on the holidays, Italian opera generally in the winter, little *zarzuela* plays, very cheap and very badly acted almost all the time. And when you buy your ticket you do not, as in Colombia, push through the window several hundred dollars' worth of depreciated eurreney; nor, as in big Brazil, tear your wretchedly made stage-money bill in two while pulling it from your pocket; you pay in neat silver *sol* pieces, the size and value of our fifty-cent piece, or with a Peruvian gold piece of the same fineness and value exactly as the English pound. The mere sight and feel of these delicately modeled coins suggest stability and inherent orderliness. It seems almost impossible, as one sees a people living thus, sees them at their sports or strolling decorously of a Sunday afternoon about the Zoo or under the stately avenues of ficus trees in the Botanical Garden, that only twelve years ago, when Pierola entered Lima with his revolutionists, three thousand people were killed in three days in these same drowsy streets. It seems even more impossible—surely is improbable—that the country should revert in such a fashion again. It seems as though such a community would find itself in the same position in which I heard a lady in Lima say some of our erratic countrymen occasionally find themselves on going to South America. "They think," said she, "when they come down here that the world isn't a small place. But they find out that it is."

The Sunday Supplement in Peru

SUNDAY—the best day to see the people—begins in one's room with a *chermoya*, by way of fruit, hot milk and coffee, a little square of the tasteless goat's cheese, so common in Peru, and "El Commercio" or "La Prensa" propped against the coffee-pot. The newspaper is illumined, in honor of the day, with half-tones—Queen Margarita of Italy at a charity kermess, a "momento critico en un match de football" in England, the principals in that recent British romance, young Lord Clifford of Chudleigh and "*la señorita Evelina* Vietoria Carrington," leading lady of the company acting at the "elegante Teatro de Aldwych de Londres." The noble lord (for with a taste debauched by Sunday supplements we skip for the moment politics and the article on the Triple Alliance and the extinetion of the bubonic plague, and after glancing over the cable despatches turn to this echo of the wood-pulp romanees of home) had seen Miss Carrington as she shone across the footlights of his native town of Dublin, where "los Irlandes, in their strident, whistling speeeh," knew him as the "*Catch of the Season.*" He was only twenty-one, many times a millionaire—with what a far-off queer Olympian glitter must he shine into the eyes of Evelina of Lima, shut away from his world by oceans and eontinents and ages of tradition—"the scion of a family which had worn the ermine of nobility for nearly five centuries." At the very start of his article the ingenious journalist takes pains to reassure her. "Not all the noise in the feminine world," says he, "is made by the female politician. Her evolution has not, we are glad to say, quite destroyed the romance of life." The young lord tore himself away from the Irish capital, went to Egypt with his regiment. "Was he really aware of the danger awaiting his heart from the eyes of Evelina? He alone could tell." None thought of it, it seems, when he returned presently, older and with the "aureola del vencedor" about his brow. But the "diva de Aldwych" granted him an interview, *en automovil*—that machine of the future which already has made history in the realm of adventurous romance. In this rapid vehicle Lord Clifford and la señorita Evelina reached an understanding, and four days later abbreviated the marriage formalities with a speed scarcely to be expected of a lord. The Aldwych Theatre had one star less, "el *peerage* una espléndida *lady* más."

The newspapers of Lima refleet that modernity which, loosely spcaking, increases with the latitude as one travels southward. They are more like newspapers; there is more common sense, as we would call it, and less fine writing. You may remember our Caracas friend who wrote about a garden party he had attended—for all our Latin-American neighbors writing to the newspapers is a fond delight—and told about the sunset, and the breeze like the vague whispers of ehaste amours, and the day wrapping itself in the melancholy of its last adieus. In the more urban and vivacious Lima a similar correspondent, instead of displaying his literary ability in fond impressions of his native city, would rather show his knowledge of the world by acutely criticizing it. Thus in a communieation on municipal art, we find an easy amateur, cruelly comparing Lima to Munich. "Like Munich," he observes icily, "Lima is quite impossible. At every step we eommit offenses against nature and good taste; trim trees in capricious shapes, put quadrilaterals of Moorish intention on top of Greek façades, raise arches behind Ionie columns, so that the former are split by perpendicular lines, and both effects sacrificed. Some of our perspectives are positively cruel. We live in narrow rectilinear corridors, monotonous, unadorned; there is not an example of industrial art to entertain the casual guest—not a single newspaper kiosk, not a martial fountain, nor a polychromatic column for advertisements, a memorial plaza, a fire-alarm, an automatic seales—none of these mere obviousncsses, so to speak, of prosaic modern city life.

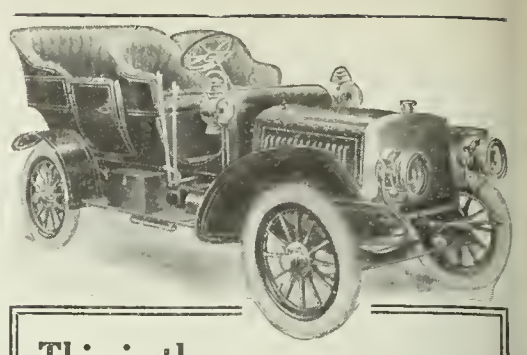
The City of "Bricabraqueria"

"POSTS—milcs of lowering posts with their bare eopper wires! Without Europeanizing ourselves, as Madame de Staël put it, can we not transform this absurd old Ciudad de los Reyes, devote ourselves a little more to its embellishment?" Even the most squalid quarters of other capitals have a sort of charm, "wrapped as they are in history and tradition, grimy with aneient erimes and revolutions. Whitechapel, the *Marche du Temple*, the Barrio de la Viña in Cadiz, the Barceloneta of Barcelona, the famous Boca of Buenos Ayres. . . . We, however, lack all this. Our squalid quarters are merely squalid. We have no given type, nothing genuine in form or color here in our world of *bricabraqueria*"—

There is a word with life in it. It is not quite French and not quite Spanish, but it hits off in a really extraordinary way the note of Lima—not the antique eity nor, perhaps, the real one, but the part the casual gringo sees; *art nouveau* façades beside Moorish balconies; *dulcerias* and *joyerias*—these very synonyms for our plain "eandy shops" and "jewelry stores," though merely Spanish, seem to connote a diminutive sprightliness typically Limenian; vivacity and social grace, as contrasted with the sentimental melancholy of the Caribbean, the more stolid qualities of the Bolivian or the Peruvian of the interior, the hardness and hustle of the Chilean.

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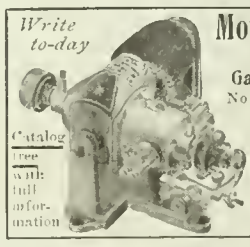
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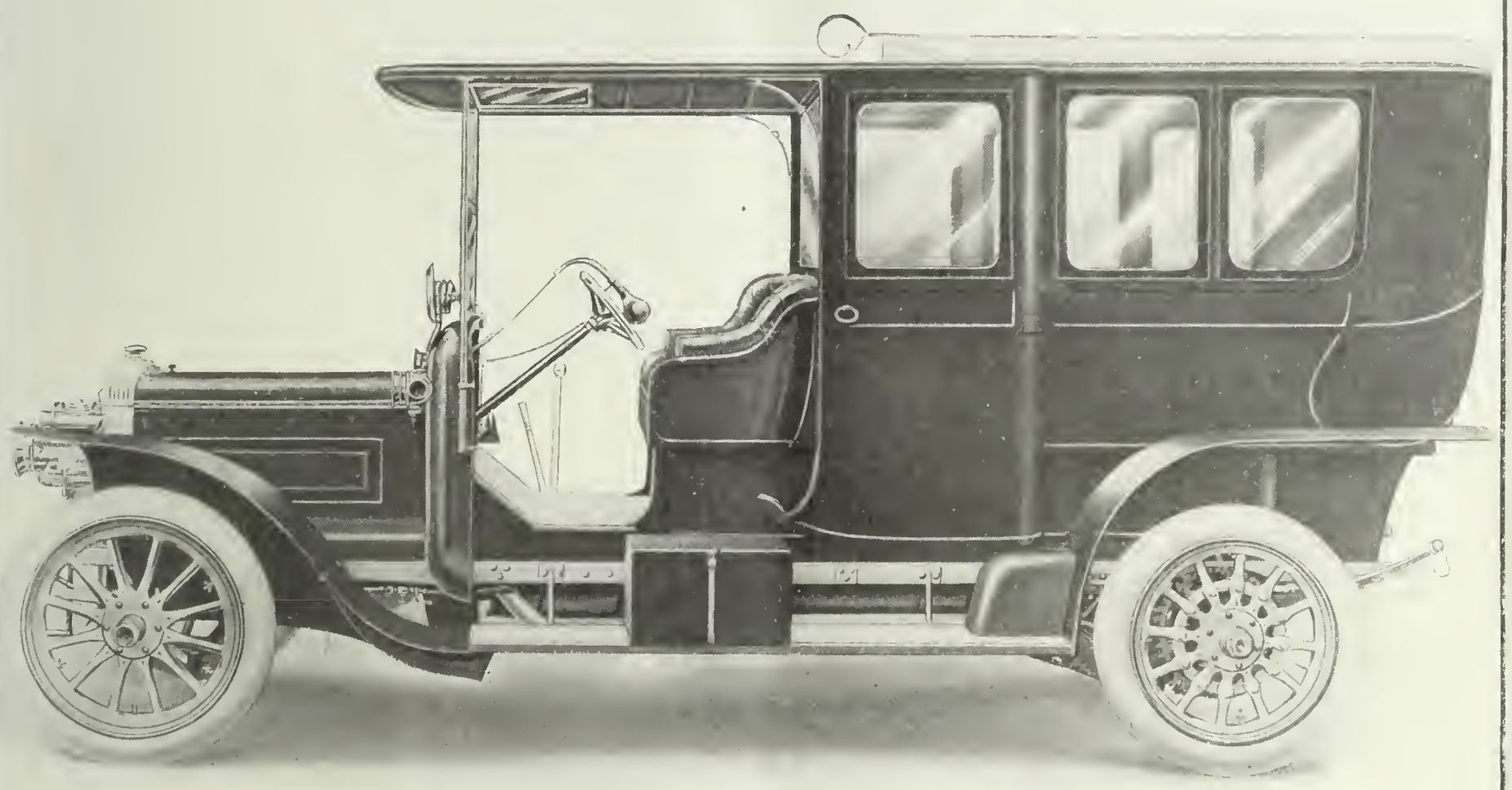
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1907

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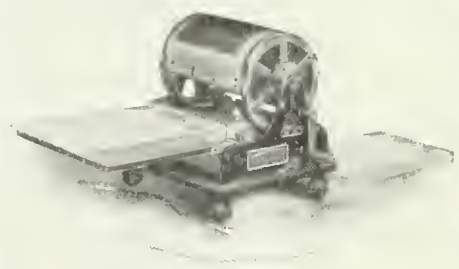
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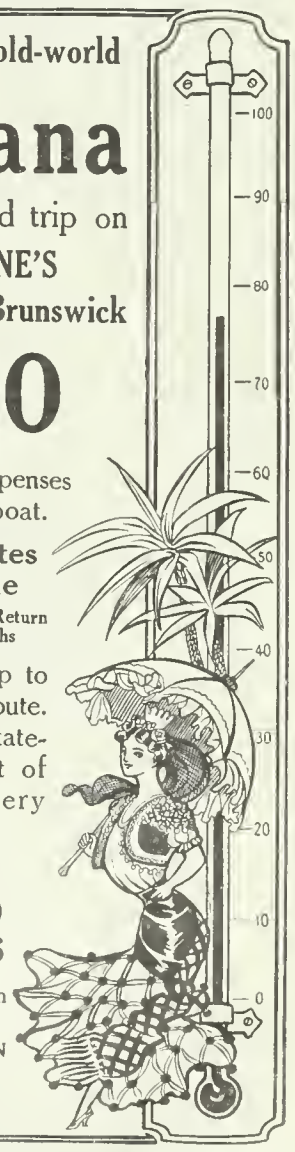
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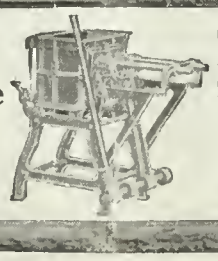
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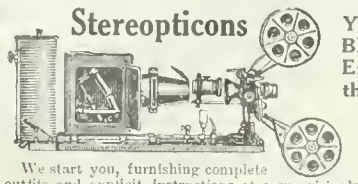
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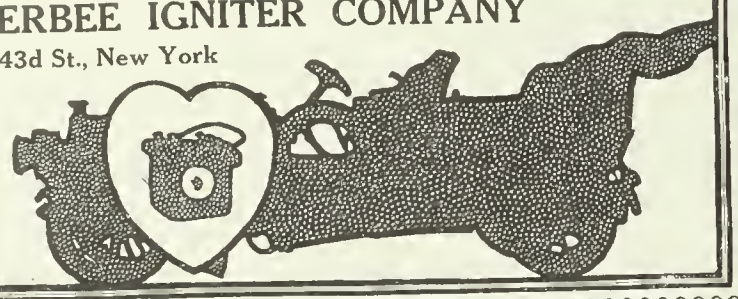
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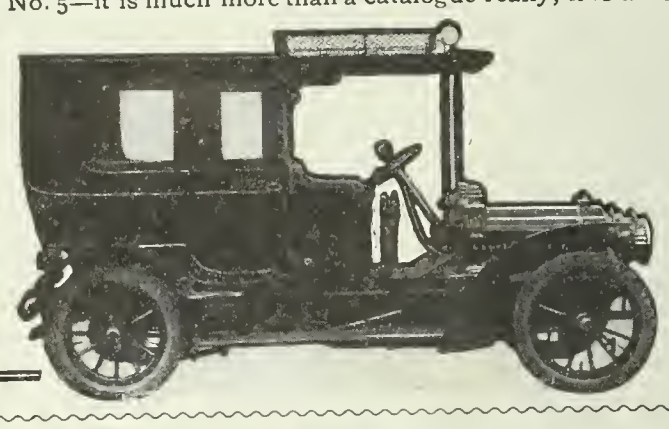
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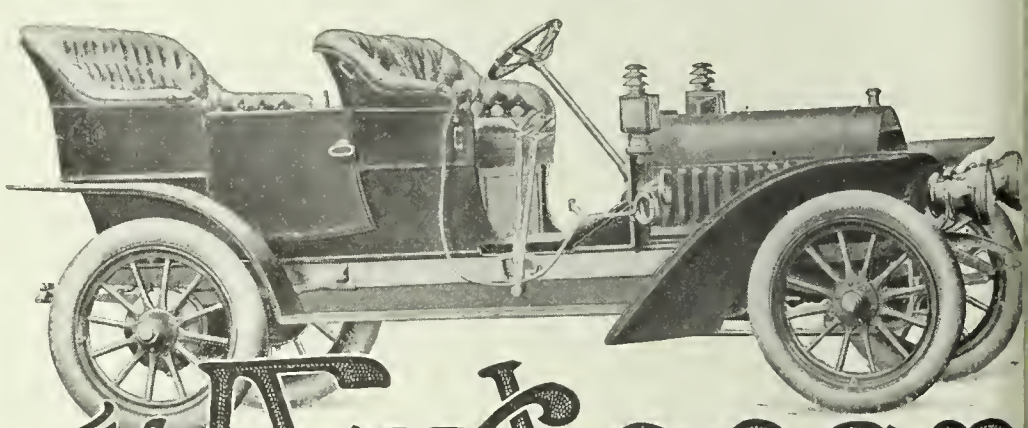
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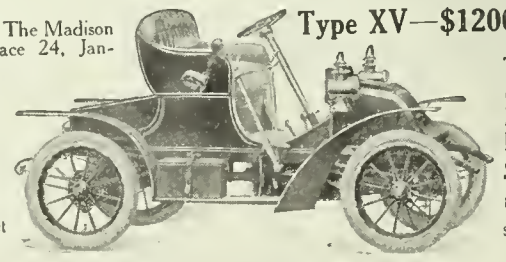
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

GEORGE W. PERKINS promised, as the price of continuing to do business in Prussia, that he would sell within the year all the railroad stock owned by the New York Life Insurance Company. He meant, there is no reason to doubt, to keep his word. But that was a bad year in the stock market; to have sold the stocks then would have involved financial loss to the company, and, therefore, to the policy-holders. Meantime, January 1 was approaching, when Mr. PERKINS must make a sworn public statement of his company's assets. With this pressure urging him on,

PERKINS'S CRIME

Mr. PERKINS, on December 31, took a personal hand in the bookkeeping. He made an entry to the effect that thirteen thousand shares of railroad stock were on that day sold and $2,830,000 received for them. The next day he made his annual statement and swore to it; that statement showed no stocks on hand, and was satisfactory to the Prussian Government. As a matter of fact, no stocks had been sold; the pretended sale had been effected through Mr. PERKINS's adroit bookkeeping, the ingenious use of a negro porter as a dummy, and one of those excellent conveniences, a subsidiary trust company. Six months later a real sale of the stocks was made, at an advanced price and a substantial profit to the company and its policy-holders.

WHEN DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME told the Grand Jury that these facts constitute forgery, and asked them to indict Mr. PERKINS, that body rebelled. They admitted the crime, but said: "What of it?" When, under stress of strong language and stern threats from Mr. JEROME, they finally brought the indictment, they brought with it a most unusual and extraordinary statement, affirming their conviction that Mr. PERKINS's sole motive had been to benefit the policy-holders, that the policy-holders did benefit, and that Mr. PERKINS himself did not and could not have benefited by his crime. This broad intimation that they considered their unwilling indictment a persecution, and Mr. PERKINS a martyr, was a very human thing. To judge a crime by the obloquy, or lack of obloquy, of its motive, or by the disaster of its consequences, makes human intercourse easier,

PILLORIED NAMES

and every relation of life more tolerable. For such charity of judgment, if not from grand juries, from our fellows, who of us has not had cause to be grateful? But is not law, as law, to be held sacred? The wound of an abstract, bloodless, fleshless thing in a statute book does not make so harrowing an appeal to juries as do the acts of pickpockets, burglars, robbers, and beaters. But, to understand a wound to the law as a wound to all, to venerate the written word—this is the moral stature toward which America's restlessness and outcries are ethical growing pains. Mr. PERKINS is no more wronged than many men, by earlier standards equally virtuous, if his pilloried name must serve as a moral milestone. And what is here said about Mr. PERKINS applies equally well of course to Mr. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, whose distinguished public career was succeeded by the presidency of the subsidiary trust company, in which capacity he helped in Mr. PERKINS's bookkeeping.

SOME MEN THRILL with the joy of combat, and if no fight be visible they will hunt one; others, among whom we count ourselves, are of a peaceful, harmless disposition, and while not averse to rapping an occasional head for a principle, seek by preference to attain their ends by sweet reasonableness. Thus we deplore the totally unnecessary row kicked up by the anti-Japanese agitators in San Francisco, who could have gained all their objects of any real importance without outraging the feelings of a great and friendly nation, and in the same spirit we regret the policies that have arrayed Frenchmen against one another in the fierce passions of religious war. The law being as it is, we can understand the positions of both sides—the feeling of the partizans of the Government that the first allegiance of Frenchmen is due to their own country and their first obligation to obey its laws without foreign interference, and the feeling of the Catholics that conscience is above any secular command. On the whole, at this stage of the proceedings, assuming the Separation law as a starting-point, the course of the Government has been more conciliatory than that of the Vatican. But what we have never seen adequately explained is why matters should ever have been permitted to reach this stage. Why should France, in adopting what all Americans regard as the desirable policy of separating Church and State, have felt it necessary to regulate the management of the Church in minute detail? Why should it not have carried the separation policy to what seems its logical conclusion and let the Church alone?

THE FRENCH MYSTERY

THE EDITOR OF "Town Topics" has been tried on a charge of perjury and acquitted. The issue before the jury was not the character of Colonel MANN or the paper of which he is the moving spirit. The issue, whether he wrote on a piece of paper the initials "O. K., W D. M.," involved only indirectly the question as to whether he had printed in "Town Topics" a scandalous article about REGINALD WARD accusing him of vile practises, and had afterward received money and stock from WARD for the publication of pleasant paragraphs. Although by this verdict Colonel MANN is acquitted of perjury, it must not be inferred that "Town Topics" is acquitted of the charge made by us a year ago, and here reiterated, of being an indecent and a scandalous paper whose columns could be bought. We have no desire to add to the disgrace which has been heaped upon Colonel MANN's old age by the revelations of the past year; but recent numbers of "Town Topics" make it plain that exposure alone is not sufficient to stop its practise of printing shameful attacks on women. Since Colonel MANN's chastening has not been sufficient to persuade him from the conviction that the timidity of his victims makes it still safe for him to print these slanders in "Town Topics," it may yet be necessary for us to produce in a court of law further proof that its editor secures a certain kind of circulation for his paper by printing libels, and has made his livelihood for years by soliciting, from those whom he has libeled, loans which he never intended to repay. We have no liking for this unsavory litigation, and we have other work to do; but we are not going to shirk the duty of making it impossible in this community for a paper to grow rich by printing indecent libels about women.

"TOWN TOPICS"

WHEN MR. BLAINE advocated the commercial marriage of the two American continents his project was looked upon as visionary. Secretary's ROOT's recent speeches on our trade relations with Latin-America have served to embellish the memory of Maine's distinguished statesman, as well as to link his own name to one of the wisest policies of our day. With great ability has the Secretary of State made it clear to our people that it is as unfair for us to judge the civilization of South America by the fragmentary governments nearest to us as it would be for Argentina or Chile to discredit our wealth and power because of South America's proximity to Nicaragua or Costa Rica. The Welsh, fifty years ago, were filling the fertile valleys of Herkimer County, New York, and claiming citizenship in the coal-filled hills of Pennsylvania, but they had deliberated long whether they

should choose the fortunes of the United States or those of Patagonia. Since those days Germany has contributed her millions of citizens to the republics that stretch toward the antarctic seas. The birth of wonderful cities along their rivers and harbors recalls the stories of Chicago, Seattle, and San Francisco. And yet hardly a steamship enters their ports bearing an American flag, while Europe sends her thousands. Dictators, rather than presidents, are, in our fancy, the executive heads of the South Continent's republics. They have played their part in the history of that continent; they have provided our playwrights with comic-opera plots; and they are passing away. Governments south of the equatorial line have known them mostly in stories in newspapers and books. These governments have been constructive, democratic, and progressive, and with a less savage record for assassinating Presidents than we can boast. They are patrons and producers of arts and music, their sense of humor is intense, and, although we do not import humor in ships, we may well use, as Secretary Root has pointed out, some of those graces and some of that breadth of sympathy which they possess in such abundance. For those of us who differ from our Secretary of State, and hold that we are not in need of such commodities, there are the woods, the metals, the great wheat lands of Bolivia and Peru, which might to-day be a home for the whole Boer nation had it not been for the spoke inserted in the scheme by Joseph Chamberlain.

MR. ROOT'S IDEA

READ, IN THIS ISSUE of Collier's, a brief article by Mr. Moffett, entitled "Swindlers Appeal to Congress." House Bill 16,548 is a very doubtful measure. True, the privilege of the Post Office Department to stop the mail of a firm believed to be fraudulent, and to stop it without a warning and without a hearing, is an extraordinary power in a republic. Conceivably, too, it is a dangerous power, which might be used with cruel oppressiveness against innocent persons by a corrupt and vindictive administration. But has it ever been so used? Compared with this potential wrong is the splendid record of the Department, in suppressing, by means of this power, a horde of mail-order, mining-stock, blind-pool and medical frauds. No man who was square with the world has, in the past, ever needed the protection of the law which Congressman Crumpacker proposes. Mr. Crumpacker might correctly have called his bill "An Act for the Comfort of the Lowest and Most Contemptible Class of Swindlers, and their Protection from Summary Extirpation by the Post Office Department." Instead of less, the Post Office Department believes it should have more power to exclude from the mails the frauds who gather their victims through advertisements in meretricious newspapers. And the Department should have more men to enforce the power it now has. Says the last annual report of the Department: "There are frequently enterprises of whose fraudulent operations the Postmaster-General entertains little or no moral doubt, but which are so shrewdly conducted as for long periods to escape detection and suppression. This is particularly true of numerous mining enterprises . . . for it is manifestly impossible for the Department to determine, with the force at its command, whether mines situated in the Western States or Territories, or in Alaska, Mexico, or South America, and alleged to contain valuable deposits of gold, silver, or copper, are, in fact, as represented."

SWINDLERS PLEADING

HAVE YOU BOUGHT mining stocks? Sell them. Offer them back to the man who sold them. Offer them at the same price. Offer them at ten per cent less. Offer them at twenty per cent less. This will accomplish your own disillusionment, and save you money, for you might have bought more. It will also effect exposure of the person who sold you the stock. Are you thinking of buying shares in Poodle-dog Inflated or Hop-toad Jump Along? Don't. And this "don't" is without qualification of any kind. To women chiefly, wives of husbands of the higher wage-earning class, this paragraph is commended. Not that it is their folly we inveigh against. They are the ones who know the value of savings, and they may be in time to save a fatuous husband from an act of inexcusable folly. If you are tempted by the full-page advertisements published by the newspaper partners of mining swindlers, don't! If some acquaintance is urging you to buy shares, he either profits by the sale or is himself deceived. Daniel Guggenheim is the greatest miner in the world. He and his six brothers own mines that aggregate a billion dollars. That family knows more about mines than most of the rest of the world combined. The other day Mr. Guggenheim uttered a solemn warning against "the flimsy character of the mining stocks now finding a ready market." "One in three hundred," he said, "is a conservative estimate of the proportion of prospects that eventually fulfil their promise." Within a week after he uttered that warning Mr. Guggenheim made public announcement that he had himself been caught. He had bought a famous and widely talked-of mine; and when he discovered he had been deceived, he backed out of the trap at a cash loss of $2,500,000. When Mr. Guggenheim said one in three hundred, he referred to the more or less reputable mines whose shares are sold on the regular exchanges. If he had included the mines whose shares are advertised at five and ten cents in the Sunday papers, he would have said one in thirty thousand. If this paragraph prevents the swindling of a few uninformed persons, preserves the savings of a few families from the adventurers about to acquire them, it will have done well.

MINING FRAUDS

MEMBER OF CONGRESS is Van Duzer, member from Nevada. Concerning Van Duzer, but one source of information is at our command. Aside from what is recorded in this, whatever there may be of truth, or character, or good deeds in Van Duzer, we know nothing. What is here set down about him is based on a certain typewritten circular which has been mailed largely to a section of the public supposed to yield easily to the seduction of tempting mining gambles. Van Duzer is full of State pride of a sort at which men in the complacent East smile indulgently, but which, as a matter of fact, indicates an ardent and patriotic personality, the best bone and sinew, as Van Duzer would say, of a proud and prosperous State. "Nevada," says Van Duzer, "has astonished the world. . . . Her hills, mountains, and gulches are veritable treasure chests. . . . A recent trip . . . has proven to me more than ever her . . . unlimited possibilities." Having, as is proper, first proclaimed the greatness of his commonwealth, this sterling patriot turns modestly to personal details. "Have served my State, not only as Congressman, but in various other capacities. Now I desire to serve it in another way. I desire to bring to the front its rich resources. My political ambition has been satisfied for the present, and I am now going to devote my energy, and the result of my prestige, acquaintance, etc., to material lines."

VAN DUZER OF NEVADA

THERE SPEAKS YOUR TRUE PATRIOT. Unwillingly, through the words there breathes the soft regret for marble halls and gilded domes, but duty calls him to more sordid tasks. "I am organizing," says Van Duzer, "the Nevada Prospecting and Development Company for the purpose of exploiting the State's riches." That is good. Those words speak the patriotic purpose of a heart that loves its native land. But Van Duzer's heart is too big, his ardent love too expansive, to exhaust itself on a scant 110,700 square miles of territory. He loves more than Nevada; he loves also the small investor. "For the purpose," says Van Duzer, "of giving the middle class, those spoken of as small investors, a chance to come in on the ground floor," he will sell shares in his enterprise for $25 each. For this small sum Van Duzer will take the small investor to his bosom; he will sacrifice self. "I have made much money for myself," says Van Duzer, "and more for others. Have never failed in anything I have considered of sufficient importance to devote my time to. With my intimate knowledge of every different corner of the State . . . is there any reason why I should not bring this enterprise to a successful conclusion? I *can*, I *will* realize large profits for all concerned."

WORDS FROM A BIG HEART

TO CAPITALIZE HIS CAREER, to trade for gain upon the fact that his neighbors have given him an office of trust and confidence, to use his official position as bait to lure men into investing in a mining scheme, that is a thing no Congressman should do. Stress of poverty he should prefer to endure. Some Congressmen would use their prestige for gain, no matter

how large their salaries, but those who have delicacy and sense of fitness should not be put to that temptation. The Congressman who has served his country faithfully and with steady resistance to the constant temptation to use his position for indirect gains should not find himself at the end of his term without money and without occupation. No public career should be closed to the ambitious poor. No office should pay so small a salary as to be confined either to men of wealth or to men who will use it for indirect and unlawful gains. The pay of Congressmen should be raised to $7,500 per year at least.

SALARIES IN CONGRESS

TEACHERS, EVEN MORE than Congressmen, deserve higher salaries. It is a material age. The man who fashions the walls of a house is held to a higher test of skill, and is paid better for his work, than he who molds the mind of a child. Bricklayers in San Francisco get $8 per day; HARRIET JONES teaches school in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, for the same sum per week, and is given employment only nine months in the year. Masons in Calgary, Canada, get $5.40 a day, or $140 a month; LAWRENCE AMOS teaches school in East Brandywine Township, Pennsylvania, for $40 a month. Many teachers are paid less than hod-carriers. College professors are worse off, in proportion, than teachers. The average salary paid to professors in Columbia is $3,746.85, to adjunct professors, men between thirty and forty, with a dozen years of service to their credit, $2,126.92. Such figures are little less than a public scandal. No male teacher in any community should be paid less than enough to support decently a wife and five children. In every community the teacher should have a position of dignity and emolument equal to that of the banker and the professional man. Schools ought not to be the last refuge for economic dregs not wanted by business. They should attract and keep in their service the best talent. Facts dealing with this condition, both concerning communities where the rate of pay remains scandalously low and where it has been raised, should have wide circulation. COLLIER'S would like to hear from those who have facts to record, as well as from those who feel strongly about the condition.

TEACHERS' WAGES

TEACHERS AND WAGE-EARNERS

THE PAY OF TEACHERS

IN some cases these figures are the minimum rates in the localities named; in other cases they are the average rate. The yearly rate is, in every case, the entire sum that a teacher can earn in a year; there is no such thing as overtime for them, and they are employed only from seven to ten months a year. In this respect they can be compared with some outdoors artisans who can not work the year round. As to places outside of New York, some allowance must be made for differences in the cost of living.

	Month	*Year*
Bucks Co., Pa.	$35.00	$245.00
Hazleton, Pa.	35.00	350.00
Chester, Pa.	40.00	380.00
Georgetown, Del.	35.00	315.00
All Idaho (male av.)	71.03	710.30
All Ida. (female av.)	55.90	559.00
New York City (min., female)	60.00	600.00
New York City (min., male)	90.00	900.00
Elmira, N. Y. (male average)		593.00
Elmira, N. Y. (female average)		423.00
Columbia Coll., N. Y.		
111 professors (av.)		3746.85
39 adj. professors (av.)		2126.92

UNION RATES OF WAGES IN NEW YORK

THESE figures are official. In every case the figures are the minimum, the least amount which the union will allow a member to accept. As a matter of fact, many workmen make more than the figures given, for "overtime" (any time over eight hours a day) is paid extra at the rate of one-half more than the regular rate; and work done on Sundays and holidays is paid for at double rates. The yearly rate is based on three hundred working days of eight hours each.

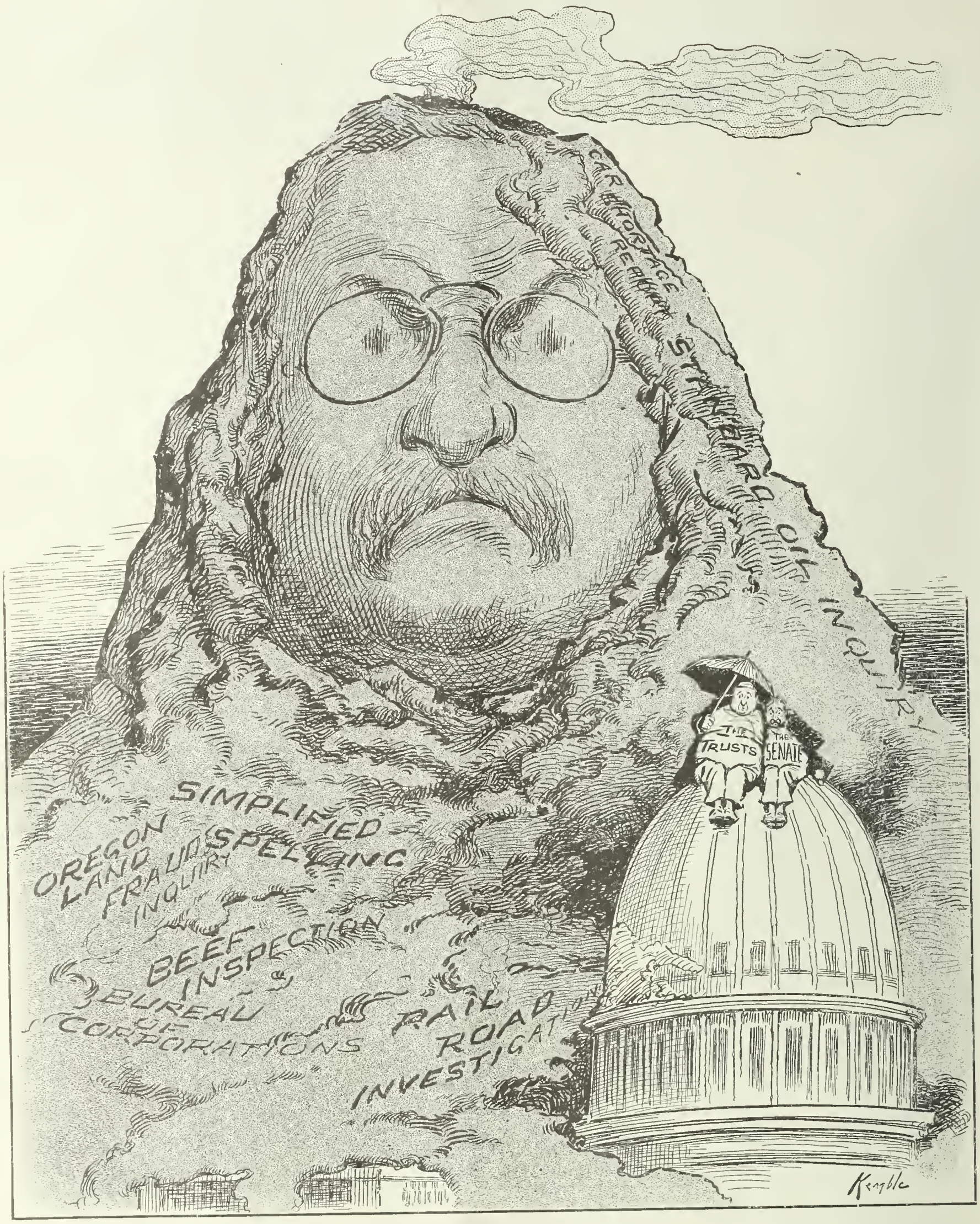
	Day	*Year*
Bricklayer	$5.60	$1680.00
Mason	4.40	1320.00
Carpenter	4.80	1440.00
Plasterer	5.30	1590.00
Hod-carrier	3.00	900.00
Tile Layer	5.00	1500.00
Cabinet-maker	4.00	1200.00
Steam Fitter	5.00	1500.00
Stationary Engineer	5.00	1500.00
Electrical Worker	4.50	1350.00
Printer (per week)	21.00	1092.00
Linotype Operator (per week)	23.00	1196.00
Tile Layer's Helper	3.00	900.00
Electrical Engineer	5.00	1500.00
Hoisting Engineer	5.00	1500.00
Rigger Engineer	4.00	1200.00

PROBING ALMOST EVERYTHING is a specialty of the London "Lancet," and in doing so it pricks many bubbles. It is a keen little blade, which slices away our early illusions, making amputation almost a comfort. Time was when we regarded cigarettes as injurious. We thought that they filled the lungs with soot and the brain-cells with creosote, causing mendacity and crime. This belief long caused us inconvenient abstinence. Then up spake the "Lancet," incisively reassuring us that cigarettes are not only harmless but positively beneficial to infants, invalids, and elderly clergymen. We once had our illusions about plum pudding. But lo! the "Lancet" flashed like a falchion from its sheath with a word of Christmas cheer. "Plum pudding," it says, "contains all the ingredients of a good meal." Eureka! A new continent has been discovered. Plum pudding is as manna from heaven, the natural, digestive pap of the human race. It contains meat, vegetables, eggs, milk, honey, tea, coffee, bread, butter, and marmalade. If there is anything else you like it contains that also. Plum pudding is the staff of life. A section of this life-giving mixture the size of a football contains more real nourishment than an acre of health-food. Oh, happy sailor who is wrecked on a desert island containing nothing but plum puddings! Plum pudding for polar explorers, plum pudding for laborers, college athletes, professional beauties. Plum pudding imparts ferocity as well as strength. And yet the melancholy thought creeps in. Christmas and New Year's are over, and we went through that annual orgy suffering deeply—and under a misapprehension. Plum pudding didn't do it. It must have been the olives.

PLUM PUDDING

THE readers of COLLIER'S have a poignant interest in the sudden ending of the career of WALTER APPLETON CLARK, for it was in these pages that his recent work appeared, and it is here that his brilliant talent will be first missed. Those of us who knew the man will have a long regret for a personality of great charm—vital, ambitious and winning. He was only thirty one, and yet in ten years he had won his place among the best of American illustrators. He had the good fortune to start right, under a master-draftsman, and he made the most of it. When he did his earliest illustrations, it was evident that he had learned to draw, and never afterward did he slight what is fundamental in all good pictures — the draftsmanship. Moreover, he had an instinct for composition; the figures took their proper place in the drawing, and the resulting picture had a vivid effect of unity. For he had creative imagination and a fine sympathy with creative imagination in others. This made him an admirable illustrator, so that the authors whose works he interpreted felt that he really grasped their characters and fancies. He illuminated them through his sympathetic insight. That is a rare trait in an illustrator. His early success made him only more careful in the execution of his work. He himself was the hardest critic to please, and always loath to let a drawing leave his hands. This fastidiousness was combined with strength; he was not satisfied, for he knew he had the force to make it better. He had most of the qualities that make for growth in his art; he had youth and aspiration and appreciation; he was clean-minded, with zest in his work and delight in his friends. His fertile mind saw many clear visions of things that he would do, and he was alert to grasp the opportunity to do them. Death found him with the race well started, but tense and joyous and eager for the long road ahead to the achievement of his own high ideals.

WALTER APPLETON CLARK



T. VESUVIUS ROOSEVELT

THE ordinary hill which remains forever still,
All covered o'er with specimens of botany,
Is hugely safe and sane; but its heights seem rather plain
And its silence breeds political monotony.
I myself prefer a mount with a crater as its fount,
Dropping firebrands like the thunderstorms of Pluvius—
There is something half satanic in conditions so volcanic,
Yet we're proud of our Political Vesuvius.

With a curious, sulfureous
Rumbling, grumbling roll of thunder,
Teddy's going to erupt—
Stand from under!

THOUGH there's sometimes scarce a puff from his lid, that's just a bluff,
For his calmer moments never mean security,
And the Prophets yell: "Look out! he's intending for to spout—
There'll be trouble in the very near futurity."
No, we can't foresee just what, but his crater's getting hot,
And the coals will soon be dropping, as they must, again
Singeing up the Tariff's tatters and the mossy old Standpatters—
There's no telling *where* Vesuvius will bust again.

With a jouncing, nation-bouncing,
Bumping, thumping roll of thunder,
Teddy's going for to spout—
Stand from under!

WHERE the grafter sleeps content, suddenly the air is rent
With a blast like that which buried Herculaneum;
Railway lobbies cough and choke in a cloud of flame and smoke,
And the Conscript Fathers get it in the cranium.
Now Chicago beef is shook, now the poor old Spelling-Book
Shouts: "Have mercy, sire! your heat will crack the shell o' me!"
Now the mountain heaves its shoulders and upheaves a ton of boulders,
While the sparks descend and roast the luckless Bellamy.

With a hectic, apoplectic
Howling, growling roll of thunder,
Teddy's going to blow up—
Stand from under!

Verses by

WALLACE IRWIN

Cartoon by

E. W. KEMBLE



ABE RUEF OF THE "LAW OFFICES"

SAN FRANCISCO'S FIGHT TO FREE HERSELF OF HIS RULE

By FREDERICK PALMER

BEFORE the fire Fillmore Street was commonplace in its small flats and corner groceries. A freak of reconstruction has made it San Francisco's Tenderloin. Where inconspicuous respectability formerly rose early conspicuous disrepute now rises late to the rouge of the harlot and the eye-opener of the dipsomaniac. Under the glare of the electric lights of the saloons, you may not miss the legend of "A. Ruef, Law Offices"—hours from five P. M. till after midnight—in gilt letters on the windows of the second story of a frame building. From these offices, in the midst of the lawless currents of its life, a city stricken, a city in the crisis of its career, is ruled.

As I run through my note-book, gorged with items of depravity, it seems to me that A. Ruef is the worst man in the United States. Likenesses of the type of which he is a magnified genius you will find in the lawyer hangers-on of the police courts who prey on the flotsam of the underworld. But these are gutter-born. They know no better.

Ruef, the son of modest parents in the French quarter of San Francisco, had the opportunity to see the other side of life and to associate with those who exemplify it. The fields of honesty and decent endeavor were opened to him. He made a brilliant record as a student at the University of California. But college training meant to him only such an asset as physical training to the plug-ugly. When he was admitted to the bar he turned to brothels and French restaurants for his clients. His art of putting a fair face on vice immediately won him a large practise. His keen mind was quick to see that profit in politics was not in holding office, but in having delegates to deliver. He was a small boss, but never a very successful one, until the sudden opportunity which made him what he is to-day arose in the teamsters' strike of Mayor Phelan's last term.

Making a New Party

PHELAN'S Chief of Police decided that any citizen was entitled to protection from violence in the pursuit of his occupation, and he put policemen on trucks to guard non-union drivers. The trade-unionists became a solid political body, which, in its indignation, could see only the red of this one fact. Some labor politicians talked of a labor-union candidate for the approaching election in 1901. At one time the movement was privately for sale for $1,500. The man who refused this offer often lets his recollection dwell quizzically on the puny sum of the original capitalization of the project out of which Ruef was to make millions.

In 1901 Ruef was beaten in his fight for control of the Republican primaries. The "Law Offices" had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a gamble. Phelan had served three terms. Gavin McNabb, his sponsor, the Democratic boss, had been in power for ten years. The public was ready for a change. Ruef recognized this, and he saw what the labor politicians did not see, that the labor element, headless, needed only a head in order to be powerful. On the nucleus of its solid phalanx he could build.

Some of the talk of a labor-union candidate had centred on Eugene E. Schmitz, who was conductor of the Columbia Theatre orchestra and the head of the San Francisco Musical Union. Showing no signs of strength which would be embarrassing, this glad-hand man, generous, likable, commanding, tall—and taller on account of his expressive pompadour of black hair—had the makings of a "star" under the hand of a shrewd impresario. A member of the union, his calling dissociated him from the unions in a way to win another class of votes. He became the "front"; the Law Offices the "mind" of the new party. Ruef himself brought to the combination a following beside that of his own district: all the elements of vice which wanted a free hand.



THE MAN BEHIND THE FIGHT

Young Rudolph Spreckels, failing to get other millionaires to subscribe to a fund for prosecuting the grafters, himself guaranteed a fund of $100,000, and is giving all his time to the work

For many years previous San Francisco had been well governed. She had not a single dollar of indebtedness, and her tax rates were the lowest of any great American city. By a provision of the Consolidation Act she could spend in one year no more than that year's income. McNabb was a good boss. He loved power and not money. His most ardent opponents bring no charge of corruption against him. When he had beaten Buckley, his predecessor, he made good in practise by showing himself above Buckley's methods. If there was graft from Chinatown and the underworld it never went into high places. A cosmopolitan community wanted a liberal administration of the laws. San Francisco was open, but vice was not promoted.

The two old parties, contemptuous of the new, speculated cheerfully on the number of votes that it would draw from either. Against Schmitz ran Joseph Tobin, Democrat, president of the largest savings bank west of New York, and Asa R. Wells, Republican, who had served two terms as Auditor. When Schmitz was elected everybody who had voted for him was as surprised as those who had not.

"See My Friend Ruef!"

SAN FRANCISCO soon learned who was its real ruler. The sense of the situation was expressed by the remark of the good-natured Schmitz: "Why, my friend Ruef is a lawyer. He knows about those things; you better see him." Two years later, at the election of 1903, the Mayor still held his trade-unionists. Ruef's cohorts of vice were enthusiastically loyal. For he had made good to them. The town was wider open than ever before since the gold-fever days. Still the old parties were rank with overconfidence. They thought Schmitz's day was run. The Republicans nominated Henry J. Crocker and the Democrats Franklin Lane, the present Inter-State Commerce Commissioner. Schmitz was reelected.

As before he had only a minority of the votes polled. The two old parties now admitted that they had committed a political blunder. They had allowed a faction to win

against a house divided. A majority of the people must still stand for morality and public decency, observed the good citizen. Did they? With the election of 1905 the question was fairly put. The Democrats and the Republicans fused on Partridge against a common enemy.

Schmitz had grown with four years of office-holding. The circle of his fellowship of the "glad hand" embraced a municipality instead of a few friends. Ruef had by this time perfected his sinister organization. It was personal and unique. To graft he had brought the refinement of education. He had not risen to the headship of a machine; he had made a machine. He had no ward leaders to placate. Around him was no group of clever politicians of an old institution. He was an autocrat, with weaklings as his adjutants.

"I should like to have my sight back again," said Buckley, the old boss, who had ruled though blind, "in order that I might look on this wonder. Beside him I was an infant."

If Croker had only studied law at a night school after he became boss, he would have had an answer when asked "where he got it." Ruef had the most varied and the largest law practise of any man in America. If you wanted to open a gambling house or a saloon, or erect a firetrap, he was the lawyer to employ. The sum received was not a bribe, but attorney's fees. Because he did not control the Board of Supervisors, corporations yielded the smallest source of his income.

In both of the three-cornered elections the majority of the Board had been heavily and incorruptibly against him. He could increase his practise only through the executive branch. In a word, that meant permits; and, in another word, it meant that Schmitz, the "front," must act with the Law Offices.

Beside the regular licenses, the saloons paid the administration counsel fees, amounting from $250 to $500 a year. This was an obvious resource. The Law Offices developed a by-product by the organization of the Hilbert Mercantile Company. From the Hilbert Brothers, friends of the Mayor, every saloon-keeper was obliged to purchase his supplies. Ruef's name appeared on the letterheads of the company as counsel.

The Hilberts doubled the orders of their customers in order to increase profits. Notes were taken from the saloon-keepers in want of cash and negotiated at the banks. When the notes came due after the fire the Hilbert Mercantile Company went bankrupt. One brother had enough money to make a trip to Europe with Schmitz, and the other brother is reported not to be in need.

The health laws were not used as a means of promoting health, but of promoting graft. Canning factories that did not want their reputations connected with the "thirds" they manufacture knew how to avoid being exposed. Dealers who once had their milk cars emptied in the streets took the hint, and a load was not dumped a second time. Within the fire zone the regulations permitted no wooden buildings and put sharp limitations on their reconstruction when they had been damaged by fire. If you had the right lawyer, however, reconstruction was a matter of politics. The problem was not one of compliance, but of how much the owner would pay to evade that law on which the safety of the city depended. The Law Offices were an auction-room where the city's honor was daily put up to the highest bidder.

Cynically following the spirit of centralization of the time, Ruef segregated the social evil on the Japanese and Continental plan. At 620 Jackson Street was the Nymphia, so called. With a view to small ground rent the building was specially constructed for its purpose with chambers for one hundred and fifty women. Each one paid five dollars a day for her lodging. The profits from the bar met the rent and the running expenses. The net sum which it brought to its promoters weekly was between $3,000 and $4,000, only a small percentage of which was kept as commission on its journey "higher up."

The Nymphia became famous. You heard of it in corners of the world where foul stories and stale tobacco smoke are mixed. It was not in the Tenderloin, where sin appeals to the sin-hardened, but in quarters where it was an invitation to the ruin of boys and girls. A house to be run on the same plan and to be occupied by Japanese women was also started. It was open only for a short time. Some say that the Japanese would not put up the price. The administration on its part, of course, was determined that such a moral curse should not exist.

Owning Judges and Juries

THE nymphia was the big type of centralized profit. Other places which paid their dues were free from vagrant competition. Ruef's own hang-out before the earthquake was at "The Pup," one of the French restaurants. A "French restaurant," in San Francisco slang, means respectability on the first floor, the half world on the second floor, and prostitution on the top floor. Over every creature of the half-world and the underworld Ruef held a whip-hand. In one form or another every one contributed to his personal fortune and to his campaign fund.

If these conditions were known why were they not brought before the Grand Jury? you may ask. Because the Grand Juries were under Ruef's control. The secretary of one was none other than Myrtile Cerf, the Man Friday of the Law Offices' stairway, collector and go-between. Early in the Schmitz administration Fremont Older, the militant editor of the "Bulletin," began his exposures of corruption. The Andrews Grand Jury (1904–5) was an exception. It sent Maestretti's ballot-box stuffers to San Quentin. It closed up 620 Jackson Street. Older was ready with further evidence against the corruptionists. But there was no Heney as there is to-day. The District Attorney then was Byington, now lawyer for Dinan, the indicted Chief of Police.

The public knew the situation in 1905, and what it did not know it could guess. Ruef had no expectation of electing his Supervisors. He centred all his attention on keeping his Mayor in office. He was not hoping for more power, but, on the defensive, fighting to retain what he had. With that political end in view, he filled out a list of nonentities for his eighteen candidates for the Board. On the platform his appeal was to sentiment; in private it was to the selfishness of class. Members of the trade-unions knew that under Schmitz no policeman would ever be put on a truck with a non-union driver. The rank and file associated good times with the man in office. Trade union leaders had been given positions and opportunities for profit.



SUPERIOR COURT JUDGE DUNNE

Presides at the trial of Ruef and Schmitz, which, owing to the destruction of the courts, is held in a classroom of a synagogue

A Crafty Appeal to Class

MEN were not asked to vote for the candidates as Americans, but in the name of race and of faith. No one knew so well as the master of the Law Offices Organization that of the 90,000 registered voters in this cosmopolitan city 2,000 were French-born, 9,500 were German, 2,000 Italian, 9,000 Irish, 1,200 Scandinavian, 5,000 English and Scotch, and 2,000 Jewish. As a people we are ever forgetting that the soul of our citizenship rests on the premise that, once naturalized, a foreigner ceases to be anything but an American.

Ruef went to Jews as a Jew. They were proud of him, a member of their race, as ruler of the city. The same kind of appeal was made from the fact that Schmitz was a German, his mother was Irish, and he was a Catholic. Ruef gave money to his own sect and he did not hesitate to give money to other churches. He was quick to meet the wrath of any organization with favors. In his scheme of things bounty and graft worked hand in hand. In order to retain power a portion of gains ill-gotten from vice were spent in assuaging the qualms of respectability. Those who had secured privileges against the law might want privileges again, they were warned. Business men who had found reformers mischievous knew that they might get what they wanted by employing the right attorney. The manager of a well-known store was discharged because he took a part in favor of

Schmitz



SCHMITZ ON HIS WAY TO COURT

The hero of the earthquake is now under indictment with Ruef for extortion from a "French restaurant"

reform.' The woman owner said that a wide-open town made business good. It does in millinery if not in school-books or marriage licenses.

"I made many speeches in that campaign," said a certain public man, "to audiences that cheered me to the echo, and while I spoke something told me that many were going to vote in the dark for Schmitz, because it would be money in their pockets to do so."

The call of graft for graft's sake was clearly made to the whole community. With his art, Ruef gave it an attraction such as other bosses could never exert. We think of bosses as silent men sitting at a headquarters, listening, planning, and giving commands. Ruef had the qualities of a Croker and a Cockran in one. He is by all odds the best stump speaker in San Francisco; as masterful in command of an audience as he is knowing in an appeal to the selfish interests of an individual. He can weep in public over his wrongs without ever losing count of the number of his clients. He is soft-spoken, never wanting for a word—and that the most plausible word—quick of movement as of thought, and gently appealing rather than aggressive. Not an Easy but a Sinuous Boss. When the ballots were counted in 1905 the voting machines had not only elected Schmitz, but his Board of Supervisors. The city was Ruef's; franchises as well as permits.

Amazed at his own success, he had made the "discovery" that a majority of a community liked to be debauched. At once he put his Supervisors in training. He held regular Sunday-night rehearsals, and when the impresario came out after these star-chamber sessions the reporters were waiting to learn what would be done at the next week's meeting.

For January, February, and March, as yet but on the threshold of conquest, Ruef was occupied with the drilling of his new recruits. Then came the cataclysm; a power that did not wait on Schmitz's permits or Ruef's counsel fees became boss. Men of great private influence suddenly took an active interest in public affairs; an active interest in their city as a unit. They saw their individual houses and offices and factories being destroyed by a common enemy. On this occasion the answer to the selfish question of whose ox was being gored was: "Everybody's." Smith could not put out the fire around his premises without regard to Jones. The interests of all individuals became the interest of the whole. Smith, millionaire, and Jones, eminent citizen, sought their Mayor, whom possibly they had never met before.

Not summoned, but coming of his own accord, Schmitz had at his elbow for legal adviser the foremost lawyer of California, Garret McEnerney, who wrote the famous proclamation closing saloons and ordering looters shot at sight, which Schmitz signed. Downey Harvey, millionaire promoter, made up a list of a Committee of Fifty citizens in which it did not occur to him to include one A. Ruef, ruler of the city. This also Schmitz signed.

Ruef's Board of Supervisors was kept in the background by the inertia of their own unimportance. The average San Franciscan forgot their existence. According to those around him, Schmitz was at first staggered by the calamity, but his sense of the dramatic soon recovered itself in the presence of such strong advisers. He swung his baton and played his new band with as much aplomb as if he had been conducting it for years. He did not stop to think what kind of music it made; he knew enough to know that there must be some kind of music to keep the audience from panic.

To each suggestion he said: "Good! Do it! I put you in charge." The result was action. He ran the Committee of Fifty as he would a hurry rehearsal. Eminent citizens who had refused to shake hands with him sang his praises and took his orders. It was then, in the flush of action, his surroundings, and newfound companionship, that he said: "My life begins with the 18th of April." That sounded well from the lips of a hero under the limelight at the end of the first act: It was splendid if true.

"He is going to throw Ruef over," said the eminent citizens. For three days Ruef was away from the Mayor down in his own Latin Quarter, fighting the fire. Then he came back to—his law practise. He was singularly quiet and seemingly pleased that eminent citizens had taken the place of his Supervisors.

"See how meek he is!" thought the eminent citizens. "Observe how Schmitz treats him!" When little Abraham looked up at the big fellow and spoke it was softly and to one side, as if asking advice. For the Sinuous Boss had always allowed 'Gene the glory of a "front." The Committee of Fifty was changed into a Committee of Forty by Schmitz. Ruef's name was included. He was not, however, one of the very active members of the committee. He had business with his Supervisors and of such a character that he was not at all displeased that they should be kept in the background, as later developments showed.

When Ruef is Humble

WHILE the ruins were still smoking Ruef rounded up his City Fathers to grant a franchise to the Home Telephone Company. The allegations which you hear in quarters where such deals are well known is that originally Ruef had received a fee from the old telephone company for not molesting its monopoly. Then the Home Company paid him a retainer for letting it in as an exclusive rival. With this in his pocket he invited other outside companies to compete and took a contingent fee from one of them. Informed of the situation, the Home Company said it was not getting a square deal. Ruef pointed to the law which required competitive bids. However, as a next step he could so word the specifications that only the Home Company, which had a patented automatic device, could possibly meet them.

The date set for opening the bids was April 23. After the earthquake, on the 18th, the word was passed that, of course, in the midst of such a calamity the date

would be postponed. When the 23d came the Home Company had inside news. It was on hand with the only bid and with the money, which was accepted. For the same franchise for which it paid Oakland across the bay $35,000 it paid San Francisco only $25,000.

Ruef's total retainer was reported to be $75,000. This made a total of $100,000. Ruef had saved money for the company, which was willing, so it is said, to give a quarter of a million. To that franchise Schmitz, who had been born again, put his signature. An act which would have raised a storm of disapproval in normal times passed unnoticed in an hour of terror and distraction when the plant of every newspaper had been destroyed, when, as yet, not a single street car was running and attention was entirely centred on relief measures.



"WILLIE" COFFROTH
"King of the Tenderloin"

With $350,000,000.00 worth of property destroyed, San Francisco needed every dollar and every ounce of faithful service which she could command. The courage of her citizens and the honesty of her public servants were at stake. To the public, the Mayor's past was as dead as the ashes of the Nymphia, or as the flimsy buildings which the Law Offices had permitted to rise in return for counsel fees which should have gone into fireproof material. Eugene E. Schmitz had an opportunity such as destiny rarely offers to a public man. All the people were with him. His was the chosen hand to direct regeneration and reconstruction. If his new-found friends among the millionaires sought special favors, he should have turned them down as impartially as he did the schemes of Ruef. Unhappily he lacked the ability even if he had the honesty for complex organization.



GAVIN M'NABB
Who was boss before Ruef

To every individual interest reconstruction meant the opportunity of a rough-and-tumble struggle for place and fortune under new conditions. Captains of Industry rushed into the field with the zest of boomers on the opening of an Indian reservation. Overhead trolley privileges were granted to the United Railways. If this were advisable in order to secure traction immediately, it was a folly that the privilege should have been yielded without any money return to the city. Ruef's fees for this are variously alleged to have been from $50,000 to $100,000. With insufficient cars running, the accommodating Board of Supervisors passed an ordinance aiming to exonerate the United Railways from responsibility if people hanging to the car steps were injured.

The Southern Pacific, with spur-track privileges for the transport of débris, was laying a railroad system of its own through the streets.

A meeting—not public—took place between Harriman and Calhoun of the United Railways, at which the following conversation occurred. Said Calhoun to Harriman: "You want to block the Western Pacific. You want to get your lines in position to handle all the traffic before the Western Pacific is in operation." Said Harriman: "I am not in the habit of neglecting anything. I propose to be in a position to do business." Said Calhoun: "I am not, either, and I have my rails on these streets. I have no objection to your spur tracks as long as they don't interfere with my tracks. I propose to utilize every right that my franchise gives me in this city, and to see that you don't interfere."



B. P. OLIVER
Foreman of the Grand Jury

Harriman saw the point. He removed the spur tracks which he had laid across tracks of the United Railways not yet in operation. It is observable that in certain places the United Railways tracks are now heavy enough to carry a railroad car. The railroad line that holds the State and the street-car line that holds the city in its grip had come to an understanding.

When Downey Harvey wanted a franchise for his Ocean Shore Railroad he went to Schmitz instead of Ruef, whom he disliked and with whom he refused to deal. Mrs. Schmitz had ambitions. A social career was the bait held out to the head man of the city by one of its private citizens. Harvey gave Mrs. Schmitz a rug that cost $1,250. And thus Schmitz was flattered into signing his name. Ruef, however, is not vulnerable to anything that is not negotiable as currency. If offered a cotillion favor, he would credit it toward counsel fees, less depreciation by wear.

Having a railroad terminus in the geographical centre of the city, Downey Harvey, through the Schmitz machine, organized a mass meeting of protest against the terms of a grant which did not allow the trains to stop at intermediate stations in the city and take on passengers. The Supervisors amended the franchise. This gave the Ocean Shore Railroad street-car traffic. Other franchises were granted to the Presidio and Mill Valley Railroad and the Parkside Railroad, for neither of which was there any adequate compensation. Only the Harriman spur tracks and the United Railways were of any value in the immediate work of reconstruction. The rest were based on futures; but presumably for cash payments.

The glitter of big things did not distract the Law Offices from making the most of little ones. Ruef's system ground as fine as that of a great department store, which is as considerate of its five-cent counter as of the sale of grand pianos. Every nickel-in-the-slot machine contributed its quota, every street vender his. You might have thought that the city geographically destined forever to command the harbor at the Golden Gate was a permanent wreck with the administration seeking all rights of salvage. The Law Offices were interested in companies which had disposal of the débris; and in firms of builders. The saloons which were closed for a month must have new licenses and pay new counsel fees when they were reopened after the earthquake.



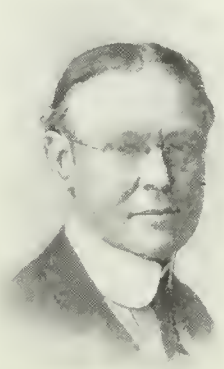
"EDDY" GRANEY
Head of "The Fight Trust"



SUPERVISOR GALLEGHER
Only able man on the board



BOSS ABRAHAM RUEF
His "system" was unique. The sums he received were under the guise of "counsel fees." No petty sources were neglected



FRANCIS J. HENEY
Prosecuting Ruef and Schmitz



EX-MAYOR PHELAN
Head of the relief work



WILLIAM J. BURNS
Who gets evidence for Heney

How to Get a Permit

ALL the new brothels and gambling places and restaurants had to make their peace. When you went day after day to the Mayor's office to get a building permit signed, the man at the Mayor's door finally sent you to the Law Offices. One informant told me that because he had done the right thing on one of the grand juries for Ruef he did not have to put up the price of a building permit.

While the new Tenderloin in Fillmore Street sent its aurora of illumination skyward at night, travel was unsafe in the burnt district, which lay in darkness. The streets were uncleaned, no move was made toward fire protection, nothing was done by executive or Supervisors for the betterment of conditions. The débris around the City Hall was untouched. No adequate effort was made to repair temporarily the old buildings or erect new ones for the city government. Quarters were rented here and there at exorbitant rates to the advantage of the Law Offices or friends of the administration.

When the city needed its Mayor as no American city had ever needed its Mayor before, Schmitz went abroad. Of course, he went for his health; but he did not look ill. A more likely reason was that he had so entangled himself in politics by his candidacy for Governor that his presence was uncomfortable. While he was away Judge Graham dared to impanel a fearless Grand Jury which Ruef could not control. B. P. Oliver was its foreman, and his associates were respectable citizens. William J. Langdon, the District Attorney, who had been elected as a Schmitz man, now turned against Ruef.



SUPERVISOR NICOLAS
Indicted for malfeasance



WILLIAM F. HERRIN
Harriman's ruler of the State

The city election centred on Ruef's fight to control the judiciary. He wanted his man, Carroll Cook, to remain Judge of the Court of Appeals, and to have Judges of the Superior Court who would do his bidding, and to be in control of the Republican as well as his own union labor and vice machines. He took every political precaution for success, merging with the Republicans and even with the Democrats. The independent judiciary ticket was James A. Cooper, for the Court of Appeals; William P. Lawlor, John A. Hosmer, James V. Coffey, and Thomas F. Graham for Judges of the Superior Court. All won, thanks to the revelations which were already being made before the Grand Jury. This victory was the first ray of hope.

For the fight which he was about to make, District Attorney Langdon was ill prepared. Facing a long siege against a stronghold, he was without the sinews of war. He could not expect the necessary funds from the city administration. The fact that Ruef and Schmitz are now on trial is due primarily to Rudolph Spreckels. Early in the summer he tried to get first fifteen then ten men who would subscribe jointly toward the expense of procuring evidence. Failing altogether, he finally said that he would guarantee $100,000 himself to find out if the charges so freely made against the city government on all hands were true. Langdon called to his assistance Francis J. Heney, who sent Senator Mitchell to prison, and another able lawyer, Hiram Johnson. William J. Burns, detached from the Government Secret Service, associated with Heney in the Oregon land fraud cases, was employed by Spreckels to take charge of a force of detectives to procure evidence. Ruef and Schmitz were almost immediately indicted on five counts of extortion. The first was for the sum of $1,175 taken from Antonio Blanco, proprietor of The Poodle Dog, at Mason and Eddy Streets, January 15, 1904. The other four were of the same nature. Only the boldness of a man drunk with success could have inspired Ruef's counter to the indictment. It is worthy of King Charles dealing with Parliament. He had his faithful Supervisors legislate Langdon out of office and had himself appointed District Attorney to prosecute himself. Outraged public opinion was satisfied by the prompt action of the courts declaring his action invalid.

Then Ruef took thought. His manner changed. He began repairing his fences. The Law Offices advised the petty politicians among the City Fathers, who were living high on their pay of $100 a month, to provide themselves with occupations as an excuse for their incomes.

Heney must depend for his evidence upon men who are accomplices of the Law Offices from the fact that they have paid for favors. Where the sums have been in the form of legal fees the law can not reach the Sinuous Boss. Therefore the charge of extortion. Frank Maestretti, Schmitz's late Commissioner of Public Works, has passed what information he had to the prosecution. Two of his old henchmen in the almshouse district, Steffens and Wildman, convicted of ballot-box stuffing, were pardoned out of State prison to testify against Ruef.

Hutton has also been before the Grand Jury. As olice Commissioner he once tried to close the ymphia. Ruef's man, Judge Cook, issued an injunc- on forbidding the raid. The story of Hutton's official ndoing is informing if vile. He and Reagan, being vo of the four members of the Police Board, refused enew the licenses of the French restaurants which responsible for the ruin of young girls. The aurant keepers consulted the Law Offices. Schmitz tired to convince Hutton and Reagan of their r. Both argument and threat failed, on a memor- Sunday at Schmitz's house. But strategy suc- ed. One of Ruef's lieutenants introduced a woman Hutton and left her alone with him. She laid a rge against Hutton which sent him out of office in grace. Alex. O'Grady took Hutton's place on the rd. The two other commissioners, Boheim and inkhouse, were loyal to the Law Offices, and the ee made a majority. Drinkhouse is in the cigar siness, and French restaurants are good customers.

Witnesses Live In Fear

IN laying his evidence before the Grand Jury Heney availed himself of his privilege of furnishing no transcript of the evidence to the defense. Ruef has power over the witnesses, for he has dealt with them before. If a theatre manager were to testify that he had to pay Ruef one-third of his profits for being permitted to give a performance in a fire-trap, the Law Offices could legally close his theatre on the ground that it did not comply with the fire regulations. Andrieu, a keeper of notorious resorts, having told of sums extorted, was immediately arrested on a charge by a female that he had inducted her into a brothel.

San Francisco is the scene of a war of detectives for control of creatures of the underworld who have spent their lives dodging the law behind panel doors. The bold impulses of manhood are not theirs, nor a sense of truth for truth's sake. They are brought to tell it only when they have suffered long from the tyrant, and their tongues may go to their cheeks at any moment in fear of a despot who can send them to prison on a trumped-up charge. Ruef and Schmitz and their adjutants are shadowed and Spreckels and Heney and Burns are shadowed, and "shadows" shadow "shadowers."

The sum of the situation, in a dramatist's scene, may be had in Judge Dunne's court, which is held in a classroom of a Jewish synagogue. On the one side of the table is Heney, not a good legal quibbler, but dealing in the fact of the law and the right of the law definitely and determinedly. He reminds me of the clean, thoroughbred bull-terrier in the doorway. "I'm perfectly friendly," his manner says. "I always fight in the open. But if you are coming in after the silver, look out!" And this impression bears out his reputation.

His adversaries in this case do not like him. It is hard arguing with a bull-terrier who sticks to the doorway and the point he makes about the silver. Back of Heney sits Rudolph Spreckels, with a very square jaw and very blue eyes. Possibly a bulldog may feel the way Spreckels looks when the limb under the man up a tree is breaking.

A. Ruef, on the other side of the table, with Myrtile Cerf, his "go-between," in attendance, seems as uncomfortable as the man on the limb. He has had previous experience with Mr. Spreckels—when he met a man who, if he wanted a franchise, did not propose to deal with the Law Offices.

Ruef's Offer to Spreckels

"MR. RUEF called on me at the time of the issuing of the bonds," Mr. Spreckels has testified, "and asked me to get up a syndicate for the purpose of taking them over and bidding for the bonds that were to be issued. He further said that it could be guaranteed that the bonds would be sold to my syndicate. I asked him how he proposed to guarantee or how he could possibly guarantee such a thing when it was open to public bids. His statement to me thereupon was that it was an easy matter; *that it was easy to have a strike on the street-car system of San Francisco tying up every street-car line, and that he would like to see what the capitalists and bankers, under those circumstances, other than the syndicate which was in on this, would bid.*"

This Sinuous Boss, who has accumulated millions through greed alone, who has neither wife nor children, is as pitiable as he is unattractive. Far from him now is his former ambition to rise from the rulership of the city to that of the State: to succeed W. F. Herrin as counsel of the Southern Pacific. He still retains some of his old plausibility; Schmitz most of his old bravado. [illegible] late on the morning I was in court. His entrance was like that of the orchestra leader when the musicians are ready. He appeared in the doorway dramatically and ran his hand through his pompadour as he took off his hat. All the reporters' eyes were on him and Ruef when he sat down. The two spoke together for a moment, which meant that they were still friends, if you will. The relations of these two men form the mystery of the daily headlines. Schmitz is always about to throw Ruef over and never does. After fighting for delay with technicalities, Schmitz suddenly asked for an immediate trial—separate from Ruef's—which their co-defense, so Judge Dunne ruled, had made technically impossible.

Possibly the truth is that the "front" can not get on without the "Law Offices," and the "Law Offices" can not get on without the "front." Titular power and legal cunning are interdependent. The big, glad-hand man is something of a sentimentalist. His tangents of good impulse made him popular. Ruef moves sinuously by the darkest path, but his compass is always set by the lodestar of the mighty dollar.

Some of their quarrels have possibly been about spoils. For example: One Jerome Bassity undertook the building of a resort called the Haymarket near the famous Techau Tavern on Mason Street. He gave twenty thousand shares in the company to Ruef without approaching Schmitz. When Schmitz heard of the discrimination he sent for Ruef, who at first denied the charge. Schmitz, who had the power, threatened to close the place, and Ruef handed the shares back to Bassity, who immediately gave them to Schmitz's friend Hilbert. Ruef then tackled Bassity for more shares on his own account.

The Haymarket was open three months before the earthquake and until it was burnt. In type it was something like the Belvedere, which was controlled by the "Fight Trust," the same being composed of "Eddy" Graney, the honest blacksmith, who left the forge to win fame by umpiring a prize fight in a tuxedo; "Jimmy" Coffroth, the king of the Tenderloin, who was once secretary to the Superior Judges at $150 a month; Morris Levy, and "Willie" Britt. Graney said that twenty-five per cent of the stock of the Belvedere was given to Ruef. After the fire Ruef, never bashful, demanded a portion of the insurance on the Belvedere.

But why go on? The ordeal for Schmitz and Ruef, if we are to take the word of Foreman Oliver of the Grand Jury, has only begun. The investigation may go higher than "French restaurants"; it may involve those who are supposed to have a keener sense of moral responsibility than the Andrieus and the Bassitys.

"In ten years' time," said Mr. Oliver, "the material we have in hand might not be exhausted."

One may turn to a pleasanter subject in the relief work. Schmitz wanted to take the control away from the citizens' corporation and give it to his Supervisors. This was logical in the abstract. San Francisco gasped over the suggestion in practise. And let it be said emphatically that a report that Schmitz had embezzled relief funds is cruelly wrong. He had not the power, if he had been of the mind. But he has been inclined to sympathize with the hobo element in its cry against the sanitary regulations, which have kept San Francisco from an epidemic despite her filthy streets, and in its demand that all the moneys be distributed at once among the "professional refugees." Wisdom has regulated generosity as it always should. In a community where, within a month after the earthquake, every able-bodied man and woman could find work at higher wages than anywhere else in the United States, there was no reason why such a person should be the outright subject of charity. A moderate rent of from four to six dollars a month was charged for the temporary buildings in the park which were occupied by the working heads of families. The policy has been to avoid waste and bring the situation back to the normal as rapidly as humanity would permit. Any sum left over will be devoted to the rehabilitation of the sadly crippled charities for the aged and infirm which were destroyed by the fire. There would have been no remainder if the Board of Supervisors had been in charge of the funds.

Do I hear other parts of the United States—which are living in glass houses, perhaps—asking a crass question: Can a city thus handicapped ever rise again? You need only to go there to see that it will. If there were a 1906 earthquake every day it would. Then our American individualism, never daunted, would build ball-bearing houses and stores.

But would it think to put in ball-bearings for the water conduits and the public buildings? This brings me to the crux of the problem. Individualism sent the poineers westward after gold; it shines in the dark eyes of every immigrant laborer in the débris who has come to the land of promise to make his fortune.

Yet San Francisco Prospers

THE trucks of individualism rattle over the unrepaired pavements thick with traffic. Scattered through the burnt district like the tents of an army of occupation are the temporary wooden stores and offices serving until the completion of the permanent structures, which are well built if the individual is wise and independent of the Law Offices. Clearing House receipts are larger than ever before; money is plentiful; eighty per cent of the total amount of insurance having been paid. Van Ness Avenue, once lined with fine residences, is now the fashionable shopping district. Catastrophes do not change urban habits about localities. The well-dressed crowds will not step a block away on to a side street to buy their Christmas presents. So rents on Van Ness soar.

You hear of startling prices for a ground lease for a building which will be torn down at the end of five years. You may stop at a one-story hotel in a park, facing its old home, a gutted skyscraper which is being repaired; or you may enjoy the orchestra in the big dining-room of a temporary structure of the summer resort order with stained shingle exterior, whose namesake will be replaced by the most "palatial yet" in three years. There is no lack of comfort or entertainment which individualism can supply. The restaurant system is as good as it ever was. Even now you do not meet vice on the street. Though well advertised, it is kept within doors.

The individual, however, is learning that the credit of the city, as a whole, is his credit. When the city government is so bad that it can not sell the remaining $12,000,000 of the $17,000,000 in bonds (which form San Francisco's only indebtedness) it is possible that a continuance of present conditions might mean that individuals cared not to borrow from the East. For the first time the citizens seek the insurance companies, instead of the insurance companies seeking them for new business. A single company will place only a minimum amount on a given block. Rates are high, although not out of keeping with business opportunities and profits, perhaps.

But there is another and weightier reason than credit, insurance, and public improvements why San Franciscans should make a complete, finished job of this investigation, and put good men in charge of the house once it is cleaned. This is the contamination of the whole by the contamination of the individual.

A Priest and His Fight

ANY one who loses heart should visit Father Caraher. He is at home in a frame building at the top of Telegraph Hill, a simple white-haired priest of the Catholic faith, his people the poor who dwell on the slopes. In his parish he saw the Nymphia leading his boys and girls to ruin. Politics he feared; publicity he dreaded; the complexities of a many-sided situation he little understood, or the reasons advanced to him why he should be silent. He saw only his simple duty as a warrior in the eternal battle of the Christ. When a judge would not let the Nymphia be closed, he did not desist from the fight that he had begun.

Now that graft has shown that it can not live of itself, it is clear enough that the vast majority of the people are moral. The trade-unionist who stood solidly be[illegible] hind Schmitz no more wants his sons and daughters submitted to temptation than does Partridge, who ran against Schmitz for Mayor in 1905. Yet he is likely to say of Ruef: "Well, he's *our* thief, anyway." The only way to combat this cynicism is by appealing to men not as Sons of the Revolution, Grand Army Veterans, plasterers, dudes, trade-unionists, millionaires, Jews, Scotch, Irish, Italians, or English, but as American citizens.



GRAND JURY WHICH INDICTED RUEF AND SCHMITZ

Last fall Ruef lost his fight for the Judiciary. A Grand Jury which he could not control was impaneled by Judge Graham and the way cleared for the investigation which has followed. "In ten years the material we have in hand might not be exhausted," said Foreman Oliver



WALTER APPLETON CLARK

One of the younger artists of Collier's staff, who died December 27, 1906, at the age of thirty-one. Several of his pictures are reproduced on this page, and a more extended reference to his career is made in an editorial on page 11 of this issue

THE CHASTENING

A CONFLICT OF IDEALS BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE

By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

HE had never been thought a sensitive man. But when he came away from the interview with the Commissioner he was wounded to the bottom of his soul. He wished to think, he wished also to forget; and he could do neither. The jogging of the horse's feet, the swaying of the cab annulled his mental processes without soothing him. In the Park he dismissed the cab and sat down on a bench opposite a magnolia tree.

It was May, and the magnolia was in full bloom, a pretty, beguiling bloom, but it had no balm for Selwin. He stared at it sullenly and thought of the thirsty desert. In one month there he had discovered that the year of service he had contemplated giving to the State would stretch into two before the work could be finished. Why, if he chose not to make that sacrifice, should he be to blame?

Yet that he was to blame he now acknowledged. He had come to the Commissioner with the most appealing defense that he could frame. He had recited the unforeseen difficulties which had faced him, he had dwelt on the loneliness, the necessity, when opportunity offered, of not sacrificing his own best future. He had put it all as cogently as possible—yet while he spoke, while the Commissioner quietly listened and the Commissioner's stenographer quietly, damningly took down his words, he knew that it was all specious. And when he came to the announcement of the inviting offer which was causing him to tender his resignation, he faltered, though this part he had most carefully prepared.

The Commissioner waited until Selwin had floundered on to the end of his plea.

"So, Mr. Selwin," he then observed sadly, "you can be bought off from a duty to the Commonwealth—one for which you volunteered, one which, when you were assigned to it, you eagerly undertook. You can be bought off, Mr. Selwin!"

He had continued in a slow, deliberate speech to point out the culpability of Selwin's act. "You expressed yourself as satisfied with the salary which the State paid you. You know that hundreds of settlers have come into the desert valley, are making there their homes under the encouragement which the State has held out. You are the only man who has studied this particular irrigation problem. Your abandonment of the work now means indefinite delay; it means hardship to those poor people whom the State has encouraged and with whom it must keep faith. On the early completion of those irrigation works the prosperity of these people depends. You forsake them and the Commonwealth for your own prosperity."

Now, sitting in the Park, George Selwin gave himself over to bitter regret. What devil of shortsightedness had possessed him, he wondered! His accuser was right; he had been tempted by mere cupidity.

A childhood memory for which hitherto he had always had a humorous tenderness recurred to him now as disagreeably significant. When he was a little boy his father had been accustomed to take him on walks uptown. As they strolled along hand in hand the child would ask questions about the occupants of the great houses that they passed. "Who lives there, papa?" "Is he a rich man, papa?" "Is he richer than you?" "Is he a millionaire, papa?" The indulgent father, a clerk with a modest salary, had been amused by this ardent inquisitiveness—amused and a little troubled. "Yes," he would answer, "he's a rich man, George — much richer than your father. But why do you always ask that sort of question about people? Riches aren't everything, my son." But the boy, ignoring the gentle reproof, would repeat his inquiry as soon as another fine house took his attention; and sometimes he would touch his father in a sensitive place by asking: "Why don't you get rich and live in that kind of a house, papa?"

A West Point education had fitted Selwin for the engineer corps of the army; in that branch of the service he had shown distinguished capabilities. After a term of years he had resigned from the army to devote himself to professional work in a Western city. Then he had been chosen to plan and construct the important irrigation works by which the State, cooperating with the National Government, hoped to reclaim an area of desert.

He had been in the desert only a month when he received a letter from Henry King, a financier and promoter of large enterprises. This letter offered him the presidency of the most important street railway in the State.

It had taken Selwin but a few minutes to decide that this offer must be accepted. He had hastened home to the State Capital to present his resignation to the Commission. The city was the place for a man in the prime of life; the desert was for the young who had their spurs to win, and for the old and weatherbeaten to die in. Exultantly, wrapped in dreams of his opulent future, he returned to enjoy the income of a millionaire.

Now he wondered gloomily if he had made a great blunder.

Well, the bridge had been crossed, and he would never feel more keenly hurt and regretful, never more culpable or more chided; and now let him put all that behind him. He rose from the bench and walked briskly along the path; there was nothing like activity for taking a man out of the dumps. And by a fortunate chance as he emerged upon the avenue he met Henry King, out for a late afternoon stroll. Selwin shook hands with him with a great gladness. "It's odd I should have met you," Selwin said. "I was just thinking of you—thinking of writing you a note—to say that I accept."

"Good!" cried King, returning to the handshake with a renewed cordiality. "Good! Walk down to the club with me; we'll seal the compact with a cocktail, and have a little talk."

Activity, cocktails, and talk!—there was nothing like that combination for taking a man out of the dumps. The talk, too, was of a particularly cheering kind. It appeared that the salary might be perhaps the least of the new president's perquisites.

There would be special opportunities for investments —openings for him to hold remunerative offices in other companies— "You see, Selwin," said King, "this desert job that you've had makes you an especially valuable connection for any concern; it's been well advertised all over the country; it's sort of a unique thing; it's made you a national reputation."

Under the gently stroking influence of such talk Selwin was soon restored to his normal self-satisfaction.

When he left his host and walked home he thought that he preferred to have dealings with men who were successful in business rather than with political appointees.

"My dear, it's all settled," he said to his wife when she greeted him in the hall of his house. He kissed her, and his voice was gay and cheerful as he continued: "I've handed in my resignation, and I've accepted the offer to be president of the railway—and so I'm to be at home with you and the kids instead of broiling in an irrigation ditch."

"And yet I can't help feeling sorry you've given it up—such an interesting work," she sighed. "Of course, it's more comfortable for us—but you're sure you haven't made a mistake, dear?"

"This new work's important enough," he assured her. "By the way—" and he hastily drew her to another subject—"I heard this morning that the Dennison place in the mountains—you know the one, next to Jim Norris's—is for sale. How would that strike you —as a summer residence?"

"My dear! We could never afford such a place—we couldn't afford to buy it, we couldn't afford to keep it up."

He laughed indulgently. "I'm getting pretty prosperous. If I found I could manage it—you'd like to live there, wouldn't you?"

"Don't be foolish, George," she answered.

"I shan't be; I'm a practical, hard-headed business man. Some of these days I may be making you a present of the Dennison place."

He saw that she was pleased—both by his generous, extravagant wish, and by its indication of prosperity.

He was annoyed when late that evening reporters from various newspapers visited him, eager to learn why he had resigned. "There was no friction of any sort; I resigned for reasons entirely private and personal; further than that I don't care to talk," he said to them. They were persistent and suspicious, but they could not draw from him any fuller statement.

It was with a mingling of eagerness and apprehension that he took up the newspaper the next morning. There on the first page was the heading, "Selwin Resigns." What followed was more serious; the article intimated that the Commission was indignant and would issue a statement about the case.

Selwin took the newspaper with him when he left the house; he hoped to spare his wife needless concern and himself disturbing questionings. Probably the newspaper intimations were quite unauthorized and would never be fulfilled. It was, however, embarrassing to realize that his friends down-town viewed him on this day with a certain curiosity; he grew tired of explaining to every one that he had thrown up the irrigation work for "family reasons."

That day he bought the Dennison place—paying fifty thousand dollars in cash and giving a mortgage on it for a hundred and fifty thousand. Jim Norris told him that four or five others had the property in view, and this had contributed to his haste. Besides, he was in a mood to plunge recklessly into any bargain which would bind him at once to the world and life of the very rich, put him in possession of that for which he had made his sacrifice. The purchase would cramp him for a while; but when one had the income of a millionaire, with chances constantly to increase it, a temporary stress was not to be regarded.

He appeased his wife's anxiety about his extravagance by enlarging on the emoluments, direct and indirect, of his new office; he won her enthusiasm by describing all the advantages which the Dennison place would have for the children. Because it was so clearly they and herself that he had had in mind to gratify, she adored him for his unselfishness. It amused him pleasantly to observe how accurate had been his forecast of her demeanor in the situation



"You think people will trust you—respect you—as they did?"

He had known she was ambitious, just as he was, and that she would not seriously oppose his advancement.

He was downstairs before her in the morning; his eyes fell on a heading in the newspaper that seemed to scorch them. He was reading the article when his wife entered; he did not look up. She spoke to him twice, but he was absorbed in the stenographic report of all that the Commissioner had said to him and of his own foolish and blundering excuses. There was also a despatch from the little settlement in the desert where the farmers who were depending on the State irrigation plans were clustered. "Panic Stricken by Selwin's Retirement" was the heading. So they had been leaning on him! The despatch told of their amazement, their indignation.

He passed the newspaper to his wife with the remark: "Here is something unpleasant for you to read, Sally."

He saw her frightened look as the words of the headline jumped at her; he saw the quick rush of color to her cheeks and the sad, downward droop of her mouth as comprehension dawned. By and by she sank back in her chair as if overcome with faintness, but she held the newspaper in her hands and read on. Selwin turned, and, with one arm hanging limply over the back of his chair, gazed at the carpet.

"George, is it true?"

"It's the stenographer's report of what passed between us. I think he hasn't got some things quite right—"

"Is it true—what the Commissioner says—about your abandoning the work when you were so needed—and for such reasons?"

"Yes. I suppose it's true."

She passed her hand across her forehead as if to brush aside an obscuring veil. Then she took up the newspaper and looked at it again for a while, listlessly.

"Oh, George—if you had taken me into your confidence, let me understand—do you think I could ever have consented to this? My dear, my dear—couldn't you see—couldn't you see?"

Sorrow for him and compassion had succeeded reproach. She came to him and stood by his chair with her hand on his shoulder.

"I regretted it," he acknowledged despondently. "I don't know—I didn't see the other side until it was too late. It was an error of judgment, Sally; it wasn't anything worse than that."

He did not see her brows contract at this effort to minimize his culpability. She was done, however, with reproaching him.

"Those poor people! I suppose they have gone down there and invested all they have! And now they may lose all."

He stirred uneasily. "That's hardly possible. One man isn't so indispensable to the success of an undertaking."

"Not the ultimate success perhaps. But if it's too long delayed—not every one can wait.—Well, —how is this going to affect your future?"

"Not at all."

"You are sure of that? You think people will trust you—respect you—as they did?"

"Of course. After all, Sally, many will realize that this attack on me—this publication of it—is unfair. It makes me out far worse than I am; any one who knows me will know that. I'll be more likely to receive sympathy for the unwarranted publicity of the attack than condemnation."

"The idea of receiving—of enduring sympathy—I can't bear it!" cried his wife. "I feel ashamed—ashamed to face the people I know. What can you do to regain your place in the eyes of the world?"

He laughed unpleasantly. "That will not be difficult. A man who is president of a great corporation and has a millionaire's income—people don't go back on that kind of a man just because he has a disagreeable newspaper experience. Oh no, my dear; you're taking this thing too much to heart. If we go ahead just as if nothing had happened, you will find it will all be forgotten within a week. Especially since we give every sign of increased prosperity. If this unpleasantness were accompanied by a return to poverty, it would be different; then we would have to run to cover. But the rich, my dear, are not held in censure very long."

Trying to reassure her with his lightly uttered cynicism, he did not guess how he repelled her.

"Then you really suggest parading the prosperity for which you have sacrificed your—your reputation—and the prosperity of others?"

"I have not sacrificed my reputation—but if I had, that would be one way of recovering it. I certainly don't propose to slink about and act like a culprit who has been deservedly thrashed."

"On the other hand, this is not a time when you would wish to emphasize the fact of your prosperity!"

"It certainly is," he retorted with conviction. "I must show people that I'm too important to be hurt by a little thing like this.

"Isn't your importance in my eyes more to you than your importance in the eyes of others?" she asked sadly.

"Of course. But why bring up such a question? We're arguing about a mere abstraction anyway; what's the use of working yourself up so, my dear, without one substantial point of difference?"

"I very much fear from the way you talk that the Dennison house will be the point of difference," said Mrs. Selwin. "I can not think of living there now, George. I could not bear that advertisement of our prosperity."

"Oh, but that is too absurd! You're naturally a little morbid about it now; you'll feel differently when the first shock to your sensitiveness has worn off."

He could belittle to her the gravity of the publication; but he was himself sufficiently aware of it. Emphasis was supplied by the arrival of reporters while he still sat at the breakfast table. "I have nothing to say," he assured them, with an effort to speak blandly, as if the Commissioner's fulmination had passed over him and left him smiling.

He had no sooner reached his office than he received a telephone call from the Governor, who had been chiefly instrumental in securing for him the irrigation work. The Governor asked if he had any explanation to offer beyond what had appeared in the newspapers. Selwin replied that he could not go into the private matters which determined his action. "Very well," said the Governor, angrily. "I'm through with you, Mr. Selwin. You have put me in a hole; you have done me an injury. I shall be held responsible for recommending a quitter. I'm done with you."

Selwin protested, declared he would explain everything—and then became aware that no one was listening to him. He hung up the receiver and sat in a sort of panic; what if all his friends shared this man's view? What if he had been condemned by them all as bitterly as by the Governor?

It occurred to him that it would be well to visit



"Nothing will induce me to live in the Dennison place"

King's office and find if the contract was yet ready for his signature. King had promised to have it for him in a day or two.

The financier's manner was lacking in cordiality, and Selwin, who had been expecting a cheery welcome, felt instantly depressed. "This is a very unfortunate affair, Mr. Selwin," King said, shaking his head gravely. "I am sorry that you should have felt it necessary to refer in any way to the offer which had been made you."

"I don't look on this notoriety that I am receiving as a permanently serious matter," Selwin asserted stoutly. "It will blow over and be forgotten in a few weeks."

To this King made no answer, and Selwin waited awkwardly. Then, in a more formal tone, he asked if the contract was ready for his signature. It was not; the lawyer in charge of the matter was absent from the city, and since in any event the new president would not assume control for another month it had not seemed necessary to hasten the arrangements.

Late in the afternoon Selwin bought an evening newspaper and found himself the subject of scathing editorial comment. The reclamation of the desert was a matter in which State pride was deeply enlisted; it was the most popular of all the causes which had come before the State Legislature. Selwin bought two other newspapers, in which likewise he was made the text of a preachment against overreaching greed. He did not bring the newspapers home to his wife; but she had read them, and because of them she met him with eager sympathy and compassion. "George," she said, "you must not care what the newspapers say. You will have plenty of opportunities to redeem yourself."

"I'm not worrying about that," he answered. "But it's an outrage that a man who is not a criminal can be held up to execration in this way and have no redress. Never mind, Sally; I'll live it down. People's memories are conveniently short—as soon as a man begins to deliver the goods. In another month, when it all comes out that I'm a real magnate, and when we're installed in our new place in the mountains and show people that we're getting richer every minute, you won't hear any criticism then."

"Haven't you given up that idea—of the mountains?"

"Not much! Why, it's going to be the most beautiful place for the kids you ever saw. And now's the time when we mustn't seem down on our luck. Act as if you're beaten and slink round, and everybody takes an extra kick at you as you pass; throw out your chest, let everybody see you're prosperous and happy and successful, and don't give a continental for a little backbiting—and the first thing you know the backbiters become backslappers and too genial for any use. The Dennison place is our trump card, and the sooner we play it, the better."

"George, nothing will induce me to live in the Dennison place."

"Oh, my dear, that's all nonsense; you'll have to overcome that foolish sensitiveness."

"It isn't foolish sensitiveness; it's—it's something I can't do."

He tried to be patient. "Now, see here, Sally. Suppose it were a year from now, and we could perfectly well afford to live there; you'd not object, would you?"

"It depends," she answered. "People might have forgotten by that time."

"Ah, and this will help them to forget!" he cried triumphantly. "If we show that *we* remember, every one else will remember; if we go ahead calmly, as if nothing had happened, every one will soon forget."

"It's a question of taste, George—not one of expediency. It is more decent for us for a while to—to be quiet and unassuming."

He argued the point with her, he lost his temper; she was unyielding. He had expected to dislodge her from her position after a brief encounter; now he began to foresee that a prolonged siege might be necessary. That she should surrender to him on this point he was stubbornly resolved; the immediate enjoyment of his new purchase had now become implanted in his mind as the equivalent of vindication.

The newspapers the next day carried his persecution, as he regarded it, a step farther. They printed passages from the editorial comment of newspapers in other parts of the State—comment that was uncompromising and severe. He found himself abused as a money-grabber, a contract-jumper, a man who had forfeited all claim to confidence and respect. The Commissioner's blighting denunciation was applauded. The workmen on the big irrigation ditch were demoralized; the settlers in the valley were declaring that Selwin had betrayed them.

Incensed and defiant, he was led to renew with his wife the battle of the night before. "There, that's the kind of a man your husband is!" and he thrust upon her the offensive paragraphs. He did not wait for her to finish the painful reading; he strode back and forth in the room. "Nice terms they use! And you think I'm going to back down under fire, and skulk away in the long grass? Not for me. I mean to live my life as if not one word had been printed in my disparagement—and we'll see how long people in this town will hold out against success!"

His wife read the various excoriations of him in silence. When she had finished she sat with the newspaper in her lap, looking at the floor, paying no attention to him while he strode back and forth.

"Very well," she said at last without raising her eyes. "Since you think it will help you—I will submit—I will live in whatever place you prescribe."

"Good for you; I knew you'd see the common sense of it." But his wounds were smarting too much to let him bestow more than passing approval on her loyalty. "This will be another pleasant day for me down-town—friends fading away as I approach—acquaintances pointing at me behind my back. I'm off now to face the music. Well, Sally"—he bethought him to be gracious—"you're standing by me anyway, like a good one."

He stooped and kissed her, but she did not respond to the kiss.

"You must understand," she said coldly, "that though I shall try to help you to regain the esteem of others, I must myself esteem you the less."

"Why?"

"Because of your lack of taste—and because, if you have no sensibilities of your own, you do not consider those of your wife."

This speech angered him; without making any reply he turned and left the house.

In the car, going down-town, he seated himself next to an acquaintance, a lawyer.

"Well, I seem still to be a newspaper topic," he began genially; he accepted the lawyer's startled chill assent as due to embarrassment, and he dilated to him reassuringly upon the whole affair. Half-way through his story, something in the lawyer's manner, curiously, quizzically attentive, told him that he was babbling. He subsided into a silence which was not broken by his companion.

That morning he found that people whom he knew hurried by him on the street, as if afraid to stop and speak; he himself glanced about furtively as he walked.

He ventured into his club for luncheon; the men there nodded, spoke to him, and dropped away. None of them introduced the subject of his resignation;

when he introduced it to two or three, they listened without comment.

In the afternoon he was requested over the telephone to call at King's office. He found the financier in an obviously more friendly mood than on the previous day.

"Sit down, Mr. Selwin; sit down," King said, with an air of hospitality. "They're still hammering you in the newspapers, I see. Well, keep your courage up; I guess some time it will all come out in the wash. I hate to broach this at just this moment, Mr. Selwin—but I suppose the sooner we come to an understanding, the better. I'm sorry, but that offer of the presidency will have to be withdrawn."

King paused; Selwin took a great swallow; then the blood rushed to his face and he sprang up savagely.

"Withdraw nothing!" He stood over King and shook a threatening finger. "It can't be done. I have your letter—your agreement; you must abide by it."

"Mr. Selwin, it ill becomes you to bring up any question of fidelity to an agreement," replied King. "If you will allow me, I will explain the situation to you, and I will then make you a proposition."

Selwin, after a moment's indecision, resumed his seat.

"To fill satisfactorily the presidency of a great corporation such as ours, Mr. Selwin, a man must be something more than efficient in his profession. He must be one whose reputation will cause him to be looked upon favorably by other men. Until yesterday morning you were such a man. To-day no company in this State—especially no corporation that is in a measure dependent on popular and legislative approval—could afford to carry you as its president. Especially could no corporation operating under a State franchise afford to make the tacit admission that it had lured you from your obligation to the State. Now, Mr. Selwin, you are a sensible man; you must see the position is an impossible one, and for reasons that could not have been foretold. We do not want to do you an injustice. What I have to suggest is this: We shall be glad to employ you as a consulting engineer for our road; in that position your professional skill will be useful to us, and your—your misfortune will not embarrass us. Are you disposed to entertain that offer?"

"What are the terms?" Selwin asked sullenly.

"Six thousand dollars a year."

"I was earning ten thousand before I undertook the irrigation work."

"You were worth more then. However, I want you to do the best you can for yourself—and therefore I am willing to hold this offer open for a few days."

"Let me think," said Selwin.

He rose and went to the window. Ruin of all his hopes, return to a stupid, commonplace struggle—this was his inexorable fate. Then in an unselfish moment he thought of his wife, and with an instinctive flash he knew that she would be glad.

He turned to King.

"I don't want the offer held open," he said. "I want it closed up now—hard and fast."

ON the homeward drive in the cab Selwin pieced together moodily his lost opportunities, blinked over the fragment that remained to him, blinked again over the procession of inevitable, distasteful economies that passed through his mind. His large new country place would have to be sold at a sacrifice—a sacrifice that would indeed leave him poor.

The coolness of his wife's greeting recalled to him the terms upon which they had that morning parted.

"Come, Sally," he said, appealingly, "don't rub it in. I'm not going to make you live in any big house."

"Oh, thank you, George!" She came to him forgivingly—and to be forgiven; she kissed him. "It's good of you, George; that makes me quite happy."

"It's not because I'm virtuous; it's because I'm poor," he said to her, and he told her all that had passed.

"I shan't mind being poor," she declared. "I should have minded not being able to care for you."

"I don't know why you should care for me now any more than this morning. I haven't done anything voluntarily; it's been forced on me."

"Yes, but—you'll be different. You'll start now on a new career, and build up another and better success—with a different sort of ideal."

"You're the wise one of the family, Sally," he said. "Hereafter I follow you."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF OKLAHOMA

By GRANT FOREMAN

A CONVENTION is now in session at Guthrie, Oklahoma, preparing a constitution upon which the State of Oklahoma expects to be admitted to the Union next year.

The position of Oklahoma is unique in several respects. It is the last of the thirteen States carved out of the Louisiana Purchase to be admitted to the Union. Its population is four times as great as that of the next largest State at the time of its admission. When the census of 1900 was taken there were sixteen States that had less than half the present population of Oklahoma.

Except as the statement is qualified by the readmission of seceding States after the war, Oklahoma is the first Southern State to be admitted to the Union since the admission of Texas sixty-one years ago. Its constitution will be the first tendered to the Government as its credentials for admission which shall discuss the negro question since the one born in the bloody ante-bellum days of Kansas.

The election on November 6, 1906, resulted in the selection of ninety-nine Democratic and thirteen Republican delegates to the constitutional convention. This overwhelming Democratic majority was not expected. And when the result is considered in view of the Republican control of the machinery which created the convention, it is taken by many as fixing the status of Oklahoma as part of the Solid South. But there are some interesting considerations that show the error of this conclusion.

Indians Want Citizenship

GEOGRAPHICALLY Oklahoma is a Southern State, and the most of it is in the cotton belt. But it is also a Western State. The early emigration to Oklahoma and Indian Territory was mostly from the South. In recent years, however, emigration from the North has been very heavy, and it is increasing at a greater rate than that from the South

While Oklahoma has had a territorial form of government for sixteen years, Indian Territory has never had even a territorial administration. Since the Congressional emasculation of tribal reign the government has been bureaucratic, administered at long range from Washington. At such a distance the Secretary of the Interior and Congress have been unable to appreciate the pressing needs of the country. The administration of affairs was involved in endless circumlocution, and the government of Indian Territory was attended with many difficulties, involving great hardship and inconvenience on people who were accustomed to expedition and representative government. The truth of this statement was freely admitted by the members of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs during a painstaking investigation made in Indian Territory during the month of November, 1906, with a view to framing legislation applicable to the new State. The reluctance of Congress to give relief to this condition by admitting the country to Statehood, as might well have been done several years ago, has rankled in the breasts of the people, many of whom ascribe this unfriendly attitude of Republican administrations to the geographical and political aspect of this section of the country. And it may be stated that, in a measure, the large Democratic majority in the constitutional convention is an expression of hostility toward the political party responsible for the sort of government that obtains in Indian Territory and for its failure sooner to respond to the popular appeal for Statehood.

A large number of the Indians of Indian Territory, including all the full-bloods, have long been opposed to joint Statehood with Oklahoma and have relied on the solemn promises repeatedly made by Congress that they should never be joined with any other State without their consent. In August and September of 1905, these Indians and other citizens of Indian Territory in the Sequoyah constitutional convention drafted a constitution which, by popular vote on November 7, 1905, was adopted by 56,279 votes for to 9,073 against it, and presented it to Congress with the request that the State of Sequoyah be admitted to the Union as a separate State, according to the promises of Congress. Congress did not deny the request; it was simply ignored.

Most of the Creeks, Cherokees, and Seminoles were loyal to the Government during the Civil War and normally are Republicans. But they believe, what no one who is informed can deny, that the Republican Administration has broken its pledge to them in the matter of Statehood, and, to express their feeling, in the recent election they either stayed away from the polls or voted the Democratic ticket. During the campaign and in the election they made manifest their hostility to the Republican Party, but they will probably renew their allegiance when the future shall show them that the Administration has endeavored consistently to make the protection of their interests the first consideration in all legislation relating to Indian Territory.



THE CITY HALL AT GUTHRIE, WHERE THE CONSTITUTION IS BEING FRAMED

The Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes were owners of slaves before the war, and after the emancipation of their slaves were compelled by Congress to divide their lands with them, and for this confiscation of their property they have never ceased to blame the Republican Party. This act established a class of land-owning negroes, who, irrespective of thrift or intelligence, are elevated financially above many white people; and the number of that race has been largely increased by emigration, so that the so-called negro question is beginning to engage the thoughtful attention of the whites of the new State. The recent emigration of the whites from the North has given thousands of them an opportunity to study this question at close range, and it has made many of them less tolerant of the negro than the Southerners themselves.

The enabling act providing for the admission of Oklahoma requires that the constitution of the State shall make no distinction in civil or political rights on account of race or color. And it requires that the constitution shall provide that the State shall never enact any law restraining or abridging the right of suffrage on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. So it seems that Congress has pretty effectually prevented the disfranchisement of the negro in the new State. It is a foregone conclusion that the constitution will provide for separate schools and separate cars for negroes; and it is expected that it will contain educational qualifications intended to reach the negro, though at the present time this would affect many white people as well as the negroes. For the native negro, thanks to the Indians who have maintained schools for him, is much better educated than those from the States.

In recent years some of the Southern States have revised their constitutions for the express purpose of disfranchising the negro, and cases have gone from those States to the Supreme Court of the United States in which the question of disfranchisement was involved, but always this embarrassing question was avoided and a decision was rendered without determining whether these constitutions violated the Fifteenth Amendment.

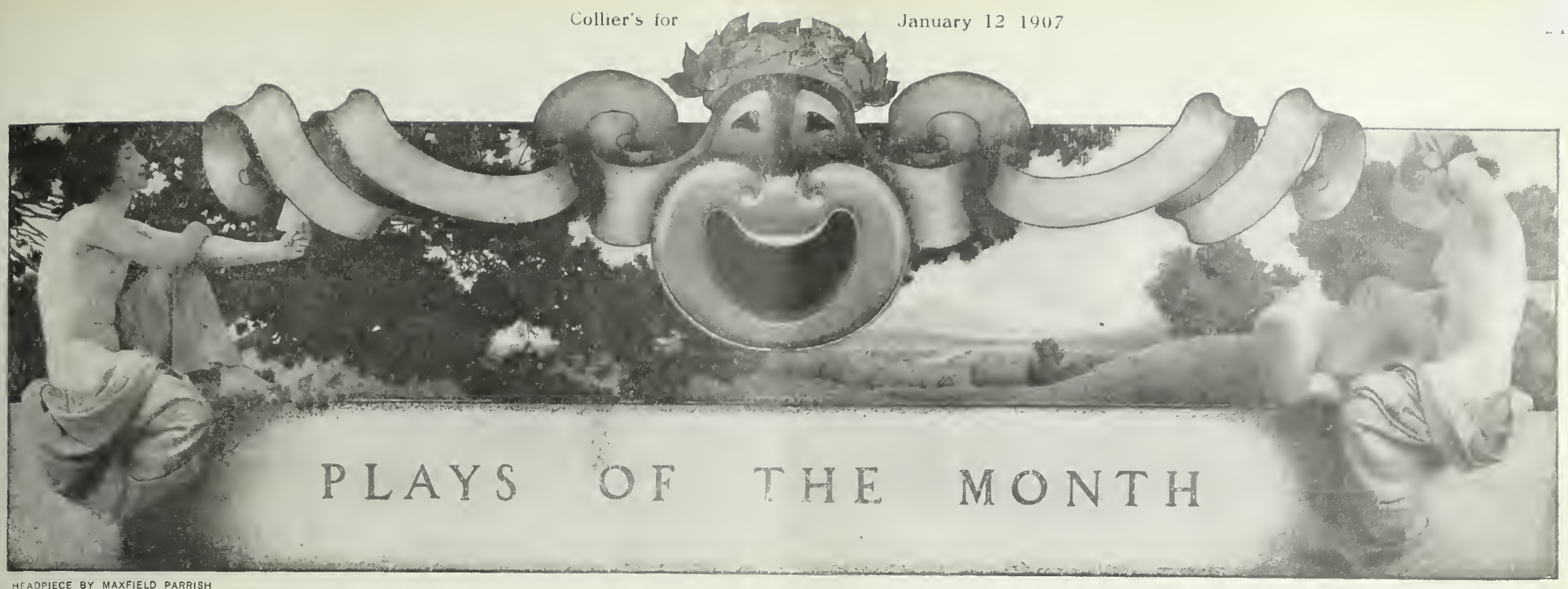
The Democrats Use Their Opportunity

BUT with Oklahoma it is different. Its constitution is subject to review in the first instance by the President. If he shall decide that in every respect it conforms to the enabling act passed by Congress he will make a proclamation to that effect, and Oklahoma will then be a State. If, however, he shall decide that the constitution is repugnant to the enabling act, his proclamation does not issue.

The leaders of the constitutional convention are too shrewd to imperil the success of their great work by attempting any such discrimination against the negro as is found in some of the Southern States, but it will be interesting to observe how near the line they will go, having in mind the scrutiny to be given their work by a President who will not be fooled and who will demand good faith and fair play for the negro. The Democrats have a larger representation in the convention than they are ever likely to have in the State government, and they will naturally make the most of their present opportunity to provide for future strength at the polls.

The enabling act requires that the constitution shall provide for prohibition for twenty-one years for that part of the new State now known as Indian Territory and the Osage Indian Reservation. There is a strong sentiment in the constitutional convention favorable to extending prohibition over the whole State, and it will not be surprising if it shall prevail even against a strong brewers' lobby now actively at work against it.

The railroads and other corporations will receive their share of attention, and corporation lobbies are likely to have but little effect in shaping the constitution. By a resolution offered during the first few days of the convention the delegates expressed their disapproval of all lobbies intended to influence their action and denied lobbyists the right to go near the convention.



HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

BY ARTHUR RUHL

MISS GRACE CROSBY lived in the Crosby Mansion in Fifth Avenue, New York. As most people who live there live in houses, this was only another of those habits of exclusiveness of which Miss Crosby's family had so many. They were the Crosbys of the Milbank and Crosby Federated Companies, very rich, very stuckupish, and very disagreeable persons indeed. Miss Louise Stolbeck lived on the East Side somewhere. Her father was a sort of walking delegate of the Federated Brotherhood, and though not rich, he was quite as greedy and suspicious and intolerant as the men he envied and hoped to pull down. Hate and resistance of authority had been taught to Miss Stolbeck all her life, and she was inclined to obey nothing except her own inclination. Pride and intolerance had surrounded Miss Crosby, and though her environment and education had taught her repression and self-restraint, she found that the natural impulses of her better nature were distressingly embarrassed by what she felt to be her duties to her family. Neither young woman had a mother to help her, both found their paths in life cut out for them by the men of their class—which was probably what Mr. Charles Klein had in mind when he gave his latest play the rather unintelligible title "The Daughters of Men."

Two Women and A Man

NOW, if two such young women should fall in love with the same man, he a wealthy amateur engaged in the altruistic work of reconciling the warring elements of labor and capital, one with the heart and sympathies of a man and the education and breeding of a gentleman, it is plain that we have the beginnings of a play. Here are your two wills clashing together, here is a logical and human point of contact where they shall meet and fight it out, here is this whole abstraction of capital and labor, transmuted, personified, and focused into a triangle, two women and a man. This is what happens in "The Daughters of Men." Whatever is said about Mr. Klein's play, he should be applauded for attacking this big and immediately vital subject in a broad and penetrating way. The trouble is that his grasp of a basic theme is firmer than his grasp of the means to work it out. It is a big idea. It is too big for Mr. Klein.

The result is mixed up and turgid. People are continually preaching and shouting on the stage, and it's hard to make out what they are about. The author is unable or disinclined, except at rare intervals, to write terse, authentic dialogue. The big subject sits on his



CHARLES KLEIN

Author of "The Daughters of Men," "The Lion and the Mouse," and "The Music Master"

chest and he can't be natural. While Stedman and Miss Crosby are in the midst of an impassioned love scene, that oratorical young man is just as likely as not to hand out a hundred-word speech beginning: "The great masses are utterly ignorant of the," etc. Here, as in "The Lion and the Mouse," the author is quite out of his element in depicting the environment fondly associated by tradition with "Fifth Avenue." His East Side types—partly, no doubt, because they are much more authentically acted—are far better. There is a cynical, cheaply revolutionary newspaper editor, done by Mr. E. W. Morrison; the German-American agitator, done by Mr. Carl Ahrendt; a skilled workman out of a job, played by Mr. Joseph Adelman; the labor boss, to which Mr. Ralph Delmore lends his thunderous voice. But none of them manages to get together in anything moving and sure.

The news value of the play gives it, however, a certain special interest which may suffice with the public to outbalance its shortcomings. It ends happily, and although nothing is "proved," Mr. Klein certainly lays down the axiom on which any real reconciling of these conflicting forces must be based when he makes one of his characters say: "Damn it—let's be human!"

A Play That Moves Along

THIS is what Mr. George Broadhurst succeeds in doing so entertainingly in that other journalistic play, "The Man of the Hour." Mr. Broadhurst's play is the outgrowth of the municipal politics phase of muckraking, just as Mr. Klein's is of that concerned with corporations, and to the writing of it he brings just the things which Mr. Klein lacks—humor, terseness, and a racy, authentic, human touch. Mr. Broadhurst's hero is a young dilettante who, after frittering away a good many years in the distractions common to young men of his class, is finally overtaken by a wholesome remorse, when the girl he loves upbraids him for his idleness, and determines to take hold and do something worth while. At this psychological instant the girl's uncle, a powerful, unscrupulous financier, and a party boss offer him the nomination for mayor. They want a young man who is at once a gentleman and a "good mixer," who will attract the better element without being exactly a "reformer," and who, above all things, will, after he is elected, "do the right thing." Doing right and "doing the right thing" are very clearly differentiated in the minds of Wainwright, the capitalist politician, and Harrigan, the Boss. Young Bennett accepts the nomination, assuring the two that after election he will live up to his oath of office. "Sure you will, my boy," chuckles the Boss, patting the young man's shoulder as though he were a child in knickerbockers; "sure you will." And the curtain goes down.

The young candidate was elected, and the rest of the play shows how he did keep his oath of office in spite of superlative temptations, how the Boss and the wicked corporation person were confounded, how the idle youth found himself, as the phrase goes, and got his girl in the end. The play is ingeniously arranged to justify the program's statement: "Time—To-day. Place—Any large city in America." Every large city in which it is presented will doubtless have its Alwyn Bennett and Charles Wainwright, and the rival bosses, Harrigan and Phelan, but it is obvious that in writing it Mr. Broadhurst had in mind the New York of these days. He has been through the mill—newspaper man, writer of farce and of books for musical comedy, and his people and the things they do and say show the crisp, sure touch of the man who knows and likes his town.

Certain Excellent Performers

PARTLY because of the enthusiasm and the sense of conviction which the company throws in its work, partly because of its naturalness and humor, "The Man of the Hour" goes off with that swing and dash which the other play misses all along the line. Mr. Frederick Perry, as the young politician, was excellent. His amateur politician had youth, and an engaging youth, too, yet always dignity. He was firm and all-there without being preachy or priggish, and he was—that very difficult stage accomplishment—a gentleman. Mr. George Fawcett and Mr. Frank MacVicars acted the two rival bosses with delightful authenticity and humor—performances particularly noticeable for the little eloquent gestures, shrugs, motions of the hands, a look and a half articulate interjection, that summed up and expressed whole sentences of words. Mr. Broadhurst has written a vigorous, sane, and entertaining play.



IN "THE MAN OF THE HOUR": FRANK MAC VICARS, 1



LILLIAN KEMBLE AND FREDERICK PERRY



Transferring passengers by bus across the gap between one three-cent fare line and another



A three-cent car running down Detroit Avenue on one rail, which is put down and picked up by hand

PICTURESQUE INCIDENTS OF THE TOM JOHNSON THREE-CENT FARE WAR IN CLEVELAND



ALEXANDER J. CASSATT

Late President of the Pennsylvania Railroad; died of heart disease at Philadelphia, Dec. 28, at the age of sixty-seven. Mr. Cassatt was born at Pittsburg, Dec. 8, 1839, and educated at Heidelberg and the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, graduating as Civil Engineer in 1859. He went to work as a rodman for the Pennsylvania Railroad at a dollar a day, and rose by successive stages to be First Vice-President in 1880. Resigning in 1882, he spent seventeen years in retirement, and then returned to the Pennsylvania's service as President



A NIGHT'S WORK FOR THREE-CENT FARES IN CLEVELAND—NOTE TROLLEY POLES IN BARRELS OF GRAVEL



CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD

President New York Security and Trust Company, and former Secretary of the Treasury; indicted Dec. 28 on a charge of forgery in the third degree in connection with the New York Life Insurance Co. Mr. Fairchild has been prominent in charitable affairs and public reforms. He is Treasurer of the New York State Charities Aid Association, Vice-President of the Charity Organization Society, overseer of Harvard College, and a sound-money worker



RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE

The new British Ambassador at Washington. Mr. Bryce caused the popular rediscovery of the Holy Roman Empire at twenty-four and later became the greatest European authority on the American Commonwealth. He comes here from the British Cabinet



GEORGE W. PERKINS

Partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and former Vice-President of the New York Life; indicted Dec. 28 along with Mr. Fairchild on charges of forgery in the third degree in causing false entries to be made in the books of that institution to cover fictitious sales of railroad stock

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ANOTHER PACIFIC RACE QUESTION—HINDUS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA COOKING DINNER



KEIKICHI AOKI

The boy selected by the United States Government to test the right of San Francisco to segregate Japanese school children



SOME OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIANS' UNWELCOME FELLOW-SUBJECTS FROM INDIA

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

NEW LAWS IN FORCE

WITH the New Year the American people turned over several new leaves in the matter of legislation. For one thing the Pure Food law went into effect. It is now illegal to manufacture any misbranded or adulterated article of food or drug in any territory or the District of Columbia; or to introduce any such article into interstate or foreign commerce. All confectionery containing mineral substances or any poisonous color or flavor in their ingredients detrimental to health, or any narcotic or liquor, is classed as adulterated. Any food mixed or packed with any other substance which reduces or injuriously affects its quality or strength comes under the same head. The labels of all drugs and articles of food in packages must tell the truth. They must not contain any false or misleading statements or designs, and if there be any injurious substance in the package the fact must be plainly stated.

The Pure Food Law is not going to enforce itself. Indeed, if some of the dealers in misbranded and adulterated products have their way it will not be enforced at all. There is a difference of opinion between some of the dealers and Secretary Wilson on this point. The National Wholesale Grocers' Association has sent out a circular to its members giving hints on methods by which the law may be evaded. It suggests, for instance, that persons who desire to use fictitious names on their goods, contrary to the statute, "might organize firms or corporations under these names. Fictitious names may be used with impunity until next October." After reading this circular Mr. Wilson remarked: "We can not say definitely what class of merchants or manufacturers we shall reach first in the enforcement of the Pure Food and Drugs act, but you may take it to be certain that among the first to be reached will be the fellows who defy the law." As to the assertion that fictitious names may be used with impunity until next October, the Secretary explains that the department's regulations have allowed manufacturers and dealers to use the labels now on hand until October 1, in order to avoid subjecting them to heavy loss, but if the old labels do not show truthfully what the packages contain it will be necessary to stick on pasters that will show it

Farewell to the Pass

Everybody who travels across a State line henceforth must plunge his hand into his pocket and extract the price of a ticket. The free pass is now only a golden memory, except for the employees and officers of railroads and their families, railroad agents, surgeons, physicians, and attorneys; ministers of religion, traveling secretaries of railroad Young Men's Christian Associations; inmates of hospitals and charitable institutions and persons exclusively engaged in charitable work, destitute and homeless persons and the necessary agents employed in their transportation; inmates of homes for soldiers and sailors, and the boards of managers of such homes; necessary caretakers of live stock, poultry, and fruit; employees on sleeping cars and express cars; linemen of telegraph and telephone companies; railway mail service employees and immigration inspectors; newsboys on trains; baggage agents; witnesses attending any legal investigation in which the common carrier is interested; persons injured in wrecks and the physicians and surgeons attending such persons. Persons who can not contrive to bring themselves under one of these classes must reconcile themselves to joining the common, paying herd, unless they happen to be victims of some general epidemic, pestilence, or other calamitous visitation.

The country is now at liberty to use denatured alcohol without paying internal revenue taxes. The spirit must be mixed with wood alcohol or other denaturing material in the presence and under the direction of an authorized Government officer, to destroy its character as a beverage and render it unfit for liquid medicinal purposes. Regulations have been drawn up by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue under which it is expected to bring the distilling and denaturing operations close to the farmers, so that a vast new market will be opened for waste and otherwise unprofitable farm products.

The Insurance Business Transformed

Although the Armstrong insurance laws are in form only acts of the New York Legislature, they are really almost as national in their scope as acts of Congress, for in the first place they govern directly the conduct of the great companies domiciled in New York, which do the larger part of the insurance business of the United States, and in the next place they are imposed upon all other companies that wish to do business in New York. Hence their effects are felt all over the Union.

With the arrival of the 1st of January the practise of heaping up vast undistributed surpluses in these companies came to an end. On all policies issued after this date there must be an annual distribution of the surplus accruing on those policies. On December 31 of this year, and of every year hereafter, the companies, after setting aside the amounts required for dividends on stock, if any, on old deferred dividend policies, and for a contingency reserve, must divide the remaining surplus equitably among all other policies entitled to share it.

No company issuing participating policies is allowed henceforth to issue non-participating policies, except annuities, and paid-up or temporary and pure endowment insurance granted in exchange for lapsed or surrendered policies. This has led to propositions on the part of some insurance men to organize companies devoted exclusively to non-participating business. The policy-holders will buy insurance like cheese, knowing exactly what they are going to get, and if there are any profits the stockholders will keep them and no questions asked. All the infinite variety of policies devised for the bewilderment of investors is pruned down to four standard forms—ordinary life, limited payment, endowment, and term policies. The new business to be written in a year hereafter is limited in the greatest companies to $150,000,000—less than half the amount each of them would have written if left to itself—and a company with only fifty millions of insurance in force may add only fifteen millions.

Insurance agents will have to adjust themselves to a radical reduction in their rewards for attracting new policy-holders within the insurance fold. Henceforth the aim of the companies, so far as legislation can secure it, is to be, not to write the largest possible amount of new business at any cost, but to make the business a good investment for those who are in it.

HUGHES AS GOVERNOR

THE first message of Governor Hughes of New York has been awaited with an interest that is much more than local. Not only does it deal directly with material interests greater than those dealt with by any President of the United States down to the Civil War, but it is a national event in the widest sense. Governor Hughes is the most conspicuous product of the reform forces that elected Folk in Missouri, Deneen in Illinois, Johnson in Minnesota, and La Follette in Wisconsin. Heretofore he has been known only as an able lawyer. The whole country is anxious to know how he will acquit himself as an administrator and a political leader.

Naturally the first object of public curiosity is the Governor's position on insurance. He has maintained such an impenetrable reserve on that point ever since the passage of the Armstrong laws that his official recommendations have all the interest of the solution of a mystery. Unfortunately the solution is not very complete. Mr. Hughes remarks that the new laws "were enacted after a very careful consideration of the questions involved," and that "the policy they reflect should be fairly tried and should be impartially judged in the light of sufficient experience." He thinks that the business of life insurance has now been "placed upon a secure foundation," but that "if any amendment is found advisable in order more fully to carry out the intent of the law, it should be promptly passed." It will be known before the Legislature adjourns whether the inspectors intend ever to count the votes in the New York Life and Mutual election, and the situation as it develops there will probably suggest a special message.

Hughes Helps Hearst

Perhaps the most interesting recommendation of Governor Hughes is that for a law providing for a recount of the vote cast for Mayor of New York in 1905. The new Attorney-General had already indicated his willingness to allow the ballot boxes to be opened by an action of *quo warranto*, but that would be a slow process. If the Legislature adopts the Governor's advice we shall know within a month afterward whether Mr. Hearst is Mayor or not, and however that point may be decided, he will forthwith cease to be a martyr.

The Governor urges that "every possible means should be provided to safeguard the people against imposition through skilful adulterations and to prevent the sale of adulterated or improperly branded foods," and calls attention to the need of promoting harmony between the Federal and State authorities on this subject. This is a matter that might be presented in similar terms to the Legislature of every State in the Union, for this harmony is needed everywhere.

The regulation of public service corporations in New York City is a problem similar in kind to that confronting the people of every other city and town in the country, but leading all the rest in complexity and magnitude. Mr. Hughes makes the somewhat startling suggestion that the present boards dealing with the various branches of this subject, including the Rapid Transit Commission, be abolished, and that a new board be created, to deal not only with the whole question of transportation but with gas and electric service throughout the terri-

The TEST of a Good Watch

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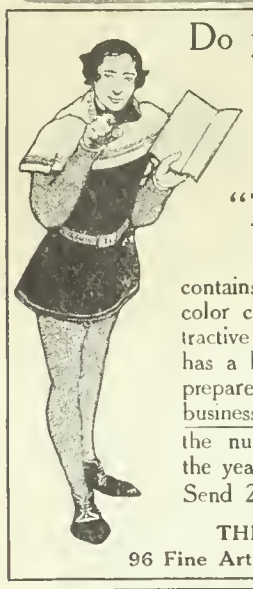
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tory of the great city. Such a commission, whose gigantic powers stagger the imagination, would have an opportunity to make either the most brilliant success or the most disastrous failure in American municipal history.

The fact that a reformer has succeeded a politician as Governor of New York is made sufficiently evident by the recommendation that the party column on the ballot be abolished, that the laws relating to corrupt practises at elections be strengthened, and that the experiment of direct nominations be tried.

The recommendations of the message are sober suggestions on specific points. In his brief inaugural address Mr. Hughes allowed himself a little more latitude. There he discussed principles, and took his place definitely among those who look forward and not back. He rejected the suggestion that we have laws enough, and that all we need is to enforce those we have. "Many of the evils of which we complain," he said, "have their source in the law itself, in privileges carelessly granted, in opportunities for private aggrandizement at the expense of the people recklessly created." The new Governor proposes a new deal.

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AN INSURANCE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE

THE experience gained in the first campaign for the control of the Mutual and New York Life Insurance Companies has taught some useful lessons. It has been learned that a policy-holders' association that undertakes to fight the whole organization of a company, including a force of several thousand agents, is contending against almost hopeless odds. In the recent contest the opposition had the advantage of the tremendous wave of public sentiment aroused by the Armstrong investigation. Without this it could hardly have made a showing. No future policy-holders' movement can expect to be aided in this way unless the managers of the companies forget the tragedies of 1905–6, and stir up the sleeping giant of popular indignation by new scandals. The only way, then, in which the insiders can be kept in a state of wholesome uncertainty as to their tenure of power is to deprive them of some of the unfair advantages they used so unscrupulously in the late campaign. Their loaded dice must be taken away.

Realizing the situation, the International Policy-holders' Committee has resolved to form a permanent organization to watch the operations of the managements, and to urge such legislation as may seem required to make the "mutual" control of the companies something more than a pleasing fiction. One item of that legislation would be a law forbidding electioneering activity on the part of agents. Another would be a requirement that accurate printed lists of policy-holders should be furnished to the representatives of candidates for election as trustees. The abolition of proxies is another, since all the need for such a device has disappeared with the introduction of the privilege of voting directly by mail. It is proposed, too, to put all the election machinery in the hands of the State Superintendent of Insurance, who is to mail the official ballots at the expense of the companies, no voting by any other than official ballots to be permitted. Another abuse, which, in the opinion of the reformers, calls for correction is the practise of furnishing the numbers of policies to agents and others for campaign purposes.

The International Committee proposes to build up an organization, starting with the quarter of a million or more policy-holders who voted its tickets at the late election, with branches in every State and country in which the companies do business. Through these local organizations the work of the committee will be popularized, and the movement freed from the reproach of being run by a few self-appointed saviors of society. The activity of this new "vigilance committee" is not to be confined to campaign times. The work of all the officers elected, to whatever faction they may belong, is to be kept under constant surveillance. One of the first things demanding the attention of the committee is the determined pursuit of all claims on account of the misconduct of officers in the past, the vigilant prosecution of existing suits and the institution of new ones against unfaithful directors who have been shielded hitherto. If this work be thoroughly carried out, a disappointment is in store for the persons who have been congratulating themselves in the belief that the late elections closed the book of insurance reform.

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NO CHANNEL TUNNEL YET

WITH the new friendship between France and England—a friendship so close that a British officer is said to have been admitted to a meeting of the French General Staff to help in perfecting plans for military cooperation between the two Powers—the old scheme of a tunnel under the English Channel between Dover and Calais has been revived. When this plan was first proposed, many years ago, France was regarded as the probable next enemy of England, and the British soul was harrowed by the thought of French armies pouring silently through the hole under the obsolete "silver streak" and coming up from the ground some dark night to devastate the smiling fields of England. In a panic the project was vetoed, but the terror of it was so acute that Mr. Max Pemberton wrote a novel about it, telling how the French had burrowed stealthily through the chalk bed of the Channel and were all ready to spring upon the sleeping Mistress of the Seas when their plot was discovered and foiled.

Now that France and England have sworn friendship, the old objections to the tunnel would seem to have disappeared, and accordingly a bill has been introduced in Parliament authorizing its construction. But a little thing like an *entente cordiale* is not enough to quiet such an acute case of nerves as the thought of a foreign army marching dryshod into England out of reach of the Channel Fleet has developed among the British people. Vigilant sentries have sounded the alarm by the Englishman's unfailing resource of writing to the papers. The London "Spectator" solemnly protests that the tunnel would appreciably reduce England's safety from invasion. To be sure, it would be easy enough to make arrangements on paper by which "the tunnel could be flooded or closed or the air-pumping arrangements put out of gear by pressing a button, which button would be always in English hands." But the "Spectator" reminds us that "human precautions sometimes fail in the most extraordinary way. Mr. Anthony Hope could, we are sure, devise a dozen ways in which the guards at the English end of the tunnel might be suddenly surprised, and enough troops rushed through in half an hour to hold the position for the three or four hours that would be necessary for bringing up reenforcements." The fact that Mr. Hope is one of the national assets of the British Empire, and not of any rival military power, does not seem to relieve the darkness of these pessimistic speculations.

The "Spectator" freely admits that France is never likely to be counted among England's enemies. But there is Germany. What if the Kaiser should suddenly spring upon France, snatch Calais, and pour a few army corps through the tunnel while England happened to be looking the other way? There is the portentous danger that looms in the background, and it is by such weighty arguments that a great work of civilization seems likely to be blocked. But the "Spectator" is not an implacable opponent of closer relations between England and the Continent. It is willing to risk larger ferryboats, capable of carrying trains of cars across the Channel, as soon as the French make a harbor that will hold them.

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SWINDLERS APPEAL TO CONGRESS

THE report of the Postmaster-General contains a remarkable résumé of the benefits conferred upon the public by the vigorous exercise of the power of excluding fraudulent schemes from the mails. In the two years ending with June 30, 1906, the Post-Office Department issued 630 fraud orders, which was more by 71 than the number issued in the preceding four years. Every one of those six hundred and thirty orders represents the defeat of a raid upon the savings of people who can ill afford to throw money to birds of prey. The roll, according to Postmaster-General Cortelyou, covered "almost every conceivable variety of fraud. There were work-at-home propositions, bond-investment

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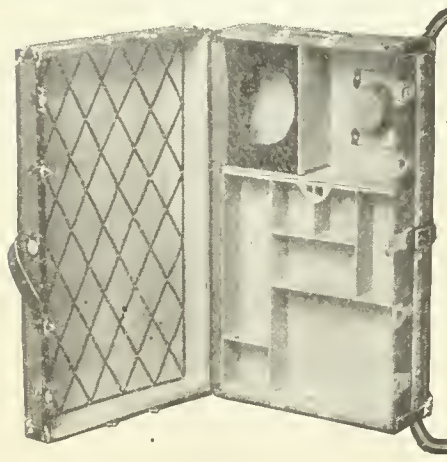
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Write for particulars of our Syndicate plan.

Refer to any Seattle Bank.

LEWIS-LITTLEFIELD CO.

22 F Haller Building, Seattle, Wash.



The A. B. C. of Comfort

is the kind that comes from the right kind of traveling equipment. It will add to your away-from-home enjoyment, for it is the product of the world's largest manufacturer of Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, etc

Cut shows our No. 255, a combination Ladies' and Gentleman's Steamer Trunk. Has ladies' bonnet stand, gentlemen's hat box and tray, with 7 compartments in body of trunk. Top tray for ladies' dresses and space in bottom for gentleman's clothes.

For prices and complete description, write for our free book, "Tips to Travelers" It shows you many new and novel articles manufactured exclusively by us.

Abel & Bach Company

Largest manufacturers of traveling equipment in the world.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

Chicago Salesroom, 46 to 48 Adams St.

Look for this mark on any Trunk, Suit Case or Bag. It guarantees you the quality you pay for.

Best Sheet Music

New, Popular Standard and Classical Sheet Music. Full size, Best Paper. Handsome printing. Any of the 50c music named below **sent postpaid for 10c.** Our large catalog contains over a thousand others equally good for 10c per copy. Why not buy all your music at 10c per copy? **Cut out this ad,** mark with an **X** pieces you wish, enclose 10c and we will send by return mail. You will also receive **Free Catalog.**

10c

(If you do not wish to cut your paper, write a letter.)

	Nearer My God, etc. (Variations)	Reg. Price	$0.50
	Old Black Joe (Variations)	" "	.50
	Patriotic Medley (National Airs)	" "	.50
	Plantation Melodies (Southern Airs)	" "	.50
	Chicago Express March (Easy)	" "	.50
	Jingle Bells (Sleighing Piece for Children)	" "	.50
	Sacred Song Medley (Very Beautiful)	" "	.50
	Flowers of Spring (Very Beautiful)	" "	.50
	Mocking Bird (Variations)	" "	.50
	Scottish Belles Waltzes (Very Popular)	" "	.50
	Moon Kisses, Three Step (Best Yet)	" "	.50
	Beyond the Gates of Paradise (Sacred Song)	" "	.50
	Every Girl Should Have a Beau	" "	.50
	Where the Sweet Kentucky Flows	" "	.50
	There's Only One Sweetheart For Me	" "	.50
	Promise That You'll Be True	" "	.50
	Grandmother's Love Letters	" "	.50

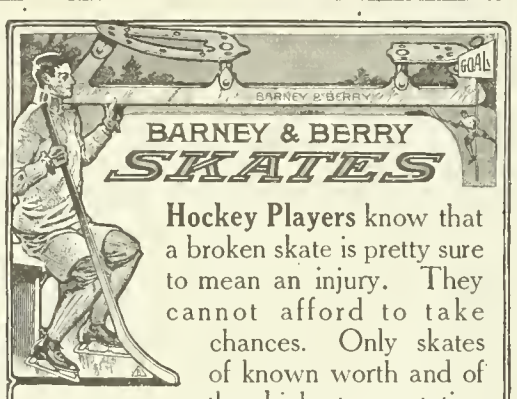
Free To anyone buying one or more of the above pieces, who will send in addition the names and addresses of ten persons who play or sing and would be interested in our catalog, we will send an additional piece without charge. Names of music teachers are particularly requested. Write names plainly.

McKinley Music Co. 40 Patten Bldg., Chicago 61 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me your free catalog, also pieces marked X in this ad. (Enclose 10c for each piece wanted.)

Name . . . . . .

Town . . . . . State . . .



BARNEY & BERRY
SKATES

Hockey Players know that a broken skate is pretty sure to mean an injury. They cannot afford to take chances. Only skates of known worth and of the highest reputation are used. That is the reason

Barney & Berry Skates

are always selected by the experienced skater. Expert designing, high grade material and careful construction place them high above all other makes.

Send for complete illustrated catalog containing Hockey Rules and directions for building an ice rink

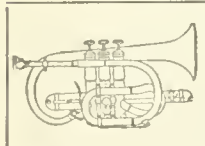
BARNEY & BERRY

109 Broad Street Springfield, Mass.

Our Roller Skate Catalog mailed to those interested.

The Varnish that lasts longest

Made by Murphy Varnish Company.



CORNET FREE

We teach by mail and give you this beautiful cornet ABSOLUTELY FREE. The lessons come to you by mail weekly, and can be studied in your spare time, and are yours to refer to always; no knowledge of music necessary; we have hundreds of satisfied pupils from 8 to 50 years of age, from all parts of the country. Don't say you cannot learn but send for our booklet and tuition offer. Address INTERNATIONAL CORNET SCHOOL, 54 MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, MASS.

CLASS PINS

From our factory direct to you. We sell Class Pins and Badges for Colleges, Schools and Societies; also Society Emblems and Jewels in Sterling Silver and Gold. Send for free catalogue of brand new designs.

C. K. GROUSE & CO.
Dept. 380 H Rochester, N. Y.

enterprises, medicinal cure-alls, absent-treatment schemes, devices for the exploitation of stocks, and enterprises affording 'something for nothing' under the guise of the endless-chain method of investment, all of which proved traps for the credulous."

In one pair of turf investment frauds, the Arnold and Ryan cases in St. Louis, the losses to the public were estimated at millions of dollars. Swindlers of this class, who, by the way, are welcomed to the advertising columns of many respectable newspapers, have a habit of pocketing the sums entrusted to them for "investment," and then notifying the "investors" that the money has been lost on unlucky horses. It is the policy of the Post-Office Department to treat such schemes as lotteries upon their face.

Blind pools for stock "speculation," such as the Storey cotton fraud in Philadelphia, in which the operator promises enormous profits to his dupes and simply keeps their money without speculating at all, have been discouraged by the fraud order system. The Ubero swindle of Boston, which promised fortunes to investors in rubber and other plantations in Mexico, has been broken up, and one of its promoters is serving a long term in prison. The sale of divining rods for the discovery of lost treasure and mines of precious metals has been checked. The "endless chain" investment enterprises, by which thousands of people have been robbed of from twenty-five cents to five hundred dollars each, has been the object of a campaign which has been prosecuted with such vigor for nearly three years that the Postmaster-General pronounces this form of fraud and lottery to be now practically unknown.

The Department has heavily reduced the circulation of indecent literature and advertisements and other immoral matter, including preparations whose transmission through the mails would have been criminal if they had been genuine, but which were fraudulent because they would never have produced the pretended effects. "Medical offices," many of which had brought their victims to cruel deaths after catching them by means of newspaper advertisements, were suppressed. In the investigation of such cases, says Mr. Cortelyou, "appalling conditions were disclosed."

The number of fraud orders issued reached high-water mark in the fiscal year 1905, and declined considerably in 1906. As there has been no let-up in the Department's activity, this shows that the long campaign has had its effect, and is actually breaking the back of the swindling game. Fewer fraud orders are issued because there are fewer pirates at work.

Naturally the men whose predatory business has been destroyed have no very kindly feeling toward the system that is keeping their hands out of other people's pockets, and they have succeeded in finding Congressmen with hearts capable of sympathizing with their woes. Mr. Crumpacker of Indiana is nursing a bill (H. R. 16,548) to provide for a judicial review of fraud orders issued by the Post-Office Department. Before the holidays he succeeded in inducing the House to put this measure in a privileged position, so that it can be called up at any time. When Mr. Stafford of Wisconsin asked whether the Postmaster-General approved the bill, Mr. Crumpacker replied: "I do not know." If he has read the Postmaster-General's report he knows now. Mr. Cortelyou says in that document: "If a single case could be shown in which injustice or wrong had been suffered by an honest man or woman in consequence of the exercise of the authority contained in Sections 3,929 and 4,041 of the Revised Statutes as amended, there would be good reason for demanding that similar occurrences in the future be strongly guarded against by legislation, but I am thoroughly satisfied that there has been no such instance. In my opinion any such legislation now would be unnecessary and premature." As there have been over two thousand four hundred fraud orders in all, the fact that not a single one of them, in the Postmaster-General's opinion, has wrought an injustice to any honest man or woman is a remarkable showing, and makes Mr. Crumpacker's anxiety to change this state of things more than a little mysterious. These orders have been challenged in less than thirty cases, and the Postmaster-General says that not one of them has been held erroneous or unwarranted. But in issuing them the Department has been able to act in a summary way upon confidential reports and a great variety of other evidence not limited by the rules of a court of law. This is the only way in which the public interests can be protected. In one case, for instance, the operations of a swindler in Florida were stopped by a fraud order in October, 1901—over five years ago. The offender has been indicted three times, tried and convicted twice, and sentenced once, and the criminal proceedings against him are still tied up in the courts on appeal. Meanwhile, the postal fraud order has been at work defending the people's pockets all the time.

As the bill to tangle up the proceedings against the swindlers in the red tape of the courts now occupies a privileged position on the House calendar, it will presumably come to a vote before long. When the vote is taken COLLIER'S will consider the publication of the roll-call a matter of public interest.

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SUICIDE OR PROGRESS?

AT the meeting of the American Economic Association at Providence, on December 27, President Roosevelt's views on race suicide were challenged by Professor Edward A. Ross of the University of Wisconsin. In discussing the subject of "Western Civilization and the Birth Rate," Professor Ross said that the immediate consequences of the decline, which is noticeable all over the Aryan world, were "a rising plane of comfort among the masses, a reduction of infant mortality, and an increase in the average prospect that population pressure, hitherto the principal cause of war, mass poverty, wolfish competition, and class conflict will cease to shape social destinies." There is only one shadow over this alluring prospect. The gospel of family restriction, which to a greater or less extent has won over almost all white peoples, has not yet made its way among the black and yellow races. If we do not find some way of filling the vacant spaces of the earth with a white population they will be filled with a yellow or black population, and our descendants will have no satisfactory answer to Bret Harte's question: "Are is the Caucasian played out?" This, from our point of view, would be an undesirable outcome. To avert it Professor Ross suggests that we may yet have to adopt the plan of pensioning the mother of more than three children—a proposition which, in one form or another, has been heard lately in many quarters. Per contra, after long experience, the Province of Quebec found it advisable some time ago to repeal the law granting a farm to every father of twelve children or more.

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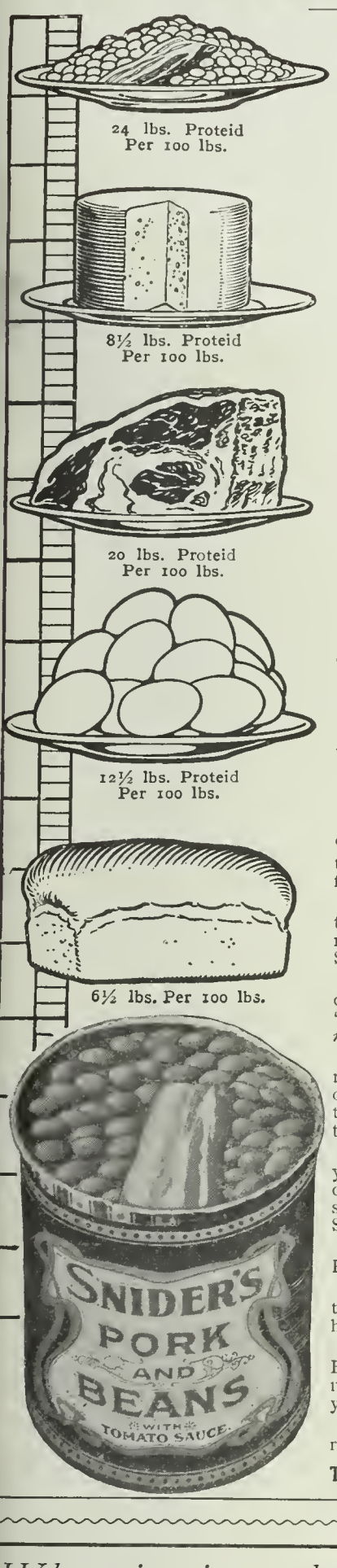
BIG GAME AT LAST

ON December 28, the day before prosecution would have been barred by the statute of limitations, George W. Perkins and Charles S. Fairchild were indicted by the Grand Jury of New York County on six charges of forgery in the third degree. The indictments were obtained by the insistence of District Attorney Jerome, against the will of the Grand Jury, which accompanied the with a presentment in which it said:

"The Grand Jurors, however, desire to record a conviction that in doing the acts charged the defendants were solely influenced by a desire to benefit the policy-holders of the New York Life Insurance Company; that the defendants themselves neither did nor could in any way personally profit from the acts done, and that the evidence conclusively showed that a large pecuniary benefit was derived by the policy-holders as a consequence of these acts."

The indictments were based on certain proceedings by which the New York Life Insurance Company five years ago evaded the restrictions imposed by the Prussian Government. Prussia refused to permit foreign insurance companies holding stock investments to do business in its territory. The New York Life held some stocks, but it had an agreement with Prussia by which they were all to be disposed of before the statement for 1902 should be drawn up. When the time came the company held ten thousand shares of Chicago and North-

Beans are "Nuggets of Nourishment"



FEW people understand *why* Beans are so nourishing.

Down among the roots of every Bean stalk there is a small army of little Nodules working to enrich the Bean berries beyond all other Vegetables, and beyond all other foods of twice their cost.

These Magicians have the unique power to seize free Nitrogen from the air and fix it (in nitrates) around the roots.

And, this Nitrogen is then carried up through the stalks, by Nature, accumulating in the Beans as Nitrogenous Proteid.

Now, the word "Proteid" means "pre-eminent."

And, Nitrogenous Proteid is so named because it is the most valuable of all food factors—*that which builds*, re-builds, and repairs, Human Tissue, Muscle, Flesh and Blood.

Other food-factors merely supply Heat and Energy to the human machine which *Proteid* builds and repairs.

(Proteid *can* supply Heat and Energy also, but being much rarer would do so at a higher cost than through the use of Carbohydrates.)

Bread, for instance, has only about 6½ pounds of *Proteid* per 100 pounds.

Bacon has only 8 pounds, Cream Cheese 8½ pounds, Eggs 12½ pounds, while Beef contains but 20 pounds of this most powerful *building material* (Proteid) in every 100 pounds.

But Beans, as grown and selected for "Snider Process," contain 24 pounds of Nitrogenous Proteid in every 100 pounds, with practically *no Fat*.

Consider what *that* means for muscular body-building, without excessive *Fat building*.

When these highly nitrogenous Beans are "Snider-Processed" their *digestibility* is doubled through their being made very *porous*, so that they freely *absorb* the digestive juices.

The "Snider Process" eliminates, at the same time, that bitter flavor natural to all Beans, and reduces to a fraction their useless surplus of Sulphur.

That sulphur, turning into Sulphuretted Hydrogen Gas, is what causes Flatulence, Colic, "Wind on the Stomach," you know, when *ordinary* beans are eaten.

The "Snider Process" also renders the Beans mellow, cheesy and firm to the tooth though porous and tender permitting them to freely absorb the delicious Snider Tomato Catsup with which they are generously surrounded.

This appetizing Snider Tomato Catsup is made, you'll note, from strictly *sound*, red-ripe Tomatoes, delightfully seasoned with *seven* fine Spices, instead of with the usual *single* Cayenne Pepper Spicing.

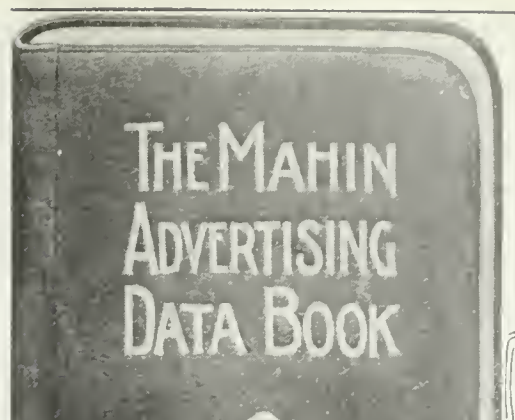
Buy your *first* tin of ready-cooked "Snider Process" Beans to-day.

Cut it open, before heating, and *compare* its contents with the best brand of Pork & Beans you have ever used before.

If you do not find "Snider Process" Pork & Beans *more* inviting to the eye, finer-flavored, more delicious and more digestible, you can get your money back from the Grocer.

This advertisement is your authority for the refund.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co., Cincinnati, O., U. S.



30 Days Free Trial —this 400 Page Book of Valuable Advertising Data

TO simply say that we—The MAHIN ADVERTISING COMPANY supply the most up-to-date and reliable data for advertisers, would be a mere platitude which any other Advertising institution might reiterate. But we have living proof to offer that we can supply it. The proof is "THE MAHIN ADVERTISING DATA BOOK." This "Data Book" has been compiled from the very sources of information we have found necessary to tap within the past five years, in planning and preparing Data-Built Campaigns for our own Customers.

When you glance through this "MAHIN ADVERTISING DATA BOOK" you will see how thorough must be the work of the advertising company which compiled, and published, as well as used it.

Because, the Mahin Method of Planning and Placing Advertising is just thorough enough and advanced enough to be impossible without command of the precise data you will find in this little vest-pocket ready-reference volume.

For instance, it tells you about—What percentage of people in the United States could afford to buy your advertising product.

What states in the union would be your best field to concentrate your Advertising in, so as to produce the maximum profit on your appropriation.

What Mediums in these states are best adapted to Advertise your product there.

What rates are charged by those Mediums—whether Newspapers, Magazines, Bill Boards, Street Cars or Painted Walls.

What the cost of Posters, Street Car Cards, Half-tone Cuts or Printing should be to carry out your contemplated campaign there. How the kinds of type are named, and how many words of each will occupy a square inch of space. How to correctly check proofs of copy so as to save printer's time and charges—in fact a complete but thoroughly epitomized array of the fundamentals we consider necessary in preparing

Data-Built Advertising Campaigns

These are merely an indication of the kind of data you'll find condensed into the fewest words possible, for ready reference, in "THE MAHIN ADVERTISING DATA BOOK." It tells you, for instance, what number of families in America have incomes of $400 per year, $600, $900, $1,200, $1,800, and $3,000 to $6,000.

It tells which sections of the United States have the best average incomes and which the poorest. It tells the number of factory workers in each city and state and their average pay.

It tells about how many foreigners there are in each city and state who cannot read the English papers, and how best to reach them.

It tells the percentage of people in each section who cannot read any language, and so cannot be reached by any advertising but pictures, in Wall Signs and Posters.

It tells how many families live on farms, and what their average incomes are, in the different states—indicating what they could be expected to buy, through advertising. Then, it tells the average earnings, in different industries, and even details the average wages paid different classes of railway employees, thus indicating their purchasing capacity.

The price of "THE MAHIN ADVERTISING DATA BOOK" is only Two Dollars, by Mail, and it will be sent "on approval" to any Advertiser, Advertising Manager, or Business Man, who will write for it on his firm's letter-head. Address

MAHIN ADVERTISING COMPANY
808 American Trust Building
CHICAGO, ILL.

Mahin Advertising Company
Chicago

Please send me a copy of your 1907 MAHIN ADVERTISING DATA BOOK on 30 days free trial. I will either return the book or remit $2.00 if I decide to keep it.

.....

.....

.....

THE DELIGHTFUL

MEXICAN GULF COAST

Between

MOBILE AND NEW ORLEANS

Is reached only by the

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

IN THROUGH SLEEPING CARS

From

New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Chicago, Evansville, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville.

There is no more attractive or delightful locality in this country where the winter months can be so pleasantly spent. Lots of good hotels, boating, hunting, tennis, golf, driving and automobiling with the quaint and attractive cities of Mobile and New Orleans within easy reach by frequent trains.

Stop-overs allowed at all Gulf coast points on Tourist tickets reading via this line to New Orleans or beyond.

The finest railroad publication descriptive of this noted historical region for the asking.

C. L. STONE, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky.

Why is it, when others are reducing their output, L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO., constantly increasing theirs, cannot fill current orders?



WRITING IN SIGHT



The L. C. SMITH & BROS. Typewriter was a response to a public demand.

It came at a time when typewriter users had almost despaired of seeing writing machines improved like other modern products. Ready to be satisfied with a little, they were offered more than they had even hoped for.

The machine itself is the reason that makes users willing to wait their turn to get it.

Send for illustrated catalogue

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.
Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

BRANCH STORES AND EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENTS IN ALL LARGE CITIES

Big Money in Poultry

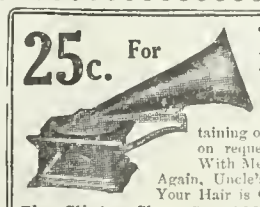
Our big Poultry book tells how to make it. How to breed, feed and market for best results. 100 illustrations. Describes largest pure bred poultry farm in the world. **Tells how to start small and grow big.** All about our 30 leading varieties. Quotes lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed for 4 cts.
P. FOY, BOX 24. DES MOINES, IOWA



PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Illustrated GUIDE BOOK and WHAT TO INVENT with valuable List of Inventions Wanted sent free. ONE MILLION DOLLARS offered for one invention; $16,000 for others. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress; sample free.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

25c. For



The Best 60c. Talking Machine Record Made

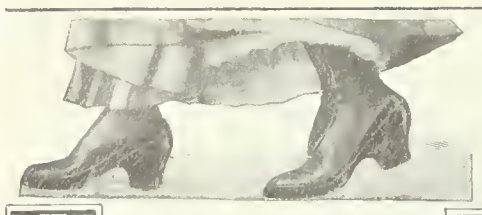
The Famous "Clico" Ten-Inch. 21 for $5.00. Orders for less than four not accepted. New list containing over 300 latest popular hits, sent on request. Lead Kindly Light, Abide With Me, He Walked Right In and Out Again, Uncle's Quit Work Too, Not Because Your Hair is Curly.

The Clinton-Close Co., 102 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents secured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
MUNN & CO., 357 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D. C.



"EVERSTICK"

The Rubber of health. The Rubber of comfort. The only Rubber recommended by physicians.

Just as necessary in cold, clear weather to keep the feet warm as they are in stormy, wet weather to keep the feet dry. The

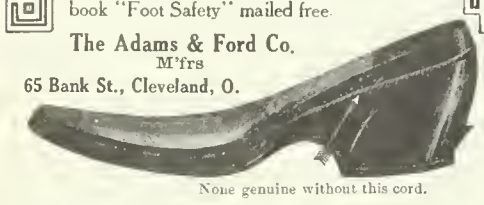
TRADE MARK EVERSTICK PAT AUG 11TH AND NOV 24TH 1903 INVISIBLE RUBBER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Gives full protection to the feet. Does not "draw," cramp, or cause the feet to ache or perspire.

Take no substitute. See that the name **Everstick** is stamped on the lining. If you cannot get a pair where you live, write us. Send for our little book "Foot Safety" mailed free.

The Adams & Ford Co.
M'frs
65 Bank St., Cleveland, O.



None genuine without this cord.

Acid Dentifrices Destroy the Teeth

Millions of people are carelessly undermining their health in a way least suspected. The guards to the gateway of health are the teeth and no constitution is so strong that it will not finally succumb to the improper mastication of food. You cannot properly masticate food with loose, sore, sensitive teeth, which are only some of the results of the use of Acid Dentifrices and those filled with grit and other injurious stuff. There is one great popular Alkaline Dentifrice known in all parts of the world and used by discriminating people.

SOZODONT

It makes strong healthy gums and beautiful teeth that guard you against many of the ills that come from improper digestion.

HALL & RUCKEL, New York City

Music Lessons Free

IN YOUR OWN HOME

A wonderful offer to every lover of music, whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less uumber if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violiu, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expeuse during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11-year-old boy has not had the least trouhle to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

We have been established seven years—have hundreds of pupils from eigbt years of age to seventy. Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent hy return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, box C. W., 19 Union Square, New York City.

We Can Make You a Competent Automobile Driver

Equip you to earn $1,500 to $3,000 per year—and find you a position

Send at once for our handsome new prospectus for 1907—and learn how we do it.

This describes our Courses of Study in full—and shows actual photographic illustrations of class-rooms and equipment—*the most complete and practical of any automobile school in America*. It is sent free to any inquirer.

If you cannot come to New York and attend the New York School *in person*, send for description of our splendid new Home Study Course (16 pages), which brings all the advantages of the resident school *to your door* where you can learn to be *a competent automobile engineer* at reasonable cost without interfering with your regular occupation.

Our terms are reasonable—our facilities for instruction are superior to any other institution ih the world. Our graduates are recognized everywhere *as competent automobile drivers and engineers* the moment the work is completed.

We have placed thousands in good paying, excellent positions—we can do equally well by you.

Write us at once—do not delay, a postal inquiry may mean an entire change in your future. In writing please specify which catalog you prefer to have—the Home Study Course, or the Resident School Course in N. Y.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERS
148 West 56th Street, New York

BECK-IDEN LAMP



A lamp that gives more than twice the light of city gas—a **white** light, almost as easy to read, write or sew hy as daylight. A gas light controlled by no Gas Company or public-scrvice corporation, a complete gas plant within the lamp itself—automatically regulating its own supply, hurning steadily, **without heat, odor or dirt.** This modern adaptation of Acetylene gas lighting to household use provides a hetter, safer, and more economical light for city or country houses than any other yet produced.

For description, method of operation, cost and all particulars, write for **Booklet No. 6**

ACETYLENE LAMP CO.
50 University Place New York
Also Montreal, Canada

HOME MADE GAS LIGHT

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain?

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Wehers, Krakauers, Sterlings and other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new, yet all are offered at a great discount. These pianos range from $125 upward. Also beautiful new Uprights at $125, $135, $150 and $165. An instrument at $190 that we can recommend highly. Write, stating your needs, and we will send you a copy of our new **Bargain List** and also one of our **Piano Book Catalogs**, wbich illustrates and describes our entire piano stock. Monthly payments accepted.

FROM

Every piauo bears our full guarantee, and will give years of musical satisfaction.

LYON & HEALY

WORLD'S LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE
43 ADAMS ST. CHICAGO



RAMSEY SIGNS

are heavy polished brass, deeply engraved by hand by expert Sign makers, and filled with raven black cement. We make signs over free if any break occurs in five years. Isn't that fair?

Bankers, Doctors, Lawyers, Merchants—you need signs. Write me to-day stating your needs. My advice and suggestions with sketches are absolutely without cost to you and besides I will send you my helpful hook "Sign Talk" showing a large varietv of brass and metal signs printed in colors. It tells you why some signs are good while others, costing nearly as much, soon wash out and are disappointing. It may save you Some Sign Money.

LOUIS H. RAMSEY & CO., Dept. 11, LEXINGTON, KY.

CASH PAID FOR YOUR

EVERY HOUSEHOLD has more or less **Old Gold, Silver and out-of-style Jewelry** lying about, out of use. If you will get it together and express or mail to us, we will return at once the value in **CASH.**

We will also send cash Value for Diamonds and other Precious Stones. We solicit correspondence and will furnish highest references as to our responsibility.

VICTOR ASSAY & REFINING CO., 433 Union Trust Building, CINCINNATI, O.

OLD GOLD, SILVER and JEWELRY

western Railroad preferred stock and five thousand three hundred shares of Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, of a total value of $3,357,000. On December 31 these stocks were nominally sold to the New York Security and Trust Company, a subsidiary corporation of the New York Life, and the allied Central National Bank, and so entered on the books of the insurance company. But it appeared that the trust company and the bank regarded the stocks as still owned by the New York Life, and entered them as collateral for "loans" of $3,357,000 made to a bond clerk and a negro messenger in the insurance company's employ. This theory was apparently confirmed by the later action of the Finance Committee of the New York Life in ordering the actual sale of these stocks, which, if the entries in the books on December 31 were correct, had already been sold. These later sales were made in one case at higher and in the other at lower prices than those at which the securities were supposed to have been disposed of when the statement designed to satisfy the Prussian Government was made. False entries in books come under the legal definition of forgery, and Mr. Jerome has procured the indictments on that ground. These particular prosecutions were hastened to avoid the statute of limitations, but there were other transactions of a similar nature which may lead to new indictments later.

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TAFT THE HEIR APPARENT

ALTHOUGH some persons with more enthusiasm than judgment have organized a "Roosevelt Third Term League," they have not succeeded in enlisting President Roosevelt in the movement. The Administration's candidate for 1908 has been formally announced. It is William H. Taft. Mr. Taft gave out the news on December 29 in the form of a statement purporting to be issued with the benevolent object of relieving the Secretary's friends among the Washington correspondents of the burden of putting further inquiries to him. "I wish to say," observed Mr. Taft, "that my ambition is not political; that I am not seeking the Presidential nomination; that I do not expect to be the Republican candidate, if for no other reason, because of what seem to me to be objections to my availability which do not appear to lessen with the continued discharge of my official duties; but that I am not foolish enough to say that in the improbable event that the opportunity to run for the great office of President were to come to me I should decline it, for this would not be true."

Of course, this announcement would not have been issued without the approval of President Roosevelt, and it may be taken for granted now that all who desire to please the President in politics will line up behind Taft. The President's enemies havc understood the situation for some time, and have been quietly preparing to combine all the anti-Administration elements against the Secretary of War. Senator Foraker's determined campaign for the restoration of the discharged negro soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry has been inspired more by a desire to evict the Roosevelt-Taft dynasty at the next demise of the crown than by love for the negro, fond though the Senator always has been of the colored brother. Mr. Foraker has had Presidential aspirations of his own, but whether there be, even in his own mind, any possibility of realizing them or not, he knows that in the narrower field of Ohio politics his tenure of power depends upon keeping Mr. Taft out of the White House. At present Senator Foraker is the Republican boss of Ohio, but he could not expect to hold that position under President Taft. As far as political machinery goes, the enemies of the Administration are now in a position to grind out an anti-Taft delegation, but nobody knows how long that machinery will last after the voters get rcady to say whether they are for or against Theodore Roosevelt.

The anti-Roosevelt elements in the Republican Party are resorting to the familiar device of grooming "favorite sons" in the various States to cut into the strength of the leading candidate. They are nursing the Fairbanks boom in Indiana, the Shaw boom in Iowa, and even an incipient Knox boom in Pennsylvania, and a tender Burrows boom in Michigan. They are confident that they have already secured a mortgage on the Southern delegates, who will constitute ncarly a quarter of the convention, and with the Northern States controlled by the Senatorial anti-Roosevelt junta they count on almost a majority. The anti-Japanese sentiment is depended upon to swing the Pacific Coast against the Administration. But although the hostiles, looking at the matter with the practical politician's eye to the effect of patronage, believe that every day that brings the President's term nearer its end will make him weaker, there are no signs as yet that his popularity among the masses, especially in the dominant Middle West, has at all diminished.

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STOCK-TAKING IN THE NAVY

WITH the rapid growth of the American navy the annual maneuvres steadily gain in interest and importance. At first these were mere parodies of the European evolutions—little squadron drills of a few feeble cruisers and gunboats. Now they are something serious. The winter maneuvres now beginning are on a scale far surpassing anything ever known in the American service. No less than fifteen first-class battleships, of 196,670 tons, have been assembled at Hampton Roads—a force matching in actual fighting strength the entire battle line of the German navy, and far surpassing the strength of the whole Japanese navy. This great battle fleet, with its accompanying cruisers and torpedo craft, will be able to carry on maneuvres that will be first cousins to real war.

The next thing needed is a supply of officers capable of getting the best possible work out of the ships. The naval service is intensely interested in the fate of the Personnel bill, whose object is to abolish the deadening effects of the present system under which a man under sixty-one is considered too young to command a squadron, and one over sixty-two too old to be in active service at all. In connection with the President's special message urging the passage of the Personnel bill, Secretary Metcalf has transmitted a table showing what effect the measure, if enacted, might be expected to have upon the ages of officers. On July 1, 1908, the youngest rear-admiral would be sixty years and six months old. The next year the minimum age would drop to fifty-eight, in 1910 to fifty-six years and one month, and in 1914 we should actually give a rear-admiral's stars to a boy a month short of fifty-five. The age of the junior captain would fall from fifty-one years and three months in 1908 to forty-one and eleven months in 1904, and that of the junior commander from forty-two to thirty-eight and seven months. The ages of the lieutenant-commanders would remain practically unchanged. With all our fleets and ships under rejuvenated command about the time of the completion of the Panama Canal, any country that ventured to attack us might be in for a surprise.

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A TRUE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

THE country was shocked on December 28 by the sudden death of Mr. Alexander J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Some of Mr. Cassatt's friends said that the shock of the recent revelations of financial irregularities among his trusted subordinates had broken his heart. His personal instincts were all opposed to the degraded business conditions amid which the greater part of his activity was carried on. He fought against them at every opportunity, and if he sometimes had to tolerate things repugnant to his moral sense it was because the forces against him were too strong to be resisted. Thus he risked the prosperity of the Pennsylvania system in his fights against the demands of the Standard Oil Company and of Andrew Carnegie for special rates. When the question of railroad regulation became urgent, Mr. Cassatt was one of the very few corporation heads who were able to see things from the point of view of the citizen as well as of the capitalist, and to realize that there was a public interest in the management of the great highways of commerce which could not be disposed of by platitudes



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His First Day

Th' other kids dey tell me
For to "beat it" en "skiddoo,"
En nobody wants no papers—
Say!—De you?

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH'S

MOST POPULAR DRAWINGS

"HIS FIRST DAY"

"CHUMS"

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Chums

He lives acrost the street from us,
An' ain't as big as me;
The other fellers guv him, 'cuz
He's slow as slow can be.

So every night he brings his slate,
An' 'en I do his sums,
An' help him get his lessons straight—
'Cuz him and me is chums.

C.G.V.

The Sign of Prestige

Charron, Girardot, Voigt

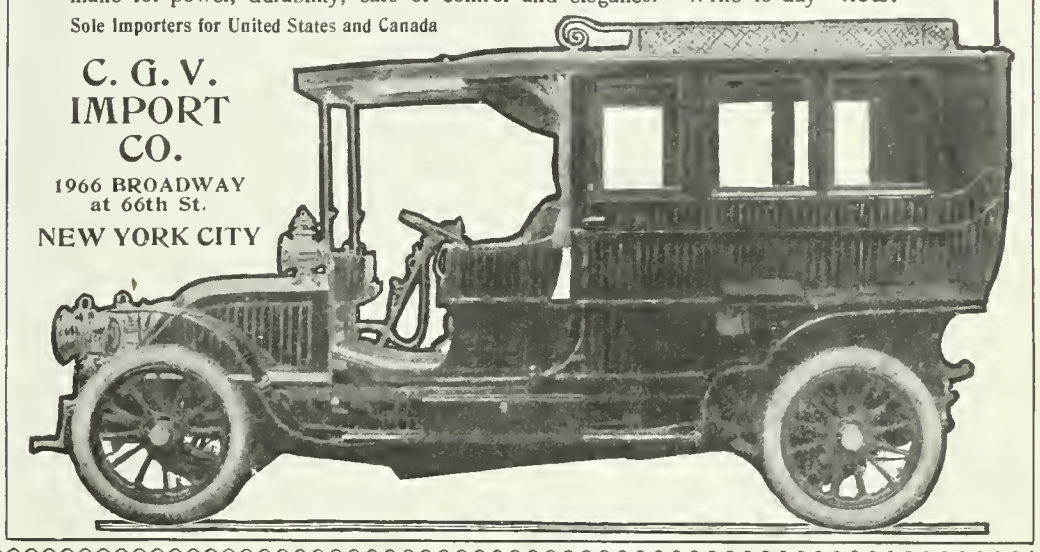
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" Savannah	9.15	"
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Not the least of the joys of such an outing in America's Flower Garden is the trip thither on the Rock Island's new

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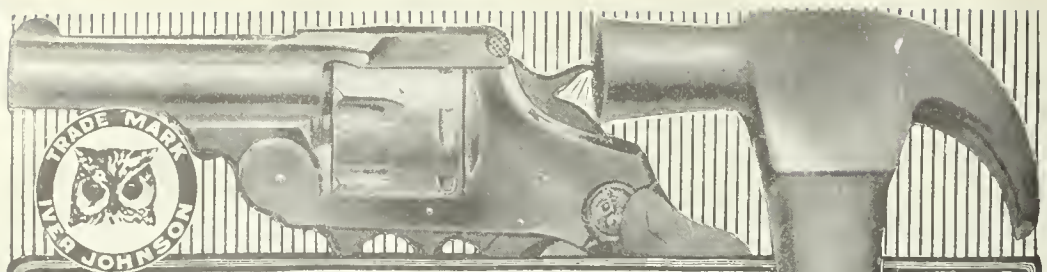
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Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island Lines,
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treat the revolver as roughly or carelessly as you please—it **can't** go off until you intend it should—if it's an **Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver.** The firing pin can't possibly transmit concussion—until you pull the trigger clear back. That's what makes **it** safe. Here's why it makes **you** safe. The

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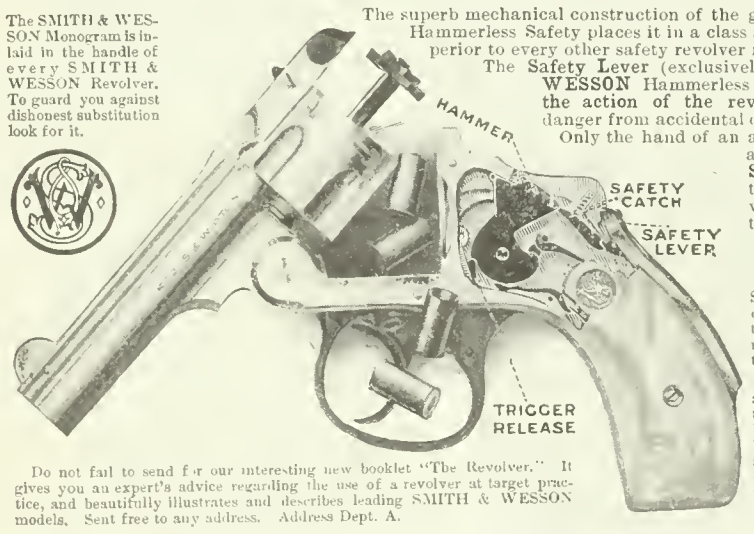
SMITH & WESSON HAMMERLESS SAFETY IS THE ONLY REAL SAFETY

The SMITH & WESSON Monogram is inlaid in the handle of every SMITH & WESSON Revolver. To guard you against dishonest substitution look for it.

The superb mechanical construction of the great **SMITH & WESSON** Hammerless Safety places it in a class apart from—above and superior to every other safety revolver made.

The **Safety Lever** (exclusively used on the **SMITH & WESSON** Hammerless Safety) **entirely controls the action of the revolver,** totally eliminating danger from accidental discharge (see illustration).

Only the hand of an adult can fire this revolver, as the palm must press the **Safety Lever** at the instant the trigger is pulled: otherwise the Hammer is inactive.



A Convincing Record

Over 300,000 of this splendid Safety Model have been made and disposed of to date: yet up to this time not a single accident has been reported or a single exception taken to the manufacturer's claims

SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are recognized the world over as the models of revolver perfection. For range, strength, accuracy and beauty no other manufacturer can approach them; and each **SMITH & WESSON** Revolver must pass the closest inspection and range tests before it leaves the factory.

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EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

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To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope

Counts as Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses **Ten Cents** (in stamps), we will mail the catalogue, and also send **free of charge,** our famous **50-Cent "Henderson" Collection** of seeds containing one packet each of *Giant Mixed Sweet Peas; Giant Fancy Pansies, mixed; Giant Victoria Asters, mixed; Henderson's Big Boston Lettuce; Early Ruby Tomatoes and Henderson's Half Long Blood Beet;* **in a coupon envelope,** which, when emptied and returned, will be **accepted as a 25-cent cash payment** on any order amounting to $1.00 and upward.

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about the sacred rights of property. He favored Government regulation from the very first, and he supported every measure designed to root out the evil of secret rates and rebates.

Mr. Cassatt was a man of broad and brilliant conceptions. He liked to do things in a generous way. He found the Pennsylvania Railroad planted on the Mall, at Washington. As long as it stayed there the capital would be hopelessly disfigured, and the plans for an ideal city would remain always an idle dream. Some railroad presidents in his place would have taken advantage of their vested rights to haggle with the Government, to obstruct the scheme of improvement, and to show what a nuisance meanness allied with power could be. Mr. Cassatt met the Burnham Commission more than halfway, and not only consented to move his terminal entirely off the Mall, but joined with the Baltimore and Ohio in spending millions on a new Union station that is already one of the architectural monuments of the national capital. His improvements at New York were conceived on even a grander scale. They splendidly illustrated his view of a railroad as a great public institution, in whose surroundings there should be nothing mean, pinched, or squalid.

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THE SLANDERED HARRISBURG CAPITOL

THE immortal Pennypacker sent in his farewell message as Governor of Pennsylvania on New Year's Day. It had all the inimitable Pennypacker flavor that will make any future Governor's message seen commonplace and insipid. The retiring Chief Magistrate unflinchingly defended the officials, including himself, who had spent nine million dollars in trimming a four million dollar State Capitol. There were several unassailable grounds on which their course could be justified. One was that two railroads alone paid the Commonwealth $3,656,229.27 a year in taxes, and since they were largely owned in London and New York, the money spent on plaster marble and atmospheric mahogany was, at least in part, "only a return to us of some of the wealth derived by the stranger from our own natural resources." Again, "some of the most skilled artisans and the most capable artists now living in the world" helped to build and ornament the Pennsylvania Capitol. Sixty thousand people, "many of them from distant lands," have come to Harrisburg "for no other purpose than to view its attractions" (and incidentally, perhaps, to find out what two million dollars' worth of electroliers and fifteen hundred thousand dollars' worth of filing cases looked like). As a final and conclusive argument, it has been the fortune of the Capitol job "to have been made the issue of a political campaign for the Governorship, and to have been approved by the people"—notwithstanding the fact that the successful candidate for Governor was most careful to dissociate himself from the whole affair, and to promise a thorough investigation in case of his election.

These considerations reminded Governor Pennypacker of the well-known ornithological fact that while the industrious farmer plowed his field, it was customary for "birds of ill omen" to "sit on the fence and croak their displeasure." Meteorologists have observed, too, that "the vapors from swampy grounds often obscure for a time the very moon in the heavens." In view of these facts "it would be too much to expect the Capitol, beautiful in its proportions, adorned with the wealth of the thought of all past time, and builded for the centuries that are to follow, to escape the whimpers of to-day."

Governor Pennypacker does not stand alone in his admiration of the work of the Capitol decorators. His views are fully confirmed in a recently published article by no less severe a critic than his brother, Mr. Isaac A. Pennypacker, who points out, among other things, that the Pennsylvanian masterpiece has cost less per cubic foot than those noted examples of economical construction, the Capitol at Albany, the New York Hall of Records, and the Hotel St. Regis, as well as the Capitol at Washington, and the residence of the late William C. Whitney.

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THE ALL-WESTERN FOOTBALL TEAM

By E. C. PATTERSON

First Eleven	Position	Second Eleven
WALKER, Chicago	*End*	JOHNSON, Nebraska
CURTIS, Michigan	*Tackle*	CASE, Minnesota
VAN HOOK, Illinois	*Guard*	GRAHAM, Michigan
SAFFORD, Minnesota	*Centre*	WAUGH, Indiana
ITTNER, Minnesota	*Guard*	VITA, Minnesota
PARRY, Chicago	*Tackle*	WADE, Indiana
MARSHALL, Minnesota	*End*	MOYNIHAN, Illinois
ECKERSALL, Chicago	*Quarter*	HARE, Indiana
SHUCHNECHT, Minnesota	*Half*	STEFFENS, Chicago
CLARK, Wisconsin	*Half*	MAGOFFIN, Michigan
GARRELS, Michigan	*Full*	CURRENT, Minnesota

IN picking men for the All-Western Football Team the work of the players in all the games they have participated in has been taken into account. Under the old rules muscle and weight were the principal factors; in the men selected brain work and speed have had equal consideration. Walker, one of Stagg's star line men, is chosen as one of the ends. His defense has been strong and determined; and in carrying the ball he has been a success. For the other end Marshall of Minnesota is selected. As an open field tackler he has few superiors. He bears a bad reputation, however, for rough work, and football as it is played to-day has no place for men of this type. Case of Minnesota has played a wonderfully strong game this year. He can not, however, be considered in the same class with Curtis and Parry, and is, therefore, given position on the second eleven, as is Wade of Indiana. Van Hook of Illinois is named as the most capable all-around guard of the season. His defense has been strong and he has been sure in his diagnosis of plays. Ittner of Minnesota, another strong man, is given the other position at guard. He has activity, speed, and strength. Safford of Minnesota is undoubtedly the best centre in the West, and, supported by Van Hook and Ittner, could hold his own against any team. The work of Safford is commendable, inasmuch as he has been absolutely steady in all his games. His passing of the ball has been like clockwork. Waugh of Indiana draws second place. He had been steady and reliable, excepting in his last big game with Minnesota.

Eckersall is, without doubt, one of the best quarter-backs that has ever been developed either East or West. His work this year has been without a flaw, and in his last game he scored five drop kicks against Nebraska. In the art of forward passing, on-side kicking, punting, dodging, and drop kicking he excels. As captain of a team and field general he has no equal. He has played his last game, and he has the assurance of being missed by every lover of clean football. Shuchnecht of Minnesota has been the most capable half-back of the season. He has been remarkably successful on end runs. Clark of Wisconsin is selected as a good running mate for Shuchnecht. He is, in the opinion of many, one of the strongest half-backs in the West this year. In every game that he has participated in he has been a shining light; he has rarely failed to make good gains when called upon. Garrels of Michigan is one of the fastest back field men in the country to-day, and he has the unanimous call for full-back position. Current of Minnesota is about the only rival that he has. The eleven men selected for COLLIER'S All-Western eleven have natural football ability. The line men while heavy are all fast, determined players. In the back field are four men of known quantity. Give this team a coach like Stagg or Yost or Williams, and it would come pretty near holding any team in the country.

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For the upbuilding of the infant and sustaining the adult, milk is essential; and to be wholesome must be pure. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk have no equals for purity, flavor and richness.—*Adv.*

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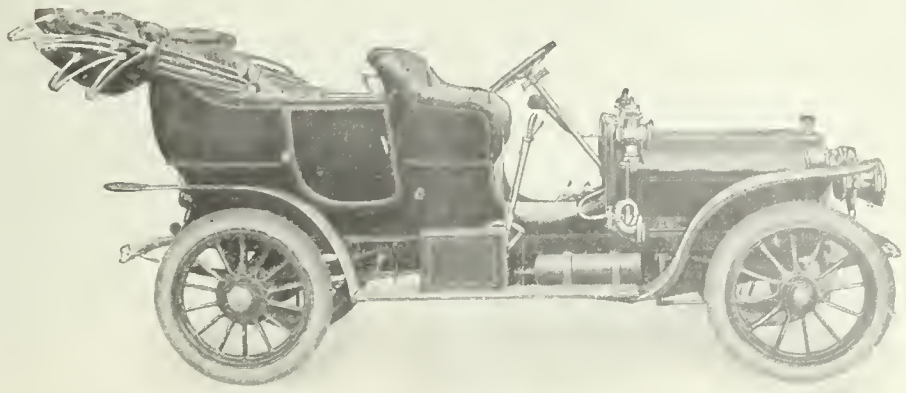
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An Increase of More Than 400 Per Cent.

over the first season's production. Already orders on our books for 1907 are over 400 per cent above our entire 1906 output. Compare these figures with those of some of the older makers.

Why have these results been obtained?

We will tell you—

FIRST: Because the car has *genuine merit* and has *proven* it in many a contest and on many a long tour.

SECOND: Because it is *honestly made* in our own factory and is sold at an *honest* price.

THIRD: Because it has *beautiful* lines, is extremely *silent*, is *light* in weight and yet *very powerful*.

Model-F-a 5-passenger touring car, 30-35 H. P., equipped with our new Stoddard-Dayton motor, more powerful than last year's engine; 4 cylinders (4⅝ x 5 inches); sliding gear transmission, *selective type;* 3 speeds and reverse; 34 inch wheels; enclosed fenders, and strut rods which *take all strain off rear springs*, now hung in shackles at both ends.

Price $2,500 with full lamp equipment. BETTER than cars costing *more*. Our 1907 Booklet will interest YOU.

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What You Get When You Get a CADILLAC

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This painstaking care dominates to the smallest details of Cadillac construction—in the engine it is so apparent that the minutely-accurate finish of this vital part has made it a signal triumph in automobile manufacture.

The Cadillac Runabout and Light Touring Car are fitted with our wonderful single-cylinder engine, to which the dependability and remarkably low cost of maintenance of these models are chiefly attributable. By its great power, speed and hill-climbing ability, this engine proved itself so worthy in thousands of cars during the past four years that it will be used in 1907 practically without change—a fact which alone places the serviceableness of this year's cars beyond question.

Don't fail to get a demonstration—you will be surprised how great are the possibilities of the "Car that Climbs."

Model K Runabout—10 h. p.; neat, trim Victoria body; 30-inch wheels; $800.

Model M Light Touring Car—Illustrated below—10 h. p.; graceful straight line body; $950.

Model H—Four-cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car; $2,500.

Model G—Four-cylinder, 20 h. p. Touring Car; $2,000.

All prices F. O. B. Detroit; lamps not included.

Upon request we will send fully illustrated Booklet L, also address of nearest dealer.

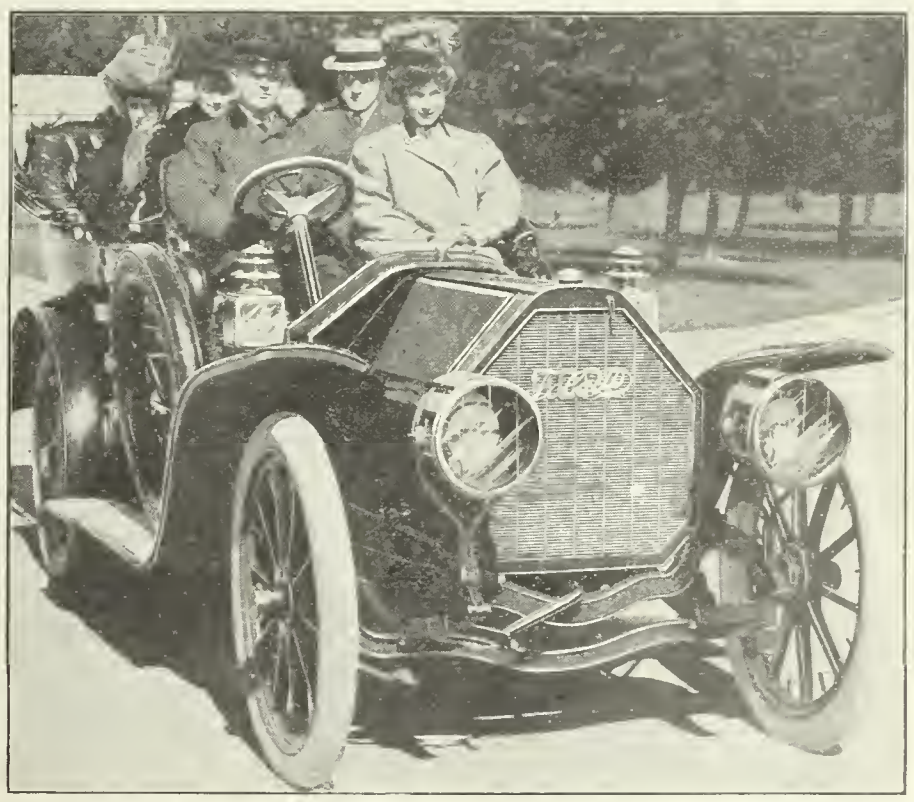
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1907 — **1907**

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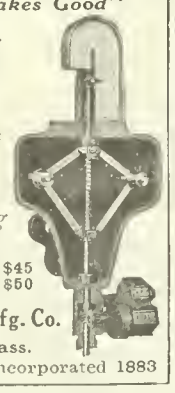
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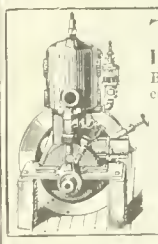
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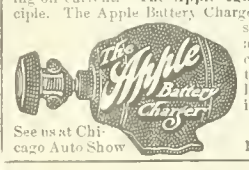
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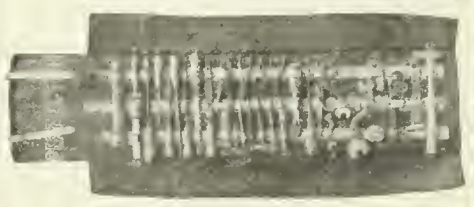
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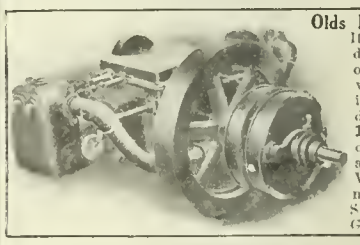
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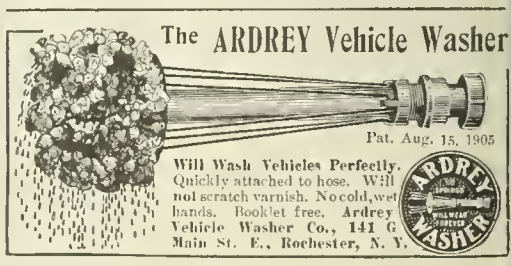
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1907

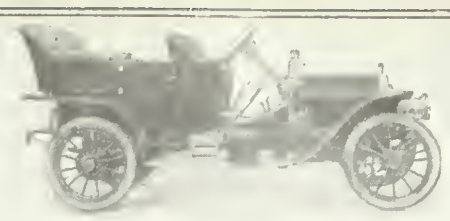
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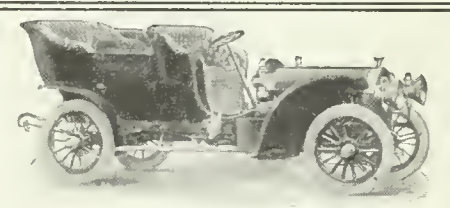
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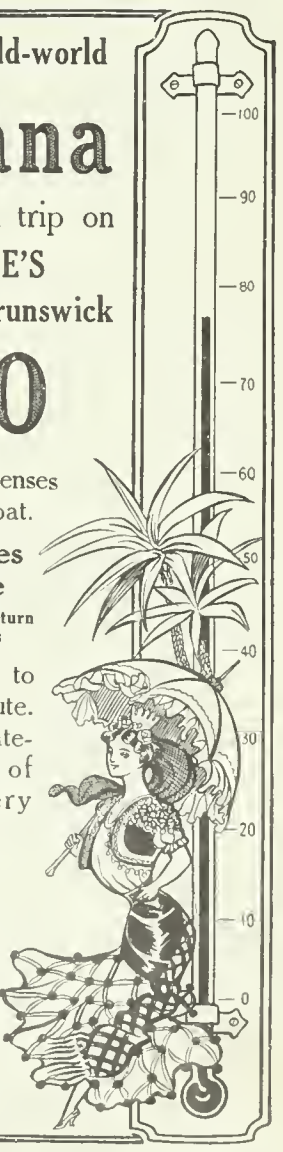
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1907

¶ Richard Harding Davis has heard so often the cry of "Pack and follow" that he is always, as it were, in light marching order. Mr. Davis is fond of his home, but he has the faculty of making himself as much at home in the wild corners of Afghanistan as in the tame corners of New York. Mr. Kipling said that he heard the "Red Gods" calling when the travel-mania got hold of him. Mr. Davis has heard the voices for many years—so he is off again, this time on a "wandering commission" which will, we think, take him to Africa and the slave-pens of the Congo. To call the Congo a "Free" State is one of the prettiest sarcasms to be found in the atlas. To call the Congo free is as sardonic a joke as to have called Rome a "Republic." Leopold, the Sick Man of Belgium, has been exploiting the Congo for the money there is in it and in doing so has treated the negro workmen as we would never dare treat horses and cattle.

¶ And now an American trust is reaching out for the golden rubber forests. Will some Rubber Senator at Washington get control of the Congo, and if so will he be any less savage with the natives than the urbane Leopold (Cleo-pold, as some cynic called him) has been? At any rate the heart of the Congo is full of mystery and romance and that type of adventure with which Richard Harding Davis's name has become identified. If he finds no new facts about the slave trade out there, he will at least send us back some stories which will be worth the trip.

¶ Frederick Palmer in his jaunt along the Pacific Coast paid a visit to the Goldfield mining district and found it a golconda of wildcats, where the gold nugget and the gold brick do business side by side. Mining-camp conditions are, normally, wild; but Goldfield is particularly frenzied in its picturesqueness. A traveler once said of Pittsburg: "The Creator painted this scenery with a blacking-brush." Goldfield, too, has been painted on broad lines; a hybrid, showing the color of Bret Harte with the method of Cassie Chadwick.

¶ Mr. Palmer, whose Goldfield article appears next week, wants to do justice to the great mining region. There is gold there, hills of it; the common miners are stealing fortunes in ore out of fabulous veins; gambling-hells are turning a Monte Carlo grist, fed by modern Aladdins who sleep on billiard-tables. But the speculators, the sharks, the scalpers are the factors that are turning Nevada's golconda into a comic opera. An Eastern company buys a corner lot on a granite quarry and in a week the public are invited to invest in the Howling Cat Mining Company of Goldfield. The little fishes bite at the shiny bait and the sharks grow fat. Mr. Palmer went to Goldfield to find it interesting; he remained there to find it picturesque.

¶ The judges of the last competition for the $1,000 bonus, which we offer for the best story submitted to our Fiction Editors during each quarter, have reached a decision and the announcement of the successful contributor will be made in next week's issue.

¶ The issue of February 9 will be our Lincoln Number, which we hope to make as complete as possible in regard to the dramatic crises in the life of the greatest President. We are getting together material for this number and shall make a more detailed announcement soon.

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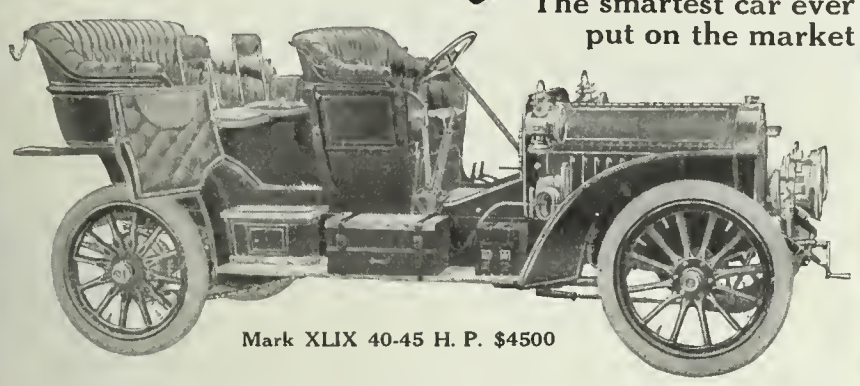
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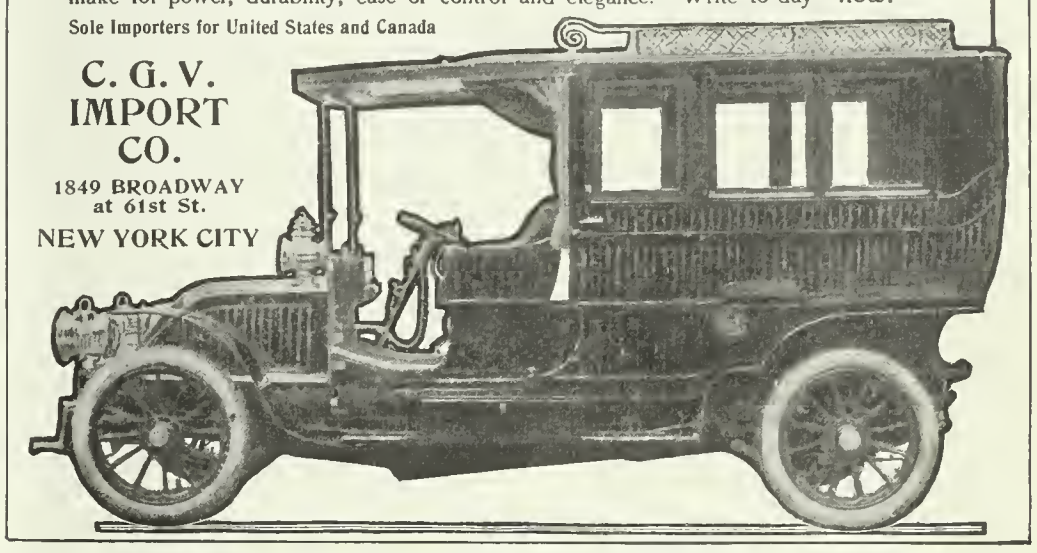
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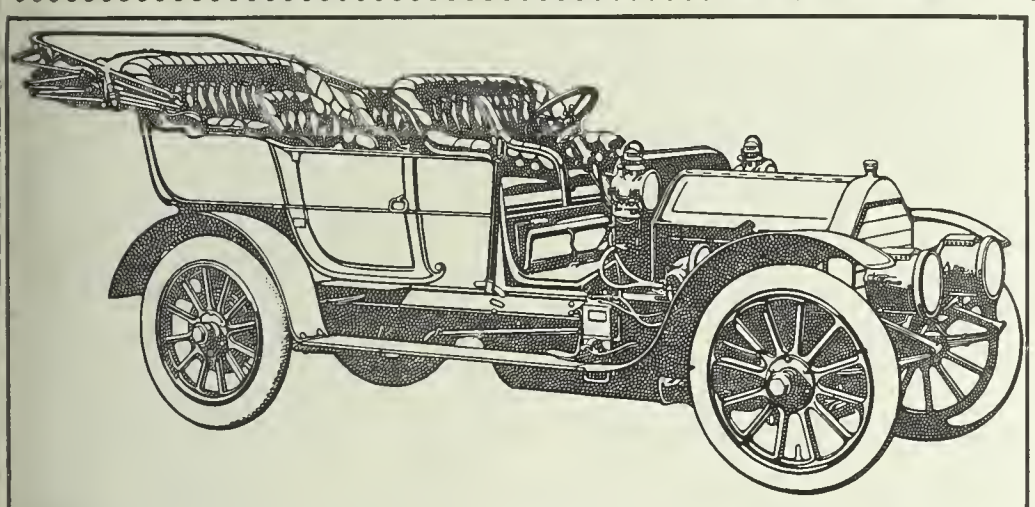
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1907

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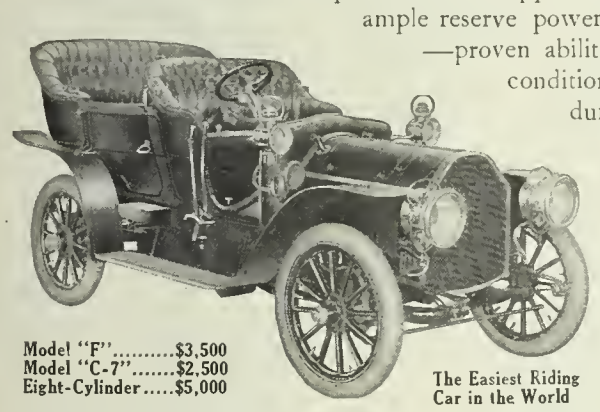
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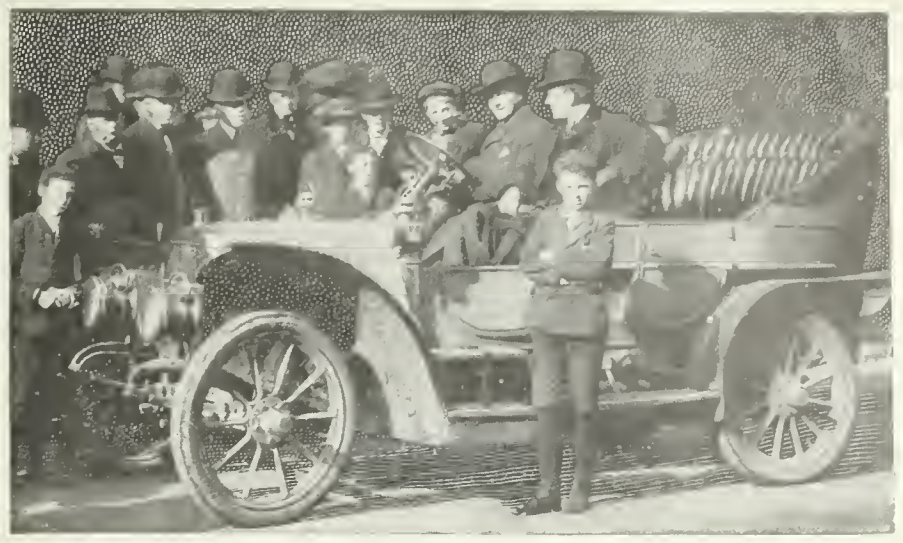
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Roadability—Demonstrated by the 75-mile run from New York to Poughkeepsie over difficult hills and trying road conditions, with the high-speed lever sealed in. Also in the Santa Barbara, Cal., run, and the St. Catharines to Toronto, Canada, high-speed-lever-sealed-in run.

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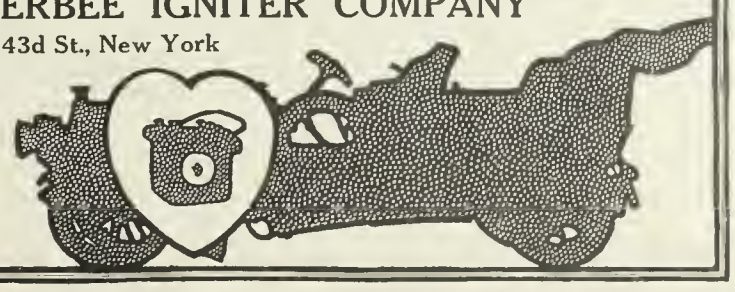
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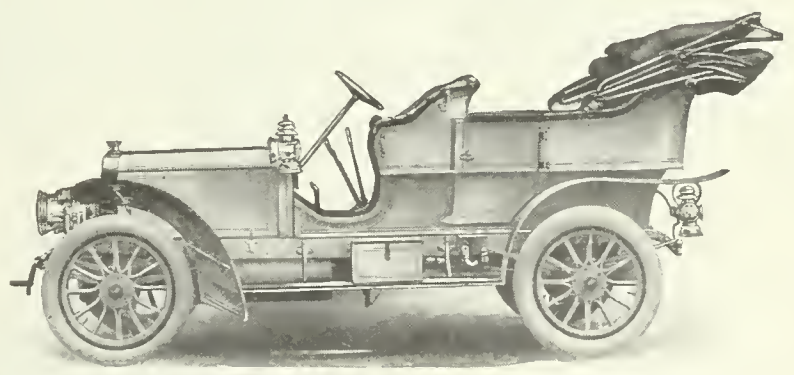
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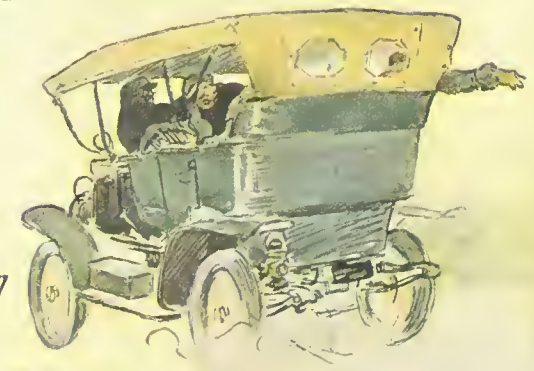
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The Enemy's Downfall



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, on the 19th of this month, ROBERT E. LEE was born. America has had no nobler citizen. All that is best in the South, or in the country, seemed to centre in this grave, strong, devoted man. Before the war he was looked upon as the most brilliant officer in the army. He regretted the approaching conflict. Sadly he took his place in it. He stood throughout as a tower of strength, a centre of inspiration, and he lived his life afterward as a model of peaceful and self-respecting manhood. Some authorities think him the greatest general the war brought forth; some do not. Nobody can fail to see in him a man in whom every part of our country must rejoice, of whom North and South should alike be proud. When a leader is so virtuous and so great he becomes a heritage for every American in succeeding time, whether that American dwell one side of the Potomac or the other. LEE to-day is a glory to the understanding North, even as LINCOLN is a glory to the understanding South. They stand together as two figures, of heroic size, yet of perfect human nearness, side by side in the bitter working out of history.

LEE

THUNDERING IN THE INDEX is not a habit attached to the Governor of New York. He makes few promises before election—only those the fulfilment of which appears to his cautious mind assured. His is the type which does more than it foreshadows—the type which works hard and talks little. What astonishment arose to heaven that Mr. HUGHES should have declared his intentions with less restraint after taking office than before! What a marvel that a man should act with measure, with modesty, and with courage, like one who knew the nature of his office, of human beings, and of duty; like one who loved not sounding words, but was devoted to honest accomplishment, as far as in him lay! The manner is refreshing. Calm is a pleasing attribute of strength. Mr. HUGHES's recommendations make a fine body of understanding, daring, and good sense, but we urge upon our readers one of them especially—one which Governor FOLK has recommended also. The machine politicians are all in favor of the blanket ballot. Now is the chance to attack it vigorously. Will the people wake up and help the Governor?

A GOOD JOB FOR HUGHES

THE OLD ALBANY CHANT

"Odell, Bedell,
Goodsell. Oh, hell!"

has been abandoned. In spite of RAINES and GRADY, a new spirit is discernible. This is due only in part to the elimination of ODELL and the appearance of Governor HUGHES. Significant also to the party that has acknowledged PLATT, ODELL, and "LOU" PAYN as prophets has been the late purification of the State Senate. From the list of statesmen who used to declare that the public's memory of a wicked deed is short is missing "Uncle LOU" GOODSELL, who, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Miscellaneous Corporations (usually called in Albany "Corpses"), sidetracked the eighty-cent gas bill for more than a year. "STEVE" L'HOMMEDIEU, stanch friend to the Niagara power grab, and "Old Coggey," as Senator COGGESHALL was affectionately known by those who wanted West Street in New York City turned over to an elevated railway company, are not there. Twenty-six of the fifty-one Senators are serving their first terms. "BARNEY" MARTIN, FITZGERALD, RIORDAN, FOLEY, and HAWKINS of New York City, KEENAN of Queens, and KEHOE of Brooklyn are among the fifteen "exes" who stood out against eighty-cent gas and trusted to the people's short memory. Only GRADY and FRAWLEY remain. GRADY says: "We're gettin' too good here. We ought to be sittin' up in the clouds, with harps, and singin'." Why is RAINES in power? The members are aware at least that a constituent's memory is longer than the fizzing of a firecracker.

CHANGE AT ALBANY

DISCRIMINATING AGAINST THE NEGRO seems to be a game at which others besides TILLMAN, VARDAMAN, and the "Jim Crow" railroads can play. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, a worthy rival to Senator DRYDEN's philanthropic organization in Newark for providing a poor widow with the means to bury her husband, issued an order to its agents to accept no negro risks after the first of the year. Too many die to make the business profitable. At the same time, Mr. JIM JEFFRIES, champion, announces that he will never meet Mr. JACK JOHNSON, a husky colored gentleman who yearns to wear the title, in the prize ring. Mr. JEFFRIES says tersely that he will defend his honors against *any white man* for a purse of $50,000. He doesn't fear Mr. JOHNSON—not at all—only "no gentleman would fight a nigger." Students of history, however, are recalling that only eight years ago, a year before he became champion by beating Mr. BOB FITZSIMMONS, the Odysseus of the squared circle, Mr. JEFFRIES fought Mr. BOB ARMSTRONG, a colored pugilist. The champion is finicky. Our sympathy goes out to Mr. JACK JOHNSON. If we recall correctly the testimony brought out when President HEGEMAN's company was under the Insurance Committee's probe, the prospective colored policy-holder in the Metropolitan lost less by his exclusion than Mr. JOHNSON is deprived of. Even COLLIER'S has been accused of hypocritical discrimination, by no less an authority than the newspaper which is known to fame as the inciter of the Atlanta riots. The "News" in this instance has the excuse that one of our branch managers issued instructions to his agents in language which was capable of misinterpretation. Our salesmen are told to treat negroes as they treat every kind of being—on business principles solely. Anybody can get the inestimable benefit of reading this paper by paying cash. Credit is a question solely of experience and of fact—whether the subscribers are likely to deserve credit. This overexpressive agent of ours has been told that credit is to be given to colored ministers, teachers, professional men, and others whom experience shows to be safe risks, so to speak. For the less responsible there is always the resource of cash, and the race in its struggles (*pace* the Atlanta "News") is not to be deprived of the vast help of reading this illuminating sheet.

THE NEGRO'S HANDICAP

ALTHOUGH MR. FLOYD IS GOVERNOR of New Hampshire, the narrowness of his escape ought to have its beneficent effect. Had the Lincoln Republicans not supported FLOYD a Democrat would be Governor to-day; a Democrat admitted by the Lincoln Republicans to be a superior and independent man, as FLOYD was declared by them to be the worst possible type of low office-seeker. Those Lincoln Republicans stood on the sonorous phrases, now happily obsolescent, about working inside the party, etc. If they wished to be taken at their word, they might have beaten BURNHAM for the Senatorship or lapsed into silence for a while. As to the Boston and Maine Railroad itself, we expect no light to dawn on it. From the unhealthfulness, discomfort, dirt, uncertainty, and slowness of its passenger service, to its political government of the State, it is highly satisfied, and, unless forced, will remain gladly as it is.

B. AND M.

WILL MR. UNTERMYER and his committee live to fight another day? We hope they will. The contest for control of the New York Life and the Mutual Life Insurance Companies is not yet ended. It will take many days at best to count the ballots; moreover, it is understood that Mr. UNTERMYER will use to the full the legal tactics in which he is so resourceful to cut down the vote of the "ins" on the ground of technical defects in many of their ballots. Nevertheless, the best opinion is that the "ins" in both companies will win. From the facts so far revealed by the election, certain deductions can be drawn. First, the "ins" have won, when they should not have won, by the inexcusable supineness and indifference of those who had the suffrage. Here was an election vastly more important than most political elections. The right of suffrage is easily exercised—you need not register in advance, you need not walk around the corner to the polls—you need only sign a piece of paper, slip it in an envelope, and put the envelope in a mail-box. To the doing of this simple act the voters were urged, begged, and cajoled by six written appeals to each and every man, by personal requests in many cases, and by repeated newspaper exhortations. And yet just about half voted out of those who had the right to vote. Secondly, the "ins" have won through the exertions of their agents, or, in other words, through a force they had no right to use as they are generally believed to have used it.

INSURANCE ELECTIONS

THE AGENTS CAN NOT BE stopped from taking part in elections. They work not on salary but on commission; and probably no law is devisable which will successfully prevent their using their own time to solicit votes. But it can perhaps be made more dangerous for officers of the company to act as motive powers upon the agents. Moreover, newspapers can and should proclaim as loudly as type may: "Don't give your ballot to an agent." And the reasons why the agent is working against the policy-holder's interest and for his own can be explained. In this way the enormous power of the agent may be overcome. In the beginning you took a policy from him, only half understanding what you were about, and he beguiled your ballot from you in the same way. But this can be changed by a newspaper campaign of education. By the same means can the "too-indifferent-to-write-a-signature" vote be brought out. Moreover, proxies can be abolished. Let only those have the suffrage who have the intelligent interest to choose one side or the other, and the initiative and energy to make that choice count. Of such men as are capable of doing this a vast majority would be on the side of the "outs." If Mr. UNTERMYER's committee, slightly reorganized to leave no flaw in the front of its appeal to public trust and confidence, will fight again another day, we feel some assurance of a better end.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

HAD THE HONORABLE MR. RAISULI been born in New Jersey instead of Morocco he would doubtless, by now, be engaged in some profitable Christian business under the great white dome at Washington. As it is he holds a paltry governorship in a Moorish province, whither a simple Sultan persists in despatching coast artillery to drop blank resignations into his camp. But RAISULI won't resign, because the justice of high heaven is on his side. The Moroccan Government is pestering him because it has an absurd prejudice against organized piracy. But RAISULI is made of sterner stuff. He will *not* resign! Not while there is a tourist to rob or a mosque to blackmail. Breathes there a Moor with soul so dead who never to himself has said: "This is my own, my native graft?" So RAISULI has kissed his harem without fear or favor, has embraced his many mormonatic wives and sent them to a summer hotel—first having deeded over to them his real and personal property. Like many another poor but dishonest politician, RAISULI is a devoted family man. Even in the heat of battle he thinks of his home often—often enough to go round. And does he not indulge himself in deeper, sadder thoughts, such as: "Would it not have been better for me to have gone into insurance as a young man?"

WASTED TALENT

OUR NEIGHBOR the "Sun" grabs the megaphone of print to enlarge the dimensions of a sonorous scream. In its leaded column, the uncertainty where irony ceases and pathos begins betrays the sudden and appalled agitation which forced the unwilling cry. The fine old "Sun" phrases, "intellectual obsession," "clamor and sophistry," "paternal and illustrious ruler," "intolerable usurpation," do not march in the usual order of a "Sun" argument; rather they bound forth in unintended profusion, the rockety disorder of intellectual panic. The burden of it all appears to be that the "Sun" has information, from sources not now known to the rest of us, that there is afoot a "fatuous and ignorant meddling" with railroad rates, a "reckless and mischievous effort" to effect "a 10-per-cent horizontal reduction in rates of transportation by the joint forces of the Interstate Commerce Commission and special enactment." As to the methods suggested, the legality or the constitutionality of them is at once a bigger and a duller question than we now care to discuss. If the thing is right, the method will be found. Assuming, then, the means, why not? The railroad stockholder has had his share of the unprecedented railroad prosperity which the "Sun" eloquently describes; the railroad workman has had his share; now, why not the shipper? During the past year the Union Pacific dividend has been raised from 6 to 10 per cent, an increase of 66⅔ for the stockholder; the Pennsylvania from 6 to 7, an increase of 16⅔. And so on, for a score more of roads. And railroad after railroad has given a 10 per cent raise to its employees. Organized capital looks out for number one—no need of solicitude for it; organized labor does the same; the unorganized consumer of railroad service—the small business man, the $2,000 a year man—is the figure between these two millstones. Out of his pocket has come the melon which the other two have cut between them. He pays the freight, and he is not organized. He is the one who most needs our care. Why not pass to him the last helping of prosperity?

WHY?

THE DEBONAIR CHARLIE CLARK said: "We will send the old man to the Senate, or we will send him to the poor-house;" the master of mines paid out two million dollars to corrupt a commonwealth: doubtless both thought they were buying an "honor." That term in the Senate ends next 4th of March, and CLARK will never return. The new Montana Legislature would not elect him to the most despised office within its gift. If it be an honor to be without peer in one chosen line, CLARK has "honor." He was the most magnificent corruptionist of his age. In eighteen days of the Montana Legislature he paid $431,000 for thirty-five votes—the Senate Committee which rejected him so found. He perverted the moral sense of a commonwealth, making vice a vogue and the virtue that resisted his money a despised idiosyncrasy. He tried, with half a million dollars, to bribe the Supreme Court of the State—a scholarly and honored judge told the incident in the witness-box at Washington. On the night of the victory of his money he spent $30,000 for free champagne for a State. For the stupendous dimensions of his briberies CLARK is entitled to fame. He ranks with the burglar who got the biggest booty, the swindler who dealt in the highest figures, with all criminals of the sort that get offers from dime museums.

CLARK

SIMON GUGGENHEIM is the choice of the Legislature of Colorado for United States Senator. It is widely reported, through the press of Colorado and elsewhere, that Mr. GUGGENHEIM's title has cost him $500,000. More specifically, an interviewer who writes in "Ridgway's Weekly" reports himself as addressing the new Senator thus: "'It is stated, Mr. GUGGENHEIM, that in plain language you have bought your election, that you have paid into the campaign fund to elect members of the Legislature the amounts of their expenses.'" And Mr. GUGGENHEIM's response is reported to have been calm, unruffled, and matter-of-fact, and in these words: "'There is nothing wrong about it. It is merely conducting political campaigns as they are conducted in these days. The money I have contributed has helped to elect these men, and naturally they feel under obligation to vote for me.'" These reports are denied by Mr. GUGGENHEIM, and there is

ANOTHER

urgent necessity for the unbought members of the Colorado Legislature to inquire into their truth, and if they are true to examine a certain three-volume public document of six years ago, entitled "The Report of the Senate Committee on Elections and Privileges into the Election of William A. Clark." In that document will be found the form and data for presenting to the United States Senate a memorial against the seating of Mr. GUGGENHEIM, provided the reports made about him are found to represent the truth.

THE NEW PRESIDENT of the Municipal Voters' League in Chicago is the type of citizen whom, it must be confessed, that city is more likely to bring to the front than some of its populous rivals. There as elsewhere lawyers are more likely than other men to be found in public life, but two of the most notable instances of civic service lately have been furnished by physicians. The new president of the League is Dr. HENRY B. FAVILL, and the other physician to whom we refer is Dr. FRANK BILLINGS. Both of these men, in the very front of their profession, overburdened with labor and responsibility, have assumed heavy responsibilities for the State. The mere list of the civic activities of Dr. BILLINGS during the last ten years would be voluminous. His latest and most important work of that nature, however, was when he assumed, at the earnest request of Governor DENEEN, the presidency of the State Board of Charities. These institutions are now being thoroughly overhauled with the view of bringing them up to the highest scientific practise, and the State is fortunate in having the benefit of Dr. BILLINGS's knowledge, executive ability, and power of work. Dr. FAVILL has been much interested in the general life of the City Club, and last year he accepted the chairmanship of the Committee on Political Action there. He is much in earnest, and, with his great ability, fine character, and entire disinterestedness, the Municipal Voters' League, with him as its chief, should unquestionably continue in a brilliant manner its valuable career.

CHICAGO CITIZENS

THE FUNCTION OF EDUCATION varies with the population. The rule of the three R's is no longer absolute. Education is compulsory throughout the country, but it may mean one thing in a New England village and another in a large city congested from immigration. The age is one of specialization. Of music and drawing many common schools now give enough to start any talent that may exist in those directions. The high schools which fit girls as well as boys for commerce increase in numbers every year. Normal schools prepare our teachers. In some cities the child may be carried, on the taxpayers' money, from the kindergarten through a college course. Lately we have gone a step further, and, not satisfied with elaborate opportunities for the sound, average, or normal child, have been developing training for those who come maimed into this world—crippled in body or handicapped in faculty. The crippled, the blind, the dumb have been excluded from the public schools, but the less definitely helpless but still defective children have been allowed to clog the wheels of progress.

VARIETIES OF SCHOOLS

EXPERIMENTS ARE BEING MADE, in various parts of the country, toward educating the defective. Ungraded classes have been established in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York. In the public schools of the last-named city there are now forty-one thoroughly organized ungraded classes, under the direction of a special inspector, and the work will be extended. The Board of Education has given leaves of absence to teachers with an aptitude for this work, that they might study defective children in State institutions. Such unfortunates can in many cases be made wage-earners, and can usually be helped to many of the enjoyments of human life; an advance, surely, from those days when the defective child sat upon a high stool and wore a dunce's cap. To-day, when a child is slow at reading, its eyes are examined by a medical inspector. If it be stupid in response, its hearing is investigated. In general the training provided for the defective is a development of the kindergarten idea—a happy environment and a gentle gradation from the concrete to the abstract. Such children are often as starved for sympathy and love as they are for the body's food; and the defective mental qualities frequently spring from malnutrition. In many homes a first step is to induce mothers to substitute milk for tea or coffee and cheerful looks for gloom.

DEFECTIVE CHILDREN

A FIRE IN 1903 deprived Brooklyn of its old Academy of Music. Work has now been begun upon a new Academy, to be dedicated in a year. For nearly half a century the old house had served for fairs, balls, grand opera, concerts, lectures, political meetings. In it had been seen BOOTH, BARRETT, IRVING, RISTORI. There for years THEODORE THOMAS gave symphony concerts. From JENNY LIND and the youthful PATTI, the greatest singers had filled its spaces. HENRY WARD BEECHER and WENDELL PHILLIPS had spoken in its rooms. Brooklyn has found it hard to get along without such a centre of intellectual and esthetic expression. The millionaires of Brooklyn are comparatively few, and the new building is being erected by the people. There are twelve hundred shareholders in a corporation with $1,000,000 as its capital. Brooklyn has done well. Only $40,000 of this million remains to be subscribed, but if the plans are to be carried out in their best form $200,000 extra will be required.

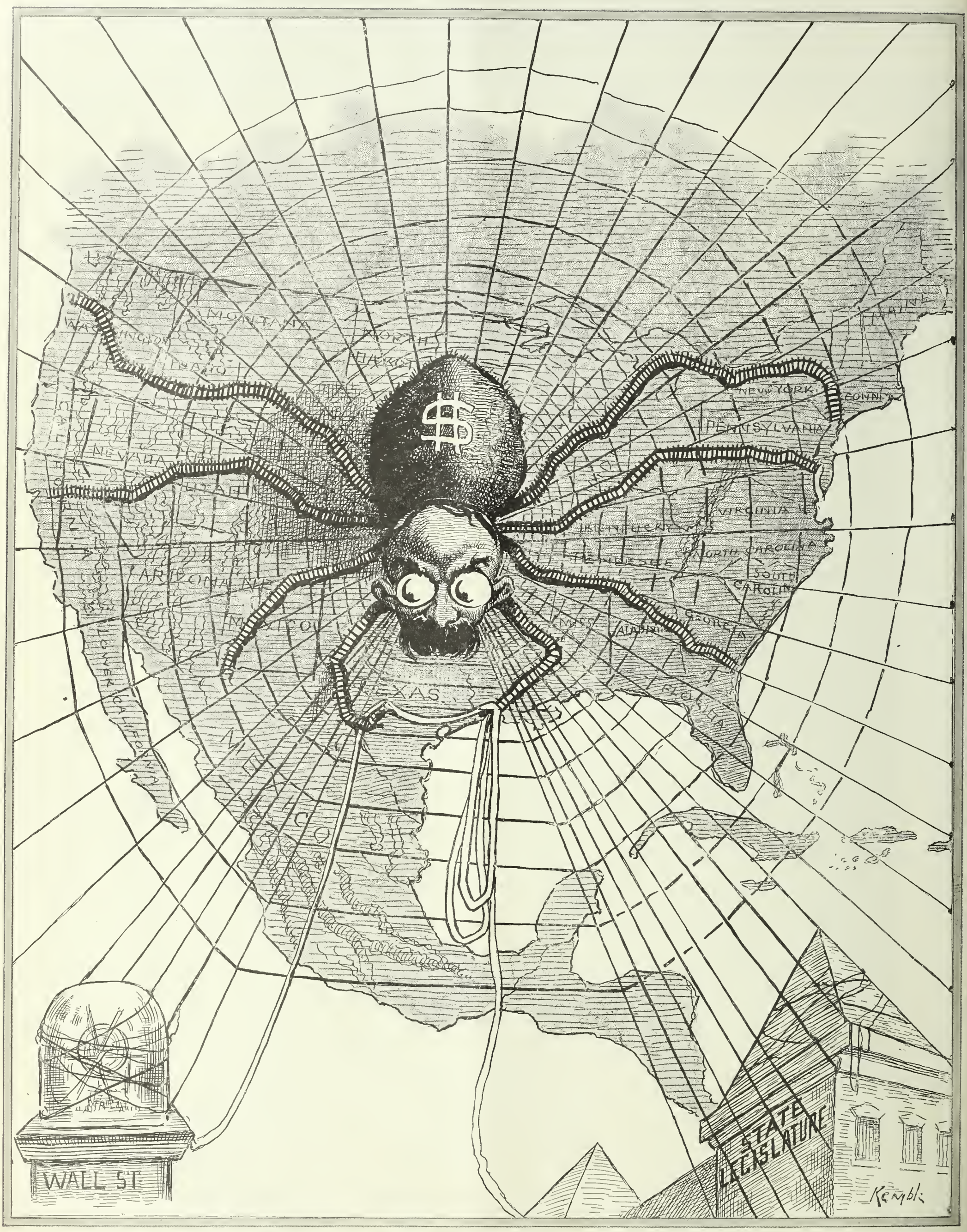
A BROOKLYN ENTERPRISE

LOWELL, HIMSELF OF BOSTON, once wrote an essay upon a certain condescension in foreigners. The Pilgrim Mother has taken that essay unto herself and is to-day remarking on a certain condescension in Mr. H. G. WELLS, who, for publication, recently declared that he found Boston in a trance like that enjoyed by the Sleeping Beauty. If Boston slept then, she awoke with a start. There came a clarion call from the peak of Bunker Hill saying: "Why are we called the Hub?" and Beacon Hill answered, saying: "Because we revolve within a circle of light, our every spoke a credit to civilization. We are the Hub of the Wheel which goes by concentric, not eccentric, force. Starlike we sing as we whirl. We never sleep. Can any community take a nap when it is totally surrounded by Harvard University and totally inhabited by THOMAS W. LAWSON? Let British detractors prate of the calmness of Chicago or the contentment of New York—but do not interfere with Boston in her scamper after Progress!" Mr. EDWIN D. MEAD listened unto the voice of the hills and was enthused. And being enthused he said: "Boston respects money, and Boston, sir, carries the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe in her trousers pocket." Hush, brother! We admire your spirit, but the simile is hasty. Boston is never less than well bred, and no perfect lady would do what you mention.

FIE, MR. WELLS!

SCOTLAND HAS DISCOVERED what is the matter with ANDREW CARNEGIE. It isn't the billion dollar steel combination or reformed spelling. ANDREW is in league with Satan. This means much more than being merely a Pittsburg millionaire. No such serious charge has ever been brought against Mr. ROCKEFELLER, who, after all, is only in league with the United States Senate. It is Mr. CARNEGIE's prevailing weakness, generosity, which has prejudiced Scotland against him. Good nature in money matters is, to the Glasgow soul, a vice in itself. ANDREW is like the prodigal Lowlander; he no sooner comes to town than "bang gangs anither saxp'nce." And what has he been doing in Covenanter Scotland with that ill-gotten saxp'nce? Purchasing haggis for the humble, buying oats for the invalid? No! He has lavished his needless American bawbee on pipe-organs for Presbyterian churches! Oratorio music, the o'er-artful strains of HANDEL and HAYDN, shall float through the blue Sabbath and supplant the pious hymns which from time immemorial have been rendered feelingly with the aid of no sweeter musical instrument than the human nose. Mr. CARNEGIE may give lakes to New Jersey colleges, libraries to Indiana towns, but when he takes to presenting pipe-organs to the Kirk o' Scotland he had better ca canny. The Scotch know the Devil better than they know the trusts—which two admirable institutions have many points in common, regardless of race, color, or previous conditions of servitude.

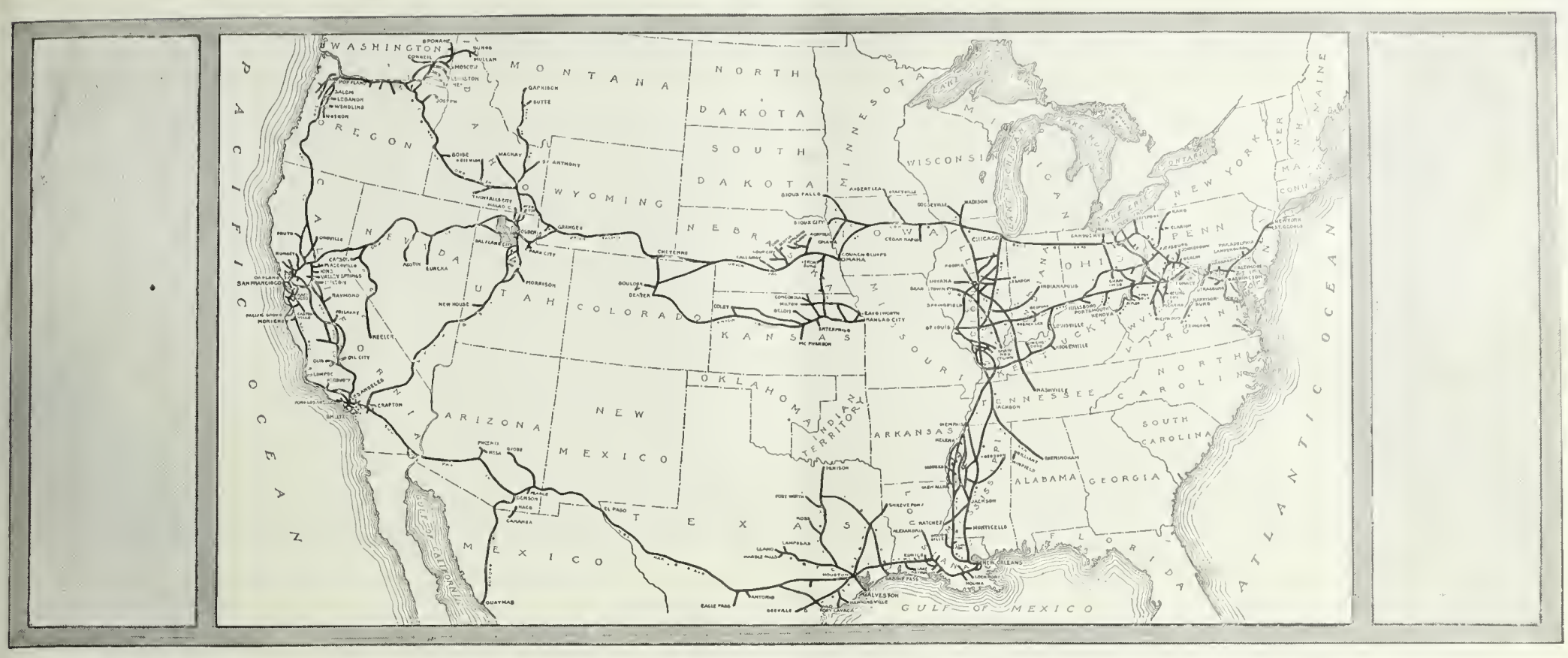
ANDY AND OLD NICK



A NEW SPECIES

HARRIMANUS MERGERENSIS VULGARUS AMERICANUS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



THE HARRIMAN RAILROAD EMPIRE

This map includes only those roads of which Harriman controls so large an interest as to be dominant in their management. The roads in which he has an interest ranging from four to twelve per cent of their capital stocks would cover another 25,000 miles. The three lines west of Salt Lake City are parallel, and their common ownership is illegal and in violation of the Sherman Act

INVESTIGATING HARRIMAN

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION IS DELVING INTO HIS OWNERSHIP OF COMPETING LINES

THE Government of the United States has cried "halt" to Edward H. Harriman. The action comes at an inconvenient time for Mr. Harriman, for he set out, six months ago, on a career of aggrandizement which, if carried out, would have made him master of one-fourth of all the railroads of the United States. As it is, he is master of one-eighth. Apparently he contemplated a huge railroad trust, which should include obviously parallel and competing lines, in reckless disregard of the Sherman law.

Here are the roads which make up the main body of the "Harriman system." Of these roads Mr. Harriman and his immediate associates own either all the stock or so much of it that their control is unquestionable:

	MILEAGE	CAPITALIZATION
Union Pacific, including Oregon Short Line and Oregon River and Navigation Co.	5,354.42	$636,000,000
Southern Pacific	9,142.01	300,000,000

In addition to these, Mr. Harriman, or one of the above companies, owns enough of the capital stock of the following companies to control them, or else has a traffic agreement with them such as to make them conclusively a part of his "system":

	MILEAGE	CAPITALIZATION
Baltimore and Ohio.	4,523 03	$217,500,000
Illinois Central	4 374 04	95,040,000
S. Joseph and Grand Island	251	14,000,000
S. Pedro and Los Angeles	512.33	25,000,000
Chicago and Alton	915.23	40,000,000

Over and above these, Mr. Harriman and his companies have, during the past six months, bought so heavily into the following companies as to give them substantial influence:

	MILEAGE	CAPITALIZATION
Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe	9,303.93	$283,486,000
New York Central	12,543.56	150,000,000
St. Paul	7,135.75	107,511,300
Northwestern	7,408.13	100,000,000

Mr. Harriman's "control" of this stupendous railroad mileage is exercised in many ways. Union Pacific is the central body. Of this Mr. Harriman and his friends own a clear majority of the stock. In turn the Union Pacific treasury owns all the Oregon Short Line and Oregon River and Navigation Company stock, and enough of the Southern Pacific stock to control that road. The other blocks of stock are divided between the Union Pacific treasury and the Oregon Short Line treasury. As to the San Pedro and Los Angeles road, there is no ownership of stock; but Mr. Harriman has with William A. Clark, the owner of the road, an agreement for ninety-nine years that this road, which is a competing line with the Southern Pacific, will maintain the same rates as the Southern Pacific.

Over all these lines Mr. Harriman is an autocrat in a sense that no other railroad man approaches. All the subsidiary roads are controlled by Union Pacific. Within the board of directors of Union Pacific there is an executive committee; and the Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation has already developed the fact that most of the routine business of the executive committee has consisted of ratifications of Mr. Harriman's official acts.

Proportion of the Capital Stock Owned by Mr. Harriman and His Associates

	Capital stock.	Harriman Percentage.
Union Pacific, including Oregon Short Line and Oregon River and Navigation Co.	$566,000,000	Majority
Southern Pacific	300,000,000	Majority
Chicago and Alton	40,000,000	50
Illinois Central	95,000,000	30
St. Joseph and Grand Island	14,000,000	63
Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe	284,000,000	7.61
Baltimore and Ohio, common	152,750,000	21
Baltimore and Ohio, preferred	60,000,000	12
New York Central	150,000,000	7.97
Northwestern	100,000,000	3.32
St. Paul	108,000,000	6



EDWARD H. HARRIMAN

When Edward H. Harriman was fifteen years old his father, an Episcopal clergyman, had a pastorate at Hoboken, New Jersey, which paid him two hundred dollars a year. To-day Mr. Harriman controls railroads which aggregate three thousand million dollars in capital

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For four years now the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific Railroads have been merged, with Mr. Harriman at their head; that is to say, the Union Pacific Railroad has owned a majority of the stock of the Southern Pacific. For all that time many people have considered that since these are competing lines, this is the same sort of violation of Federal law as was the common ownership of Great Northern and Northern Pacific by the Northern Securities Company, which the Government broke up. But there was always some doubt whether the Union and the Southern Pacific really were parallel and competing lines, within the meaning of the Sherman law; and had Mr. Harriman been content with dominating about one-eighth of the railroads of the United States, probably the Government dogs would have continued to sleep. But his restless ambition has led him into reckless merging of the most obviously parallel lines. West of the Mississippi four of the lines in which he is heavily interested, and two lines east of the Mississippi are competing lines within the meaning of the Sherman act.

His aim was to make the Union Pacific Railroad Company, not merely a railroad running from Omaha to San Francisco, but, in addition, a great banking and holding company, which should hold in its treasury a majority of the stock, or at least enough to give control of half a dozen great trunk lines stretching twice from sea to sea and from Canada to the Gulf. The same attorney who represented the United States Government successfully in the Northern Securities merger of parallel lines, Frank B. Kellogg of St. Paul, is the Government representative in the present suits.

Another point of attack by the Government will be the Union Pacific's ownership of coal lands. The road owns many square miles of coal lands in Utah and Colorado, and it is alleged that much of these were obtained by fraud. Moreover, the Union Pacific is alleged to have practised the same sort of discrimination that brought the Pennsylvania into trouble. Small owners of coal lands along the Union Pacific complain that they are unable to persuade that road to build sidings, or to give them cars when sidings are built. Also, Mr. Harriman's freight rates will undoubtedly be overhauled under the authority of the recent rate law. His freight rates are much higher than the average for the other roads of the country. It is these heavy freight rates paid by shippers over the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific that have furnished the funds for Mr. Harriman to make his enormous investments in the stock of other roads. Indeed, Mr. Harriman may be said to have courted the present investigation, not only by his recent reckless purchasing of competing lines, but also by his sensational dividend declarations last summer, when he raised the Union Pacific dividend from six to ten per cent, and put the Southern Pacific on a five per cent basis.



A piece of New York State road **BEFORE** macadamizing



The same road **AFTER** treatment by the State Engineer

THE LEADING GOOD ROADS STATE

Fifty million dollars to build 7,500 miles of good roads have been appropriated by New York State, and the work is now under way. In Pennsylvania seven and a half million dollars have been appropriated for good roads. Smaller amounts are being expended in seventeen other States

NEW YORK is that one of the States that at the present moment supplies the most striking example of the progress of the good-roads movement. Legislation which will receive some finishing touches in the ensuing session of the Legislature will put this State where her rank in wealth and development have long demanded she should stand, in the van of the road-building States. A road-map of the State is to be submitted for approval to the Legislature which provides a comprehensive plan for building some seven thousand miles of first-class macadam road, approximately during the next ten years, by expenditure of the $50,000,000 made available by the constitutional amendment voted by the people in 1905 authorizing the State to bond itself in this amount for that purpose. The map is submitted in pursuance of the amended Higbie-Armstrong act, or, as it is also known, Chapter 115 of the Laws of 1898. Under this law 692 miles of such road have already been constructed. The act provides that the town pay not more than fifteen per cent, the county not more than thirty five per cent, and the State the balance of the cost of any highway petitioned for by a locality and approved by the State Engineer and the Board of Supervisors of the county. Only minor modifications in the plan may be looked for at the hands of the Legislature. An important feature of the bond issue is that the State is to authorize the issue of bonds which will provide funds to be advanced for payment of the counties' share of the cost of the work, which the counties are to repay to the State, having a term of years in which to do so. A slight constitutional defect has been discovered in this provision, but it is presumed that the present Legislature will remedy the defect.

The adoption of this plan of highway improvement means that at the end of some ten years, at a cost to the people of about $5,000,000 a year, the State of New York will have approximately 7,500 miles of country roads of the highest grade. These highways will be equitably apportioned among the counties. They will form a unified system of great arteries and veins of traffic traversing the State north, south, east, and west, connecting all the principal villages and cities and reaching into its remotest corners. There are in the State a total of about 75,000 miles of public highway, outside of cities and incorporated villages. Hence ten per cent of these will have been rebuilt in the near future by this one act of State aid.

No More "Working Out the Road Tax"

THE wise legislation which had its inception in 1898, however, provides for much more than this. The Higbie-Armstrong act is supplemented by the Fuller-Plank act of that year, familiarly known as the Money-System act, of a type generally adopted in States having State aid laws. It provides that to every town which abandons the primitive plan by which every citizen "works out" his road tax with pick and shovel or team, and instead raises its tax in cash, the State will pay a sum equal to one-half of this amount. This improved system has been rapidly adopted by the towns, so that 533 towns now care for their roads under this system against 399 which do not. No less than 65 towns adopted the money system during the past year. How large a proportion of the State is now under this provision is graphically shown on the Engineer's map. There are now under it fully 45,000 miles of road out of the total 75,000 in the State. The roads maintained under this act are to be those not improved under the Higbie-Armstrong act. They will serve as the capillary net of feeders to the great main trunks built and maintained under that law, and thus complete this splendid system of State-improved highways. Nor are the roads for which the Higbie-Armstrong act provides by any means the only "good" roads. At present, exclusive of these, there are 1,501 miles of other roads surfaced with crushed stone and 3,754 miles surfaced with gravel, or 5,255 miles of road falling but a few degrees short of the Higbie-Armstrong roads in excellence.

According to ex-State Engineer Van Alstyne it is fair to assume that the roads improved under State aid virtually represent the first-class roads in the State, and these roads have all come into being in their improved shape since 1898. That in itself is a good showing and will compare favorably with the work done in other States. But the present conditions in New York have their greatest significance in the marked acceleration in the progress in good road building which they illustrate. Every good road anywhere in the country has been an incentive to build others like it, but in New York the forward stride shown by the action now under way is startling.

And the people of this State are getting roads for their money that they can be proud of. The roads under the Higbie-Armstrong law are constructed by contract, according to the best of engineering knowledge, under supervision of the State Engineer, at a cost averaging $8,000 per mile. How expensive some of these roads can be is illustrated in the case of the West Point-Cornwall road, in Orange County, where 2.47 miles are estimated to cost $225,000. This is the most expensive road planned for. Its great cost is due to the necessity for much rock excavation. In general these roads are about as expensive as those of Massachusetts, or perhaps a little less so. They are hard, firm, smooth, practically waterproof, and capable of bearing the heaviest loaded farm wagon. They average in total width of roadway about twenty-two feet, of which from twelve to sixteen are macadam, the crushed stone having a depth after rolling of six inches. Trap rock, limestone, granitic rock, and field stone are the materials used, acording to locality. They are equipped with guide-posts with metal signs, giving distances. At half-mile intervals are signs bearing the legend, embodying a roadmaker's wisdom: "Do not drive in one track. Use wide tires."

To the farmer these roads mean that he can drive with triple the load that his horses drew before, and that, at any season of the year, under good maintenance; that he will save in wear and tear and time two-thirds the cost of his wagon transportation; that he will gain in social comforts, in facilities for the education of his children, in ease of contact with the





The first of these two photographs pictures a farmer's wagon so deep in the mire that the driver has been compelled to give up. The second pictures the same road macadamized so that a top would spin on it

rest of the world through free mail delivery, and in other ways that will enhance the attractiveness and opportunities of his life. To the driver of horses or automobiles for pleasure they will mean a boon that should add greatly to the popularity of road travel in the Empire State. Amendments to the various laws relating to highways have given to the State Engineer such control over the maintenance of the roads improved with State money that much better results are assured in keeping them in condition than was possible under the old system of go-as-you-please, with all authority in the hands of untrained highway commissioners and road overseers. The Road Red Book recently issued from his office is packed with information and mandatory directions for officials having these roads in charge, and a force of State inspectors and supervisors will in future look after the faithful execution of these instructions. The latest kinks in the care of roads are being applied or experimented with, as, for instance, the application of oil or tar to road surfaces for their preservation and to allay the dust that with the increase of automobile travel has become an ever-growing nuisance, even on roads otherwise excellent.

The Good Roads Movement Spreading

THE day when all the principal towns of the United States shall be connected by macadamized highways, which authorities on this subject tell us is surely coming, has been brought much nearer by the work on which the State of New York is now engaged. While the vista of long-distance jaunts by automobile on perfect roads, such as is opened by plans like that for improving a road from New York to Chicago, now agitated by the New York and Chicago Road Association, or that outlined by a bill in Congress for the reconstruction of the old Cumberland Road, from Cumberland to St. Louis, may exist still merely as vision, the perfection of these roads of New York is a reality close at hand.

Here are some of the indications of the assured position won for the good-roads campaign: a Federal bureau of increasing efficiency and scope; the office of Public Roads of the Department of Agriculture, which collects and disseminates information of service to communities desiring to improve their roads, stimulating interest by pamphlet, lecture, and object-lesson roads or by direct personal instruction and supervision by its engineers, now, moreover, enabled to give a postgraduate course to qualified young men in the study of road engineering; a powerful national organization, the National Good Roads Association, represented by an increasing membership in thirty-eight States, and actively engaged in giving aid and instruction and in working for better legislation; the enlistment in active participation of great railroad corporations, of the Governors of most of the States, of bodies of automobilists and of lovers of rural beauty; and, finally, under the impulse of this agitation, the actual construction of thousands of miles of excellent country roads.

MARKS OF PROGRESS TOWARD GOOD ROADS

Expenditure of $50,000,000 in ten years provided by the State of New York, with an equal amount to be provided by counties and towns, a total of $100,000,000.

Expenditure of $6,000,000 in six years authorized by Pennsylvania, with an additional $1,500,000 from counties and townships, a total of $7,500,000.

State aid, State cooperation or supervision in the construction of good roads is given by:

New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Idaho, California, Michigan, and Washington. —In all, 19 out of 45.

This is a good showing, surely. Yet in this enumeration is not included the greatest gain of all. The amount of actual road-building still leaves a vast deal to be done before this broad land can be said to be even passably supplied with highways fit for traffic every day of the year. The terror of the impassable country road, with its mud hub-deep, or with ruts that threaten general dislocation of the human frame, still lurks in a thousand counties. It is in the enactment of laws by the various States providing for State assistance, financial and supervisory, to the smaller voting units and localities that the greatest step forward is to be noted. It was early recognized that out of merely local efforts for improvement, handicapped by a want of adequate funds, of technical knowledge, and by the hampering influences of local interest in the selection of routes and road-building material, little good could come. For the greatest profit to all it was necessary that the State should take charge, and that the cities should assume a share of the taxation for country roads from which they too would benefit.

More States Falling in Line

THE roll of the States granting State aid has grown steadily since New Jersey, some years in advance of the rest, took the lead in 1891. The last official report shows that during 1905 no less than 147 bills touching various phases of road administration were enacted into law by thirty-one States. In 1893, when the Bureau of Public Roads Inquiries, now the Office of Public Roads, was created, with the exception of New Jersey the statutes of all these States lacked such provision. In the single year of 1905 alone, the States of Illinois, Idaho, Michigan, Maine, New Hampshire, and Washington formally adopted State aid laws, and a highway commission was created in Minnesota. There had previously been adopted measures embodying some of the principles of State aid, State cooperation or supervision, by all the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Idaho, and California.

"The principle of cooperation between the States and the civil subdivisions thereof," comments M. O. Eldridge of the Office of Public Roads, "is meeting with popular favor throughout the country, and appropriations for this work are greater and more numerous than the most enthusiastic advocates of the plan ever contemplated."

THE CENTENARY OF ROBERT E. LEE

A TRIBUTE BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT

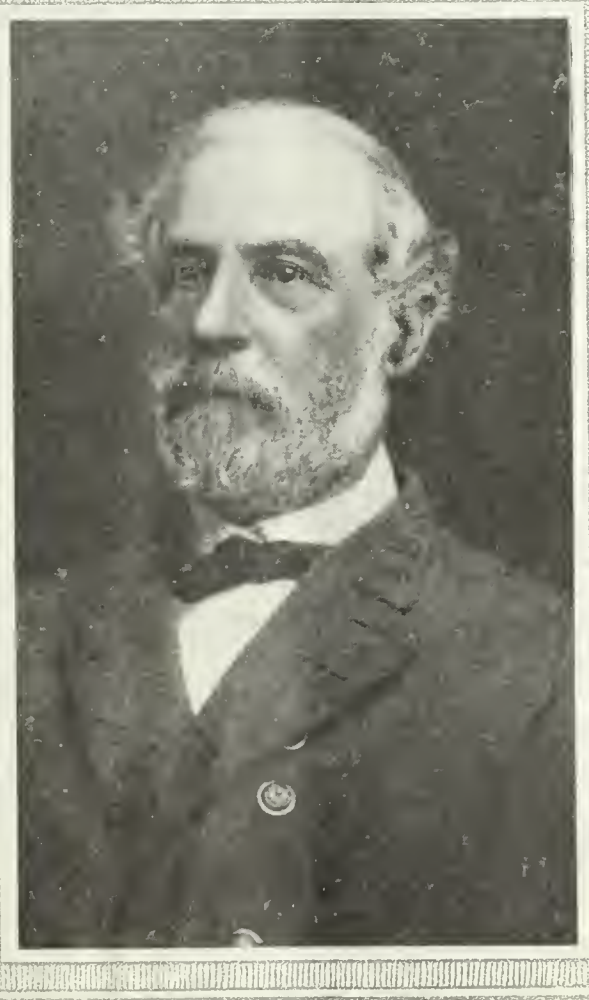
The eldest son of the Union Commander-in-Chief contributes the following appreciation of the career and personality of the great Confederate Commander on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of General Lee's birth, which will be celebrated at the old Confederate capital, Richmond, Virginia, January 19

MY FATHER, General U. S. Grant, knew Lee and admired and respected him. They were both in the Mexican War, Lee serving on General Scott's staff, and my father as a regimental lieutenant. They met at the City of Mexico in 1847, and, in 1865, at Appomattox, General Lee told my father that he remembered that early meeting very well.

Lee went out of West Point a second lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, in 1829; my father's class was 1843. Up to 1861, therefore, Lee had seen over thirty years of service in the army. Like General Grant, he won promotion and commendation in the Mexican campaign. He was brevetted Colonel for gallantry at Chapultepec. He went into the service of the Confederacy with a long and brilliant record as a soldier behind him.

It was my father's judgment that General Lee was a great defensive soldier. It is a quality that is exceedingly valuable; and, considering that the problem of the South was to meet and beat back the invading troops from the North, no better man could have been found to direct the Confederate forces. He showed real genius in his disposition of his forces, as, for instance, when he was put in command of the Army of Northern Virginia. He made them safe, entrenched them and secured his line of communication, turning over the task of reconnoitring the Union position to "Jeb" Stuart.

One of his greatest assets as a military leader was his personality. Every one who met him was charmed, and impressed by his force. The South had perfect confidence in him—the same sort of enthusiasm for him that his friends felt. With Lee at the front, thoughtful, experienced, calm, conservative, there was no nervousness at Richmond. The smallest landholder, as well as Jefferson Davis himself, felt that the right man was in command.



The South was behind Lee; he had the confidence of Richmond; and, what was more to the point, his whole army believed in him. He was a model man, had been a model cadet at West Point, and his thoughtful care of his men endeared them to him. Once he wrote to Mrs. Lee acknowledging the receipt of a bundle of socks, and said that he had just distributed 263 pairs to the Stonewall brigade.

My own impression of the man, of course, has been obtained largely from what I've heard my father say of him. At Appomattox, General Grant met him, not as an enemy, but as a noble-hearted, high-minded man who had simply taken a different view on a very vital subject. That winning personality, which had charmed the whole South, appealed strongly to my father.

General Lee was a beautiful, lovable character; he was the best type of Christian gentleman. In his military character he lived up to his motto: "In planning, all dangers should be seen; in action none, unless very formidable." He came of good stock—he was the son of "Light-Horse Harry"—and of a family that was richly endowed with the power to attract a following. Few men have been so human, and at the same time held the confidence of military men.

1807 1907



THIRTY HORSES ON WHEELS

A gasoline tractor hauling disk gang-plows cutting a six-foot furrow: thirty acres per day



THE TRAVELING POWER-PLANT

A steam tractor operating a thrasher by long belt and pulley on the open prairie

FORERUNNERS OF THE POWER WAGON

By JAMES E. HOMANS

NEARLY twenty years before Daimler, Benz, Levassor, De Dion, and other pioneers had begun developing the automobile as we know it to-day, motor road traction, in the shape of the steam traction engine, was an established achievement of increasing importance in agriculture and kindred industries.

The traditional steam traction engine bears a general vague resemblance to a railroad locomotive, having a horizontal tubular boiler mounted upon a running frame. Its broad-tired road wheels, provided with clips to promote traction, are driven from the engine, usually set on top of the boiler, through a train of spur gears or some form of sprocket chain. Such engines are used to drag plows and harrows over large fields, and for driving thrashers, binders, separators, sawmills, etc., the arrangement being such that the power may be disconnected from the road wheels and used to drive a pulley belted to any outside machine. A single tractor and its separator may do the work of an entire neighborhood; moving rapidly from farm to farm, and thrashing the grain in a fraction of the time required with horse-operated machines. The tractor can also drag portable sawmills, haul loads of cut logs, pull down trees, and extract stumps. Tractors of large power have, on occasions, done effective work at house-moving. Tractors hauling trains of loaded farm wagons to market—highway freight trains—are among the confident prospects of the near future, being already so used in Australia.

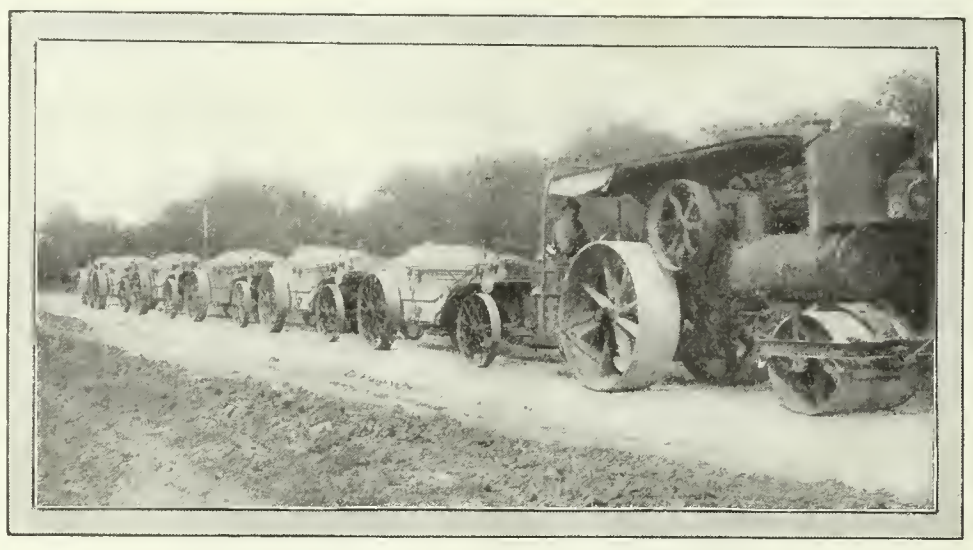
Tractor to the Rescue

THE traction engine has made possible the large-scale farming of our great prairie countries, where the conditions involve the positive necessity of breaking and plowing all the land in wide tracts, and of harvesting the crops as nearly at the same date as possible. Meantime, with the constantly increasing cost of horses and the constantly decreasing supply of reliable laborers, machinery has become the only solution.

From the long ox team and the huge breaker plow, which were able to turn over between two and three acres daily, the line of development was through the horse-drawn sulky plow, to the gang-plows of a later day, which gave the first suggestion that large areas could be quickly treated. The English steam tractor appeared at this juncture to solve the entire problem at a stroke. It virtually eliminated the horse and greatly reduced the demand for labor that had so long failed to evoke an adequate supply.

About thirty years ago the grain and seed crops of this country were thrashed by horse-power outfits almost exclusively. During the sixties, the farm engine made its appearance and gradually took the place of the horse-power for thrashing purposes in the Middle West. About 1875 the traction engine (at that time a very primitive construction) began to crowd the farm engine, but for nearly ten years the demand was about equal for the two types. All this time the horse-power was being crowded farther back to the frontier territories. To-day the modern traction engine practically controls the field, with the exception of the territories where the traction engine can not be used economically, owing to the condition of the roads, also owing to agricultural conditions.

Up to the year 1870 the combined average output of sweep (or lever) horse-powers—machines operated by horses moving in a circle and thus rotating a master-wheel—was between seven thousand and ten thousand annually for all American manufacturers. The average output at this time was about eight hundred horse-powers, which gradually fell to the current average of forty horse-powers in 1904. The use of tractors was constantly increasing, in the mean time, and at the present date, according to conservative estimate, they are used by nearly one hundred and fifty thousand thrashermen in the United States and Canada, besides finding increasing favor in plowing, grading, and road-building, freighting (in mining and lumbering regions), and for the ditching and irrigating operations of the Southwest.



A FREIGHT TRAIN AT LARGE

A steam roller-tractor hauling six wagons loaded with "road metal"—total weight of train forty tons

The advantages of the steam tractor for plowing are inestimable. It has made possible the full utilization of evanescent opportunities, as existing in some portions of the country, in a manner all but impossible with the use of animal traction, except on a scale prohibitively immense.

Thus, it has created the profitable flax-growing industry of the Dakotas and Canada. As is well known, one good flax crop will often pay for the first cost of the land on which it is raised. However, this is true only of the early-planted flax; the late flax is considered greatly inferior. The traction engine, capable of breaking between twenty and thirty acres per day—or between forty and sixty, if operated also at night—enables the farmer to readily prepare his land for planting the crop early in the spring, thus ensuring the more profitable harvest.

A Prosperity-Builder

FOR precisely similar reasons, the tractor has made possible the great wheat-growing industry of the Northwest, and has effected the redemption of vast areas in this and other regions which had previously been available only for grazing. Vast tracts of one-time "worthless" lands in Texas, Oklahoma, western Kansas, and eastern Colorado, where the scanty rainfalls used to seriously embarrass agriculture conducted with the help of horses or oxen, have become conspicuously fertile, solely through the agency of the tractor.

In certain seasons of the year considerable rain falls in this arid section. It has been observed, moreover, that if the ground be turned over when it is moist, and seeded at just the right time, it will produce between thirty-five and forty bushels of winter wheat to the acre, while if it is plowed when dry the yield will be not more than half of this, and, even then, very uncertain. Owing to the constant winds, the ground quickly dries out, so that the farmer who depends on horses for plowing will not get many acres plowed before the ground is dry and his opportunity gone for another year. The owner of a traction engine, by working day and night, can in a week's time turn over half a section of land (three hundred and twenty acres) while the ground is still moist, and, as a result, reap a bounteous harvest. Under such methods, a region which a few years ago was considered a desert is being converted into a valuable farming country, and is adding greatly to the wealth of the nation. The traction engine is the agent of the redemption.

The demand for traction engines in road-building has led to the development of another type of machine, the combined road-roller and tractor, which may also be used as a fixed power plant. Such machines, as built by several leading companies, are able to haul long trains of trailer wagons loaded with "road metal," representing a total weight of as high as forty tons.

According to the official report of the Road Commissioners of Saginaw County, Michigan, the following significant comparison was achieved as between a roller-tractor and horse-teams for a haul of one and one-half miles:

Great Work, Small Cost

DAILY cost by tractor—including engineer, $2.50; coal, $3.00; oil, 50 cents; depreciation, $1.00—a total of $7.00. Making four trips per day, representing a total haulage of forty cubic yards of road metal, gives an average haulage of $0.175 per cubic yard.

A horse-team for the same service would make six trips daily at a total cost of $3.50, but could haul only eight cubic yards total, making the cost $0.4375 per cubic yard, or $0.2625 more than by tractor and trailer. Five teams would be required to do the work of one tractor, but, on the figures given above, would cost $17.50 per day, or $10.50 more than the tractor. The cost would probably be greater, since to keep five teams constantly at work would involve the use of at least twenty horses.

The fuel used for steam tractors varies with the region. In the Southern and Eastern States it is coal; in the Northern States wood, but in the West, where both these fuels are expensive, it is usually straw. Liquid fuel, or petroleum, burners have also been used to some extent, but most farmers prefer straw or wood as being more readily available. Some of these engines are very economical in the use of fuel and water, being



A STRONG PULL

The steam tractor starts to pull down a twenty-year-old tree



THE PULL EXERCISED

The steam tractor has uprooted the tree like a weed

able to accomplish considerable work on apparently small supplies.

Within recent years the gasoline, or internal-combustion, traction engine has been increasing in favor. The gasoline engine can readily carry sufficient fuel for a day's work, and requires water only for cylinder-cooling. Several large manufacturers of the United States now turn out only gasoline tractors, and the demand is constantly increasing.

Gasoline Tractors

ONE great disadvantage of the gasoline tractor lies in the high price and difficulty of obtaining petroleum fuels in the region of its greatest usefulness. This has prevented its extensive adoption in the Western farming country, where straw is plentiful, but gasoline scarce. Cheap alcohol would probably solve the problem to a considerable extent.

Internal-combustion traction engines, operated by gasoline, have shown high efficiency in work. A North Dakota farmer, using a 22-horse-power gasoline tractor for plowing, with gangs cutting a furrow eleven feet wide and seven or eight inches deep, reported an average of about twenty-two acres daily at a cost of fifty cents per acre. A Kansas farmer, using a similar machine for gang-plowing with an eight-foot furrow, six inches deep, used thirty-five gallons of gasoline for twenty acres. The same engine thrashed one thousand bushels of wheat on less than thirty gallons of gasoline. Another type of engine, on a test run, thrashed eight hundred and eighty-four bushels of oats in a working day of nine and a half hours, and consumed only twenty gallons of gasoline. According to an estimate furnished by one tractor builder, the average cost of operating a plowing outfit in North Dakota is $26 for a 22-horse-power steam tractor and $13.50 for an equal-powered gasoline tractor, per day of ten hours.



MAY-DAY IN MOTORDOM

No need for packing. The tractor will move the house

The British War Department has thoroughly investigated the merits of the steam and internal-combustion traction engine, both for hauling baggage and commissary stores and for mancuvring guns. In the Boer war steam tractors, wherever used, rendered particularly good service in both capacities.

A writer on the Boer War, commenting on the records achieved, says:

"The lesson of the war as regarded automobilism was a very striking one. It was this—the whole of the Transvaal was one mass of dead animals. It was impossible to feed animals. They died by hundreds of starvation. The great outbreak of enteric fever was no doubt caused by the mass of dead and dying animals. But there was not a dead or stinking traction engine in the whole of South Africa.

Tractors in Warfare

"WHILE managing a line of steam traction engines from Pretoria to Rustenburg, Colonel Crompton took about one hundred and thirty tons of food per week for two columns twenty or thirty miles west of Pretoria. Thirty tons of that amount was food for men and one hundred tons was for horses and mules. Had it been possible to supply self-propelled vehicles to the columns the weight could have been cut to about seven or eight tons of fuel in place of the one hundred tons of forage. All the heavier things, such as guns, wagons, engineers' park, etc., have been and can be transported most successfully by self-propelled machines, either steam or oil. . . . As an instance of what traction engines had done in South Africa, Colonel Crompton stated that he had seen engines take a ten-ton gun up a gradient of one in five." In view of the wonderful achievements of the traction engine, it may be confidently held to represent the ultimate type of machine for heavy drafting. It has demonstrated the ready possibility of hauling on trailers tonnages that would be preposterous burdens for a single running gear, thus suggesting that the locomotive, or mechanical horse, not the automobile, or self-propelled wagon, furnishes the only true solution of the vexing problem.

WILL HEARST BE MAYOR

Governor Hughes Offers a Recount Consolation Prize to His Late Opponent

HAD W. R. Hearst been elected Governor of New York last November, he might have found himself in a curious dilemma. With an Attorney-General sympathetic and resourceful, and a Legislature willing to consider a bill to provide for a recount of the ballots cast in the election of 1905 for Mayor of New York City, he might have been compelled to choose between being Governor and Mayor.

While that puzzle will not be Hearst's to solve, if the strong recommendation of Governor Hughes is heeded by the New York Legislature he may get the office in New York's City Hall that is now occupied by George B. McClellan. It all depends upon what the 1,948 ballot-boxes, which have been lying sealed in storage warehouses since November, 1905, actually contain.

On January 2, in his first message to the Legislature, Governor Hughes recommended that "immediate provision be made for a recount of the votes cast for Mayor at the municipal election in New York City in 1905." He recalled that at that election "over 600,000 votes were cast, and according to the official canvass George B. McClellan received a plurality of 3,474 over those cast for his opponent, William Randolph Hearst." After reciting briefly the history of Hearst's long fight to secure a recount, Governor Hughes added:

"*There is no question but that widespread doubt is entertained as to the accuracy of the official canvass, and that doubt should be resolved. Our entire system of government depends upon honest elections and a fair count.* It is a matter of the gravest concern that the view should be largely, even though erroneously, held that one who has been elected to office has been deprived of his seat through invalid returns. The failure to obtain a summary recount through a defect in the law has aggravated the sense of injustice."

Moreover, Hearst has another string to his bow. In addition to the path to the mayoralty which Governor Hughes proposes to open up through the passage of a recount bill by the Legislature, the new Attorney-General Jackson has taken strenuous steps toward giving Hearst the day in court which the late Attorney-General Mayer denied. He has begun an ouster suit which recites that Hearst "was duly and legally elected Mayor of New York," and prays that "George B. McClellan be ousted from said office."

Charges of Fraud

DIRECTLY the count was ended on the night of November 7, 1905, and McClellan's election was announced, Hearst declared that he would make a contest. At his urging the ballot-boxes were gathered from the police stations. The Board of Elections, protesting that it had no room to store them, let the boxes lie in the street for a day guarded by the police and a detail of Hearst supporters. The Municipal Ownership League's candidate declared that proper care was not being used in preserving the evidence upon which he expected to make a fight for the office. Neither Hearst nor Hearst's lawyers minced words. They asserted deliberately and emphatically and often that McClellan's small plurality had been secured by every kind of trick and fraud that Tammany had ever used in a long and successful career as a strong-arm vote-getter.



Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening of election day, Hearst's watchers at Police Headquarters say, there was a sudden and unexplained stoppage of returns from the polling-places. Before this hiatus, which lasted nearly an hour, the tide of votes had been flowing to Hearst. But after fifty minutes for reflection the tide turned toward McClellan. What happened in that interval?

Hearst's Vain Appeal to the Courts

HEARST says that the breathing spell was used by the Tammany election officers to ascertain just how many votes were needed to overcome the lead of the Municipal Ownership League's candidate, and in "fixing it" so that, once turned toward McClellan, the tide of votes would flow steadily. There is another explanation, of course. Between eight and nine on election night, say the Tammany physiologists, the vitality of the election officers on duty at the polling-places runs low. That is just the time for sitting back to munch a sandwich and recuperate from an eleven-hour strain by indulging in conversation and anecdote. Naturally, counting is interrupted.

When the Board of City Canvassers met later to declare the result of the election officially, Hearst's lawyers were on hand. They objected to the Board's acceptance of the returns of the election inspectors without verification by comparison with the tally sheets. Justice Amend directed that such comparison be made in New York County. McClellan's counsel, Alton B. Parker, declared that "George B. McClellan did not want one dishonest vote," and would make no objection to any action that was necessary to have the result truly determined and declared. Still, Hearst's lawyers found that it was necessary to apply for mandamuses both in Kings and Queens Counties to secure the tally sheets.

Hearst asked the Supreme Court for a recount, and, what was more important, a recanvass of the votes cast in five typical election districts. The recount, that is the privilege merely of verifying the mathematical accuracy of the election clerks, was permitted. On December 1, 1905, four boxes were opened in the presence of Justice Amend. In three, mistakes had been made. Hearst gained seventeen votes. The fourth box had been counted correctly. Hearst's appeal for a writ of mandamus to compel a general recount was denied by the Court of Appeals on the ground, as Governor Hughes stated, "that the present law did not confer authority upon the election officers to reconvene after they had completed their canvass and to recount the ballots, and that the courts had no power to compel a recount by mandamus."

The official returns gave McClellan 228,379 votes, and Hearst 224,923. There were 1,948 polling places. An increase of 1.8 votes for Hearst in each box would have resulted in his election. In the four boxes opened Hearst gained a total of 17 votes, or an average of 4¼ in each box. Were that proportion to obtain in all of the 1,948 boxes, the McClellan plurality of 3,474 would be changed to a Hearst plurality of 4,805.

Meanwhile Hearst was doing something to sustain his contention that fraud had been practised at the election. Over one hundred repeaters and illegal voters were indicted. Eighteen were convicted and imprisoned. One offender, named Krup, was held for trial under a $5,000 bond. He "jumped his bail," and a saloon-keeper in Charles F. Murphy's district paid the $5,000. A repeater who confessed to Hearst's attorneys said that before he was arrested he had voted fifteen times for McClellan.

Directly after the election there was a remarkable exodus of Tammany supporters to the race-tracks of Washington and New Orleans. A special Grand Jury was impaneled to consider the election cases. In explaining the failure to prosecute after this Grand Jury had presented its findings, Mr. Mayer, the Attorney-General, said that it "did not disclose any substantial additional information." The Washington and New Orleans refugees thereupon returned.

Turned down by the Court of Appeals, Hearst applied to the Legislature to pass a recount bill. The Legislature, after referring such a measure to its Judiciary Committees and getting favorable reports thereon, asked the Attorney-General if Hearst had tried all of the available remedies. Mr. Mayer said that there yet remained untried *quo warranto* proceedings. Thereupon the Legislature recommitted the bill to the Judiciary Committee, "to be perfected." And it never appeared again.

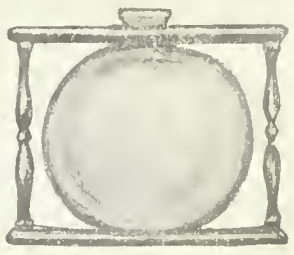
Refusal to Grant a Recount

ANOTHER course was open to Hearst. He applied, in April, 1906, to Attorney-General Mayer to bring an action in the name of the people to determine McClellan's right to the office which he duly took on January 1, 1906. Since 1830, the Attorney-General has had the power to decide whether such an action shall be brought. Mr. Mayer decided that the application should be denied on the ground that the "petitioner did not submit *prima facie* proof that he was elected." Hearst's lawyers say that if some one had pointed out just how that proof could be obtained without opening the ballot boxes they would have been grateful.

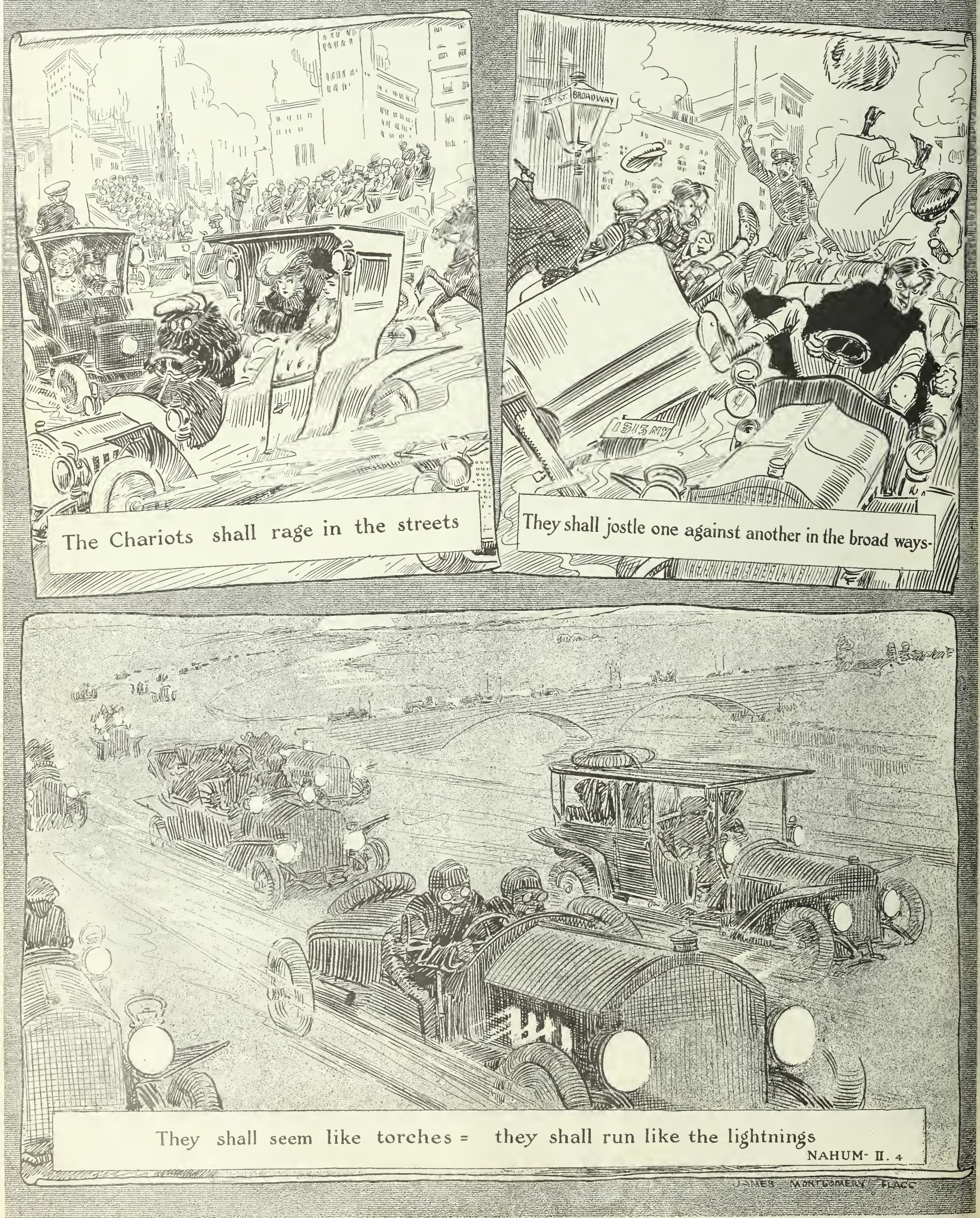
McClellan's plurality of 3,474 was less than 58 100 of 1 per cent of the total vote cast for Mayor. A change in Hearst's favor of less than ⅓ of 1 per cent in the count would have elected him.

Clarence J. Shearn, Hearst's attorney, swore that in one of the boxes opened in court he "personally observed 56 illegal and void ballots that were counted for McClellan."

Hearst's lawyers say that once the Legislature orders a recanvass of the vote, it will be shown in two weeks that Mayor McClellan is not entitled to his office. When that is shown they say that Mayor Hearst will "make it hot" for all of those who helped to cheat him. But there are others who find it hard to believe that he will turn upon Tammany, which, forgetting its alarm over the Hearst Municipal Ownership peril in 1905, secured his nomination for Governor in 1906 and rolled up in New York City a respectable plurality for the Independence League candidate. And especially since McClellan and Murphy, leader of Tammany, are now throwing knives at each other!



A PROPHECY FULFILLED



MISS HAMILTON'S ENDURANCE

A NIGHT ADVENTURE ON BOARD THE BLACK BUG

BY

GELETT BURGESS



She was smallish and dark and brown

ILLUSTRATED BY

ARTHUR J. DOVE

MY CAR is a "Cataract" runabout. That is, it was; I've sold it now, and it makes me sick—I know I'll never have so much fun again even if I should get a 90 H. P. Mercedes. I called her the "Black Bug"—she was painted to order for a doctor, or an undertaker, or somebody who affected black—and, though she didn't have yellow wheels, she was a sporty little model, low and rakish and fast for a 10 H. P. machine. Of course, being a one-cylinder, there was a little vibration when you started up—a horizontal engine has to work, you know, especially when she's climbing—but when you turned her loose and got the proper ratio between spark and throttle, she'd travel as still as a top can spin. She saved gasoline like a miser, but she was a drunkard for oil—that was her one fault. I had her rigged out with all the lamps and meters and brass things you could think of, or that manufacturers could think of for you—everything but one of these "Gabriel's horns"; it was my despair that I didn't have exhaust enough for a three-toned trumpet. But even they are no good when it comes to kids in the road—you simply have to stop or run over them.

The Bug was second-hand when I got her, and if I'm not one of these mythical persons you read about in the catalogues who run a car a whole season and spend only fifty cents for repairs, I attribute the fact to the Bug's first owner. He must have been arrested for speeding once or twice, I imagine, by the way the cones and bushings were worn. Nevertheless, the "Cataract" is the best car of the price on the market. All of which you want to remember when I tell you how I got $1,000 for her, with extras.

I had started out, late one afternoon, for a run from Boston to Arlington. The Bug worked like a gold watch. I just soared over the hills—grades didn't seem to matter at all—and my throttle was never more than half open. I had just put in a new set of batteries, and I was enjoying my confidence in them, the way a bride feels when she has just engaged a thoroughly reliable cook. It was good to be alive and to handle a steering wheel that didn't have more than an eighth of an inch of lost-motion.

Out on Massachusetts Avenue, beyond Cambridge, they were paving the road. There was a steam-roller at work, and the street was fenced off with one of those sawhorse things with a sign on it. So I turned into a little narrow, shady road and stopped by the curb to light my lamps, for the sun had set, and I expected to be out some time. I had my engine slowed down, but still running.

I had just finished when the prettiest girl in the world came up. She was smallish and dark and brown, with what poets call "orbs" that hypnotized me. Soft fluffy hair all round her face gave her that mousey sort of look most men can't resist, but she had a little chin that I was sure meant business—if her delicate, curved mouth didn't prevent. All this I saw at the first glance, and, in the second, I saw that she was in trouble. She was walking slowly and staring rather hard, but not flirting a bit. She wasn't at all that sort of a girl. I smiled back, good-naturedly, and snapped the lamp door. She stopped, looked at me straight in the eyes as if she were doing some quick mind-reading, and I pulled off my cap. That seemed to settle her resolution. Before I knew what was up, she had jumped into the seat beside mine and cried out in a queer, excited voice:

"Won't you please take me away?—anywhere you like, only hurry!"

Well, I had been waiting for a chance like that for so many years that I didn't have to stop and ask questions. I was up beside her before she could change her mind; the throttle was wide open and my foot was on the low-gear pedal at the same moment. We began to move.

Just as I threw the speed-lever forward a big tonneau car swung into the narrow street from the avenue ahead of us, and came tearing down toward us. The girl positively cowered, and turned half round to me.

"Here he comes! He's been following me!" she gasped.

In another moment the big auto had slowed up to us, and the chap driving her yelled out:

"Say! Have you seen—?" and then he stopped just alongside.

"Milly!" he yelled next.

But by this time we were picking up speed. I jammed the spark up notch by notch and let her knock. I didn't need to be told to hurry.

"Can you get away from him?" she asked, in a pretty frightened tone that made me feel like the Squire of Dames. "Oh, he mustn't catch us!"

I gave one quick look back, and there he was, with the nose of his car against the curbstone, preparing to back, turn, and follow us. It was narrow, as I've said twice, and he had a 110-inch wheel-base, at the least. I calculated that I would get about two blocks' handicap before he could head our way.

I didn't slow down at all as we swung into the avenue, and we skated round on two wheels. I suppose I missed the curb by the thickness of the varnish on my mud-guards. I switched back into the straight with a slew that threw the girl fairly into my arms. She grabbed me till I was black and blue. Then we tore up that avenue like a runaway horse. Lord, how we bumped at the crossings! I can almost feel it yet. The girl went right up and down in the air like a rubber ball, holding on with two hands as if she were in a dentist's chair. She was trying to talk, too. All I heard was:

"He's—got bet—ter springs—than you ought—to get—shock absor—bers you ride as—if you were in a—feather—bed—but if you can—beat him I—can stand it!"

I wasn't particularly impressed, for I was rather proud of the way the Bug was lying down to her work. Of course she was light and didn't have "U"-springs, but you can hardly expect a one-ton runabout to soothe you to sleep while you're making thirty miles an hour across cobble-crossings. So I just let her have it for all she was worth, and I guess that girl got as bad a shaking-up as she ever had in her life.

"What is his car, a 'Matchless'?" I asked, after a while.

"Yep—thirty horse-power!"

"And you expect me to save your life with a one-cylinder machine? Thanks for the compliment!" I remarked, grimly.

"I expect you to try!" she said, and then she smiled at me. It was like opening the throttle eight more notches, the way it made me feel.

By this time, the other fellow was about three blocks behind, and his siren was lowing like a fog-horn on a thick night at sea. The girl watched him from over the back of her seat.

"He's gaining on us," she announced quite calmly. "You've got to dodge him, somehow!"

"All right!" I said. The next minute she was piled up in my arms again, and I had shaved a quick corner, diving down into a little cross street. Half-way down the block I turned suddenly to the right, and she nearly fell out of the car. She only said:

"Are you trying to kill me, or what?"

"I thought you wanted to go as fast as possible," I replied, letting the Bug out for a straight run.

"I do, but I prefer to travel on four wheels part of the time. Who are you, anyway? Barney Oldfield?"

"Oh, this is nothing—wait till we get to a good down grade."

"I'll be a quivering mass of pink jelly by that time. You ought to call this thing the 'Corn-Popper.' I'm not afraid to try the 'Loop the Gap' upside down now. Couldn't you try a somersault with your wagon, just to let me see how the 'Dip of Death' feels?"

I switched her up another road, and I didn't do it any too carefully either.

"There's a man behind with a faster machine than mine," I said angrily, "and if you want to change cars now's the time to say so."

She smiled sweetly at me again. "Well, he *has* got pneumatic tubes, anyway," she offered. "I didn't know they used solid rubber tires any more!" She was going up and down as she spoke, but she got the retort off without loss of sarcasm.

I confess that for a minute I was pretty mad. I slowed right down. The girl seized my arm impetuously.

"Oh, *do* go on! Really, I was only joking! It's a beautiful little car, of course! I wouldn't have asked you to take me if I hadn't thought so. Please hurry! See, there he is now!"

He was right on top of us; in fact, only about half a block away. It made me wild to think I had lighted my tail lamp. He couldn't lose us, possibly. And then, that reminded me of something. I dodged back to Massachusetts Avenue. There was a measured half mile there, where the police took time. By the time I had got to the officer on the corner I had slowed down to about twelve miles an hour, and I saw the cop look at his watch and take my number.

"Here's where your friend gets his," I remarked.

"What d'you mean?" she asked.

"If he doesn't know the road, or the policeman, he's going to get into trouble. I've led him into a trap, that's all. He hasn't lighted his lamps yet, and they'll make it hot for him, or I'm mistaken."

"Good!" she cried. "I hope they arrest him! It's our only chance, isn't it?"

I had to laugh. "Talk about looking a gift horse in the teeth," I said. "He might have an accident, I suppose. Shall I pray for a tire to burst? I can't compete with a locomotive, you know."

She was looking back. "He *is* stopped!" she exclaimed. "That policeman is talking to him. But he's awfully rich—he'll give the man a ten-dollar bill and come right along, I'm afraid."

"I hope he'll try that!" said I. "That's the quickest way to jail in this town! If he'd only strip his gears or something, we might succeed in this elopement. But I expect to be held up any minute now."

"His carbureter is working badly to-day," she said, reflectively.

"Why in Heaven's name didn't you say that before?" I exclaimed. "The nearest hill for us, then. This machine is a regular express elevator!"

So I slipped off the avenue again—the "Matchless" was out of sight before this, and I made for Lexington way. Then, as before, up one street and down another, higgledy-piggledy,



In another minute the searchlights lighted us up as if we were posing for a picture

I went, in and out, till I thought we were fairly safe. In about half an hour I slowed down and turned to the girl. She had been silent for a good while, and I imagined that she was thinking things over pretty hard.

"Well," I began, "I've saved your life, but I only did my duty. What can I do for you now?"

"You've been awfully kind to me," she began, "not even asking any questions either—"

"I didn't have time for questions before," was my reply. "*Now* I'd like to know what the trouble was?"

"I'd like to go to Arlington," she pursued, "but I'm awfully afraid he'll be on the road."

"He can't remove you from this car by force, you know," I suggested.

"N—no, I suppose not," she said. "But he can make it very disagreeable for me."

"I can make it rather disagreeable for *him*." She didn't seem to be half so grateful now as I had expected she would be.

"Oh, that would be worse!" she exclaimed. "I've had trouble enough already."

"Do you mind telling me just what's the matter?" I asked. "Of course I don't want to appear inquisitive—"

"But you are, you mean?"

"Precisely!"

"Oh, it was only a quarrel."

"I'm sorry for the other chap, if you were as sarcastic as you were with me!"

"Was I? I'm so sorry—really, I don't know how I can ever thank you!"

"I do. Tell me all about it. I'd hate to think I'd gone to all this trouble for nothing."

"Oh! Was it so much—trouble?"

"Not if we've won."

She pulled off her glove and a ruby ring from her forefinger, and touched, thoughtfully, a ruby ring on the fourth finger of her left hand. I thought she was going to take it off, but she didn't.

We were running as slowly as the Bug would go on the high speed. As I was watching her we came to a little rise, and the engine pounded and stopped. I took the crank and got out. The girl looked down at me, her face very near mine. I must confess that I was glad to hear that her engagement was broken. I began to get a little more interested in her on my own account.

"Well, I guess we've beaten him now anyway," I said.

"'We?' That sounds funny, doesn't it?"

"It sounds all right to me." I threw the wheel over viciously, and the engine began to race. The girl shut down the throttle as if she knew all about it, and I got in beside her. "Well, then—Arlington?" I asked.

"If you would! And, you haven't an extra pair of goggles, have you?"

"Yes, and a veil." I took out my sister's outfit.

"Do you think he recognized me?" she asked.

"I thought he called you 'Milly,'" I replied.

"But he might have been mistaken, you know."

"Sure. You mean it perhaps wasn't you, after all?"

"You know what I mean. I turned my head away, didn't I?"

"Yes. And perhaps Milly isn't your name after all."

"But it is, unfortunately. Milly Hamilton. It's only fair for you to know. He's my fiancé—John Wentworth Forbes. At least, he *was*."

"Harvard '97?"

"Why, yes. D'you know him?"

"Slightly. I don't blame you for breaking it off. He has a nasty temper, I've heard."

"It isn't true at all! That is—well, he does exasperate me sometimes."

"Oh, he's notorious. I don't blame you at all."

"But it was a *little* my fault!"

"It couldn't have been! I don't believe it!"

"But I don't think that he ought to take another girl to dinner twice a week without telling me, do you?"

"Very poor taste—if he could get you."

"I don't mean that at all. Of course, I don't want to be so foolish as to tie him down, but in a public place, you know, while we're engaged—"

"Perhaps it was his country cousin—it usually is, you know."

"No. It was an awfully stunning girl. I don't care a bit, of course, for myself. I want him to have as good a time as he can; but people talk so, and they pity me and hint."

"I'd never forgive it, if I were you."

"Oh, I'd forgive it if he'd only explain. But he's so mysterious about it. He said there was a reason why he couldn't tell me. Wasn't that horrid?"

"It sounds interesting to me. Oh, he's a villain, fast enough. It's a good thing you got rid of him."

"I had hard work doing it. After we'd had it out, and he wouldn't explain, I told him I had a friend living in Cambridge and I'd stop there all night. I'm a little ashamed of it, now I've cooled off some."

"Ashamed of having a friend in Cambridge?"

"No—I didn't have any friend at all! I just pretended to. I refused to drive home with him, I was so angry."

"So you got out?"

"I pointed out a house—the first one I saw with lights in it. I told him my friend lived there. I got out and went to the door, and a lady came, and I asked her for a drink of water, and she asked me in. He thought I was going in to spend the night, of course, or else he would have followed me."

"Brute!"

"Why, what else could a gentleman do? What would you think of him if he let me go walking around the streets alone after dark?"

"But I thought he *wasn't* a gentleman!"

"Oh, he is! But he did treat me badly. You ought to have seen that woman when I came out and the auto was gone! I didn't attempt to explain, and started out alone. Then I happened to run across him, and he followed me till I found you. It was simply maddening."

We had got to the top of a long hill by this time, and, giving her plenty of gas for a start, I coasted down. We sailed along as if we were shooting rapids, faster and faster. There was a big car ahead that we rapidly overhauled, and I had tooted my horn and was preparing to pass when the girl snatched at my arm.

"Wait a minute! Slow up, please!" she commanded. "Oh, I think that's he! Hold back and get your gas lamps on his number."

I slowed down and pointed at the back of the car. The number showed plainly, "13,333."

"Oh, it *is* he! I *thought* I recognized it. Turn around quick and let's get away!"

I didn't stop to look back, and as I turned, a big Limousine car nearly cut us in two. It veered in a great arc, the driver turning back to yell his opinion of us. Miss Hamilton looked around after it.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she exclaimed. "He's stopped, and he's seen us, I'm afraid."

I piled on all the gas she could carry, and started uphill on the jump. In another minute the "Matchless" searchlights lighted us up as if we were posing for a living picture. It was most embarrassing. We had the centre of the stage that time. The girl collapsed into a limp bunch. We began to climb, and the "Matchless" after us. I heard his cut-out working—"*chuf, chuf, chuf.*"—regularly enough for a minute, and then it began to skip—"*chuf, chuf——chuf, chuf, chuf——chuf————chuf, chuf.*"—and I knew that he was in trouble. The skipping grew worse, and we got away fast till he was three blocks behind. We swept over the top of the hill and down the other side. I never touched the throttle, and jammed the spark 'way forward . . . the trees on the side of the road went past in one blurred streak. . . . My left-hand oil lamp began a steady vibration, a sort of steady hum that it always sets up as soon as we get up to thirty miles an hour; as regular as a speedometer it is. We got to the bottom before we knew it, and then flew at the next rise.

And then suddenly the Bug lay down. It was sickening—with the throttle wide open the engine simply ran down and stopped! I had to stop ignominiously enough, jam on the brake, and get out my electric torch to investigate.

"I'm sorry," I said to the girl, "but we've broken down. All I can do for you now is to protect you with my life, or I'm afraid you'll have to change cars. This is as far as we go."

"Never!" she exclaimed. "I'll stay with you. You may have to telephone to the garage. Perhaps he won't know me in this veil and goggles."

"He'd know you if he saw you in a mummy-case," I said. "You don't happen to be the kind one forgets."

"What d'you think is the matter?" she asked. "Is it the ignition? Turn her over and see if she buzzes all right."

I turned and turned to no avail.

"Where's your switch? This is a funny little car, isn't it!"

I pointed to the switch, looked, and gave a yell like a view-halloo. The switch, for some unheard-of reason, had got turned off. No wonder the Bug wouldn't go. I snapped it on and started to crank.

Just then the "Matchless" bore down on us and stopped alongside. I knew that we were in for a scene this time. John Wentworth Forbes had put on his brakes with a jar. I got a good look at him, for we were right under an electric-light pole. He was a clean-cut, gentlemanly sort of chap, smooth-shaven, the big and handsome sort. I had heard of him before—of course my talk to Miss Hamilton was all gammon, and I wasn't sorry of a chance for meeting him, although my own position was equivocal. I liked the way he kept his temper as he leaned over and said:

"Come, Milly, get in, dear!"

"No, thank you, Jack, I can't possibly leave this gentleman; he has been very nice to me."

"I'd like to say a few things to you, Milly," he went on, "and if you won't get in I'll have to say them right out here."

"Say anything you like," she retorted.

"The lady we were speaking of is engaged to my brother," he said.

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" she asked.

"It was to have been kept a secret. He's away, and while she was in Boston he wanted me to be nice to her."

"You might have told me that in the first place."

"Will you get in now?"

"I shall not," she said firmly. "That is, if this gentleman is willing to take me home."

"But I've told you *why* I couldn't explain—"

"Oh, it wasn't that alone—"

"But—"

"I don't care to discuss it here any more, Jack. Won't you be kind enough to go on and leave us alone?"

I could see that if I hadn't been there it might have been straightened out in two minutes, and they would have kissed and made up. It seemed time for me to come in as *deus ex machina*. So I went up to Mr. Forbes and said to him:

"May I have two minutes' conversation with you, please?"

Miss Hamilton stared at me, and Forbes stared too, but he got out and walked up the road a few yards with me, and it took me only about two minutes to say what I had to say to him. Then we came back.

"Well," he said, "if you won't come back with me, Milly, I'll have to leave you, I suppose, but I'm sorry that we can't settle it now. It seems foolish to quarrel over so small a thing."

"It may seem small to you—" she replied.

"Good-night, then!" he said, and he waved his hand to us both. The "Matchless" moved off up-hill, skipping badly, but doing well enough to get away. The minute he was out of ear-shot Miss Hamilton turned on me:

"What did you say to him?" she demanded.

"Why," I replied, "I told him that it wouldn't do to make trouble here on the road, and that I intended to take you home, and that it was useless for him to apologize or anything—that you were mortally offended, and that I knew that it was all off."

She swallowed it all. I think she was pretty nearly angry enough to leave me as she had him; but she didn't.

"I'd like to know what right *you* have to interfere!" she exclaimed. "It seems to me that you've taken an



His head was resting artistically in Miss Hamilton's lap

unconscionable liberty, considering the time you've known me. I think I can arrange my quarrels alone, without your help."

"You didn't think so when you got into my car," I replied, hugely amused.

"I think so *now*. I'm sorry I ever spoke to you."

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that yet, is it? Really, I only did my best to save you from a disagreeable situation. I knew that you had been insulted, and perhaps I was too strong, but—"

"Nonsense, I never *said* I was insulted! John couldn't possibly insult any one—least of all a woman he loved—and besides—didn't he explain it all perfectly?"

"You believe that story, then?" I asked disdainfully.

"Believe it! Of course! Why shouldn't I? He never told me a lie in his life—and I don't believe he'd begin now!"

We had started up, and were climbing the hill.

As we passed the electric lights I did my best to keep my face straight. But I needn't have—she wasn't looking at me now; she was looking off ahead—for a red tail lamp, I suspected, and No. 13,333 in white on a blue sign.

I turned off for Arlington.

"Did he say which way he was going?" she asked after a while.

"No," I replied. "But I doubt if he'll get far unless he stops to fix that carbureter. He's in a bad way."

"Oh—I hope he won't have trouble—I suppose he's rather desperate too, and I'm afraid he'll be reckless. Did he seem to be sorry, do you think?"

"He was pretty badly cut up," I said. "Serves him right."

"Yes," she said curtly.

"Queer looking chap, isn't he?" I remarked, as we turned again.

"I think he's handsome. Or, at least, I used to think so. 'Most everybody does, anyway."

"Rather low of him to chase us about so, though, don't you think?"

"What would you do, I'd like to know, if another man ran away with the girl you were engaged to?"

"But the engagement was broken, wasn't it?"

"Well—I hadn't really told him so."

"Why, hadn't you? Well, he'll know it by tomorrow, I expect."

"I don't know—I want to think it over first. Perhaps we might come to some kind of an understanding, although it seems unlikely. If he couldn't confide in me, then I'm not fit to be his fiancée."

"Oh, I don't trust him myself. He's pretty smooth."

"It isn't that—I trust him implicitly, but he's rude, that's all."

I had been taking it easy, not wanting to get to the corner too soon, for fear Forbes wouldn't be ready for me.

But as she spoke I caught sight of a red light, and speeded up. Miss Hamilton's eyes were sharp ahead.

"There's an auto—it's broken down, I believe. Oh, do you suppose it could be Mr. Forbes?"

"Shall I turn back?" I asked, beginning to curve.

"N—no—let's see if it is—oughtn't we to help him?"

"Just as you say. He's probably trying his spark plugs."

I ran softly down to the big "Matchless" and stopped. There was nobody in sight. Miss Hamilton grew alarmed.

"Why, this *is* his car—where d'you suppose he is?" she asked.

I got out, but took good care not to go in front of his auto.

She followed me and in a moment went ahead a little way.

Then I heard a scream, and I saw her drop to the road. I waited just long enough to touch his quadrant.

The fool had his spark 'way back—just where it ought to be. I moved it up, clear forward, for I expected it would be necessary to supply evidence for so sharp a pair of eyes and so keen an automaniac as Miss Hamilton. Then I joined her.

Mr. John Wentworth Forbes was lying in the dust. His head was resting artistically in Miss Hamilton's lap. Upon his forehead was a very convincing smear of grease, intended to conceal a bruise. She was almost hysterical.

"Get some water, quick!" she cried. "He's been hurt. He must have been hit by the crank—it back-fired on him, and knocked him senseless! Oh, hurry up and do something quick!"

"He'll come to in a minute, I'm sure!" I replied; and as I bent over him I saw his eyes open.

"Where am I?" he gasped. "Is that you, Milly? Kiss me, dear!"

I fled. The next thing I saw he was up, and she was dusting him off. He was talking. I saw him go to the wheel and show her the spark handle and tell what a fool he had been. It *was* lucky I had been there first.

I busied myself with my own car for a while and then I came back. Both of them held out their hands.

"Congratulate us, old chap, we've compromised," said Forbes.

"I knew I'd have to forgive him sooner or later," said Miss Hamilton.

I said nothing, but I never felt more like the proprietor of a marionette show.

"But there's one thing I want to tell *you*," said Forbes, keeping hold of my hand and giving it a grip that I won't soon forget, "and that is that I can't afford to have a car like yours running about after me like this. She's too good a hill-climber. I'd feel safer if I knew it were out of the way. What d'you want for her? Will a thousand do? You could get a pretty good two-cylinder for that."

"I'll take a thousand and your blessing," said I.

"Done!" he cried. "She's won the hardest endurance-test race ever driven!"



WHO'S ZOO IN AMERICA

JOHN FAKEFIELD DRYDEN

By WALLACE IRWIN

COME forth from your grottoes, Poseidon,
And quiet the waters so wild
Which roar round the headlines of Dryden
(I don't mean the poet, my child;
Though the Dryden I quote has a lyrical note,
Which is putting it ever so mild.)

Ye nymphs, bring your dimes to the altar
Where Prudence defieth the storm
And a graft with the strength of Gibraltar
Uprears its magnificent form,
Presenting cold shoulders to policy-holders,
But keeping its stockholders warm.

John Dryden he started, as many
Obscure little geniuses do,
Possessing his nerve and a penny,
In search of some provinces new;
When interviewed last Johnnie's
nerve had grown fast
And his penny was growing
some, too.

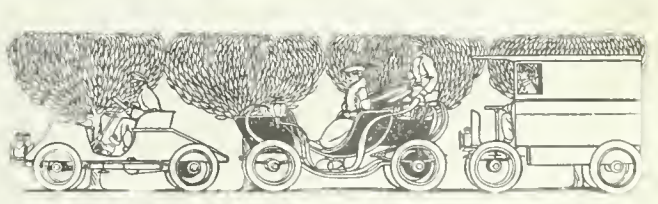
And, having the nerve (an essential
Of popular finance to-day),
He prudently formed the Prudential
And brought all the widows straightway
Expectantly flocking, with handbag and stocking,
To beautiful Newark, N. J.

And when he was bloated with pelf, John
(Of course) to the Senate was bid,
Where Fame murmured: "Speak for yourself,
John"—
And John not infrequently did;
Any decent Repub. in that Financiers' Club
Will "speak for himself"—as John did.

The Jersey-Gibraltar, like scandal,
A cliff from a pebble has grown,
The Public are warned, "Please don't handle,"
But Dryden may quarry the stone,
Inserting at will his political drill
In the rocks which he labels,
"My Own."



PROGRESS OF THE AUTOMOBILE



THE surprising growth of the automobile industry, which all suspect to be a fact, is amply demonstrated by authoritative figures. Such figures, although not always accessible, and never entirely complete, tell the story of a great and immensely significant innovation in our industrial, commercial, and general aetivities. Six years ago motor carriages were curiosities, causes of wonder and amazement; to-day they are familiar to every wayfarer, and established objects of his longing desire. Their production and importation in the United States have increased by over 100 per cent within four years, and the value represented by over 400 per cent. Thus thrives the greatest fad of history.

During the year 1903 a total of 10,378 motor vehicles of all powers, representing a value of $12,220,723 were sold in the United States. In 1904 the number of vehicles sold had increased to 13,486, and their cash value to $19,190,355.23, involving an increase in numbers sold of 30 per cent, and, in value, of 58 per cent. In 1905 there were sold 17,840 vehicles, representing a value of $31,814,758.99 or an increase by 32.5 per cent in numbers sold and by 66.2 per cent in valuation.

During nine months of 1906 a total of 18,206 motor cars, representing a total cash value of $38,005,699 were sold in the United States. Assuming that the average per quarter holds to the end of the year, the grand total for 1906 should be 24,274 cars sold, at a total of $50,674,265.32.

According to the above figures, the average price of a motor car in 1903 was $1,170; in 1904 it was $1,422; in 1905 it was $1,784, and in 1906 it had reached $2,087. During the three years ending January, 1906, the average sale value of an American motor car was $1,429, and of an imported car $6,710. The increase of nearly 100 per cent in the average value is due solely to the steady tendency toward heavier and higher-powered cars.

During the twelve months of 1906 there were entered at the United States Custom Houses a total of 1,561 cars, from which may be deducted 128 American-made machines returned after foreign tours. Of the 1,433 foreign cars entered over 1,300 were new, representing the importations of agents and dealers in American cities. These 1,433 cars represent a total value of about $5,500,000 abroad, which, with duty at 45 per cent and freight charges, is increased to nearly $7,980,000 to the American purchaser. The anticipated estimate for 1907 imports is 2,000 cars.

The bulk and importance of the automobile imports business has increased so rapidly that the United States Government has provided a special Custom House in New York City. Here, on an average, six cars a day are brought for examination and appraisal. Special low carts with high wheels are used to convey the cars from the piers, and so careful is the handling that not one car has been injured in five years.

THE JAPANESE SCHOOL QUESTION

AND WHY THE SAN FRANCISCANS SEE IT THE WAY THEY DO

By FREDERICK PALMER

CROSSING from Oakland to San Francisco I had my first glimpse of the problem on the spot. Some boys of fifteen or sixteen called out to a pair of stocky coolie Japanese on the ferry: "Hello, Skippy! How's your friend Roosevelt?" The Japanese looked straight out to sea. "Say, Skippy," the boys persisted, "we're going to paint the White House yellow for you." Still no answer from the Japanese, except a catlike dipping of the eyelids. Nor would there be any unless they were attacked. Then they would have fought like devils.

I had been reading the local dailies in the sleeper, and "these irresponsible gamins," thought I, in my wisdom, "are the product of newspaper agitation." Michael de Young, of the "Chronicle," started the furore. He knew that the way to make circulation is not to caution people to be reasonable, but to spring sensations which will confirm them in all their suspicions, prejudices, and dislikes. When De Young got a "rise," immediately Hearst's "Examiner" took the cue. Intense rivalry followed.

The "Chronicle" is still in the lead. Michael de Young alone, without reserves, support, or a line of communication, is able to mash Japan to a jelly with one hand. The Hearst organ has landed at least two army corps of Japanese veterans with artillery concealed in their pockets in Hawaii. Coolies who ballast the Southern Pacific have located all the gun positions at strategic points in the Rockies, which seems a little strange to me, considering that in the war with Russia the Japanese went by Russian maps which they had captured. As for spies, a new species in a new place is found every day. They are the pawns in the war of publicity.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ORIENTAL SCHOOL

Chinese and Koreans still attend. Like the Japanese, most of them do not understand English, and it is this fact which hampers the progress of American classes. The Chinese and Koreans adhere to their native garb: the Japanese adopt the dress of this country

Schmitz Will Lay Down His Life

RUEF and Schmitz were quick to join the procession. Schmitz, eloquent over exclusion, declared in an anti-Japanese mass-meeting that he was ready to lay down his life—possibly to postpone his trial for extortion. Besides, he would not be needed when De Young had already spoken first for the privilege. Perhaps he and Ruef had the same object as the man who diverts attention from himself by crying: "Stop, thief!"

And now I hear you say—you who live three thousand miles away, with the beam in your eye—that "it's all been a matter of dirty politics, this transgression of a great principle." Not in the least. The politicians have simply pandered to public sentiment. Every printer, reporter, editor believed in the policy acclaimed by the press. So, practically, does the whole Pacific Coast. This view has been crystallized into a habit like that of the Irish about Cromwell. The political mouthings of that automatic speech-maker, Congressman Kahn, and others were the efforts of individual craft to get more wind than their rivals.

San Franciscans are a people used to having their own way. They come of that breed. They live over the Divide, and with the mountains at their backs they look out to sea. When they were beginning to build their city anew they concluded—possibly because knight-errant Michael brought it so sharply to their attention—that this was the time to make one of the changes they had long had in mind.

The result was the Oriental School. When I visited it and saw all the Chinese and the Koreans—whom we forget in the East—I could understand why I would not want to attend there if I were a Japanese. The Chinese and the Koreans rarely wash, while the Japanese take a bath every day. The Chinese say that the Japanese smell like fresh fish, and we can imagine ourselves how the Chinese smell to the Japanese. One solitary Japanese boy, Frank Kobayashi, now attends the Oriental School. He has written to the President saying that he prefers segregation because he learns faster than he did in American classes. Kobayashi is to me a marvel in racial anomalies. He is a pea that grows outside a pod like a cranberry.



THE LONE KOBAYASHI

To the San Franciscans their action was a part with that of a merchant who decides to put a partition between two departments. Japan's protest was as much of a surprise as if a merchant from a neighboring town has wanted the partition down because one of the clerks was a relative of his. Were they living in Germany that they might not regulate their local affairs? If so, then it was to be borne in mind that the Kaiser has been a long time in making his Polish subjects drink out of the Teutonic creek. The President's message turned their Polish exasperation into a white heat of anger, which has cooled to a quiet determination on the part of thinking San Franciscans, while Michael de Young has yelled louder than ever.

It is Michael's baying which leads the rest of the country to think that the whole cry is moonshine and not representative. Michael's baying produces lawlessness and excess. It might one day lead to riot. For the first time I saw the sentiment of an American community acting toward an outsider as the Japanese in their racial exclusiveness and concealment act toward any Caucasian. It was amazing.

The conduct of the Japanese is, for the most part, exemplary. So their Emperor orders. A diplomatic case is ever in preparation. Tick-tick-tick, the Japanese Consulate keeps an account of every act of violence against a Japanese subject. The Japanese do not segregate in quarters as the Chinese and European immigrants do. They rarely get intoxicated. They take off their kimonos and incase their bowlegs in unbecoming "pants." The ranks of the day laborer among the débris are closed to them as are the ranks of all the trades. If they open restaurants or stores with American goods little custom comes, though they undersell rivals. They may be servants, cobblers, draymen, and fill in the odd jobs which the American does not want. At school the children of the coolie class are slow: having no knowledge of English, they are a positive drag on the other pupils. Those of the merchant class are usually bright. All are clean and attentive.

"But," say the San Franciscans, "grown men go to school with our young girls. We will not stand for that."

"Then," instantly suggests the visitor, "why not make a rule limiting the ages of the grades?"

That brings practically the answer that they do not want Orientals in their schools anyway. No public charge of the offense feared has been brought against any "study boy." When the Board of Education speaks of the immorality of the Japanese as a cause of offense, a cynic may ask if there is anything worse in Japan than the organized promotion of brothels by the present city administration.

But the morals of Ruef are not the morals of San Francisco. Her family code, unlike that of Japan, does not contemplate as legitimate and respectable the sale of a girl by her parents into prostitution, or grant a divorce on the volition of the husband who dismisses his wife as he would discharge a servant. The Japanese insist that we have things worse. We have, perhaps, but the San Franciscans insist that they are our kind of worse, just as the Japanese kind is Japanese. Probably no Japanese city was ever so badly governed as San Francisco is at this moment. No streets are more orderly than those of Japanese towns.

When out of the 1,250,000 immigrants expected next year a possible 25,000 Japanese makes such a small drop in the bucket; when the Japanese are orderly and individually ambitious, why the boycott of mankind, if not of their goods? Why this transgression of the great American principle? Your average San Franciscan is as intelligent, as fair, as generous as your New Englander; more so, I think, where his own ox is concerned. His State needs labor, and the very employers of labor oppose the Japanese. The San Franciscan is the man on the spot. He takes a train with many stops to New York and a steamer with one stop to Japan. He knows his Orient as we of the East do not. In his city enthusiasm was strongest of all cities for Japanese victory. His admiration of the Japanese nation remains. Why, then, why? The Japanese who migrate are of the coolie and merchant classes, a caste of underlings with no rights for thousands of years. It is they who sell their daughters. The samurai class, that ancient third of the population which have made Japan great, never come except as students. Yet this point seems only a sophistry for strengthening an illogical position which has its roots in strong, chivalrous race meeting strong, chivalrous race, neither of which can understand the strength or chivalry of the other.

A Question Deeper Than Diplomacy

"IF you lived here a year you would be with us," is the San Franciscan's final answer. In any American crowd a Japanese is as distinguishable as an oak in a pine grove. The streams of humanity going eastward and westward from the apple tree in the garden have sunk into the channels they have worn. So long were the Japanese the peas in the pod of exclusion that they have come to think alike and look alike. Ours was the seed carried by the winds of heaven westward.

That Italian laborer in the débris of San Francisco's ruins belongs to the race that crossed the Alps on a diet of dried fish to the conquest of Gaul and Britain and to the race of the great discoverer; the Spaniard to the race that sent its caravels around the world with the Virgin listening to fearful oaths in the forecastle; the Portuguese claims kinship with Vasco da Gama. Their eyes are straight; they read a book from left to right; the Latin and Greek classics and heritage are in their blood.

The Japanese peas, equally great—perhaps greater—have suddenly broken out of their pod. They have taken legs as one man with one thought. But they are a little late. The people of the wind-blown seed are in California first. And this, I think, expresses the Californian's real answer to the Why? "That side you," they say, "and this side ourselves. Let us trade, let us be friends and take all each other has to offer; but we may not assimilate."

The school question, the trade-union agitation, all are but details. A Japanese is able to compete with us in every walk of life and live cheaper and work longer hours. San Francisco, I think, is ready to overlook all Japanese who are present and let them be citizens, provided that Japan will agree to the exclusion of American laborers from Japan and Japanese laborers from the United States. If not, it would seem that Japan means to quarrel. "She herself has set up an actual if not a legal barrier," say the San Franciscans, "by racial exclusion of foreigners. Ask any foreigner who lives there if he has crossed the barrier. If the traveler has not, can the people who remain at home in the avenues of their daily toil ten thousand miles distant?"



The late Governor Steunenherg's residence at Caldwell, showing effects of the explosion which caused his death



Court-house at Caldwell, where Moyer and Haywood were arraigned for the murder of Ex-Gov. Steunenherg



Harry Orchard, who asserts he was employed to murder Ex-Governor Steunenherg



Charles H. Moyer



Judge Frank J. Smith, before whom Moyer and Haywood were arraigned



William D. Haywood



Moyer and Haywood entering the jail at Boise

WITHIN a few weeks will begin, at Caldwell, Idaho, the trial of four men accused of the murder of Ex-Governor Steunenberg. The accused are Charles H. Moyer and William D. Haywood, President and Secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, George Pettibone, formerly an officer of the Federation, and Harry Orchard. On the night of the last day of December, 1905, Ex-Governor Steunenberg, while coming from business to his home, was blown to death by a bomb. Harry Orchard was arrested. He made a confession which implicated the other three men accused



The Caldwell jail where the prisoners were confined before their removal to Boise



The Grand Jury of Noble County, Idaho, which indicted Moyer and Haywood for the murder of Ex-Governor Steunenberg

PRINCIPAL FIGURES IN THE COMING IDAHO MURDER TRIALS

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

OUR OVERWORKED RAILROADS

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

With Cartoons by F. T. Richards

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SINCE Mr. James J. Hill a few months ago warned the country that its railroad facilities had fallen hopelessly behind the needs of its business, a succession of frightful accidents and trying commercial pinches has given impressive confirmation to his assertion. The president of the great Southern Railway has fallen a victim to the same conditions that are killing ten thousand other people a year. The terrible disaster at Terra Cotta, near Washington, on December 30, in which a Baltimore and Ohio train ground out forty-three lives by running into another on a block already occupied, was followed three days later by a head-on collision on the Rock Island, in Kansas, in which forty-nine people were killed through the error of a boy operator, most of them being burned to death, and the next day by a rear-end crash on the Union Pacific. The last accident, in which the Los Angeles Limited plunged into the Overland Limited, just happened to kill only two passengers and wound eleven, besides wrecking eleven cars and a locomotive, but it might very easily have been the worst of the lot.

The information obtained by the Interstate Commerce Commission from all parts of the country indicates that through the anxiety of the railroads to push their inadequate facilities to the limit the rules governing the operation of the block signal system are almost universally disregarded, and the system itself has become absolutely ineffective—indeed, in many cases, a source of positive danger. Even before the latest accidents Mr. Hill said to a Cabinet officer: "Every time I undertake a railroad journey nowadays I wonder whether it is to be my last. The thing has grown to be uncertain. It is a fact of knowledge to every railroad man that in this day from two to three trains enter at times into every block of every system in the country. There is danger in it." The publication of these remarks caused a flutter in railroad circles, and other presidents hastened to say that Mr. Hill must have been misquoted. He stood by his assertions, however.

The figures of the Interstate Commerce Commission show that 9,703 persons were killed and 86,008 injured on American railroads in 1905. Of these 688 were killed and 7,433 wounded in collisions. These so-called accidents were almost all preventable. Most of the other kinds of accidents were preventable, too, but practically all collisions could have been avoided. They were due to disregard of the rules laid down to ensure safety, and this disregard was due to the effort to make one man, one locomotive, one car and one mile of track do the work of two. The President talks of the danger of race suicide because not enough babies are born, but of those that have been born and brought up with infinite pains to be of service to the State, we have allowed the railroads to kill 46,632 and cripple 364,717—more than the whole population of a city as large as San Francisco—in five years.

The one bit of reassuring evidence that cropped up during this time was the statement that the record of the series of 1,625 "surprise tests" carried out by the Chicago and Northwestern during the year 1906, covering every imaginable contingency in the management of block signals, did not show a single failure to observe the signals and obey the rules.

At the same time the shortage in cars is causing loss and distress throughout the West. Mr. Lane, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission's sub-commission that has been investigating this subject, has filed a report in which he shows that the railroads failed to prepare for a heavy movement of grain, although they had every reason to expect a large crop. This year they seem to have been overwhelmed by the flood of cereals, although the crop is little larger than that of 1905. At the end of the year fifty million bushels of grain remained on the farms or in the country elevators of North Dakota. Only 38 per cent of the crop had been shipped. "The country elevators remain full," the report adds, "because the railroad has not moved grain from the country elevators to the terminal elevators. The terminal elevators at Duluth, Superior, and Minneapolis, which act as great reservoirs for the line elevators, are almost empty, and at no time during the season have they been filled to more than one-third of their capacity."

Yet the local elevators have been bursting with grain for three months. The farmers have been forced to build open bins beside the railroad tracks, and there thousands of bushels of wheat are lying covered with snow. "The farmer can not sell because the country dealer can not buy. The country dealer can not buy because the country elevator is already full."

These conditions have reduced the price of grain by from two to six cents per bushel at many country points, and have involved the farmer, the merchant, the elevator man and the country dealer in heavy losses. Yet there was nothing even in the testimony of the railroad men themselves, to show that this situation had been brought about by an actual shortage of cars. Although they had largely increased their equipment, the Northwestern roads actually hauled less grain by nineteen thousand carloads in 1906, down to the time of the hearing, than they had hauled in the corresponding period of 1905.

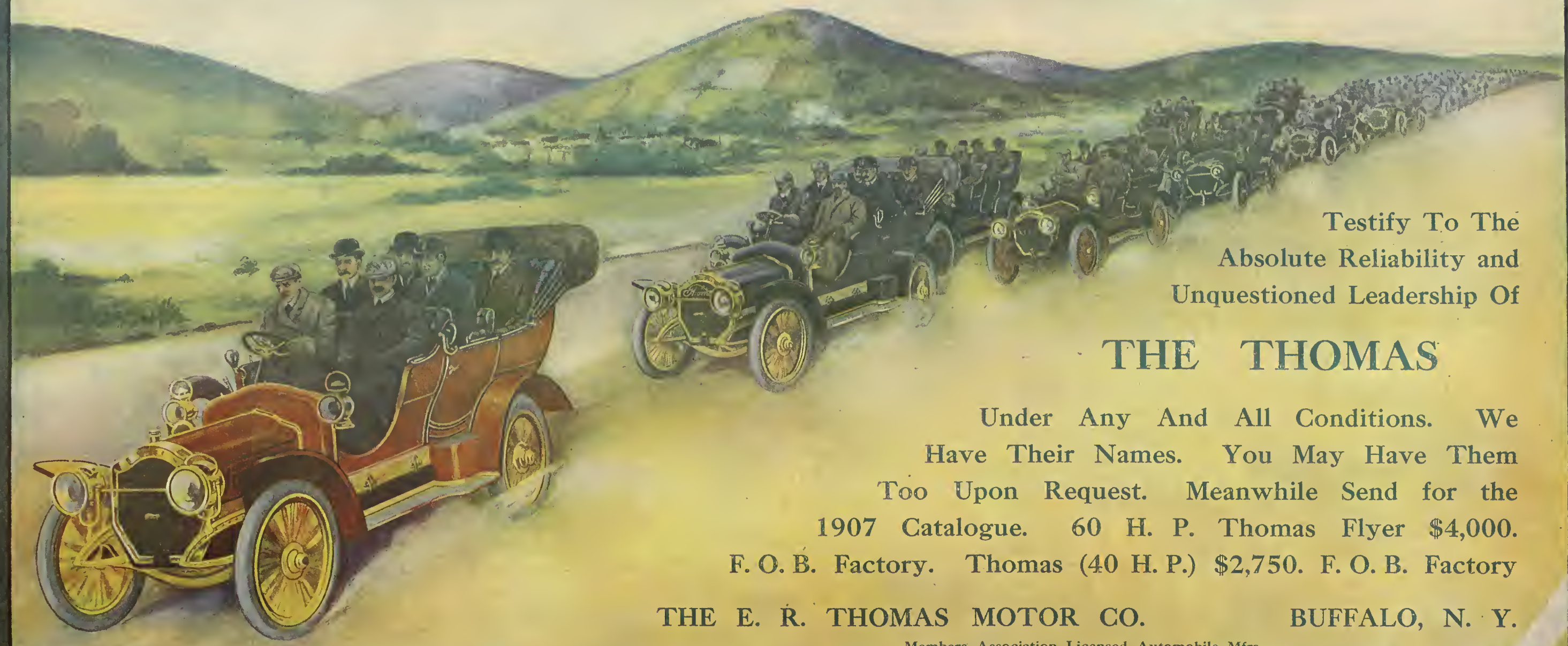
In the case of the coal famine which has caused so much suffering in the Northwest the railroads tried to shift the responsibility to the country coal dealer, who according to their account, had improvidently failed to lay in his supply early in the summer. But the dealer came back with the comprehensive answer that "neither law nor custom required him to order his coal six months in advance of his needs; that it was the duty of the railroad to meet his demand for cars, rather than the duty of the coal dealer to accommodate his business to the convenience of the railroad; that the coal dealers were justified in assuming that the railroads would be able to transport coal in the fall months because in other years they had done so; that the small percentage of cars for coal loading which the company did supply lay loaded upon side tracks or in terminals so great a percentage of time that they moved toward their destination at an average of less than one mile an hour, and often at an even lower rate of speed; that those who did order coal in the summer months were as poorly supplied as those who did not; that the railroad companies themselves did not follow their own counsel, for their own reports reveal serious shortage of company coal at almost every point; that preference over coal was given to general merchandise and other freight destined farther west, and that in the months when coal would ordinarily have been hauled to North Dakota the railroads were engaged in supplying coal from the head of the Lakes to the Montana smelters whose customary supply had been cut off by a strike in British Columbia mines."

Some of the railroad potentates questioned by the Commission took a view of the situation that was almost tragic in its gloomy intensity. President Hill, of the Great Northern, declared that the roads as a whole had "not kept in sight of the country's growth." He thought we were against a stone wall so high that nobody could see the top of it. He observed that while the freight movement of the country had increased by 110 per cent between 1895 and 1905, the increase in facilities in the same decade had been only 20 per cent. For the next five years Mr. Hill put the absolutely necessary increase to catch up with the business at 73,000 miles of track, which would cost $5,500,000,000, or $1,100,000,000 a year. Even that he considered too little, and yet it was more money than he believed the United States could raise.

The Commission's investigators agreed with him on the latter point, but they called attention to several possible means of making better use of the present facilities. They mentioned cases of "loaded cars standing from two to twenty days at the points of origin; of empty cars lost in congested terminals or lying unused, sometimes in solid trains, for equal lengths of time; of engines broken down from overwork; of trains torn in two by heavy loads; and of train crews working extremely long hours without rest, although making only ordinary mileage." Cases in which it took twenty days or more to move loaded trains two hundred and fifty miles were common. The irritating lack of cars has caused, in many localities, a movement to penalize railroads which fail to furnish cars to shippers when requested. The suggestion usually takes the form of a "reciprocal demurrage" bill to be introduced in State Legislatures. This bill provides for fining the railroad ten dollars a day for each failure to deliver a car which has been asked for.

The failure of the roads to do the business for which they exist can hardly be ascribed to a lack of capital for improvements. They have been pouring out securities to the limit of their credit, but

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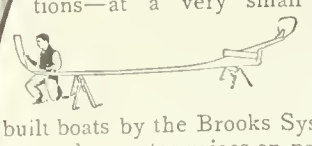
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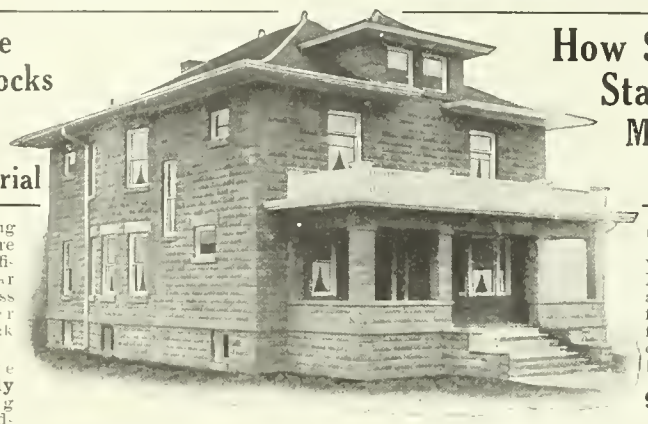
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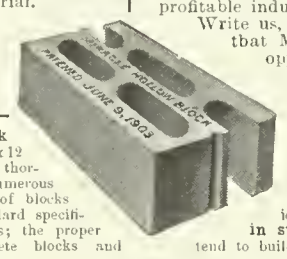
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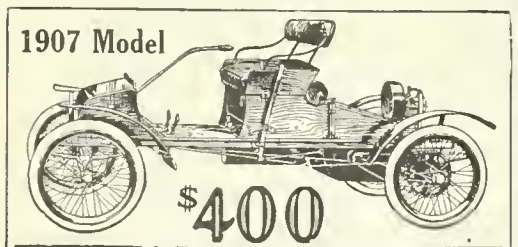


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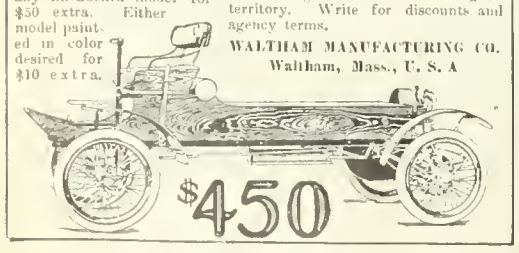
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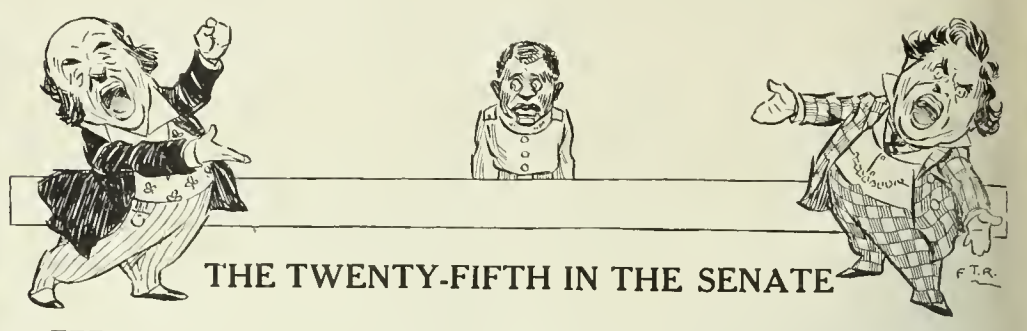
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unfortunately most of their paper seems to have been issued for the purpose of buying each other up rather than for equipping themselves to carry more freight and passengers. The money it cost the Union Pacific to get Stuyvesant Fish out of the Illinois Central would have hauled a lot of Nebraska wheat to market.



THE TWENTY-FIFTH IN THE SENATE

AFTER a debate, led by Senator Foraker on one side and Senator Culberson on the other, in which a large amount of heat without very much light was shed upon the incidents leading up to the discharge of the colored soldiers involved in the Brownsville riot troubles, the Senate resolved to investigate the whole affair, and there is a prospect that at last the whole truth will come out. Senator Lodge tried to protect the President by a flank movement in the shape of an amendment declaring that the discharge had been ordered under the "legal and constitutional authority of the Executive," but the opposition was so strong that he was compelled to withdraw it. Meanwhile the War Department has taken care to avoid any future troubles of the same kind by ordering all the negro troops still in the service to duty in the Philippines. The Filipinos are a long way off and they are complaining already about so many things that one new grievance more or less will attract no attention. If remote colonies have no other use they furnish a means of getting rid of domestic annoyances. Thus a double advantage is gained, for not only is the annoyance eliminated, but the subject peoples of the colonies are taught to love us, and if we get into trouble with Japan, or any other power, we have at once a source of strength in those regions.



FOLK'S BROOM STILL BUSY

THE brilliant emergence of Governor Hughes of New York into the ranks of militant reformers has not driven Governor Folk of Missouri into obscurity. Mr. Folk's annual message, transmitted to the Missouri Legislature on January 3, was even more aggressively reformatory than that of Mr. Hughes. The politicians in Missouri some years ago deprived the principal cities of the control of their police forces in order to build up a partizan State machine. Although this machine is now under Governor Folk's control, and the aim of his administration has been, as he says, "to take these departments entirely out of politics and put them on a basis of public service alone," he is still not reconciled to the violation of the principle of home rule, and he recommends that the cities of St. Louis, Kansas City, and St. Joseph be allowed to establish municipal police systems of their own. But while he believes in home rule where it is applicable, he refuses to tolerate it where it has no proper place. A practise has grown up in some localities of allowing liquor dealers to violate State laws. The Governor believes that a State authority should be created with power to enforce those laws uniformly in every county.

The Governor crusades against an infinite variety of evils. He would make it a felony to register a bet on a horse-race or telephone it to any other State for registration, or to set up a bucket-shop. He would enroll lobbyists among the criminal classes. He would make the officers, directors, and employees of corporations personally liable for violations of the rebate laws, reform the insurance laws, make the violators of the anti-trust laws liable to imprisonment; prohibit child labor more rigidly, and enact a pure food law. He would establish two-cent passenger fares on the railroads, and empower cities and towns to buy, operate, and own public utilities; introduce the Massachusetts ballot law and a State primary system; require the registration of voters in cities of ten thousand or more inhabitants; raise the standard of public education, including the establishment of an eight-months school year; provide for good roads, and reform the tax system, separating the sources of State and county revenue, providing for the support of the State by taxes on corporations, railroads, and liquor dealers, and leaving the property tax to the localities.

But Governor Folk does not confine himself to State and local reforms. He is ambitious to have Missouri take the lead in reforming the entire nation. He proposes that she should summon Congress to call a convention to propose amendments to the Constitution of the United States. Such a movement is already under way in a number of States, with a view to overcoming the obstructive opposition of the Senate to an amendment providing for the election of Senators by the people. But Mr. Folk has no such narrow end in view. He would have the convention take up the whole vast work of bringing the national Constitution into harmony with the needs of the twentieth century. He mentions as some of the improvements that might be embodied in it, the popular election of Senators, the initiative and referendum, authority for a just income tax, and a definition of the powers of the courts in the matter of injunctions and other extraordinary writs.

The enactment of the barest fraction of the measures here enumerated would make the Missouri Legislature famous; yet these are only a part of Governor Folk's opulent list of recommendations.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE PENNSYLVANIA FALLS IN LINE

THE directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad on January 2 elected First Vice-President James McCrea to the presidency to succeed the late A. J. Cassatt. Mr. McCrea at once stated his position in these terms:

"The policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad does not depend upon any one man. It continues from year to year. It will be my purpose to promote as best I can the same progressive development which was conducted so ably under President Cassatt and the presidents who preceded him."

The resolutions adopted by the directors on this occasion in connection with the death of Mr. Cassatt were very different from the usual formal eulogies. They were a contribution to the history of recent events from the railroad's point of view, and an implied pledge of future policy. They told how at the time of President Thompson's death "the recurrent waves of prosperity and adversity had strewn the path with the wrecks of railway enterprises, and the struggle for competitive traffic had forced down the actual rates paid by shippers to a point where none but the strongest and best equipped lines could earn a living profit. Agreements to maintain rates were not worth the paper they were written on, and

Advantages of Low Tension Magneto and Make-and-Break Spark as Employed on the Model H

STUDEBAKER

"The Automobile with a reputation behind it"

WE have amply demonstrated, during the past season, that the ignition system as employed on our new Model H Car is absolutely reliable and effective.

The Simms-Bosch low tension magneto, which we use to furnish the current for our make-and-break spark, gives an extremely large and hot spark in each cylinder.

This is the identical type of magneto employed on the winning cars in the recent Vanderbilt international road races, and when gea driven, as in the Studebaker car, we have found its service to be practically perfect.

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Every part of the Studebaker Car is the result of long and painstaking experience. Our improvements have all been for better service, not for exploitation.

See our exhibit at the New York and Chicago shows.

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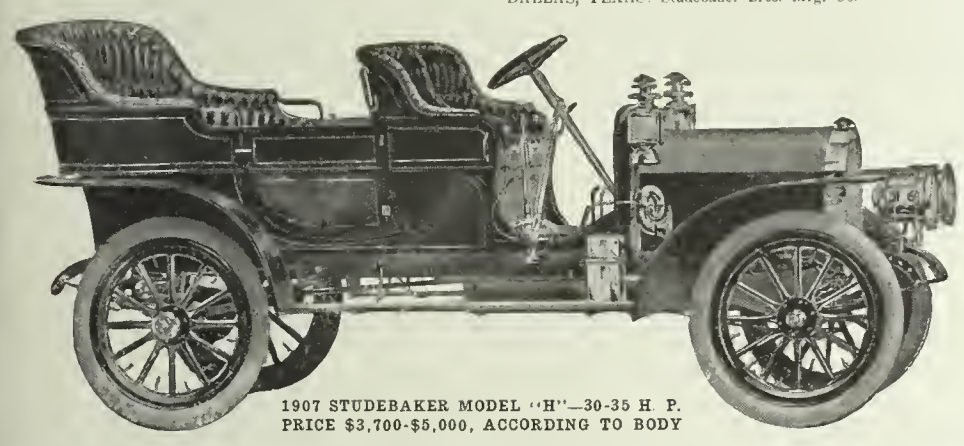
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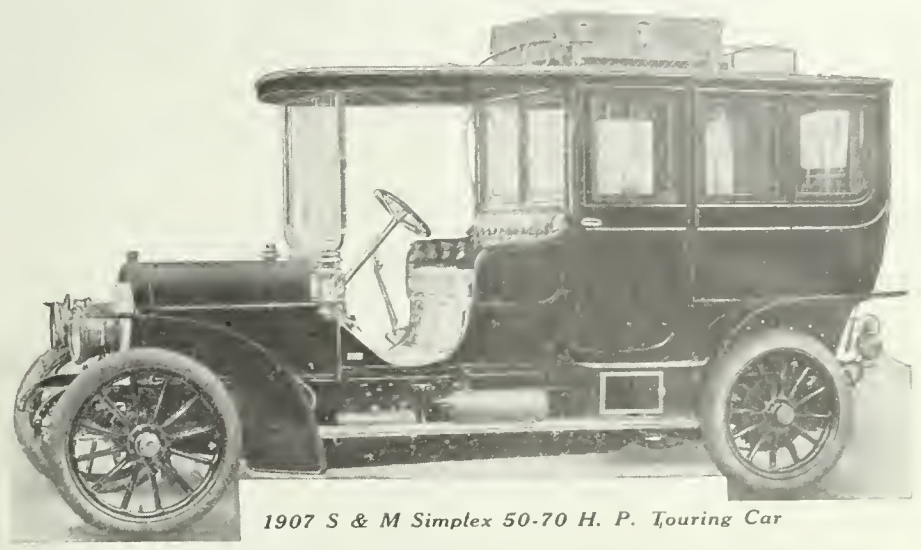
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The ball-bearing engine, the superior connecting shaft, the safest steering gear in the world, the unmatched material and workmanship that make the Stearns "The Best Automobile" are described in the advance booklet for 1907, sent free. Write to-day to

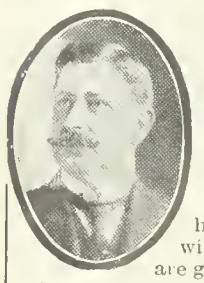
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With my Model Incubators and Brooders we hatched and raised over 20,000 chickens the past season at the Model Farm. The Model Incubators are world beaters as hatchers, and the Model Colony Brooder raised as high as 98 per cent of the chicks hatched. Their use enabled the Model Farm to raise a larger number of chickens than has ever been raised on one farm in a season. Write for catalog of Model Incubators and Brooders and let me tell you of the work at the Model Farm.

Send two dimes for a copy of my book "Eggs, Broilers and Roasters." It gives the cost of production in all branches of the poultry business. It gives the market quotations week by week averaged for three years. It shows when a chick hatched any week in the year could be marketed as a broiler or a roasting chicken, and the profit it would make. It also tells of the profits of egg production and how best to secure them. Write me today.

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PROFIT
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Economical and perfect hatching. Absolutely reliable and self-regulating. Thousands in use to-day.

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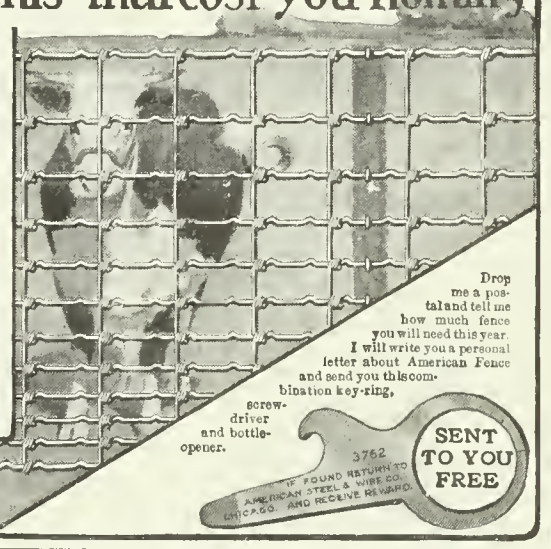
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every month, the cost of these improvements has been spread over many million rods of fence.

So you get American Fence today at the same price per rod, though it costs you less per rod per year's wear.

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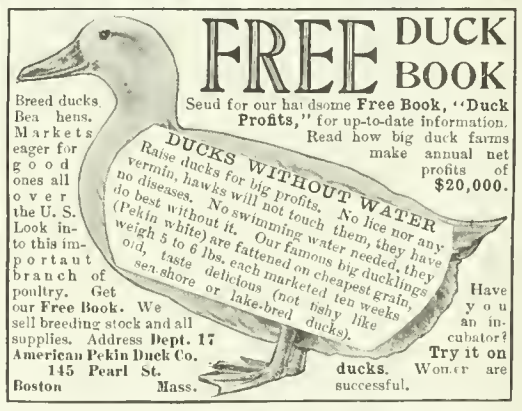
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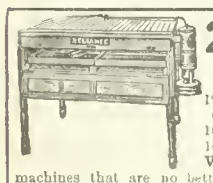
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240-EGG INCUBATOR $10

120 Egg Incubator	$6.50
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100 Chick Outdoor Brooder	$5.00
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Pictures and describes all breeds; gives plans for poultry houses and full directions for feeding, mating and caring for fowls, with lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, feeds and all supplies. Book free for 10 cents postage.
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The catalog describes the Heller methods—that make success certain—tells about the Heller mature two and three year old rose bushes—and gives much valuable information for the amateur gardener. It's free. Send for it today without fail.

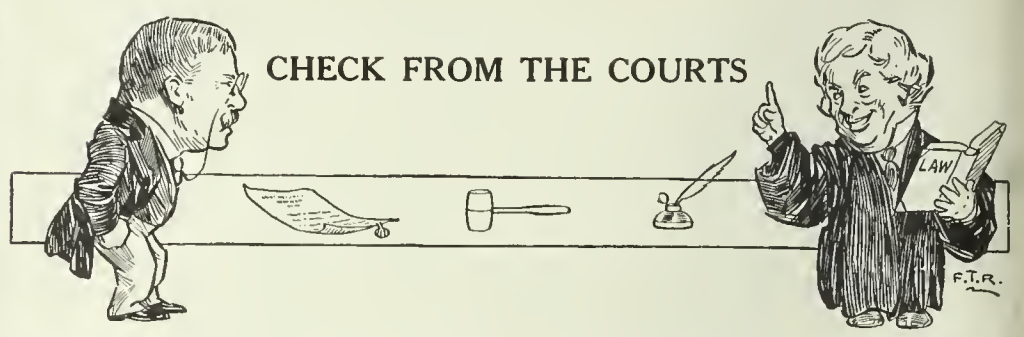
HELLER BROTHERS
990 S. Main St. New Castle, Ind.

the rebates extorted by shippers under threat to divert their traffic had built up industries whose development often worked injustice to smaller combinations of capital."

At this crisis Mr. Cassatt "announced the policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad to be the abolition of the rebate system and the extension of equal rates to all." He invested nearly $90,000,000 in the securities of other roads in order to put this policy on a solid foundation. "Not only," add the resolutions, "did Mr. Cassatt thus aid far beyond the power of any legal enactment to destroy the evils that had so long existed, but he was one of the first to recognize that the trend of public opinion, and consequently of legislation, was toward the more complete regulation of interstate traffic by the National Government. Instead, therefore, of glibly combating such legislation, he endeavored to so shape it (and it was largely through his unwearying effort and influence that it was so shaped) as to secure for the railway property of the country under the recent enactment, the possession of the judicial tribunal—a right never before denied to the humblest citizen, but one which was almost wrested from the industry which has been the most potential in building up our national prosperity."

Thus, by the action of the directors and the new president, the principles of opposition to discriminating and of submission to Government rate regulation cease to be dependent on the personal opinions of one man and become the established policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

CHECK FROM THE COURTS



THE Administration's policy, hinted at by Secretary Root, of regenerating society by stretching the constitutional powers of the National Government, has met a serious setback in the decisions of Judge Evans of the Federal District Court at Louisville, and of Judge McCall, at Memphis, holding the Employers' Liability Act unconstitutional. This law provided that corporations engaged in interstate commerce should be liable for injuries to their employees, even when the accidents were caused by the carelessness of fellow-servants, or when there was contributory negligence on the part of the complainants. The courts refused to admit that this subject had anything to do with interstate commerce. The relations between a corporation and its employees, they held, were a matter for State regulation, even if the corporation happened to be carrying goods from one State to another. Judge Evans said:

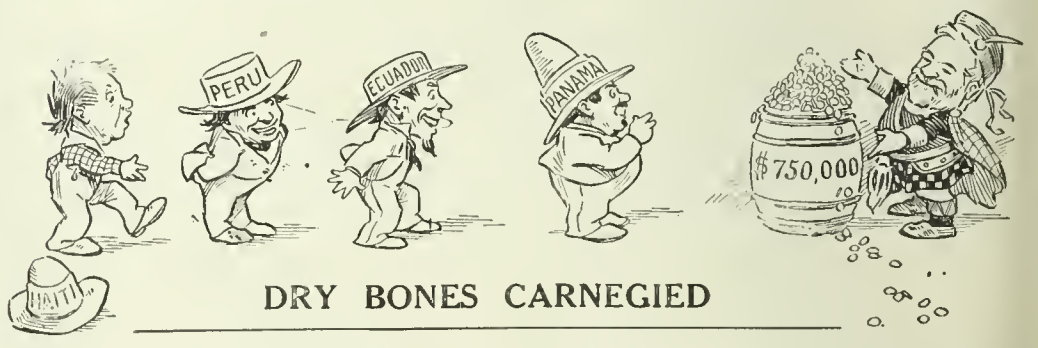
"If the operation of the act could in any way affect commerce among the States, it would do so in a manner so remote, incidental, and contingent as in no proper sense to afford a factor of any value in determining the question now in contention. . . . Creating new liabilities growing out of the relations of master and servant, on the one hand, and regulating commerce on the other, are two things so entirely different that confusion of the judicial mind upon them is hardly to be expected under normal conditions. In the opinion of the court, the act does not regulate commerce among the States."

Judge McCall's decision was expressed in almost identical terms. "I am unable to bring my mind," he observed, "to the conclusion that the liability of a common carrier to its employee for injuries is interstate commerce or commerce of any character within the meaning of the commerce clause of the Constitution."

Employers' liability is an important subject in itself, but it is not on its own account that these decisions are regarded with so much concern in Washington. The narrow rules of construction followed by Judges Evans and McCall threaten trouble for all the other great schemes of legislation already hung on the doctrine of implied powers, not to speak of the still greater schemes foreshadowed by Secretary Root. Some Senators are talking disparagingly of these jurists, who were formerly members of Congress and did not make a profound impression as constitutional lawyers upon the statesmen whose statutes they are annulling. It is recalled that President Roosevelt paid his respects to Judge Evans in his annual message, when a previous decision annulling a labor law called out the remark:

"I have specifically in view a recent decision by a District Judge leaving railway employees without a remedy for violation of a certain so-called labor statute. It seems an absurdity to permit a single District Judge, against what may be the judgment of the immense majority of his colleagues on the bench, to declare a law solemnly enacted by the Congress to be 'unconstitutional.'"

Fortunately, the Government is not as helpless in this case as it was when Judge Humphreys gave the Beef Trust magnates their immunity bath. The decision of a minor court is not final in civil cases, as it is when it favors a defendant in a criminal trial, and steps have been taken to have the questions at issue carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States. Although the cases decided by Judges Evans and McCall were between private litigants, the public interest in them led the Government to intervene, and the Department of Justice is actively cooperating in the appeal.



DRY BONES CARNEGIED

THE Bureau of American Republics is no longer to be a useless refuge for political idlers and incompetents. It is to be rejuvenated, reformed, enriched, and housed in a manner worthy of its new dignity. Following the selection of Mr. John Barrett as its head, the Governing Board on January 3 selected a supervisory committee, consisting of the Ministers from Haiti, Panama, Peru, and Ecuador, with Secretary Root as chairman. On the 4th it was announced that Mr. Andrew Carnegie had offered to give $750,000 for an "international home"—a "forthcoming American temple of peace"—at Washington. As Mr. Carnegie had previously given $1,500,000 for a World's Palace of Peace at The Hague, it was appropriate that he should give just half the amount for a similar temple for one hemisphere.

The money for a site for the Carnegie Building for the Bureau of American Republics is already available, to the extent of $200,000 appropriated by Congress for that purpose some time ago, and about $30,000 contributed by the other republics. Secretary Root explains that the building is to be "a notable example of Latin-American architecture"—which does not mean, it is to be hoped, that it will be out of key with the rest of the New Washington. It is to have "places which may be the headquarters of each Latin-American nation, or group of nations as they may arrange it," together with reading-rooms containing files of the leading Latin-American newspapers and magazines, and convenient accommodations for the library, already exceeding twelve thousand volumes. It will serve as a general rendezvous for all Latin-Americans who visit the United States, taking off something of the chill of their stay in a strange and somewhat uncongenial land.

THE INCOMPARABLE
WHITE
THE CAR FOR SERVICE



Features of the New White Steam Car

By the improved system of regulation in the new White cars, the steam pressure remains constant under all conditions. The person driving one of the new models for the first time will be able to get the same results as the most experienced operator. Added to this feature are the characteristic features of absolute silence, freedom from vibration, the absence of all delicate parts, genuine flexibility (all speeds from zero to maximum by throttle control alone), and supreme reliability.

The efficiency of the power plant has been so developed that the new models will run at least 150 miles on one filling of gasolene and water tanks.

The White Steam Car is now in its seventh year before the public. Its record from the first has been one of consistent success. We have built at least twice as many large touring cars as any other maker in the world, and therefore the purchaser of a White receives the benefit of an experience in designing and building not to be found elsewhere.

Descriptive matter will be mailed on request

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

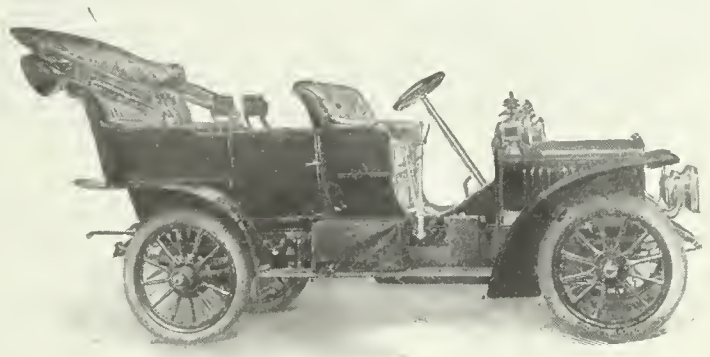
1907 TYPE H 30-35 H. P.

Cleveland

The Car Without One Weak Spot

When you pay $4,000 for a CLEVELAND car you pay for insurance against automobile troubles and after-expense. A good car like the CLEVELAND costs a great deal of money to build. Every part must be right—the whole chassis must be harmoniously made with the best thought, the most perfect design, the best materials. All of these things cost money. But the result—a car that is a good car—modern, standard, splendid in its work—makes it worth while. Every CLEVELAND owner has found his CLEVELAND "good." It proved itself so every mile.

1907 Type H is essentially the same as the 1906 Type F. There was no need of important change, but it has been bettered and refined. Like the Type F, Type H will do its work right, because it is designed and made right. With our never-failing, simple, low tension make and break ignition, with imported Simms-Bosch Magneto, every CLEVELAND user is insured against ignition troubles.



TYPE H, $4,000 TO $5,500, depending upon body equipment.

Write to Department 14 for new catalog just issued. In addition to complete details of our 1907 models, the new catalog contains a beautifully illustrated story by Mr. Walter Hale, describing his tour in a Cleveland car from Gibraltar to the coast of Normandy.

THE CLEVELAND MOTOR CAR CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO
CLEVELAND MOTOR CAR CO., Distributors
New York: E. B. GALLAHER, 228-230 West 58th Street, General Eastern Distributor

Every Type H CLEVELAND will have a green enameled maltese cross in a red circle on the radiator. When you see the car with this cross you will see "the car without one weak spot."

BOSTON—Butler Motor Car Co., 998 Boylston St.
PHILADELPHIA—Diamond Motor Car Co., 236 N. Broad St.
PITTSBURG—Colonial Automobile Co., 5518-20 Walnut St.
CHICAGO—Cassady-Fairbank Mfg. Co., 1413 Michigan Ave.
NEW ORLEANS—Crescent City Automobile Co., 217 So. Rampart St.
SO. CALIFORNIA—Lord Motor Car Co., 1044 So. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.
NO. CALIFORNIA—J. W. Leavitt & Co., 441 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

EATON-HURLBUT

THERE are any number of bright, clever women who are able to write a good letter. We would like to see such a letter written about the new writing paper for women, Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum. In order to stimulate your wits we offer

$500 for Writing the Best Letter

and twenty-nine other prizes for other letters—
$1770 in all,

for the best letters written upon this subject and sent to us before the close of this contest—Feb. 14, 1907.

THE letter that you will write is to tell us what you think of Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum—just why you like it, if you like it, and just why you do not like it, if you do not like it; why you think it is adapted to the use of women. If you wish to see first what we think of it, ask us to send you the booklet, "The New Style in Writing Paper." A little folder giving detailed information about this letter-writing contest with conditions and instructions, will also be sent upon request.

EATON'S Hot-Pressed Vellum is now on sale at nearly all stationers' and stationery departments, but if you wish us to furnish you with samples of Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum, and will write saying that you propose to enter this contest, we will send you two sheets of the paper and an envelope to match free of charge. For 25 cents we will send a half-size box.

EATON-HURLBUT PAPER CO.
Pittsfield, Mass.

Williams' Shaving Stick

produces a lather that differs from all others.

First, in body. It is thick and close and profuse.

Second, in lasting qualities. It holds its moisture and remains on the face, thick and creamy, without the drying and smarting effects of other kinds.

Third, in its action. It softens the beard and soothes the face as no other lather does.

Fourth, in its after effect. Unlike the lather of other soaps, it always leaves the face cool, comfortable and refreshed.



"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.) Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Department A. Glastonbury, Conn.

LONDON PARIS BERLIN SYDNEY

POULTRY AND GARDEN

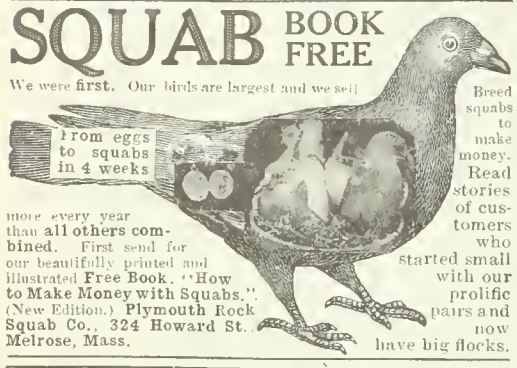
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have stood the test for over 50 years, and are still in the lead. Their absolute certainty of growth, their uncommonly large yields of delicious vegetables and beautiful flowers, make them the most reliable and the most popular everywhere. Sold by all dealers. 1907 Seed Annual free on request.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
Detroit, Mich.

SQUAB BOOK FREE

We were first. Our birds are largest and we sell



From eggs to squabs in 4 weeks

more every year than all others combined. First send for our beautifully printed and illustrated Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs," (New Edition.) Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 324 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

Breed squabs to make money. Read stories of customers who started small with our prolific pairs and now have big flocks.

Raise SQUABS—It Pays



But you must start *right* with properly mated Homers. We positively guarantee actual mating of every pair we sell

Squabs from our stock finest and plumpest, bring high prices at one month of age. Profitable, pleasant, not overcrowded occupation. Requires small capital; small space. *Others have succeeded—you can.* We'll show you how. Write for testimonials and free booklet.

ATLANTIC SQUAB CO.
Box E Da Costa, N. J.

$12.75 FREIGHT PAID

East of Rockies
This 230 Egg Incubator



The Royal The world's simplest, surest hatcher. Automatic in action; perfect results. Incubator and supply catalog free. Booklet "Care and Feeding of Chicks" 10c. 50 cent poultry paper 1 year 10 cents.

FREE TRIAL

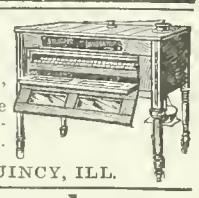
ROYAL INCUBATOR CO., Drawer 814, Des Moines, Iowa

HARDY CHESTNUT TREE FREE

To introduce this tree and gain new friends we offer a 1 yr. tree free to property owners. Mailing expense 5 cts. A postal will bring it and our catalog with 64 colored plates. Write today.

The Gardner Nursery Co., Box 757, Osage, Ia.

25 YEARS ON THE MARKET



Think of it! Our "Silver Jubilee!" Why take chances? Buy a Reliable and be sure. Beautiful Silver Jubilee Catalog free. Write today.

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Globe Incubators

hatch eggs while you sleep. Fine illustrated Catalog of Incubators, Brooders and Poultry Supplies free.

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THE NEW METHOD



Means that our new application of Nature's own method hatches better, stronger, brighter chicks. That's the reason for the New Method Incubator. The story of how and why it does it, is fully told in our new free catalog—send for it and learn the New Method secret.

The New Method Incubator Co.
138 W. Main St. Morrow, Ohio

Big Money in Poultry



Our big Poultry book tells how to make it. How to breed, feed and market for best results. 100 illustrations. Describes largest pure bred poultry farm in the world. Tells how to start small and grow big. All about our 30 leading varieties. Quotes lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders Mailed for 4 cts.

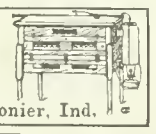
F. FOY, BOX 24. DES MOINES, IOWA



GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

1907 tells all about pure-bred poultry and describes and illustrates 60 varieties. 10 beautiful natural color plates. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs; how to cure diseases, kill lice, make money. This valuable book only 10 cts. B. H. GREIDER, Rheems, Pa.

The BANTA Hatches



lots of chicks easily, cheaply. Our guarantee loads on us all risks. New Banta incubator catalog free.

Banta-Bender Mfg. Co., Dept. 62. Ligonier, Ind.

POULTRY PAYS WELL



Our new money-making book now ready. Full description of 35 popular varieties, poultry house plans, disease remedies, etc. Start a profitable business of your own on small capital. Book mailed for 10 cents to pay postage.

DELAVAN POULTRY FARM
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GET OUR PRICES



before buying birds, eggs or supplies. Choice selection, fair dealing. We can please you. Catalog mailed for 10 cents.

F. W. NIESMAN CO., Box 91, Freeport, Ill.



40 BREEDS Fine pure bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Largest poultry farm in the Northwest. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. Send 4c for fine 76-page 11th annual poultry book.

R. F. NEUBERT. Box 782, MANKATO, MINN.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

AMERICAN TOWERS OF BABEL

THE New York skyscraper, after pausing for some years in its upward flight, has taken a fresh start. Plans were filed on January 3 for a tower 658 feet high for the Metropolitan Life building, on the site of Dr. Parkhurst's old church on Madison Square. The Singer building, 593 feet high, on lower Broadway, is already under construction. When the Eiffel Tower comes down, which will be soon, the Metropolitan building will be the tallest artificial structure in the world, as well as the tallest structure of any permanence ever raised by human hands.

The United States will then have four buildings higher than any other in existence. After the Metropolitan and Singer skyscrapers comes the Washington Monument, 555 feet high, and then the tower of the Philadelphia City Hall, 547 feet. Europe has nothing loftier than the twin spires of the Cologne Cathedral, 525 feet high. For the rest of the world the Pyramid of Cheops holds the record with 486 feet, which is perhaps thirty feet less than the height of the missing apex of the pyramid when the contractor drew his final payment on the job.

The Metropolitan and Singer towers will not be mere ornamental pinnacles, like the steeples at Cologne. They will be regular commercial structures, with spacious suites of offices two hundred feet above the roofs of the highest skyscrapers of to-day. It is only a few months since an expert proved by a mathematical demonstration that a building twenty or twenty-five stories high marked the limit of business profit. In anything over that the additional elevator space required would overbalance the floor space gained. Yet the Metropolitan is going to send its elevators up forty-six stories. Before this century is many years older office buildings overtopping the Eiffel Tower may impede the free navigation of the air.



THE REINDEER HAS "MADE GOOD"

WHILE we are trying to save a few hundred buffalo out of the millions whose hoof-beats used to shake our Western plains, we have a more cheerful spectacle in Alaska. There the Bureau of Education has made a thriving addition to the fauna of the country and created the solid beginnings of a vast new industry. The reindeer experiment, which at first was laughed at as a ridiculous fad, has become a solid achievement. There are now twelve thousand reindeer where fifteen years ago there were none. They are doubling every four years, which means that at the same rate of increase there would be two million in thirty years.

Before the reindeer came the natives of Alaska were facing apparently sure starvation. The white men had made it impossible for them to make their living in the old ways. Now they have an industry that promises them not only food but comfort. Through the reindeer the mosses of the boundless tundra can be transformed into food, clothing, and shelter. When the herds have multiplied a few times more famine will be a forgotten spectre. And while the Indians are living in independent comfort themselves, they are preparing the country for white settlement. With reindeer at hand by the thousand, furnishing milk, cheese, and meat, as well as swift transportation in the depth of winter, there will be no more starving miners, and no more rich mining fields left untouched because it is impossible to carry food enough to reach them. In time there may even be a thriving industry in the export of reindeer products. The Government never entered upon a philanthropic enterprise that promised to turn out more profitably than this one.

✣ ✣ ✣

OUR GROWING WEALTH

THE census report on the estimated true value of property in the United States in 1900 and 1904 shows that the national wealth has been increasing far more rapidly than the population. In 1900 we were supposed to be worth, as a nation, $88,517,306,775. In 1904 our national wealth was estimated at $107,104,211,917—an increase of between eighteen and nineteen billion dollars in four years. In the same time the population did not increase by more than seven or eight millions—a growth proportionately about half as rapid as that of property. In these four years our wealth increased at the rate of about four billion and two-thirds a year, $387,000,000 a month, nearly thirteen millions a day, over half a million an hour, almost nine thousand a minute, and a hundred and fifty dollars a second. We have made enough to endow a Rockefeller every three months, and since new Rockefellers do not appear at that rate, it seems that we are making money faster than the trusts can take it away from us. The average wealth of every man, woman, and child in the country is considerably over a thousand dollars. On the basis of five to a family, every family in the United States ought to own property worth considerably more than five thousand dollars. If the census reports would work out the exact number of families in the United States who are worth less than five thousand dollars, the figures would be very illuminating. It would show how large a proportion of our billions of wealth are in the hands of the very few, and how large a number of families have very much less than their per capita average. Unquestionably, however, the number of persons who have nothing is decreasing, and the average possessed by every individual rises rapidly from year to year.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE SUPREME COURT SUSTAINS JOHNSON

TOM JOHNSON'S three-cent fare proposition in Cleveland has escaped at last from the malarial atmosphere of the Ohio courts into the clear air of the Supreme Court of the United States. For many years every move of the people of Cleveland to free themselves from the grip of the old transit monopoly has been checked by the alert State judiciary. Every popular vote, every ordinance of a people's Council and every act of a people's Mayor has been met by a writ from a machine judge. But now the highest tribunal of the nation has cleared the way for Cleveland's control of her own transportation system. It has sustained the city's contention that the various franchises of the Cleveland Electric Company began to expire in 1905, and not in 1914, as the company contended, and so has opened some of the principal streets to such new disposition as the public authorities may think best. It has punctured the corporation theory that ordinances permitting the consolidation of separate lines extended the life of the franchises of all the constituent lines to the limit of the longest grant, and has held that such ordinances must be strictly interpreted in the interest of the public. Any Mayor less determined than Tom L. Johnson would have been discouraged before now by the legal obstacles thrown in his way by the courts of his own State, but with the Supreme Court of the United States to back him Mr. Johnson may be expected to push ahead to final success.

FOR THE NURSERY—FOR THE TABLE

For all ages, in all climates, under all conditions, Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk fill every milk or cream requirement. Superior for ice cream.—*Adv.*

Send for it,

try it, compare it with others. See if we're not right when we say

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

is the best.



4 cents in stamps brings you a trial stick by return mail—enough for a month's shaving.

Colgate & Co.
Dept. W
55 John St., New York

THE SAFETY OF BANKING BY MAIL

Millions of dollars a day are sent through the mails without danger of loss, in settlement of business transactions between different parts of the country.

You can deposit your money in this bank by mail and be assured of

4 PER CENT INTEREST

and the absolute safety of your funds. Send for free booklet "E" giving full information.

This is a strong conservative bank, of unquestioned financial standing.

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(Savings Bank)

Capital - - - - - - $2,500,000.00
Surplus - - - - - - 2,500,000.00

Over 65,000 depositors

Cleveland - - - - - - - Ohio

We Can Make You a Competent Automobile Driver

Equip you to earn $1,500 to $3,000 per year—and find you a position

Send at once for our handsome new prospectus for 1907—and learn how we do it.

This describes our Courses of Study in full—and shows actual photographic illustrations of class-rooms and equipment—*the most complete and practical of any automobile school in America.* It is sent free to any inquirer.

If you cannot come to New York and attend the New York School *in person*, send for description of our splendid new Home Study Course (16 pages), which brings all the advantages of the resident school *to your door* where you can learn to be *a competent automobile engineer* at reasonable cost without interfering with your regular occupation.

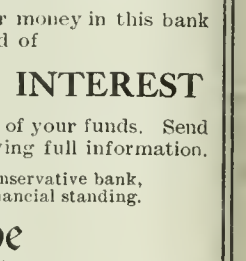
Our terms are reasonable—our facilities for instruction are superior to any other institution in the world. Our graduates are recognized everywhere *as competent automobile drivers and engineers* the moment the work is completed.

We have placed thousands in good paying, excellent positions—we can do equally well by you.

Write us at once—do not delay, a postal inquiry may mean an entire change in your future. In writing please specify which catalog you prefer to have—the Home Study Course, or the Resident School Course in N. Y.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERS
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10c. for a COMPASS and a big book of SPORTING GOODS.



This compass is the size of a watch, full nickel case with heavy crystal. Dial accurately indicates north, east, south, west, or any degree thereof. Useful on land and water, prevents you from losing your way. Everybody should have one, especially boys. Sent postpaid to introduce our big 164 page catalogue No. 367 of guns, athletic goods, games and novelties, on receipt of 10 cents coin or stamps.

N. Y. SPORTING GOODS CO., 17 Warren St., New York

Curtiss World's Record Motorcycles



2½ and 5 H. P. also Light motors up to 8-cylinder, 40 H. P. for airships, etc.

G. H. Curtiss Mfg. Co.
Hammondsport, N. Y.

(World's Motorcycle Record: 10 miles, 8-5-4 2-5, Ormond Beach, Fla.)

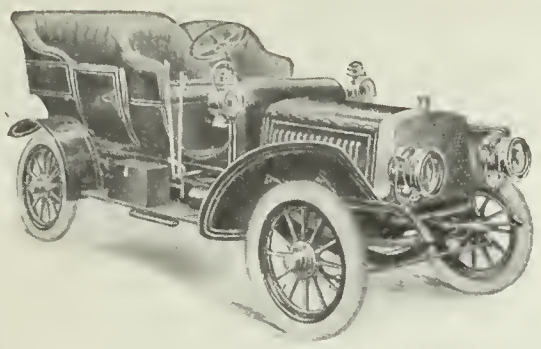
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This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent.

O'MEARA & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Let the man who is in doubt make a 50 or 500 mile test in a Mitchell

Are you in doubt as to what car you want? Well, telephone any of our Mitchell agents and say, "Show me a Mitchell, and if I'm satisfied I'll buy." Then he'll come around with a 30-35 H. P. $2000 Mitchell and take you and the doubt for a spin of 150 miles—any time you say—and again next day—and again the next, so that you will cover some 500 miles and run up against every test an automobile will ever encounter. If you will do this, we can convince you that the *Mitchell* is the car you want.

We do not send a *salesman* with you—the car speaks for itself. All we ask is that you constantly remember the *price* of the Mitchell while you ride, and when you get back, that you talk to yourself *seriously* and say: "Can I, a business man, with business judgment, afford to pay from $1000 to $2000 more for any other car—could I get a better looking, a better furnished or more efficient car for the extra thousands? In fact, what *can* I get in any other car for the extra amount which *this* car hasn't 'shown me?'"

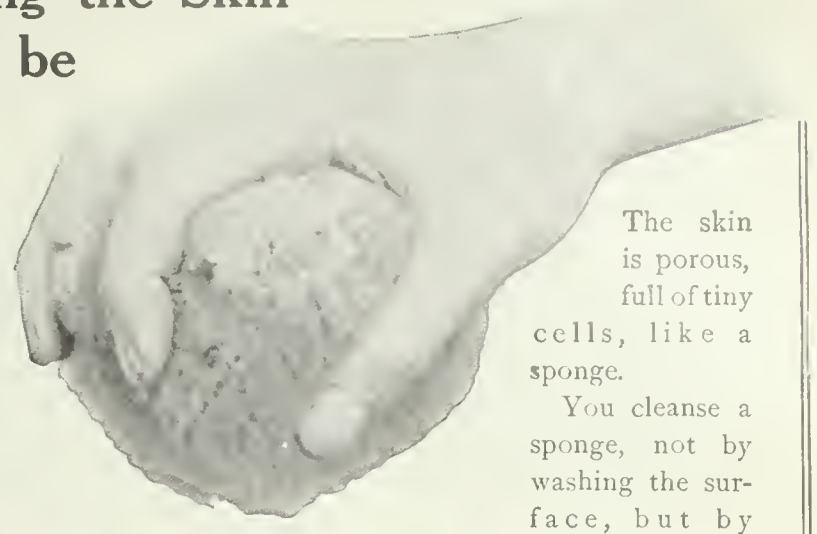
The Mitchell will answer those questions for you if you will let it, for it is the "show me" car.

If you will call up our agent and arrange a demonstration, the Mitchell will change your indecision into decision. It will convince you that it is the car you want by doing the things you want your car to do.

The Mitchell Motor Car Co., 206 Mitchell St., Racine, Wis., makers

Mitchell

Cleansing the Skin Should be Done as tho the Skin were a Sponge



The skin is porous, full of tiny cells, like a sponge.

You cleanse a sponge, not by washing the surface, but by squeezing out the cells.

The kneading, gentle pinching, squeezing treatment applied to the skin with Pompeian Massage Cream, brings the dead soap and other foreign matter out of the skin-cells or pores. Surface washing cannot remove any but mere surface dirt. Surface dirt is merely unsightly. Pore dirt is fatal to skin health and clearness of complexion.

Pompeian Massage Cream

opens and cleans out the pores, restoring free excretion and skin breathing, taking out blackheads, sallowness and muddiness, animating the blood circulation and flexing the muscles.

Book and Free Sample to Test

Simply fill in and mail us the coupon, and we will send you a liberal sample, together with our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin.

Men should try Pompeian Massage Cream after shaving; by cleansing the pores of soap it allays irritation and does away with soreness. All leading barbers will massage with Pompeian Massage Cream—accept no substitutes.



We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible, but do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, we will send a 50-cent or $1.00 jar of the cream, postpaid on receipt of price.

POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY
3 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Pompeian Massage Soap is appreciated by all who are particular in regard to the quality of the soap they use. For sale by all dealers—20c. a cake; 50c. box of 3 cakes.

OUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO US

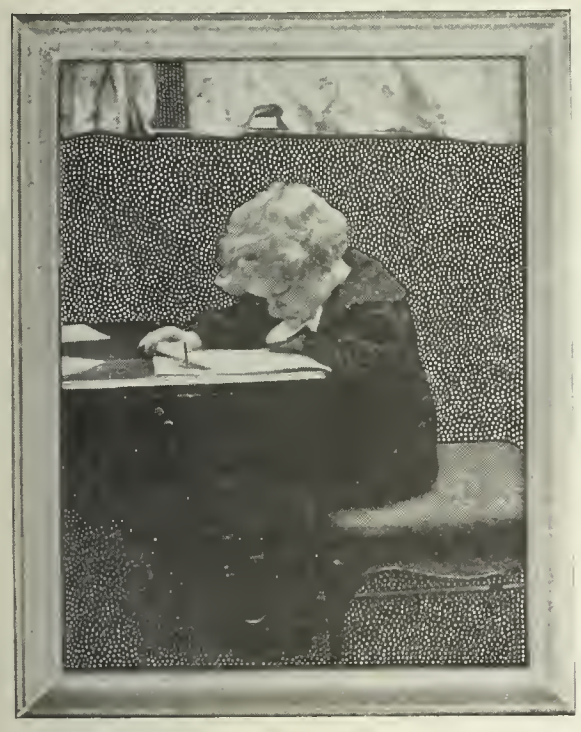
Pompeian Mfg. Co. 3 Prospect St. Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name .....

Address.....

.....



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KODAK

Tell the story of the home days of the children. Photography is simple now—Kodak has made it so.

"KODAK HOME PORTRAITURE" is the title of a beautiful little book that shows more than a score of such pictures, made both indoors and out, and gives many valuable hints on how to make them. It may be had free, at the dealers or by mail.

Eastman Kodak Co.
Rochester, N. Y.
The Kodak City.

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

May now be had from best dealers in boxes of ten, at

15 20 25

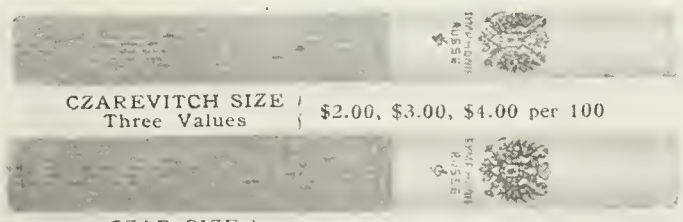
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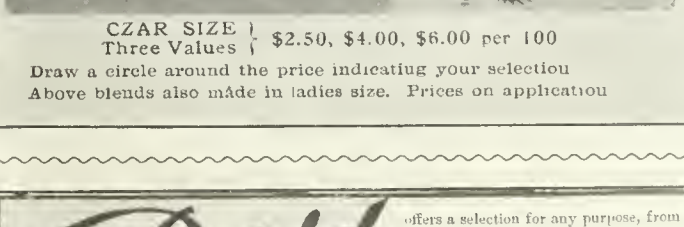
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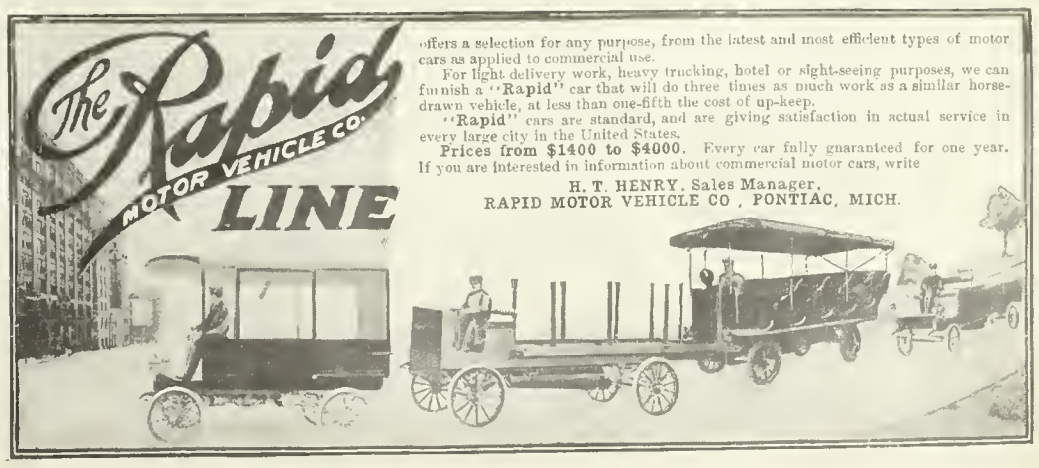
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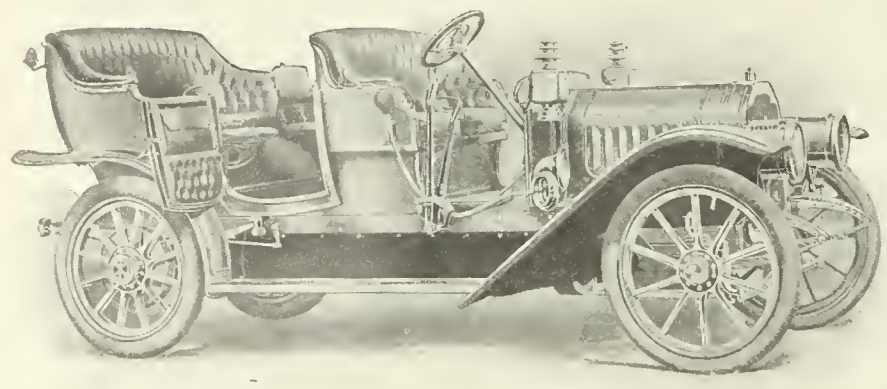
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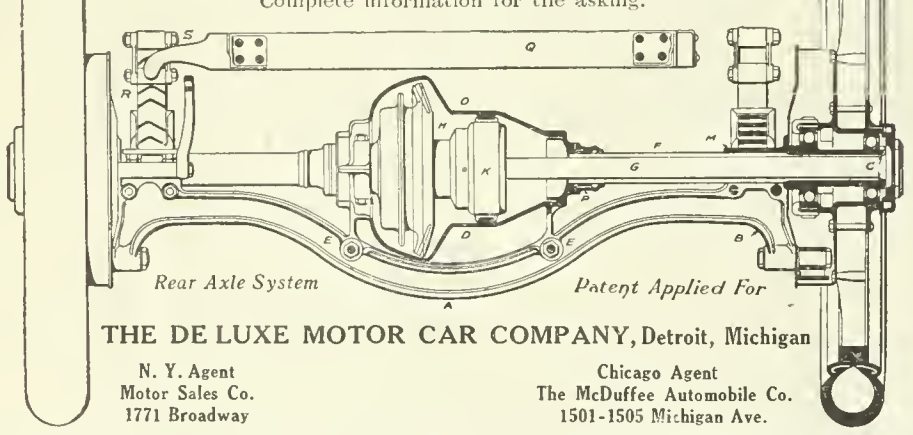
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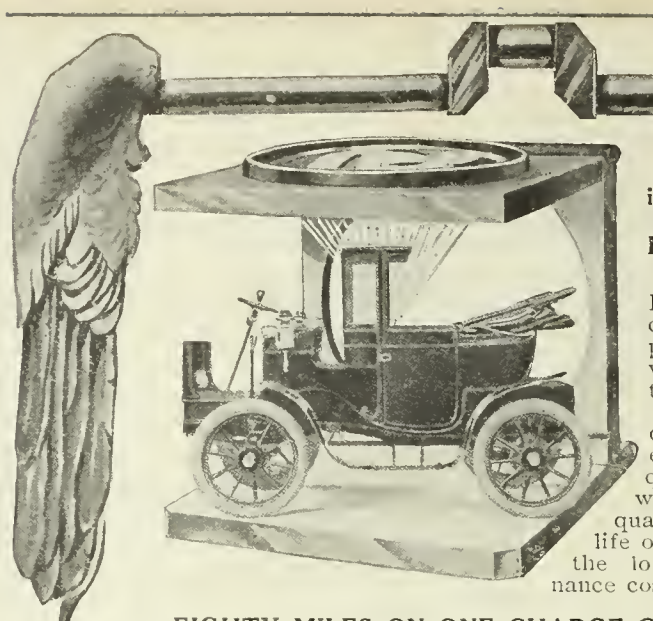


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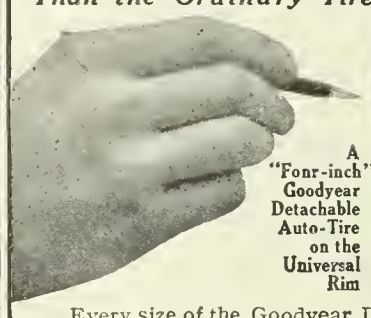
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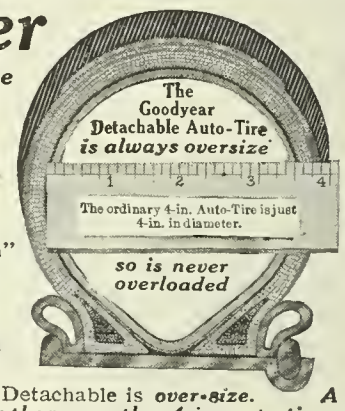
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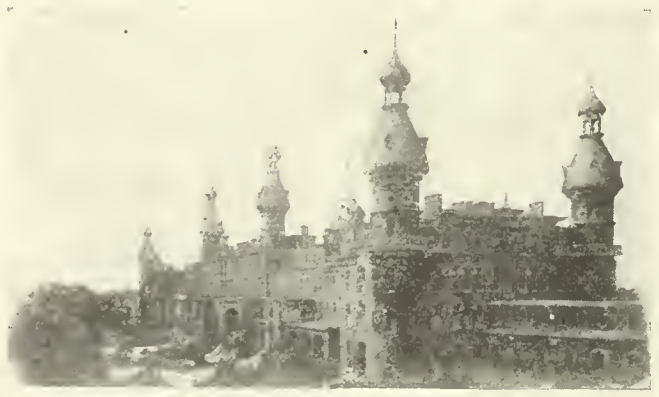
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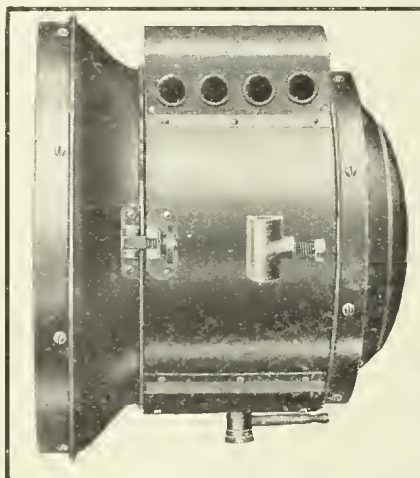
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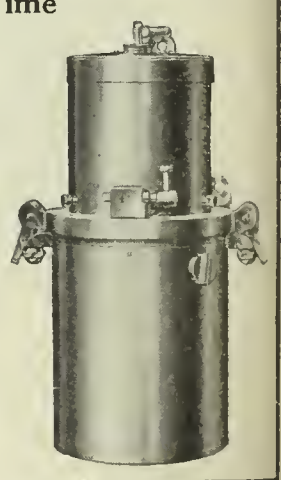
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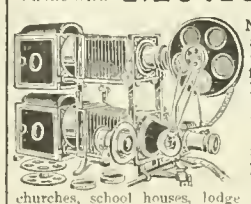
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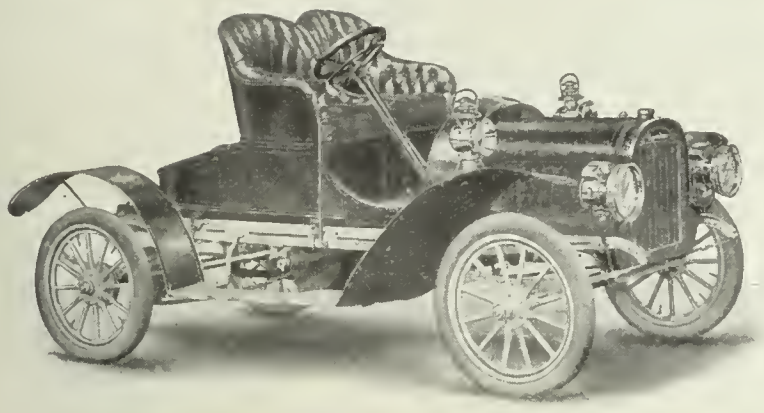
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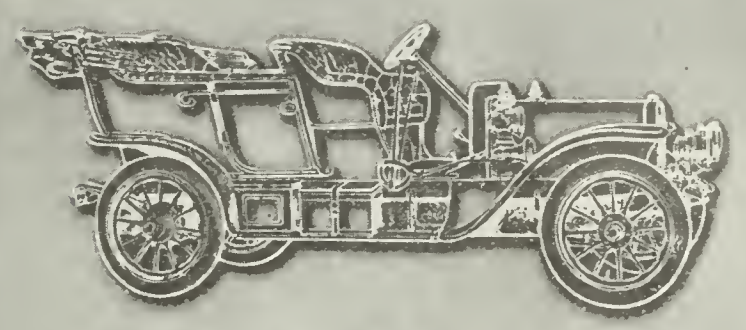
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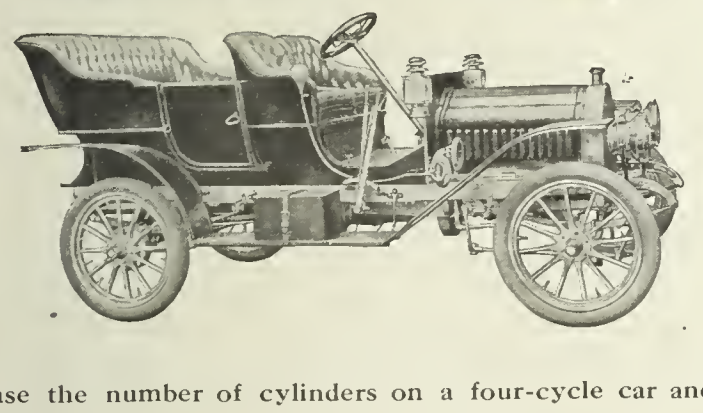


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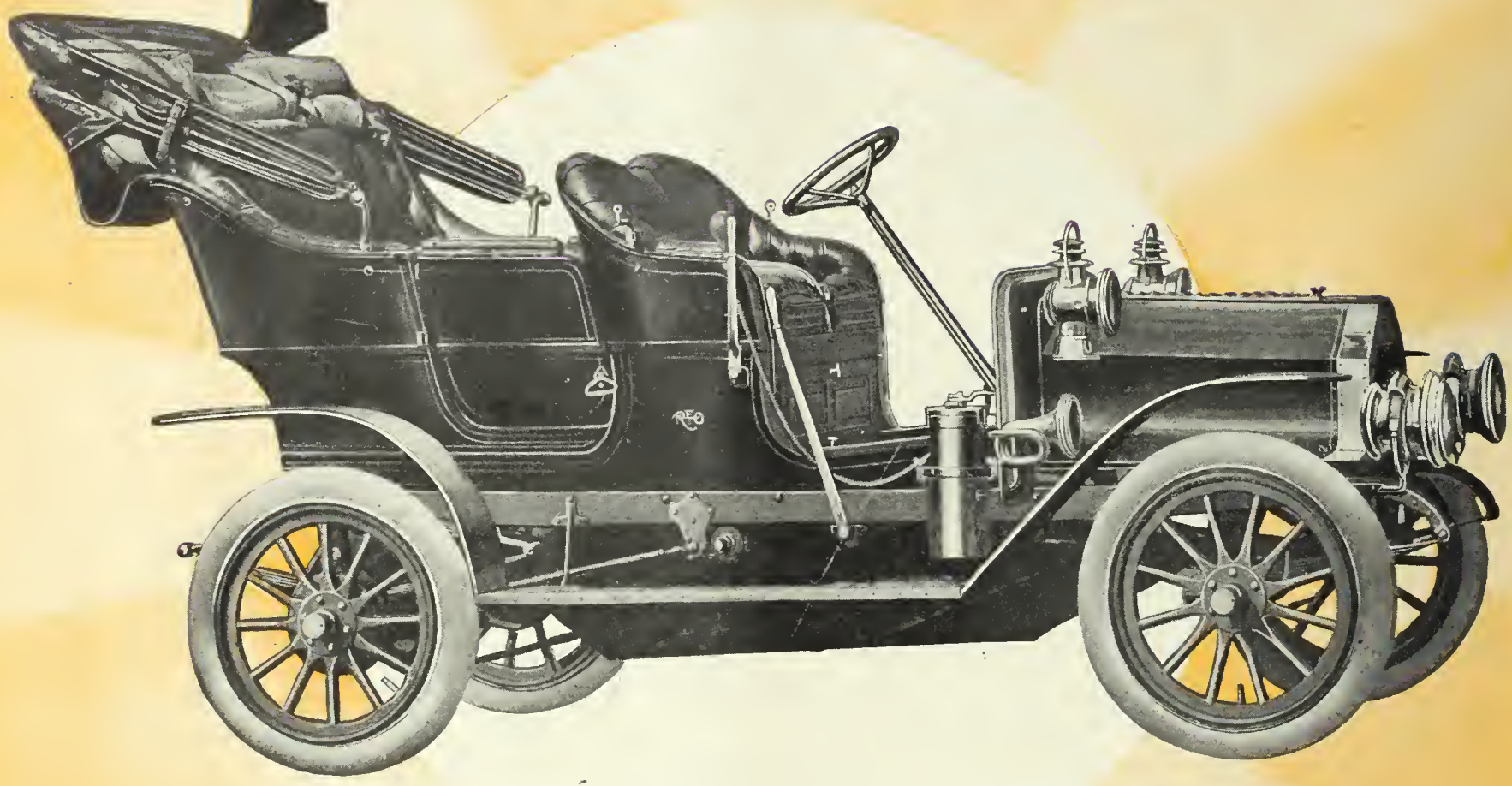
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Grand Opera *for the* Edison Phonograph



"Wilt thou recall that day" *from* "The Flying Dutchman"

THIS is the month of grand opera in New York. A new interest in the great singers of the world has been given by the opening of Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, and now New York City is the only city in the world where grand opera is given on a grand scale in two opera houses at the same time. This unusual interest in grand opera gives a special point to our announcement of five new grand opera records.

B 41—"Nobil Dama" ("Noble Lady"), "Gli Ugonotti" ("The Huguenots")—Meyerbeer. By Mario Ancona, Baritone. Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.

B 42—"Guardate pazzo son' io" ("Behold Me, I am Mad"), "Manon Lescaut"—Puccini. By Florencio Constantino, Tenor. Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.

B 43—Gebet (Prayer), "Allmaecht'ge Jungfrau" ("All-powerful Virgin"), "Tannhauser"—Wagner. By Mme. Rappold, Soprano. Sung in German. Orchestra accompaniment.

B 44—"Bella siccome un angelo" ("Beautiful as an Angel"), "Don Pasquale"—Donizetti. By Antonio Scotti, Baritone. Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.

B 45—"Willst jenes Tags" ("Wilt thou recall that day"), "Der Fliegende Hollaender" ("The Flying Dutchman")—Wagner. By Alois Burgstaller, Tenor. Sung in German. Orchestra accompaniment.

Comment on this list is almost unnecessary. Wherever music is known and loved these songs are great. Rappold, Scotti and Burgstaller have sung in grand opera all over this country. Ancona is Hammerstein's new baritone. Constantino is now singing in the South with the San Carlos Opera Company. Two selections are from Wagner, including the always popular "Flying Dutchman." Puccini is of special interest not only on account of his "Madame Butterfly" playing here, but also on account of the fact that he is now visiting in this country and conducting his own operas in New York.

If you love good music, go to the nearest Edison store and hear these grand opera records. These five make forty-five Edison Grand Opera Records. The complete list will be sent to any one on request. If you like grand opera music, write for it to-day. Ask for Grand Opera Selections, Supplement No. 5. Anyway, if you care for music, let us send you the following Edison Musical Library. Ask for it to-day, but it will not be mailed until January 28th:

Phonogram for February—Supplemental Catalogue—Complete Catalogue

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1907

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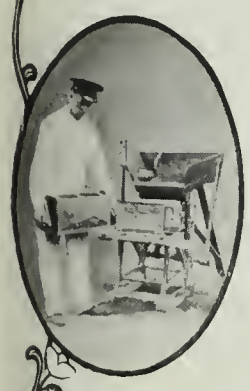
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1907

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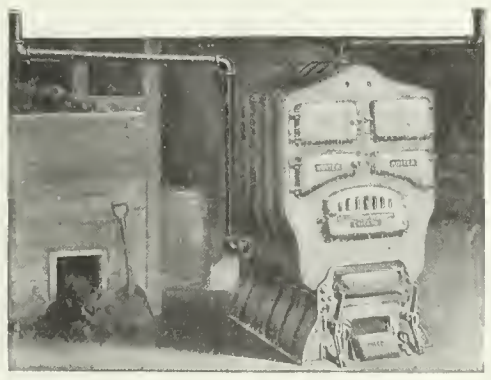
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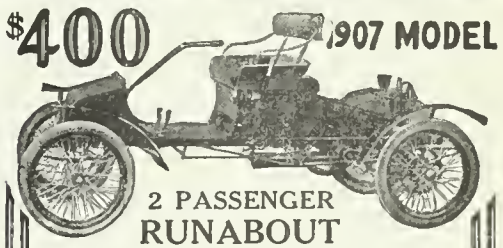


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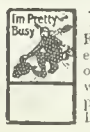


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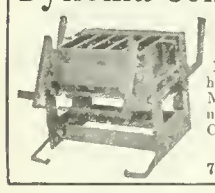
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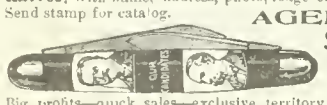
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1907

The $1,000 Prize Story Award

¶ The award of the $1,000 premium for the best short story accepted by Collier's during the quarter beginning September, and ending December, 1906, is given without difference of opinion to "His Wife," by Stephen French Whitman. Two of the stories, "Nobility Obliges" and "The Trespassers," were put out of the competition by their length. The average seemed to us brighter than during any preceding quarter. The list is:

THE GHOSTS OF SENZEILLE	*Arthur Colton*
"THE BAND"	*Charles Belmont Davis*
A LITTLE RIPPLE OF PATRIOTISM	*Rowland Thomas*
BY THE SAWYER METHOD	*Georgia Wood Pangborn*
THE MYSTERIOUS HOURIS	*Stephen French Whitman*
THE HONOR OF THE ESCORT	*David Gray*
NOBILITY OBLIGES	*Virginia Tracy*
THE TRESPASSERS	*Richard Harding Davis*
THE PARLOR RALLY	*Arthur S. Pier*
His Wife	***Stephen French Whitman***
THE KINK IN THE AIR	*Eleanor Hallowell Abbott*
NEGLECTED AMERICANS	*Gouverneur Morris*
THE MILLIONS OF HARRY MELVILLE	*James Hopper*

Last Quarter's Prize Story Next Week

¶ We are going to print in our next number "An Explanation by the Editor," Harrison Rhodes's story which won the $1,000 bonus in the preceding quarterly contest. There is in this story a quality much sought in fiction, much hackneyed, but not frequently found in sincere expression. "Human interest" is a shop-worn newspaper term, but we have no phrase better describing the literature which appeals to mankind. Terence wrote a comedy to convey the maxim: "Being human, all things human appeal to me." Pope, later, stole the epigram and set it into one of his tedious metres. And now we ourselves transpose from Terence in our request, "Give us human interest!"

¶ "An Explanation by the Editor" is the story of an Editor in search of a Genius and a Genius in search of an Editor. The Editor finds on his hands a lady who wants to be famous and can't and a lady who doesn't want to be famous, but has a hard time preventing it. The Real Genius has reasons for clinging to obscurity, the explanation of which has much to do with the humor and pathos of the story.

This Week's Color Frontispiece

¶ The frontispiece for this number is called "The Resurrection of Old Ironsides." The picture is by Reuterdahl and celebrates a historic event. The destruction of the "Constitution" has twice been ordered by a Secretary of the Navy and twice averted by the genius of a poet. When her demolishment was first ordered a poet sang

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down—
Long has it waved on high!"

and the nation forbade the spoliation of that heroic ship. A few years ago when Secretary Bonaparte decreed that the old hull be used as a target for the lean guns of the Atlantic fleet, John Hay, the poet, appealed to our patriotism, and the Naval Secretary's order was reversed by Congress, which appropriated enough money to restore "Old Ironsides" to the glory of 1812. The "Constitution" is now being rebuilt in the Boston Navy Yard, and when she again flies the pennant she will be, to all outward seeming, the same as when Humphreys and Clanghorne built her in 1797.

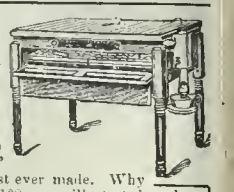
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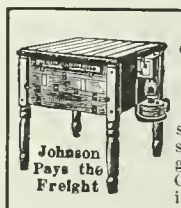
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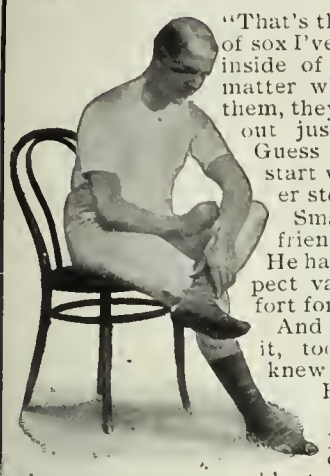


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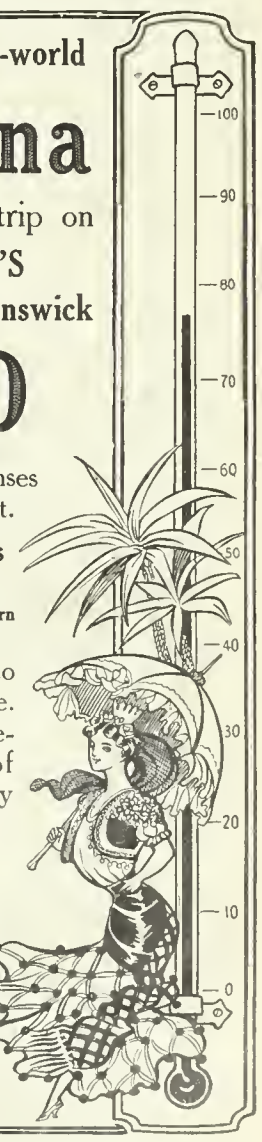
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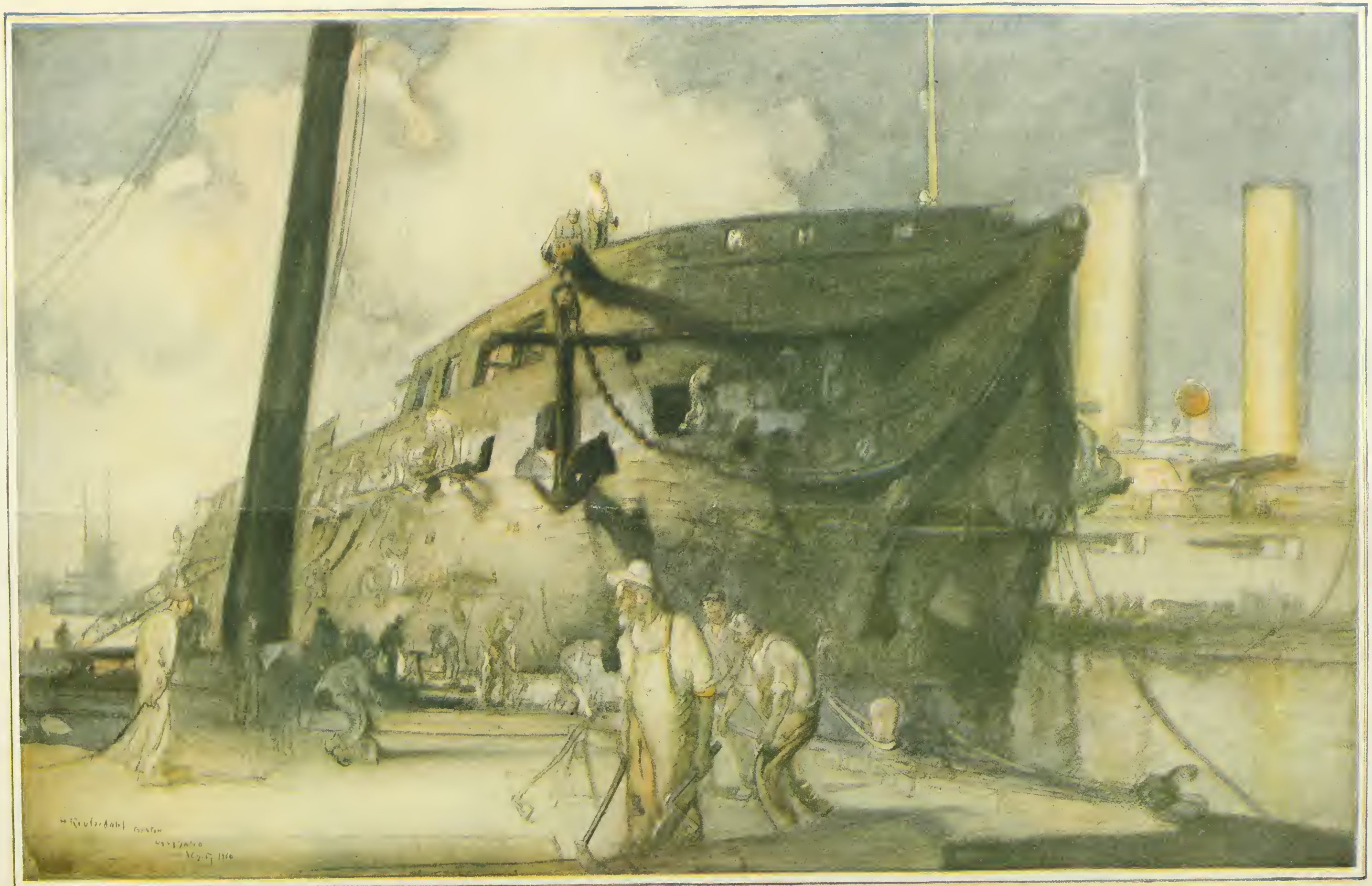
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THE RESURRECTION OF "OLD IRONSIDES"

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

OPINIONS FROM EVERYWHERE, in brief and pointed form, are solicited by us, for our own illumination and for possible editorial comment, on the important question whether city government should be by few men or many. That our municipal governments are not successful is everywhere conceded. Certain steps in advance have been taken, and by no means always along one line. Progress in Chicago has coincided with the large powers in a City Council—these powers making it worth while for the citizens of that energtic town to study the morality and intellect of their aldermen. Cleveland has been improving under a system in which the Council has extensive powers, which, however, are used under the domination of an extraordinary Mayor. New York talked voluminously about centralization of responsibility when its new charter was under discussion, but it has executed one principle about as badly as the other. Boston is now much worked up on the subject, President ELIOT energetically leading the hosts which favor the Galveston Commission plan, based on the District of Columbia method, and thus far so successful that various other towns have followed in the Texas city's wake. Des Moines, Iowa, also has been considering an adventure in government by selectmen, following the New England town system. Certainly we can begin by agreeing that partizan politics should be eliminated from a government having no conceivable proper relation to party questions. After that agreement we reach other principles, calling for debate. This preliminary editorial, we fondly dream, will set TOM JOHNSON, Mayor DUNNE, WALTER FISHER, President ROOSEVELT, Mayor MCCLELLAN, LOUIS BRANDEIS, WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President ELIOT, WOODROW WILSON, ARTHUR BRISBANE, WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, Governor FOLK, and some forty thousand other citizens rushing pell-mell to clarify our thoughts.

HOW TO RULE CITIES

THE DUTY WHICH RESTS upon these columns to record and interpret contemporary natural phenomena put it within their province not many weeks ago to remark upon a certain cockiness of demeanor in the public walks of EDWARD H. HARRIMAN, a somewhat arrogant and defiant quality in his vocal communications to and about others of his kind. Many things about Mr. HARRIMAN recalled to persons learned in the higher and more recondite fields of poetry the limpid lines of the Bard of Polk County:

"Thar's a word to be uttered
To the rich man in his pride:
Which a man is frequent richest
When it's jest before he died.
Thar's a word to be uttered
To the hawg a-eatin' truck:
Which a hawg is frequent fattest
When it's jest before he's stuck.

Mr. HARRIMAN, it now appears—to use a figure lately finding its way into contemporary classics—is about to "get his" a little earlier than was predicted. The arrival of his chastening several months ahead of schedule time seems to be connected, in the relation of cause and effect, with a message which he sent, through the Honorable JIM SHERMAN, to an exalted political personage, whose name shall not be sacrilegiously dragged into this account, which message was, according to current rumor, in substance and purport, to the effect that the personage might, so far as Mr. HARRIMAN was concerned, feel perfectly free and uncircumscribed in his peregrinations and perambulations—might, indeed, go where and do what he pleased.

WE TELL A STORY

MR. HARRIMAN SEEMS to have scented what was coming to him and made an eleventh-hour effort to avert the consequences of a prolonged and uninterrupted attitude of profane and insolent defiance toward public opinion. Just after he put himself in control of Illinois Central, several months ago, he was reminded by Chicago associates that one of the permanent directors of that road is the Governor of Illinois, and, through him, the public has a means of expressing itself not possible in Mr. HARRIMAN's other properties, where divine right goes with ownership. Under pressure from these Chicago associates, and impressed by thought of the weapons of retaliation possessed by the political personage whom he had insulted, Mr. HARRIMAN was found, as our readers will remember, engaged in the unique activity of placating public opinion. A good many of Mr. HARRIMAN's troubles are due to accidents of personality; can he take on traits which will enable him to succeed in his conciliatory intentions? There is on the Union Pacific a special engineer, expert in rounding curves easily and putting on brakes softly, who always draws Mr. HARRIMAN's train. This engineer made the record-breaking run to San Francisco shortly after the earthquake. Mr. HARRIMAN has never shaken hands with this man; he has never given him a nod. Such habits are not evidence of iniquity, but they make more rugged the path toward the public heart

WE TELL ANOTHER

SENATOR BAILEY CAN UNDERSTAND the troubles of the Sultan of Morocco. Both the Texas statesman and MULEY ABDUL AZZIZ are too modern for their people. In Fez it is the camera, the balloon, the bicycle, the motor car, and tennis-playing with Christian Englishmen that has roused the Moslems against their ruler. BAILEY fomented rebellion by trifling with corporations. He could see no impropriety in hobnobbing with a Standard Oil magnate, borrowing money from him to buy horses, and acting as the magnate's counsel. No more could "The Light of the World" see harm in hiring a British physician. But as Morocco is Moslem to the last desert boundary, so is Texas "agin" the Trusts in Deaf Smith County as well as in Austin. Whoever would hold the State loyal, as TILLMAN holds South Carolina, must, like TILLMAN, raise his voice loud and often against the peculiar peril. BAILEY perhaps believed that Texas was as much a Western as a Southern commonwealth; and, of course, in the West corporation Senators are not so rare as the dodo. In the South the conception still prevails that a statesman is normally a poor man and, in order to qualify as an exhorter against the abuses of corporate wealth, he must be as free from suspicion as a country editor. The Texas Legislature has told BAILEY what it thinks of his not altogether extreme flirtations with the Trusts. How will BAILEY's colleagues at Washington treat the episode? Will his great influence wane, in the Senate and with the people, or will he, having learned his page, become not only wiser but stronger than before?

ABDUL AZZIZ AND BAILEY

IT WAS A CHATTANOOGA POET who celebrated New-Year's Day, when the anti-pass law went into effect:

"Sister Jane is walking,
So is Brother Will;
In fact, the whole Dam family,
Since HEPBURN passed his bill."

This year, Legislatures miss the familiar faces of lobbyists, under-lobbyists, and assistants and clerks to lobbyists who helped to make State Capital cafés prosperous when passes grew on every passenger agent's hat-tree. The flow of travel to Florida and California has perceptibly lessened since Father

Dam, with a job in a railway office, has been unable to get free transportation for Mother Dam, Brother Will, Sister Jane, and Sister Jane's cousin Belle. It is suspected, however, that the railroads are unsympathetic. They can't handle the paying business that is offered. The West wants more of all kinds of cars. It doesn't mourn the passing of passes; it really doesn't need them; it is full of resources. The Hale "Hustle-Leader" tells how they feel about the problem of passenger transportation in Missouri: "Here on our line, if a fellow gets tired waiting for a train and starts out on foot it is his own fault if he lets the train overtake him." Hale's independence is, of course, ideal. Most of us are too short-winded to cut loose entirely from the parlor-car, but we gain in respect for one another and for the human race when we know that at least the Dam family across the aisle is paying its way.

NO PASSES FOR SISTER

JUST HOW the publishers expect to sell a "self-educator" periodical to those who have to ride on street cars in New York is hard to figure out. The traction company, ably seconded by the State courts, has already usurped the field. On one short ride this is what is learned: Unless you ask for a transfer when you pay your fare you won't get it. This is worth $200,000 a year to the company, and trains the passenger's memory. Unless you rise from your seat and start toward the door before the car arrives at the corner, the conductor is justified in carrying you on, no matter whether you have smiled and chirped: "Next corner, please!" or not. This saves the company time and encourages agility in the passenger. "Step lively!" "Car ahead!" and, "G'wan, yu loafer, I give yu a transfer at Thoity-thoid Street!" are not mere pleasantries of the conductors. The phrases reflect the company's determination to educate the public to be self-controlled. Taking off the street transfer agents, whom old New Yorkers have learned to look for on certain corners, is the latest memory test that the company has included in its course. The relation of demand to supply is taught in Mr. RYAN's school by running so few cars in the slack hours that they are almost as surely well filled as during the sardine period of the day. And all for five cents! Why did Governor HUGHES interfere with the horse-car course in leisure?

AIDS TO SELF-HELP

"HE THAT IS GREEDY of gain troubleth his own house; but he that hateth gifts shall live." American book publishers have been preaching from this text since the first historical novelists began to ride in motor cars and of "David Harum" there were sold seven hundred thousand copies. English book manufacturers, however, are just now learning that the Grub Street on which the successful novelists live is about the most fashionable in town. Naturally, they protest. Mr. JOHN MURRAY rises to say that while the grasping author of popular romance is gadding about "studying life" at the expensive hotels and crowded winter resorts, the publisher is trying to make ends meet. In the very home of the literary garret, mansions in Park Lane are preferred. Pressed on one side by the writers' demands for twenty per cent royalties, and on the other by the "Times" Book Club, which seems to be doing in London what in New York the department stores have done to cheapen the cost of novels to the consumer, the British publisher sees fortune fading and ruin approaching. Do we find that his plight excites sympathy? "Go to the devil; I'm tired of your wails; besides, I'm too busy on my new book to bother with you." This is the way one lady novelist dismisses the plaints of the publishers. Let them take the scribblers' places in the garrets for a time and dodge creditors. It will teach them much they never knew, and it will sharpen their wits.

OPPRESSED PUBLISHERS

IN OUR THEATRE a certain change is obvious during the last year or thereabout. This change, which might be traced first to audiences, has spread to critics, playwrights, and stars, and may be expected ultimately to infect even managers. Not long ago persons who wished to apply their intellects to dramas they had seen were compelled to discuss the importations, for there could seldom be found in the American plays anything to discuss. This season there is hardly a new continental drama being given, and the new offerings of PINERO and JONES arouse nothing like the discussion or the intellectual interest afforded by the native drama. Two of the season's plays are the work of poets of high quality—which is assuredly a new and startling condition of affairs. The most marked success of the year, considering both popularity and prestige, is "The Great Divide," by a man heretofore known for the strength and finish of his verse. It had, of course, been rejected by "practical" judges, as they call themselves. Some hate it. Some like it. No one can ignore it. No one leaves the theatre without carrying away something that remains with him. This play marks the great division between the stereotyped and the real, between life and routine, between little things and big. It marks the great divide between the American stage of the past, which is nothing, and the American stage of the future, which promises to be much.

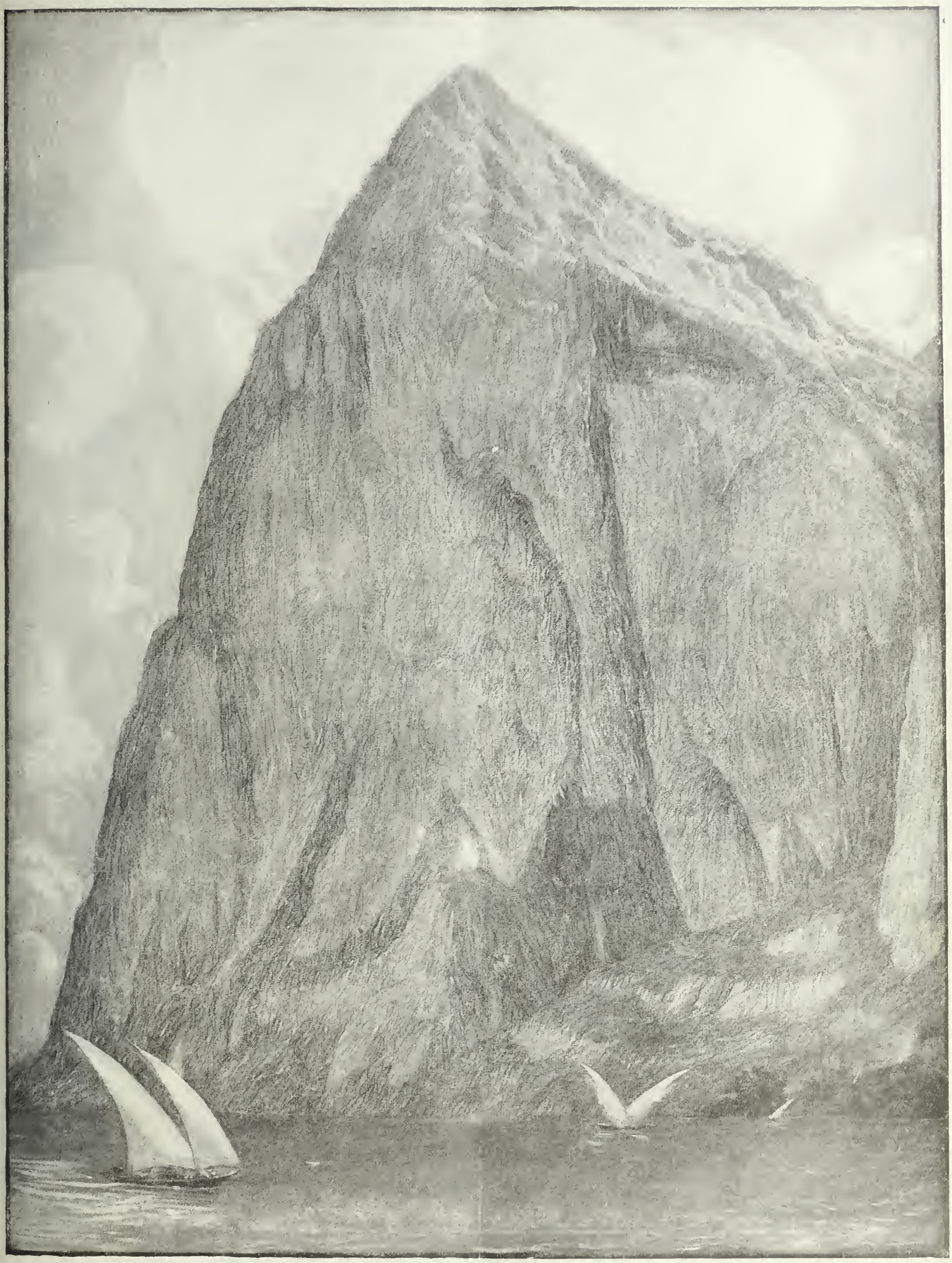
AN AMERICAN REVIVAL

ONE SUCCESSFUL PLAY of the season is a poem, being literally in verse, as well as being pitched altogether in the poetic key. It is a rendition of the big story of JEANNE D'ARC that breathes the feeling of to-day about her character and her fate, and is as full of intelligence as it is of beauty; as freé from theatrical trickery (at least as the author wrote it) as it is full of dramatic truth. Two plays like MACKAYE's "Jeanne d'Arc" and MOODY's "The Great Divide" are enough in themselves to suggest a dramatic awakening in our country. To what is it due? To many things, no doubt, but the most immediate cause is freedom in the theatre. These plays, it is hardly needful to observe, were not produced by the theatrical syndicate, which has until recently had so deadly a grip upon our stage, and which has finally been examined as an octopus by a grand jury. Nor was LANGDON MITCHELL's lively and intelligent satire upon divorce. Nor was that very direct, human, and promising little drama, "The Three of Us." These are plays that are talked about and worth discussion. Not one of them is produced by the syndicate, and certainly MOODY and MACKAYE would never have been looked at with anything but scorn by those astute czars of drama. It is the existence of an alternative booking route, with the consequent increase of freedom, that more than any other one thing has caused real American talent to see the light upon our too long shackled stage.

FREEDOM IN DRAMA

A TROUBLED SUBSCRIBER has been disturbed by animadversions of ours concerning the Prudential Insurance Company and its president. "I have paid fifty cents a week to that company since 1879; now I am confused and worried by your articles, and I want to know if I shall stop." If he has the strength of character to set aside fifty cents from his weekly income and of his own initiative carry it to the savings bank, then by all means let him stop. Let him buy his insurance on the yearly premium plan. He will get about eight times as much for his money. But if he is one of those who can not save without the assistance of a collector to pounce upon them on pay day, then the Prudential will do as well for him as any other. This explains our willingness to continue printing the Prudential advertisement. Insurance for wage-earners is a useful institution; there is at present only one way of conducting that insurance. For those whose poverty, combined with lack of thrift, makes it necessary to buy their insurance, like their coal—"by the scuttle"—there is no provision except the private companies, like the Prudential, which charge enormous premiums to the policy-holders and pay to the owners dividends in proportion. These companies are much alike, and the Prudential is as good as any. Soon, if the recent introduction of bills in several State Legislatures is ground for hope, there will be a system of insurance through savings banks. When this plan is an accomplished fact, companies like the Prudential will stand on a different footing. Meantime, some of our editorial views will penetrate the mind of any thinker who will hold to the light the rocky design immediately following these lines—or, in other words, monopolizing the succeeding page.

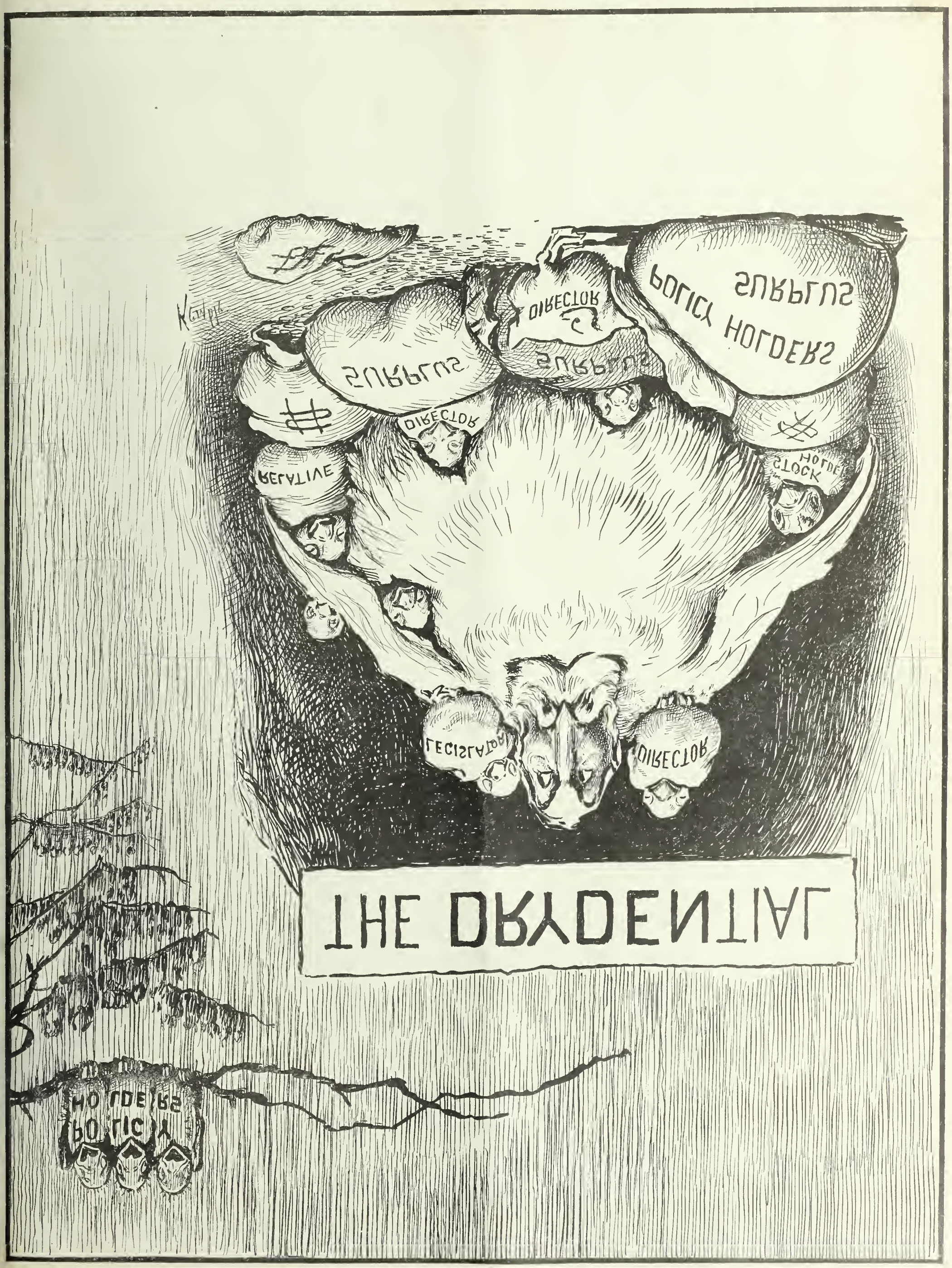
AS TO THE NEXT PAGE



THE MAN BEHIND THE ROCK

Hold this page to the light

Chorus of Policy-Holders: „Ain't it a shame, a wicked shame
To keep us freezin' out in de rain?
Open de door and let us in,
We're poor and wet, most to de skin!"



ALL THAT GLITTERS IN NEVADA

INCLUDING REAL GOLD, ALKALI, BOOMERS, AND FAKE MINING STOCKS

By FREDERICK PALMER



THE TOWN OF GOLDFIELD, WHICH TWO GREAT MINES AND THE HOPE OF OTHERS TO COME BUILT IN THE HEART OF THE NEVADA DESERT IN A SINGLE YEAR

NEVADA has been a State that you passed through; the gray elemental blur of a camera's lens coming into focus for the fair landscape on the other side of the Divide. To the east was life in stern and mundane reality, with fierce summers iced and fierce winters steam-heated and Chicagoized energy; to the west, the paradise of California, and between them purgatory, where the railroad cuts a timid path across the eternal frost of alkali which every morning's sun since that of Genesis has set out in youthful enthusiasm to thaw.

The world was settled in its conviction that the Comstock Lode of Mackay's glittering days was the prologue and the epilogue of the desert's sensations, when a prospector slouching up a gully picked up for the ten-thousandth time in his long campaign against the windmills of fortune a piece of outcropping rock which "looked good" as the ten thousand others had; and lo! this was the one—the marvelous one—the magic key which has opened the door of a chaos-smelted wonderland. Again Nevada was titanically to reap from under her crust, which would grow neither trees nor grain, a crop, volcanically planted, which is the standard of all other crop values.

The impatience to pass through changes into an impatience to stop over. Two branch lines of steel disappearing into the mystery and silence of barren levels call to the traveler with the call of gold. By changing cars you step out of the world of the whole of America into the world of a mining camp "sooner"-born on the sands. The voices of the men who wore nuggets and talked "high grades" on the Limited became the only voice in the smoker of the Tonopah-Goldfield Express, which was a gambling market, a mining exchange, a laboratory, and a free-for-all range of glowing opinions. He who bought Jumping Mosquito for two and sold for twenty set his wonder against the man who bought the Striped Ant for one and sold for eleven.

The tenderfoot, listening and curious, ill-advisedly put in a word.

"A friend of mine in San Francisco, however," I observed, "told me that he bought Horny Crocodile for four, and two days after he had sold it for thirteen the president of the Mining Exchange announced that there could be no more trading in that stock because the million-dollar company had just been dissolved with $93 assets, including office furniture and a prospect hole bucket."

Only Boosters are Wanted

THEN I found that I was a Yale man yelling for Harvard at a football game. I was a "knocker," a plain, simple, low-down "knocker" out of the land of the enemy, who had dared to insinuate that in the "golden glory of Goldfield" there might be alloy.

"What we want out here is boosters," observed a fat and voluble boomer, whom every body knew as Billy, looking hard at me.

With that they went on piling up fortunes as happily as the Mad Hatter and the March Hare, and I, an inquiring Alice, was holding my peace when there entered into this whirlwind of expert talk about cyanides and dollars to the ton a quiet young man. While he filled his pipe and stuck it between his lips in a manner to indicate that no one would get it out of his jaws without a diamond drill and dynamite, all the experts ceased to be expert.

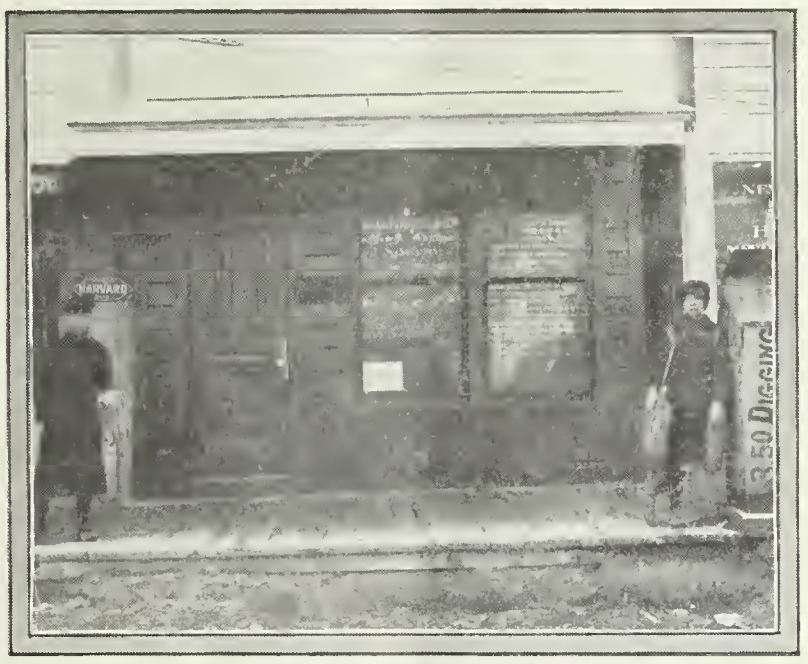
The young man smoked impersonally and said nothing. The others knew that he knew. He is the inside story. His is the silence of isolation and of crosscuts. In other places I had met such products of scientific courses hardened in the mining camps of the world, having a noble cosmopolitanism in the earth's secrets, dealing in working costs and improved processes. By the number of the type you may judge the output of a quartz camp; by the number of the others, the element of speculative promise that maintains.

"Well," observed Billy diplomatically to the mining engineer, "I guess gold is where you find it."

"Indisputably," was the cold, uninviting answer; and there was no comfort in the car until this cruel, unromantic man knocked the ashes out of his pipe. It was quite by accident that his exit was by way of the door, I think. With that jaw he could have gone through the wall as easily. The others looked after him and mentioned his name and the mine which employed him with the respect of one man for another whom he would like to choke.

"Two millyun a month out of that mine—two millyun!" said Billy, and each time he spoke the "millyun" he held it for an instant and then punted it with swollen cheeks, while the side lines breathed hard.

The train was late. Our conductor said it always was; but, lowering an eyelid as he stuck a piece of pasteboard in my hat, he observed that it was sometimes seven or eight hours later than at other times. He remarked also that this was Nevada's busy day. So it was on the railroad and sidings gorged with freight. Beyond this life-line no moving thing broke the monotony of sterile expanses.



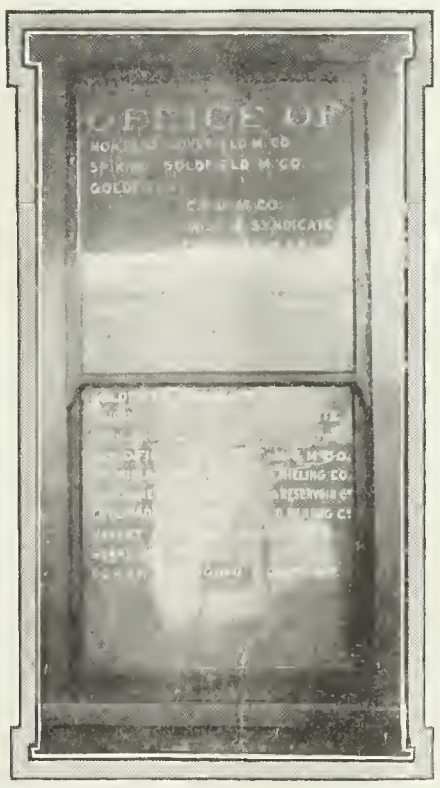
HOME OFFICE OF TWENTY-ONE COMPANIES

Inside were two men, a typewritist, and two extra chairs. A glowing prospectus and a million dollars' capitalization need only window space in Goldfield and a stretch of sand called a claim when stockholders live at a distance

The distant mountain which we approached in that dry atmosphere seemed to be moving with us on a float while the sun went down without the courtesying salute of clouds. It went down as it does on a bronze sea in the tropics, and our train, rumbling into the darkness, seemed a bark on a voyage of discovery in untraveled waters.

At eight o'clock we were due. Ten o'clock, eleven, and twelve o'clock came, and then at one we saw in place of the glimmer of the sun on the palms shading the desert wells the incandescent points of this man-made oasis of the twentieth century. Above the lights of the town on the hillside were the lights of the mine which brought the town into being; and from that direction we could hear the sound of machinery which, when you hear it in a barren land, may be as sweet with the notes of civilization as that of the wind through the palms is with shade and rest.

"Ain't it good!" said Billy, in boyish enthusiasm, as we crowded into the vestibule. The train lights were out; the station was in darkness. "Don't those twinklers up at the mine look fine? I've been homesick ever since I left. No 'Frisco for mine! Good old Goldfield for me!"—and looking hard at me—"*No knockers wanted.*"



The business of the companies named on this window is done in two small rooms

Technically it was a Single Bed

OUTSIDE a man who represented one of the 'buses, yelling liking an Indian for the trade he could not take by force, grabbed my bags. Ours was truly an *omni*-bus. Charles Dickens would have been so long in describing it that he would never have reached the mines till the end of the book. After the first tier a second tier was put on our laps. The last man came in with a kind of dive. Thus he rode longitudinally as in an ambulance. The kind of springs our knees were to him he knows, and the kind of an exerciser his elbows were to some stomachs we know. Through a heavy seaway we pounded to the centre of the lights of the saloons, where men blinking in the glare made a rush for a hotel.

The proprietress of a new adobe barracks had a single bed and a double bed left, and—glory be to God—I spoke first and got the single bed. (I felt that I had seen this lady before.

Later I recalled that it was in the Klondike.) The distinction between the double and single was no more than the calking between two boards in a floor. Our beds filled the inside of the room, and the only means for any one on the outside to get inside was to make a leap over the foot-pieces.

My companions were a doctor, come to look over the ground with a view to future practise, and a young man who had been out on construction work on the Western Pacific. By way of undressing, the doctor took off his coat and the Western Pacific took off his hat.

"It is a wonderful thing," ventured Western Pacific, with a thoughtful drawl, "that with so much space out on the desert you can get so little room in a hotel."

The night was of a penetrating, alkali-salted and pickled coldness. As we sank in between blankets moist and clammy, which held we knew not what heritage from previous occupants, the doctor, with chattering teeth, remarked that if a physician could keep alive himself he ought to get lots of business.

He Drank Our Baths

WESTERN PACIFIC developed a fearful thirst. The doctor told him that if he kept on drinking water out of the tiny pitcher—set on three doilies for towels—he would have a pain. Western Pacific said he expected so, but with strange fatalism he was still guzzling as I fell asleep. When I awoke he informed me that he had that pain all right, for which I gave him brandy; and consideration for his suffering would let me bear him no grudge for having drunk up quite all the morning ablutions for three.

A flying leap brought me back into the hall, where I met a big, blue-eyed chambermaid who asked me if I did not want my baggage looked after. She said it might be taken if it were not; in fact, that it very frequently was. Then she added: "Two bits, please," which seemed not an unreasonable premium for the risks involved in so invidious and sudden a community.

Out of doors I found the muddy streets frozen solid and glistening with frost. From the saloons came the clink of the chips. For it was the "graveyard gamblers' " shift. They are the frontier counterparts of the old habitués who hang about Monte Carlo in the hot season. The small hours of the morning, when the carelessly speculative world is asleep, are theirs. They play close; they, too, have systems. When funds run low some one who does not like to sit up all night stakes them.

Swinging doors creaked with the exit of their drawn faces, as I sought a restaurant, where I was no sooner seated than two sedate and prosperous-looking men—so very sedate, so very prosperous—entered, and before they sat down at my table one exclaimed to the other:

"Why, if it isn't eight-ten already, and I gave my word that I would meet those two fellows at eight!"

"Yes," said the other, "an option on a claim next to the Wrestling Tomboy, where they have two million in sight, is worth considering."

Now, this was not rehearsed. It was as instinctive with them, being bred in the bone, as politeness with a Frenchman. When they sat down they engaged me in conversation, and, being from New York, where capitalists are supposed by outlanders to be as thick as nuts in Brazil, I found myself, without any wicked intent to deceive, keeping up the air of mystery of the close-mouthed man who allows a large bank account to do his talking.

Soon I learned of a dozen ventures other than the Wrestling Tomboy whereby a hundred thousand—mine, of course, plus their rare judgment and experience—might be multiplied ten times over. Shortly after nine o'clock, when finally I let go with my secret, it was sad to see how their faces fell. For whoever heard of a poor devil of a writing-man coming nearer to a fortune than to describe how a millionaire made one? I had a hazy recollection that I had seen the smoother of the two before. Was it at Beaumont in the midst of the Texas oil excitement? And, if so, where was the company he promoted there?

Across the street from the restaurant the window of a shack bore the signs of twenty-one companies. Inside were two lawyers, a typewritist, and a couple of extra chairs (for the boards of directors, I suppose). Every name was written there by public intoxication with the wonder under the grim hillside where shafts rose above grayish dumps. The wonder is Billy's "two millyuns" a month; with thirty—forty—fifty—sixty—seventy—eighty millions in sight, as reports riot and imaginations multiply; a hoard of wealth come as dramatically into the world as the San Francisco earthquake.

Or, if that simile does not fit, imagine great Vesuvius, instead of destroying Pompeii and Herculaneum with her master-stroke, spreading out into the sea a principality rich with vineyards and grain fields, uninhabited, where first come would be first served. Then after all the land was taken, the crowd would still be coming and the promoters would be selling claims staked out on sea water in million-dollar companies at two cents a share, on the irresistible logic that what Vesuvius had done once she would do again. And the gamblers, the weak-minded, and the widow trying to increase her mite by pitiful speculation would buy, and when Vesuvius failed to answer to an encore they would keep their secret in chagrin.

TONAPAH MOUNTAIN



THESE TWO GROUPS OF MINES, THIRTY MILES APART, SUNK UNDER TWO BARREN HILLSIDES

Their wealth made the mining craze, led to other discoveries yet undeveloped, to mad speculation, and brought two cities,

Then Came a Second Miracle

THE group of mines at Goldfield was not the original find. They came afterward, thirty miles away from the original; and this is the supposed proof that Vesuvius would do it again which has turned mania into dementia. It was at Tonopah, two hundred miles of alkalied shoe leather, as a burro trots, from a railroad, that Jim Butler found the magic key in the ten-thousandth lump of rock.

The group of Tonopah mines own the town site and the hill, and are the "bosun tight and the midshipmite" of their community. Tonopah is older than Goldfield, relatively as much older as New York is older than Pittsburg. It has five stores, which will sell you the best the market affords, whether tailor-made gowns or fruits and salads. But how, out there in the desert? asked one of the men in the office at COLLIER'S when I returned. In the same way that San Francisco gets Paris hats and Boston gets California oranges. By freight and express. Tonopah surely doesn't grow such luxuries. A saloon-keeper, wanting something exotic and extraordinary, tried to make a lawn. He used seltzer and ginger ale and everything except hair restorer to water it and failed. Yet, where no permanent population would choose to abide, there are quarries to build a city beautiful. Excepting the usual wooden shanties of a mining town, you are surprised by many buildings of stone—of a quality cutting almost as easily as chalk and hardening with exposure—which are cheaper, once you can secure the masons, than wood brought a thousand miles by rail when vital machinery and food supplies set a high freight rate.

The other strike—the other of the two groups of mines—was richer in high-grade ores than the Tonopah group; richer than Cripple Creek. In that State, where all Senators are mine-made, this group made a United States Senator; it made a man yet in his twenties, who had more than once himself come out of the swinging doors with a drawn face in the "graveyard" hour, a millionaire many times over in six months. On a large scale he is playing his fortunes with the gambler's risk and the gambler's caution that he showed at the stud-poker table.

Owners of the Goldfield group leased their properties to men who had funds for development, and might, in return, take out all the gold they could in a certain length of time. Your lessee ate his way through the rich streaks as a cat follows a trickle of milk on the floor. One paid $2,500 for a special train to bring in a hoisting engine three or four days sooner than by regular freight. His was a race with time; his enterprise a stroke of economy. In this community to say that a man is a lessee on certain mines is like saying he is Baron of —— or Count of —— or he is of the First National or of the Farmers and Mechanics' in the average town.

From either of the famous hillsides, breaking the desert levels to the eye, are hills of tumbling, corroding rock like unto them. You look out on surface ditches cut in search of outcroppings and on many abandoned prospect holes. For a figure typifying the mood of the land I should make a man standing by a shaft with his mind on his lessening bank account as he sinks foot after foot or crosscuts foot after foot seeking that amazing and erratic streak of gold which rose to the surface at Tonopah and Goldfield.

If the ledge is there, why not here? asks the promoter. In answer I ask: Why should not the Sandwich Islands group be in a single island? Why should there be any islands at all? And why shouldn't Australia be where Guam is? Though Columbus had known that there was a continent beyond, he would have been a "sooner" to have geographically staked out land at the point on the map where Jamaica is. He might have struck the Sargasso Sea.

Scientists have four—only four—theories of ore precipitation. Shall we quarrel with them? If ledges ran straight and of even richness so that you might plot them as a chart, gold would no longer be gold; it would have no more romance than a Standard Oil pipe line. Mining engineers have no false sentiments, no illusions. They can tell you the character of each stratum; and beyond that is the "indisputably" of where you find it. Besides the mining engineers, the prospectors, and the capitalists there is another real thing in Tonopah and Goldfield. He is as truly a pioneer as the man who sells fake shares to widows and orphans is a fiend. If he makes a company it is among his friends. He has a claim; so has the jackal promoter of Beaumont, of Calgary, of Leadville, of Cripple Creek, of the rubber plantation, of the patent-medicine fakes, of the Klondike, and of the mud-flat town-lot real estate booms.



TYPICAL INTERIOR OF A SALOON

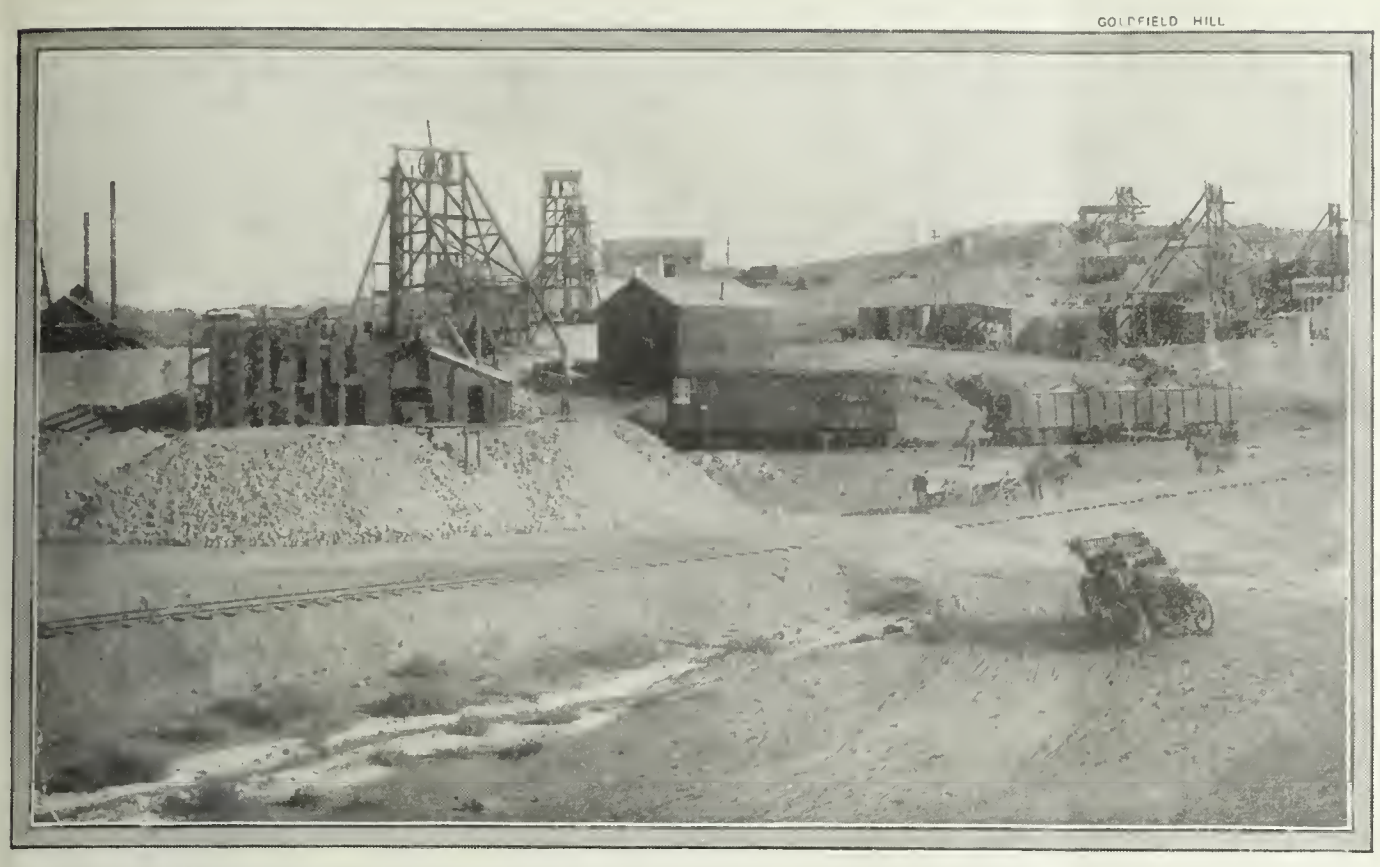
At the left is the roulette table, and behind it faro and other games. Every Nevada town is wide open all night

Actual Pioneers and Wildcatters

A CLAIM! A claim is a stretch of sand. You can buy one for the price of a ready-made suit and less. Would you promote a ready-made suit on the capitalization of a million enticingly at one cent a share? It is easy to print photographs of the great mines whose values have come to be a question of expert judgment in order to advertise a company, and it is about as logical as to capitalize the ready-made suit on the ground of the wealth of the firm which manufactured it.

Your pioneer among mining men owns a claim which has the confidence of his mining judgment. On it he risks his money and reputation. He has, or secures on the score of speculative enterprise offering great possibilities for small investment, funds sufficient to sink a shaft and to crosscut. If he finds the vein, he need not waste money needed for development in advertising his shares. Capital, ever seeking such an opportunity, will come to him, and his is the position that dictates terms.

If he fails, "his time, savings, and borrowings are in a hole in the ground." This possibility he knew and so did his partners, familiar with the game—not meant



INTO VEINS OF AMAZING RICHNESS, PRODUCE PRACTICALLY THE TOTAL OF NEVADA'S GOLD OUTPUT

besides many camps, into being in a treeless and waterless land dependent for all supplies on the life-line of the railroad

for widows and orphans—when they played for high stakes. One group of such enthusiasts have spent a hundred thousand in development work within a few hundred yards of a great mine and without finding rich ore. They can cite as a precedent for their optimism the instance of a fellow who quit at four hundred feet. A Quixote who took the prospect off his hands became a prophet and a genius in the eyes of the most volatile of publics when he struck a hundred dollars a ton only twenty feet lower.

Reports of strikes of copper as well as gold are as frequent as "Hellos" at the Goldfield central (and out there in the desert, may I add, O long-distance monopolists of the East! I 'phoned thirty miles for a quarter, which is relatively as cheap as bringing New York and Washington together for one cent).

Many new camps are in the making. Stop a prairie schooner alongside a prospect and lift a spadeful of sand and you have one. Each, in the language of the resident, is a future Golconda; each has some specific advantage over all possible rivals. In one place water, yes, real H_2O; another, little trees big enough for Christmas for a family with one child, anyway; and another, the finest automobile stretch in all Nevada, which means, of course, in all America to any one whose blood runs red.

All communities pray for the coming of the railroad and when it comes they damn it. Car shortage, in other parts of the country vital, is here the starvation of a boom whose appetite is excited by a crumb from a banquet; and the railroads say in answer: "How do we know that this Thing—which is the only Thing to draw traffic to a desert where it would cost $500 a year to keep a milch cow in hay—is going to last?"

With a rich mine, or what he thinks is a rich mine, the owner sits helpless, begging for machinery. Till the railroad comes he takes out what high grade he can to pay expenses and ships it by wagon. Freight service is by four, six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen-mule team, with a driver in a cowpuncher hat, proud as a Roman charioteer. Passenger service is rubber-tired. It would seem as if fate had kept the magic key out of a prospector's hands until the automobile should complete the stage setting. Across the sands the track lies clear, a fineless scorcher's paradise, your flight cutting the vast silences with the whisk of the arrow's feather.

And all roads lead back to the two towns whose populaces vie for fame by being angels to the pugilistic world at $25 a seat for a finish fight. Money is cheap and coal $60 a ton. Water at ten cents a gallon in the newer places—not Tonopah, which is as proud of a piped supply as Tom Johnson of his three-cent railway fare—must suggest a dreamland of possibility to John D. and make us grateful in passing that water is more common than oil in the world.

If King Capital Arrives

THE temperature of a community always at fever pulse rises whenever a great capitalist comes in from the East in a private car, with an automobile in waiting to shoot him out to the property offered. What will he do? What will he buy? He may be a Schwab, who puts five thousand on the red in his tour of the gambling saloons; a fussy, nervous little man with spreading, fussy whiskers, who has wearied of his dear-bought Senatorial sensation; a hell-diver of industrial genius by the name of Heinze; or he may be eminently quiet and commonplace. It is all the same to the camp. He is the mighty one if he has the cash. With him are his mining engineers, his "indisputablys," whom he checks off one against the other. You may be sure he does not buy shares through lurid advertisements, although he sometimes has shares that he is willing in leonine fashion to unload on the same public that the wildcatter victimizes.

Unless new find keeps succeeding new find the boom fever must pass in the end and the capitalists and the mining engineers will reduce the conditions to those of organized industry, with the miners going and coming in their shifts. For the present, the quartz camp is a poor man's camp, bringing us again the picturesqueness of the old placer days. High grades have made it so. Only the man in blue shirt instead of thumping a buckskin bag of dust rings his gold eagles on the bar. The miner's wages of $4.50 a day are to him what his wages are to a waiter in a first-class tipping restaurant. He might well pay for the privilege of working. Streaks in the veins under the hillside, though showing no free gold, have it almost as rich in chemical composition as water in a soaked sponge. When one returns from work with a few pounds of rock in his pockets he may have ten times his day's pay.

Recently, $300,000 worth of high grades was attached en route to a smelter by a certain company on the ground that no other mine had high grades of like character, and, therefore, the shipment must have been stolen. Mine managers want to establish a dressing-room in order that the workers shall cease to play the game in the manner of the Indian in the Carlisle-Harvard game who left the other side guessing while he ran to the goal with the pigskin under his sweater. Miners who have struck on other occasions in other camps for a dressing-room this time strike against one.

Losing Fortunes at Roulette

SHOULD a man keep money thus easily won? No, not if he is a true son of a camp on the boom. The high grades go to the roulette tables and the faro bank—there are both in every saloon—from which they circulate freely. That is the first of the sources of the life-blood of a town of fifteen thousand people at Goldfield. Capitalists and investors bring money for development; wildcatters bring the clerks' savings and the widows' mite; tenderfoots come to look over the ground and go away disheartened or catch the craze.

The late-comer is in the position of the Parisian who should start overland on foot when he heard of my imaginative Vesuvian principality. He would find the Neapolitans a long way ahead of him. To the professional belongs the guerdon in every contest; the amateur pays for the privilege of playing. If you are an average manufacturer of shoes, don't think that you will be more of a success as a mining man.

On the busy main street, which knew no life two years ago, I look for certain types just as I look to meet my artist friends in European galleries, war correspondent friends at the siege of cities, or all the world on Piccadilly or Fifth Avenue. The call is in their blood. They make money fast for the time. They love high prices, and high wages, if they are workers; and here wages are fabulously high. No Japanese is allowed. The Industrial Workers of the World number every wage-earner who is not a miner. At Tonopah the I. W. W. ordered waiters averaging $8 a day to strike. The restaurants sent to Denver to get Federation men. And what will the I. W. W. do to these outsiders? I asked. What the charlotte russe would do to the beefsteak, was the answer. The American Federation of Miners is all-powerful from Cobalt to Arizona.

These waiters who went out had scarcely a cent in their pockets. The very boom spirit with its wild confidence in possibilities undeveloped makes every one a spendthrift and careless of his future. I wonder if my lady of the adobe hotel, with a small fortune already hers, or the old storekeeper who said, as he had ever said before, that this "was the best camp yet," will go at the psychological moment.

I met some men who say they will; who, I think, will. My belief is strengthened by the photographs I saw in rooms and shacks of wives and sweethearts waiting for the fortune-hunter to come home with his argosy, back to the narrow paths of civilization, away from a community where cosmopolitanism mixes all sorts and conditions of men.

The Real Hero of the Camp

ONE type I know will remain. He is your true prospector. The lids of his eyes, used to distances, narrow as they focus on a human being; his cheek is tanned with sun of the desert and its alkali dust storms. He is the first cause. This is his triumph, which he shares only with the mining engineer, who despises him as a hobo, naturally, and with the capitalist. Used to long silences, he is garrulous in town, where he meets old friends. Witness a colloquy which it was my pleasure to overhear on a street corner:

"Why, of — — — strikes," said Bill, "— that — — ever was — this beats — — procession. Did you ever — well hear of any such — — — thing as — these — — — high grades?"

Now, the printer says this is swearing. Far from it. All was uttered in the most ordinary conversational tone. ("Smile when you say it," as the Virginian observed.) For men whose thoughts are shaded with many expressions, but whose vocabularies are limited by lack of practise, these amiable oaths simply took the place of a Henry James's adjectives.

"— — — — miners — — — right — — to high grades," said Jim. "— — — all — — — — outrages — — — millionaires — — — — dressing-room! — — — —! *Who* — — — — — found it? Didn't we? It's — — — — — — best camp yet!"

Bill looked up to Jim as Howells might look up to James, in the manner of one who salutes a master who had beaten him. Jim observed that he still had fifty left and he thought he would lose it before hitting the trail. When he came out of a saloon he was broke, and he was happy. Why not? Gambling is only the byplay in the great game of mining-camp speculation. There is nothing else to do, say those who are tempted.

"You don't expect a man to play solitaire, do you, when he only strikes town about once in six months?" observed Bill.

Those crowded saloons, thick with smoke, where a blue oath is as unnoticeable as lightning in the face of the sun, are not as repulsive as Monte Carlo, refined, professional, and sinister. They are a means for the quick disposal of an embarrassing increment, the scene of a boyish play at being wicked.

Our prospector's real life is on the desert where money means nothing; his real joys those of anticipation. Where money means much he is no more at home than the bison in the pen at Central Park. Is Tom Walsh of Washington, D. C., any happier than Jim Butler, the finder of the magic key, who remains to win and lose and lose and win, the hero of all his kind at the shrine where such hero-worship is paid?

The prospector asks of civilization only a grub-stake. This he may earn in this halcyon time at Goldfield by turning miner in the high grades. With his burro and his bacon he sets out across the alkali, ever hoping for the ten-thousandth lump of rock.

If you smile at him you smile at yourself. He is the incarnation of the spirit of a race of individualists and speculators; not an Oriental pea in the pod, but the far-flung picket of the British red and the Yankee blue. It was good that when he was driven into the desert he should find there his day again. Should the world ever become so full of people that we are all strap-hangers, I would make a Yellowstone Park for the preservation of his type, where he might go on hopefully prospecting forever.



PROSPECTORS LEAVING A MINING CAMP

With burros to pack their food and water, ever hoping, they search the desert, hills and gullies for gold

CHILDREN WITHOUT CHILDHOOD



By MARTHA S. BENSLEY

This is the second of a series of articles telling of the shameless practises by which New York garment contractors confiscate young human lives and grind them into dollars of profit. In this paper the author shows how the sewing-machine makers and other industry builders, who privately would boast of good citizenship, deliberately steal the labor of little children

"I'M goin' to get another job," he told me. "Oh, I'm makin' money enough—it ain't that. But I don't like the work. No, it ain't hard, but I'm just tired chasin' after them poor fellers all the time. You see it's this way: I work for the company, sellin' sewin'-machines to the garment workers. Oh, bless you—not the employers! It's the men that buys the machines!

"No, they don't cost much—thirty-seven dollars, if you pay cash—but then they ain't hardly ever got the money. Mostly they pay two or three dollars down, and then two dollars a month till they get it paid for. And when they do it that way they have to pay fifty-six dollars for a machine instead of thirty-seven. Then there's a new patent stand they've got to have to go with it, and the company makes them pay anywhere from nine to fourteen dollars for that. No, they don't pay cash down for that either—just a dollar to start with, and then a dollar every week. I ain't the collector for that stand—not me! But one of the men that is told me that the company makes them stands for a dollar and a half apiece. Yes, ma'am—one dollar and fifty cents—and they get fourteen dollars for them! So you see when a man buys one of these machines and a stand he has two collectors after him all the time—and I ain't goin' to be one of them! Could you go with me and see 'em? Why sure, if you want to—but it ain't no fun!"

He called for me the next morning, and we started out.

"I'll tell 'em you're learnin' the business, and I'm just givin' you a few lessons and takin' you around."

A Child Toils on Every Garment

I WAS used, of course, to considering the very word "sweatshop" as anathema; and, like other moral bourgeoisie, to hold up my skirts at the mention of it and pass by on the other side—quickly. I dreaded this trip with the collector, but I found that in itself the sweatshop is no more to be vituperated than any other step in the transition between the stage of civilization where clothes are not produced at all, and that golden dream of the future where ideal clothes are produced under ideal conditions. It might be considered as analogous to the gorilla—a horrible monster in itself, but a necessary step in the chain from worm to man.

Primarily the sweatshop is just the family with a few people hired to help it—and the child works in the sweatshop because it has worked in the home. But when the home becomes the sweatshop a cruel and interfering law steps in, saying: "See here—it is possibly your option to abuse your wife and children—to make them work long hours in ill-lighted, unsanitary holes, crowded together like flies—we have as yet only a limited control over your blood kin! But your own family are the only people you are permitted to abuse. You shall not put other people on the same level with them—understand?"

And so the law says a few gentle things on the subject of air, light, and hours. Not that there is any attention paid to these remarks—oh, no! But it is something that they have been said—sometime they may be heard! But, in the meantime, even with every rule and regulation violated, the sweatshops tend to be an improvement on the homes. The children are there, of course—but the cooking and sleeping and the very sick people are not so likely to be, and the vigilant inspector would find it easier to visit them if he happened to consider it his duty.

Almost everything that a human being can wear is made in the sweatshops. With the collector I visited about seventy in which they make woolen garments alone: coats, pants, vests, ladies' cloaks and skirts, and children's jackets. They are scattered all up and down the streets of the Ghetto, and vary in size from the little one that is almost a home, to the big one that is almost a factory. Sometimes we groped through long, dark tunnels to interior courts, sometimes we went up to garrets; once the collector had to drag me up where the stairs had broken away. Sometimes the whir of machines would be heard from some old six-story tenement, and we would find five floors of sweatshops—six to the floor—that is, thirty to the building.

And scattered all through these places were children—not many in any one shop, to be sure—but almost always one or two—so that practically every piece of ready-made clothing comes under the hand of some child in the making, as the cloth has come under a child's hand in the weaving. I saw boys who admitted that they were only ten, and some were undoubtedly younger than that, but I do not believe that any of the girls I saw were less than twelve years old. The boys do all sorts of things—pull bastings, finish seams and linings, carry the clothing about in the shops, and even serve drinks to the workers. One of these little "bartenders" told me he was ten, but his size certainly didn't warrant any such exaggerated statement.

Only See Others Play

IN the district around Seward Park are many of the smaller sweatshops. And through the windows the working children can see the playing children swinging, or running races, or at baseball—that is, they can see them if they have time to raise their eyes from the hurrying needles, or unless they are working in an interior tenement. To reach one of these the collector and I plunged down some uncertain steps, which had been mended with bits of tin and odd barrel staves, into a damp tunnel below the level of the street, and then up another decaying flight into a little courtyard. The rail of the stairway and every projecting point were hung like a lady's dress with foot-deep fringes. These fringes were made of scraps of cloth, of threads and bits of paper, woven selvages, and all the refuse of the sweatshop; and they hung there grimy with soot, dank with many rains, and laden with a prehistoric smell.

On the top floor was one shop. The little foot-power machines were running—the rusty irons were set on the coals in an improvised forge—the men hurried their work on and on, and three little boys and a girl tried to keep up with them in finishing and button-sewing. The light of the court came dimly into the narrow windows; there was no virility in anything except the disease that breathed back and forth on the furnace-hot air, and infected the shoddy clothing which lay in piles on the table and the floor. The white-faced men and children showed the effect of this miasma.

In one shop, neither of the worst nor of the best class, I recognized a girl from the Buttonhole Workers and Finishers' Union. I was about to speak to her, when the collector, seeing my intention, put a detaining hand on my arm. "Say, you better not," he whispered. "The boss has got his eye on you anyway, and maybe you'll get her into trouble." So I stepped back, and the child bent lower over her work.

Once last year when I was keeping office hours at the Woman's Trade Union League, I heard a voice say:

"I want to come into the Union."

I looked over my desk and saw this child. It seemed to me that she couldn't be more than eleven or twelve years old.

"What union?" I inquired.

"I don't know the name of it, but I want to get in."

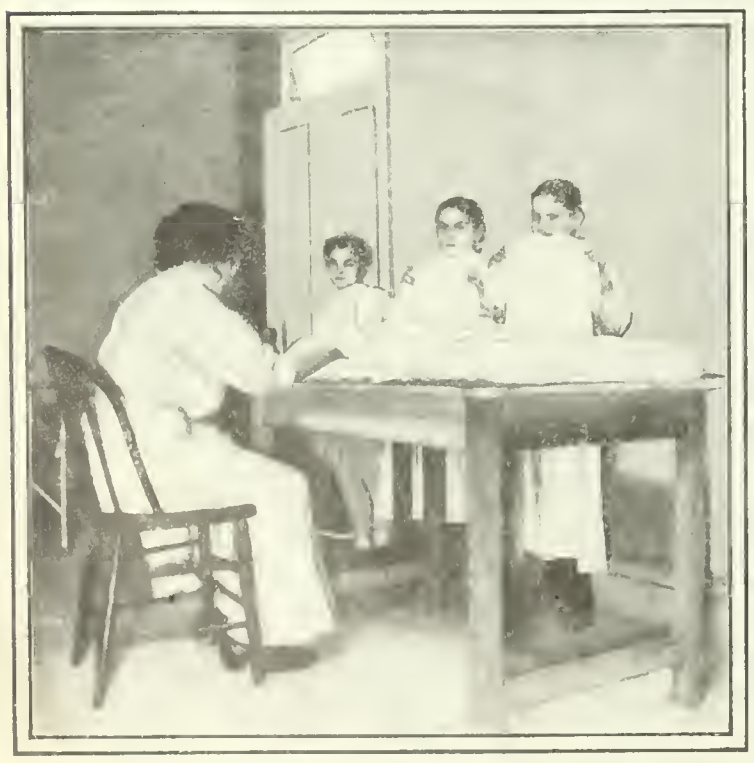
"Well, what do you do?"

"Oh, I just make buttonholes."

And then she told me.

Cemetery Raffle Tickets for Pay

IN a sweatshop where she worked they "finished" pants mostly, and she had sometimes made as much as four dollars a week. "You see I learned it at home off my ma—I'm awful quick, I am." She had been contented enough until one day when it was time for the girls to get their money, the "boss" came in and told them that he couldn't pay them till the next week. But when the end of that week came he put them off again; and after three weeks he called them all into the office



These little girls, engaged all day in folding baby clothes, find an ordinary table too high for them to work on in comfort



Furs are sewed in damp, germ-breeding cellars. The two little girls in the picture are both under ten

and gave them each a dollar and a half, and told them that he couldn't pay them the rest of their wages, but that he had some raffle tickets for a lot in a cemetery over in Brooklyn, and they would have to take those instead. There was more or less protest, but the girls knew that any one who spoke too loudly would simply be turned out with no wages at all, and as it was the dull season there was no other work to be had. Besides, most of the girls had grown used to such things, and didn't realize quite how great the injustice was.

But this little buttonhole maker was young, though in spite of appearances she was almost fourteen, and was still hopeful that things would be better sometime. She said pitifully that they didn't have enough to eat at home, and that the Charity Organization had had to pay the rent for them—that she needed some clothes, and as I looked at her draggled skirt and worn shoes I thought that she did too. She said she didn't think it was right for him to give her raffle tickets for a cemetery lot—she hadn't been working for tickets, they were no good to her, and she didn't want a cemetery lot—besides, she had never liked Brooklyn anyway.

We tried to get some justice for the child; but it was not till I saw this sweatshop that I realized what she was giving in exchange for raffle tickets. It had seemed before a fearful thing to teach these practical lessons in robbery to young girls; but now I knew that it was not only the robbery of wages that was going on—but the theft of youth and health and strength; of present comfort and of future happiness.

In one of the better-class shops where there seemed to be light enough and air enough—where they had gas-lit pressing irons and power machines—where there was no overcrowding and where the shop was under trade union regulations—I found two boys at work, boys so small that they had to stand to reach the tables where the coats lay from which they pulled the bastings.

And in all these places the collector asked for money. When the men paid it, they groaned audibly; and when they did not pay, he abused them and threatened them. Two men had not made any payment on their machines for three months, and the collector told them that if all the money was not paid by the next week the company would take back the machines.

"But," said I, when we got outside, "can you do that?"

"Oh, sure," he said.

"How much have these men paid?"

He took out his little book and found that one had paid forty-eight and the other forty dollars.

"But they have already paid more than the cash price," I said.

"That don't make no difference. If they've paid everything but one cent, and can't pay that, the company's goin' to get 'em back again."

Men Better Go Decollete

"DO all these men have to own their own machines?"

"You bet! Catch a boss paying out money when he don't have to! Why, when they use power machines, the boss charges 'em for the power—makes 'em pay for savin' their own legs. And they have to pay for the light too, 'specially when they work overtime. Why, them employers don't pay a thing but the rent of their places. They get trusted for the cloth, and they make the men pay for everything else—they don't even pay for the thread."

In one tenement, which is built over a stable, and evidently not designed for anything more sanitary than the living-place of human beings, they make baby clothes. The odor of the stable floats in and seems to destroy all the oxygen in the air, the smell of the gasping street catches you by the throat, and the acrid scent of crowded humanity beats upon your olfactory nerves; but worse than all these, leaving nothing at all to breathe, is the awful stench from the toilet-rooms. There are two regular toilet-rooms on the lower floors, but these seemed to be inadequate for the three hundred or more workers in the building. Consequently the neglected halls, heaped high with rags and refuse, were in a state of indescribable filth. In this atmosphere clothes for babies are being made, and children are packing them for shipment to a prominent childs' furnishing establishment.

The necktie workers were treated to a lockout during the early part of July—about twelve hundred of them. I went to some of their meetings. In the crowd of five hundred were about four hundred girls, and of these I should say that a quarter were under fourteen. Certainly not more than one-tenth of them were in long dresses, and about forty wore their hair in braids down their backs or in curls, being so young that they did not attempt the first sign of young ladyhood in the Jewish girl—an elaborate coiffure. Two of the girls told me that they had been working more than a year and were not yet fourteen, and several of those who claimed to be sixteen admitted that they had been at this trade for three or four years.

After the lockout was over and the girls had gone back to work, I visited a number of the shops and saw the children of the meetings at work. It seems that neckties are among the luxuries for which we pay too high a price. If they are only to be had at the cost of children's labor, it would seem that men might be willing to adopt some substitute—might return to the Elizabethan ruff, or go décolletté. But even if neckties are a necessity like bread, they need not be made under present conditions. Why, in one dark shop on Stanton Street every employee but two was apparently under sixteen; and of four who were not more than eleven, two were running the machines, a work usually left to men.

Child Fingers Decorate Fine Hats

THERE are about twenty thousand milliners in Greater New York—mostly girls, mostly foreign born, mostly young, many under fourteen. During August they crowd into the shops. This year a change in the fashion of hats has made the conditions of that trade particularly bad. When women wear hats of material which must be sewed together by hand, there is work for many fingers, and the girls are kept busy. This has been the case for several years past. But the new fashion permits the sewing of braid by machinery, and a large proportion of the girls are, and will continue to be, out of work. It is not a skilled trade anyway.



Among the pants and coat workers. The five figures farthest to the left in this picture, two boys and three girls, all under fourteen, work all day at sewing machines, work that is difficult even for men



Among the pants workers are found many girls under fourteen who stand all day in crowded positions

Mothers Plead for Dollars: not Daughters

"IF a girl can sew, she can do it," said one boss. "If she can work her fingers," said another. And the consensus of opinion among the bosses is that if a girl can understand when she is spoken to—can grasp simple directions—she can be a milliner. Consequently it is something for which children are fitted. And now the mothers are coming to the bosses in shoals begging that their little daughters may be employed for nothing till they learn the machine work.

Of course, this machine work is very heavy—the girls tell me that not one in ten can stand it—but what is that to a mother? Her child can earn several dollars before she breaks down.

It was during the dull season—that is, in the middle of July—when I visited the retail millinery shops that jostle each other along Division Street. In all of the workrooms which I visited I found girls working who were evidently under the legal age. One of the girls said that during the busy season the girls were crowded along the tables as closely as their chairs could be placed, and back to back with the girls at the next table, and that when the inspector came the word went around and every alternate girl was sent out of the room; that these girls were distributed over the building, hidden in the various storerooms and toilet-rooms, or the smallest ones even put into boxes or barrels of scraps at the ends of the tables. "But," said the girl, "their work is there on the tables just the way they left it, and their chairs too—they can't take them away. If the inspector wanted to he could see how things are. Oh, we fool them all the time! Do we have girls under fourteen? Yes, ma'am—lots of 'em, lots of 'em!"

At one large place on Broadway, which I was unable to enter, even though I applied there as a milliner looking for work, the girls told me that the workroom was in the basement.

"There ain't a day that some of the girls don't take a faint—and some days three or four. Oh, it's the air—there ain't none. Why don't we tell the boss? Gee! he knows it all right! And the first girl that asks for more air—she loses her job all right—see? There's some small girls working there, too—not more'n twelve years old, I guess. No, ma'am, there ain't no inspector ever been down there that I ever seen—he just stops at the office on the main floor with a ten-dollar bill."

It's not only the hats that are made and trimmed with the aid of children's hands—the flowers and feathers upon them are due also to their work. In one big, well-kept place on Broadway I found about twenty girls, among the one hundred and fifty, who ranged about fourteen—a few over, but mostly under. I noticed that these young girls were all at tables together in the darkest part of the room, and I asked the forelady about it. "These are all new girls—we only take them young now, because they learn faster. Those big girls [over sixteen] are old hands—they've been with us two or three years. We've only been taking on small ones this year."

Warming Chilly Throats with Germs

ALL up and down Bond Street and the streets adjoining it, the door-posts are covered with signs advertising the making of fine furs—sometimes seven or eight signs to the building. In these places they not only make new skins into garments, but they buy old, half-worn furs, odds and ends and scraps of various sorts, and remodel them into cheap things to be sold to cheap stores. The furs are brought in in great bales, dumped in the lower parts of buildings, and sorted usually by young girls. The second-hand and half-worn furs may come laden with every kind of disease. These furs are not steamed at a high enough temperature to kill the germs in them for the simple and sufficient reason that if there is heat enough to kill a germ, it will injure the fur; and they are usually not disinfected in any way. They are occasionally redyed, and there are some forms of germs that dye will destroy. But in general, the second-hand furs are simply brushed, sewed, put into new shapes, and tied, germ-laden, round the chilly throats of the public.

These fur sweatshops are as foul and as dirty as any in New York. I found them sometimes in garrets, sometimes in basements. The smell of the fur has one advantage even on a July day—you can not smell anything else.

Besides sorting the furs, children do what is called the finishing—that is, they sew the seams together, put in the linings, and do other unimportant things for which they get from two dollars to three dollars a week. The work is not excessively hard, but the air is full of flying fuzz and hair, which affects the lungs, the rooms are dark and close, and the hours are long. The German Jews practically monopolize the trade, and there are so many in the business that the wages are very low. Many of the best houses have their work done in these places, so that buying furs at the best stores is no safeguard against the conditions under which they are made, or against the infection which they may carry, and is no surety that the wearer is not in part responsible for the children who cough out their lives above them.

Although the sweatshop is a haunting dread in the mind of the more fortunate garment workers in a factory; although every sweatshop woman tries to educate her daughter so that she need not enter the needle trades; although no sweatshop girl will marry a garment worker if she can help it, still sweatshop work is better than home work. The sweatshop is especially an improvement over the home in the matter of child labor. I believe that children are employed all through the sweatshops in about the proportion of one child to fifteen adults, while in the home there appear to be at least as many children as adults at work.

THE OTHER AMERICANS

The sixth of a series of articles dealing with the human side of our South American neighbors. The next article will describe Bolivia, the "Tibet of the West," Lake Titicaca, and some of the hermit cities of the Andean plateau

By ARTHUR RUHL

ALL Sunday morning in Lima the faithful womenfolk, with their black *mantas* veiling all but their pale oval faces and their dark sad eyes, flock to mass. All must wear the *manta* in church—not even the chastest creation of any milliner whomsoever is permitted. The lines of caste are all but lost, and side by side they troop into the cool portals, mistress and brown *chollo* maid, merged in a sombre penitential democracy. More than with us at home even, the business of getting sins forgiven is put upon the women. With them in the dim cathedrals kneel a few old men and children, perhaps some eminent statesman—or that retired warrior, El General Thunder-and-Lightning Espada de Canon-Tiro, in frock coat and black cravat, setting an example to the populace. But the young men and sinners roll up and down from the Paseo to the plaza in open victorias, lolling back with legs crossed, smoking cigarettes, or stand along the curb twirling their limber canes as they watch the caterers' wagons or the ladies drive by.

Church and the Races

ONE of our Sundays was that of Corpus Christi, when the dignitaries of the Church and the womenfolk march round the plaza in solemn procession. From all the balconies and open windows of the sun-baked plaza the crowd hung, waiting for the procession, chattering and laughing, while in the Cathedral the organ thundered, the violins sang above it shrilly, and the incense rolled up above the blazing altar in clouds. In the choir stalls, built of dark wood, carved in the ornate old Spanish manner, sat the Church dignitaries, stern, ascetic—at least at a distance—enveloped in scarlet and purple and cloth of gold. Like them the old Inquisitors might have sat in their chamber a few squares away. Upon them, upon the blazing altar and the billowing incense, the kneeling people fixed their eyes, their lips moving in a sort of breathless silence, from time to time hurriedly crossing themselves.

Presently soldiers cleared the street and lined up along the curb. Flowers were scattered over the muddy pavement and handfuls of rose petals. The *beatas* gathered behind the banners of their various guilds—pale virgins with their lamps. All wore *mantillas*, and each carried a long taper. Here and there older women—fat and dumpy as is the way of their blood—blinked behind their lamps drolly, like wise old owls. On the club balcony, from which we watched, several modern young ladies, accompanying fathers or brothers, looked down good-humoredly, and, as it seemed, with what might be the vague condescension of those in dresses after the Paris fashion toward those in *mantillas* and black; from behind came the sprightly click of billiard balls. "This afternoon," explained one of the men, "we may call on all the Emanuelas—all those whose names are Emanuela are at home on Corpus Christi Day." The procession emerged from the Cathedral and moved slowly round the square. In the midst of it under a velvet canopy was a feeble old man bearing the Host. Many little acolytes in scarlet and white swung censers in front of and behind him, the *beatas* followed, their candles flickering wanly in the daylight; the soldiers, executing a sort of goose-step, fell in behind, tramping down the flowers. Across the plaza came the jangling of bells, and little clouds of incense floated away. The procession passed, disappeared into the church, and the crowd dwindled away, the pale *beatas* trooping homeward two by two, carrying their burnt-out lamps—just about as the young British and American clerks were leaving their tennis courts, and the paper-chasers were trotting back into town, a coat shoulder or two streaked with mud.

"Le Sport" in Lima includes many things besides the race-track betting booths above which these words are written, and they usurp Sunday afternoon as Old Lima takes the morning. In the *fronton* there is *pelota*—that glorified "squash" which our Cuban neighbors are so fond of. It is played by professionals very skilfully, and the audience looks on and keeps awake by betting continuously. There is shooting at the Revolver Club (an amusement much indulged in by South Americans); polo for some of the Englishmen and Americans; "footer," perhaps, between an eleven from the army and one from some British ship in the harbor (in almost all South American cities they play more or less Association or English Rugby football); bicycle gymkanas, and, in summer, the bull-fight, of course—even in its present somewhat decadent state made more of in Lima than in the other South American capitals where it still survives. In the winter, that is to say, in the months of our northern summer, the Jockey Club



THE JOCKEY CLUB STAND AT THE LIMA RACE-TRACK ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON

races are the event of the afternoon, and most of the "higgy-liffy" of the little capital may be seen, either in their victorias along the inside rail or in the little gingerbread grand stand of the "Hippodromo de Santa Beatriz." It is an engaging place, quiet and toylike; young Martinez and Montero try hard and wickedly to pocket, ride off, and otherwise embarrass the occasional Master Michaels or Keefe or O'Brien who has ventured here from the States—"second cousin, señor, of the jockey who has win the grand race at your Shipshead last year, no?"—and the horses, likely to be of Chilean breed, are called lovely rolling names like Quintora and Oro, Ventarron and Amor.

The Very Youthful Latin-American Financier

AFTER the shirtsleeves and sweat, peanuts and uproar of our betting rings, it was interesting to see Lima's little "mutual" betting kiosks with the sign "Le Sport" set over them and the bettors lining up before the windows as quietly and decorously as they would buy tickets at the theatre. With this system—in use at all South American tracks—a certain percentage of the money laid down goes, of course, to the club, while the successful bettors divide the winnings in proportion to their number. If the favorite is backed too heavily they may, of course, win nothing at all. If you want to bet five *soles* you go to one window, and if you want to bet ten *soles* you go to another window, and the clerk within gives a ticket in return and rings up your purchase, so to speak, on an automatic machine, precisely as a cashier in a rush-hour restaurant rings up the amounts of the various checks as the crowd files past him. If one wants to be a piker one can go to the "*dos soles*" or dollar window and run no chance of having one's feelings hurt by a brutal bookmaker interested only in yellow-colored bills; while if one wants to plunge one stalks to the high-wager window in majestic isolation, demonstrating to everybody that one is a tremendous sport. The most interesting result to me was the sight of the small-boy capitalists—who would have been stepped on if they had ventured into the betting-ring maelstrom at home or fished therefrom and ruthlessly spanked—marching up to the one-*sol* window and laying down their little silver pieces with a great puckering of eyebrows and as much *savoir faire* as was exhibited by the gentlemen in top hats two or three windows away.



SMALL BOYS BETTING ON THE HORSES AT THE LIMA RACE-TRACK

"Faster, Love—Faster!"

AS much as the moldering old walls of Lima they reminded the outsider that he was far from home—these nice little boys, in knickerbockers and broad clean collars and big Sunday-school ties, slapping down their silver pieces and chirping excitedly to the clerk the number of their favorite—"*Once!*"—"*Doce!*"—"*Quatro!*"—and after the running crowding round the pay window on the other side just as boys at home might crowd round a waffle-wagon or a man selling hokey-pokey ice cream. It took one away again, and more pleasantly, from our tracks when the horses swung into the stretch turn and "Amor" (it seemed as though some stage-managing fate must be ordering things) showed in the lead and the audience rippled out toward him—instead of the nervous "*Come*, you horse!" of home—a mellifluous "A-*mor!* A-*mor!* Ade-e-*lan*-te A-*mor!*"

After the races, were we in New York instead of Lima, would be just the time to look in for a minute, prattle our little gossip, and watch gifted Mary or lovely Jane—never more sure of herself and a queen in her own right than when thus enthroned—prepare a cup of tea. At home mere man is lucky if he escapes unpunctured by an epigram, or without incurring everlasting scorn by insisting on cream and sugar in his Formosa. But this is Latin-America, where a man bows first, bestows, not receives, kindnesses, where the mildest thing, it is feared he would do, if left for an instant unguarded, would be to propose an immediate elopement; where Mercedita and Olympia may not receive us unless Mama—one is lucky if it's not the whole family—is there. To us, with our North American ideas, it would seem that the relations between young people might be much more pleasant and beneficial if a girl were not taught to assume that every man is an erotic hyena, and men were not encouraged to presume that young ladies have no protection for their good name except that which resides in iron bars, but it is rather late now to change ages of tradition in a day. The embarrassment of a young American clerk plumped into such an environment from, for example, the chafing-dish parties and picnics and boy-and-girl good-fellowship of a suburban town may be imagined. If he calls on a young woman two or three times he is likely to be asked to define his intentions. I heard of one who was thus surprised.

"They are perfectly honorable, sir," said he, "but remote."

For most young Americans and Englishmen, indeed, polite native society in the Latin-American cities, after the first novelty is over, is rather melancholy. It is a different sort of game altogether; in more ways than one they do not speak the same language. They can't manage the language of flowery compliment, which is the

mere how-de-do-ness of society. On the other hand, they are angered and perplexed when they hear young men talk—while demure señoritas blandly listen—in a way that would be considered impertinent at home. Either shocked or bored, the exiles find it slow sledding.

"You can't even talk the weather here in Lima," I heard one youth observe grimly, "because it never rains!"

Here and there among the more traveled and sophisticated families new ways are creeping in. At the races, you will see young ladies who tripped to church that morning veiled in the black *mantas*, in Paris clothes and hats, chatting in the open with young men, gay and unafraid. While talking with a Lima gentleman in his library one afternoon I was surprised to see his two young daughters skipping downstairs with tennis rackets under their arms. They were on their way to a club court, whither they went apparently unattended. Young women of this class are quite as well, if not better, educated than their brothers, except when the latter have had the advantage of schooling in England or the States. This the girls rarely receive. They go to the convent schools or are tutored at home.



THE DRAWING CLASS SOME ARE OF INDIAN DESCENT AT A MISSIONARY SCHOOL IN LIMA

For the common or garden variety of girl, however, learning is viewed as a dangerous thing. Tradition is against it; the frivolous Latin-American young man is made more uncomfortable even than his North American neighbor by signs of undue cerebration in the opposite sex; even to a gringo the vision of a "brainy" señorita is appalling. They learn to play the piano, to sing a little, to draw and do fancy work; the rest, studied from antique text-books—arithmetics that are mostly definitions instead of practical examples, geographies almost without pictures—would amount, as I was told, to about the sixth grammar grade at home. There are German, English, and American schools in Callao and Lima, but outside influences meet much opposition, especially if avowedly Protestant. A missionary, who had started a school in which North American text-books and methods were used as far as practicable, told me that one priest launched a series of sermons directly against her work, warning his congregation that she was possessed of a terrible microbe, which would attack the brains of its victims and destroy their will-power. It even went so far, she said, that in passing her on the narrow Lima sidewalks timorous young women would squeeze close to the wall and put their handkerchiefs to their faces as though to shut out some malignant disease.

Tradition and social prestige are on the side of the convent schools, and it is easy to understand why the young folks would rather go there. Even in the flawless States going to a certain church because the "best people" go there is not altogether unheard of. I looked into an American missionary school one day in Lima, an old tumble-down house, the rooms ill-lighted and damp. It was the best they could get, for the time being, and the young woman at the head of it certainly deserved all sorts of credit, but one couldn't deny, even for patriotism's sake, the charm of the big convent school a few squares away. The old fortress-like walls covered a good part of a city block. Two ladies, evidently just having paid a visit to their children, came out of the cool interior stepped into a victoria, opened their parasols, and drove away. Within, everything was spacious and clean and cool—with massive arches, trees, and flowers growing in the patio. Once, as we were passing through an upper corridor, the Mother Superior beckoned to a window in the wall and we looked down. It was a chapel, the candles blazing about the altar, rows of *niñas* veiled in white and bowed in prayer. Behind us little girls were playing in the patio; the sunshine brightened the chapel windows. The Mother Superior, a brisk, terse Irishwoman, brought here, so I was told, that the convent might also have an English-speaking northerner at its head, led the way through recitation and music rooms to a laboratory, finally, with a few physical science instruments. "Not much, but"—she smiled, and it was a characteristic Latin-American point of view which she expressed—"good enough for girls."

THE MORMON CHURCH TO-DAY

By SENATOR FRED T. DUBOIS OF IDAHO

Senator Dubois has been, more conspicuously than any other man, identified with the anti-Mormon political fight, both in his own and other States. He will leave the Senate the fourth of March next; his one striking and important appearance in the present session of the Senate occurred before Christmas, when he delivered an impassioned and defiant anti-Mormon speech, from which the following is condensed. The occasion of the speech was the resolution recommending that Reed Smoot be expelled from the Senate

THE Mormon Church is a commercial and political organization essentially. The leaders—and by the leaders I mean especially those who control the people in spiritual, temporal, and political affairs, who are the first presidency and the twelve apostles—are, with rare exception, bright and active men of the world, and Americans by birth. They are business men, and handle the Church on business principles. Generally they are well-to-do, and some of them are rich. They are engaged in business enterprises of all descriptions.

The Zion Cooperative Mercantile Institution is a great business establishment, dealing in all kinds of articles which department stores would carry, and has many branches. The Mormons trade with it, and it is safe from non-Mormon competition where the Mormons are in the great majority. The leaders of the Church, and those high in its councils, are its directors and managers and controllers. They are not made president of the Church and apostles because they are successful business men and because they are presidents and directors of business organizations, but they become directors and controllers in these organizations by virtue of their being president of the Church and apostles, and after they have been selected as president and apostles of the Church.

Only recently a Mr. Smurthwaite of Ogden, Utah, a wealthy man, was turned out of the Church because he undertook to enter into business in competition with the Church.

Polygamous Practises Unchecked

MORE than half of the twelve apostles are admittedly defying the law and the Government, in that they are openly living in polygamous relations. New polygamous marriages are continually being celebrated in the Mormon Church. They are not entered into so openly as in the days before the manifesto, and a different character of men are now entering into the polygamous relations. Formerly the poor and ignorant took plural wives, the same as those better off and of higher order of intelligence. Now, young men of ability are selected to enter into these relations. The brainy young men of the Church are tied irrevocably to the Church and made subservient to it through the polygamous relation. Whenever they contract polygamous marriage they are without the pale of the law, and their only hope for protection is through this powerful church organization.

Under the present system polygamous marriages are celebrated secretly, and for the most part in foreign countries or beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. For instance, a young man who is to take a plural wife gets the consent of the authorities through his bishop, and goes with his prospective wife to British Columbia, Mexico, or to some place on the ocean some miles beyond the United States coast, where the marriage is celebrated by some authorized officer of the Church.

A national law, passed by Congress and approved by the President, giving to the United States authorities power to prosecute for polygamy, would be ineffective, because there would be no possible way by which a plural marriage could be proved to the satisfaction of a judge or jury. I desire the Senate to bear that in mind, because at some time in the future when I shall not be here this question will come up. The President of the United States in his message recommends a law for correcting evils connected with marriage and divorce and against polygamy. That is a Mormon suggestion. Such an act would not be worth the paper on which it might be written. You can not prove polygamy against these people. You can prove unlawful cohabitation, but no Mormon will ever support an amendment to the Constitution providing for the punishment of those living in unlawful cohabitation. You will be confronted with that.

The Mormons are all-powerful in Utah, and can control all the political offices, including those of Senators and Members of Congress.

They are so strong in Idaho that no one can be elected to the Senate or House without their consent. This is equally true in Wyoming. They are becoming a large balance of power in Oregon, and when the Government irrigation enterprises are developed in Nevada and large tracts of land are open there for settlement, they can and easily will colonize and control politics in Nevada.

Senator Smoot is an apostle of the Mormon Church. He is one of the body of twelve who, next to the first presidency and in conjunction with the first presidency, are the controlling authorities of the Church in everything, spiritual, temporal, and political. He would not have been selected as an apostle unless he was in full accord with authorities of the Church. It is not denied, but, on the other hand, it has been sworn to by the president of the Church himself, that Reed Smoot had to secure the consent of the Church and of his associate apostles before he could become a candidate for the United States Senate.

It must be plain to any one who has followed the testimony of the Smoot case that the Mormon authorities constitute a band of conspirators, whose object is to set aside and nullify the laws of the land when in their judgment such laws are in conflict with the duties which they owe to their organization, and that this conspiracy aims to make the State subservient to the Church, and to concentrate in the hands of the Church authorities the political powers which belong solely to the State. Reed Smoot is a part of this conspiracy as an apostle of the Church.

So opposed are the teachings and practises of the Mormon Church to the ordinary conception of what constitutes American citizenship, and so offensive have been its practises, that every President of the United States, from Buchanan down to McKinley, has called attention in his messages to Congress to the necessity for the most stringent legislation in restraint of their treasonable and obnoxious practises. Yet President Roosevelt, in a message filled with suggestions, does not advocate the real remedy.

When, in 1880, I went to Blackfoot, where I now live, there were no laws on the statute books by which they could be punished, and I am sorry to say that in my State—Idaho—there are now no laws on our statute books by which they can be punished there. That has been my contention in my State—that we pass laws; but we can not; we are powerless.

Idaho in the Mormon Grip

I STATED time and time again in Idaho without contradiction that the Attorney-General of Idaho, three years ago occupying the highest judicial office in that State, took a polygamous wife while Attorney-General, and we can not pass laws in Idaho to punish him. We can not pass a law to control contagious or infectious diseases, or to collect vital statistics, because, of necessity, it carries with it a provision for a registration of births, and the Mormons in the Legislature and the Republican leaders will not let us pass such a law. The Mormons say so openly. They do not disguise it. Polygamous children are being born constantly in my State. We have the names, we have the dates, but we can not prosecute the polygamous parents. The Mormons absolutely control in southeastern Idaho as they do in Utah.

You naturally wonder why we do not seek redress in the courts. You can not get it in southeastern Idaho any more than you can get it in Utah. There is not a beneficiary of the Mormon political power that will not make some excuse and some apology for this state of affairs, but not one of them will stand for effective legislation. In Utah there is a Republican-Mormon party and a Democratic-Mormon party, both equally controlled by the Mormon hierarchy.

THE DANCE

"FROM THE FOG WE RAISED A CUTTER OF HIS KINGLET'S O'ER THE WAY"



By J. B. CONNOLLY

INTO the middle of the dance somebody threw what was meant for a bombshell. "They say the cutter's on the way," suddenly said this lad.

"Some say she's in the Bay," he added, when his preliminary seemed to produce no consternation. But the man at whom it was aimed was not unacquainted with the abounding jealousy of the male in this most primitive region of West Newfoundland; and also it had ever been his secret pride that nothing affected his nerve.

"Even if she is," he retorted now, "what odds till she gets here?" and in doubling enjoyment continued to swing his buxom partner.

But at midnight a young fellow in fishing rig came from the other side of the Bay with news yet more positive and alarming. "Where's Captain Powers?"

"In a minute, boy, and I'll be with you," and to the assembled admiration finished the reel.

"She's to anchor below, and they've been inquirin' of you, Captain—you and the little *Weasel*."

"Then it's time for me to go. But what d'y'say, Bess, another dance?"

"Surely, Bryan, one more," and in exulting triumph with this capture of the American captain she snapped her fingers to the fiddler, after which she accompanied him to the porch.

"And when will you be back, Bryan? For, of course, 'twill be a small matter for you to slip the cutter and away as you've done a score o' times before. When will you be back?"

"I'll be back for a dance this night week. And mind you, keep one for me, Bess."

"Ay, boy, and more than one," and they kissed and parted.

IN his little schooner Bryan, to escape the cutter, was forced to crowd into the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the north shore of the Bay. Once there he would have liked to lay his course for the Magdalen Islands, which lay two hundred miles or so to the west and south; but now, what with the approaching morn and the attendant light, he dared not cross the open water at the mouth of the Bay. The cutter's glasses were altogether too far-reaching, even if they were not informed by jealous swains as to the likeliest direction to find him. So he decided to head northward, to hug the coast until such time as it might be safe to swing out into the broad Gulf and so on southerly to the Magdalens. This he the more readily decided to do because on the north coast were loopholes of escape—little harbors of refuge wherein a bold man might slip to and hide from troublesome cutters that could steam against the wind.

"And speaking of Bay of St. Johns, Wallace"—Bryan was addressing the cleverest of his crew—"a good hundred miles it is, but suppose now we could make it?"

"You make it and I'll find a hiding place where a whole navy of bloodhounds wouldn't smell us, Captain."

"Well, Bonne Bay it is."

"And here's the vapor coming, Captain—to hide us from the cutter."

"M-m—yes, Wallace—but hides her from us, too."

They were debating that question then when, the white haze lifting and rolling away, they made out the smudge of smoke astern. Far away it was then, but not to be doubted.



The vapor quickly rolled up to the sky, not a cable's length away lay the cutter

"The cutter, Captain?"

"That's what. And if we can see her smoke she can surely make out our sail. Here's where the vapor would help, Wallace, and bear out your argument."

"Ay, Captain. 'Twas like a wall, that vapor."

"Like a wall, yes, Wallace, or like a curtain hiding the stage. But now"—he drove his arm through the air as if it were a solid substance opposing him—"now the wind's our only hope. Blow, ye devils, blow!" and, after his fashion, allowed his mind to run where it would.

"Man, but the breeze I had once in the Bering Sea, and a cruiser ten times the size of that cutter after us! Out of the fog she came like a black something throwing off a white sheet. All black she was except for a gold stripe along her run, and ten thousand horsepower. We knew her and she knew us; and we a little vessel with only the wind to save her—and us. But that's not getting away from this fellow, is it? Sway up everything now."

And, while they heaved on the halyards and gigs, he sang defiantly:

"'Oh, beating up the coast on
a blowy winter's day—
From the fog we raised a
cutter of his Kinglet's
o'er the way.
She fires a shot across our
bows by way of saying
Belay!
We ranges fair across her
bows, and then—we bore
away.
Southeast by east for Mata
kan, and, oh, the wind
blew!
As out before the howling
gale our little vessel flew.
The sea was such, the wind
was such, he didn't fire a
shot,
Because they didn't dare to
wear, but—he must 've
swore a lot!
"'Oh, flyin' down the coast
like—'

another heave or two on the mains'l, fellows."

He trained the glasses on the fast-looming steamer astern. "I told 'em I'd wreck the jack before I'd let any Gover'ment vessel get her, and I will. Damn 'em anyway, all cutters and cruisers! And if she is wrecked—"

"Wrecked? Then it'll be mixed drinks, Skipper."

Bryan grinned. "I cert'nly will. And high priced—there's stuff below cost ten dollars a quart."

"H-m-m—" Wallace was drawing the end of his tongue across his lower lip. "I've been thinking, Skipper, that we'd all be better men if we had

sup of that same. A shame, don't you think yourself, Skipper—so much of it below, and we like to lose it all soon and never a sup on so cold a mornin'?"

"Well, I don't know but you're right, Wallace. Off with the hatch, and the first case you find bring on deck—the first case, mind."

They tossed one up. "Let's see now. What'd you get? You cert'nly drew a good one. That's the most expensive stuff in her hold."

"Ay, Skipper, we know'd it, when we stowed it." Wallace grinned widely. "Is it every man a bottle to himself, Skipper?"

"One bottle, no more; but no stopping to drink it all now. One swallow now and then; stand by, for I see that Bonne Bay we'll never make, though this breeze is all that a big ship could ask for. Fifty tons more to her now and she'd be doin' her fourteen in this breeze."

"And yet a grand boat of her tonnage, Skipper—quick to handle."

"I know that, and a good thing for where I think I'll put her—Hell's Harbor do they still call it, just ahead? That was the name when I was last here, five years ago."

"Ay, sir, and hell it is yet to make on a blowy day."

"All the worse for whoever is behind us. And worse yet if men brought up on sailing craft don't dare to go further than steamboat hands. You'll follow me, lads?"

"Ay, Skipper!" They waved the half-empty bottles. "To Hell itself!"

Bryan could easily make out the cutter then. "Four miles to our three she's coming. O man, but with fifty tons more there'd be damn little turning out of the road then, and that lad so bold with his guns would never get near enough to use them. But, Lord, it's a poor man that quarrels with his tools. She'll do. We'll make her do. Stand ready now. Heave those bottles over or hurry up and empty them—one or the other."

"Will you be needing a pilot, Skipper?" asked Wallace. "'Cause if you do—"

"Why a pilot? Even if I couldn't remember, it's easy made, that road. There's the deep water, and there's the rocks, both marked better than if all the red and black Gover'ment buoys in the world was there. Where a surf like that shows only blind men could go wrong. And they wouldn't even then, if they only used their ears. Pilot? Lord no, put a strong hand to the wheel. Take it, you Wallace, and forget all that ever entered your head except how to steer a vessel. And wait till I give the word. And when I do, you move. Hear me? If you hope to see Bay of Islands ever again, you work now."

It lacked an hour of sunset. "Plenty of light yet, plenty," muttered Bryan, and guided her between two large rocks, Hell's gateposts, against which the billows of the broad gulf were now breaking, mounting white to the bald crests almost.

Tearing past the granite entrance went the little jack, with Wallace to the wheel and eyes on Bryan, who in turn stood at the fore-rigging with eyes only for the channel ahead. It was a dubious outlook; so much so that were it not for the narrow strip of green between quarter and bare rocks Bryan would have taken but small comfort. "But that lad behind won't come in so easy, steam power though he has," he commented, and by way of defiance waved an arm toward them. "And once within, I'm blessed sure he'll feel even less comfortable, especially when he comes to turn the Elbow—if ever he does."

Inside the entrance they drove through a little harbor of quiet water, where the jack might have lain comfortably if it were not for the pursuing cutter.

The only passage for them out of Hell's Harbor was through the north entrance, and to reach that from the south side of the Bay it was necessary to go by way of the Elbow. The Bay was sometimes used by fishermen to set trawls or nets; but expert and venturesome as they were when they desired to reach one side of the bay from the other, the north from the south or *vice versa*, they usually preferred to make the passage outside rather than attempt The Elbow, even in moderate weather. And now it was blowing a gale.

Now fairly inside, the jack was approaching a stretch of jagged rocks which protruded from the sea for varying heights. Some barely showed above the normal level, others rose for perhaps ten feet above the surface of the sea. Devil's Claws the natives called them, and never did they suggest a more wicked end to whoever might approach them than now in this westerly gale, which, pressing in from the Gulf, whistled as it forced its way through the narrow entrance, and further in, where now the jack was, tore up the sea until the Claws were now bare and again all but hidden by the upborne waters.

The peril of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The breeze is making this devil nervous," he said. "See him open and close his fingers. Maybe he thinks there'll be something doing for him soon"—and just then a fresh squall tearing the water wide open—"and now see him! It's teeth, not claws, now—look! He opens his mouth and laughs, and you can see his gums and then the teeth close again and—m'm—they'd grab us in a minute and chew us up and spit us out. He wouldn't stop to swallow us, not him—but spit us out, dead men all, crushed and bloody—and our little vessel ground to powder. Oh, don't you wish you could get us!" He shook his fist at the indented row.

The crew were inhaling the leader's spirit: "Would he stop to take a few sups of wine on the way, Captain?"

Bryan laughed. "Lord, but you're certainly wits. But it's blood, not wine, he wants. But look astern!"

They looked and saw the cutter now inside the entrance, feeling her way cautiously. "She'll never come this far. The look of that little line of rocks there and the narrowing of the passage will be enough for her. She won't come far enough to examine any Elbow. Soon it'll be about ship and most careful in the turning, with the engine-room bells working double watches. Back to the south for her when she finds she can't get here. Plenty of good men in those Gover'ment boats, but they're gen'rally not running long chances, certainly not just for devilment. However things turn out, their pay envelopes come at the end of every month regular."



Bryan guided her between two large rocks, against which the billows were mounting white

"Ay, they gets their wages, Captain, but we has to earn ours first."

"That's it. And right here's where we'll earn—or lose—ours. Steady now." The jack was nearing the point where she would have to make what was practically a right-angled turn, after which she would have to speed into the wind like a top. And everything would need to be done with extreme rapidity. Then, when she was all but ready to come about, she would have to be given her head; and then away with her on the new course, which was practically at right angles to the entering stretch.

With the wind as it was then, and with the cutter making a need of hurrying, Bryan knew that he would find it necessary to keep her under full headway, and only to hold her up, to check her, at the critical point; and then it would have to be as one checks a race-horse. For, if she ran by but a length or slid off as sheets were hauled in, it was up on the rocks with her and the end for themselves.

One of the crew, after studying Bryan's face, was moved to ask: "Will she make it, d'y'think, Captain?"

He saw what they needed. "And why shouldn't we make it? A quick-handlin' little vessel and still light enough to see, why not?" And almost gaily drove her up, with the freshly encouraged crew to the sheets. Without a sign of slack he let her tear on, until the men turned half-round to look at him. "Trust me," he called, and they, high-strung but trusting, stood ready.

Not until the spray from the surge of the dreaded lee line of rocks was coming over her bow and the crew thought she surely was about to strike, did he give the word. Bryan himself had the wheel then. "In sheets!" he called.

They hauled like demons. "Enough?" and they snapped the half hitches on.

"Now pay out," and "Stand by again!" he called, and again like racing men awaiting the starter's pistol they crouched to the sheets. "Now!" snapped Bryan, and in they sheeted again like demons.

"When I say 'Hold!' see that you hold," warned Bryan.

"Ay, sir."

"Now—hold!" and hold they did hard and fast, and down the fore-arm of the Elbow tore the little jack. Another minute of fair running and she was safe.

"We played in luck," commented Bryan, and, gazing back curiously at the bent line in his wake and the rocks whereon the ceaseless white seas had never allowed the moss to fasten, his imagination was off again. "Like white horses, mad white horses running wild. Lord help what they stamp under their feet! But where's our cutter? Get me the glasses and we'll have a look. H'm—there she is, going to anchor. Or is she waiting for us, hoping to head us off in the morning, no doubt? Afraid, by the Lord! to go back by the way she came till it's broad daylight. Yes, sir, that's what—she goes no further on this hunt to-night. But that don't mean we don't go further. Out of the northern gate can you take her, Wallace, in the night?"

"That I can, Captain."

"Then take her, boy. And to you (he waved a triumphant arm at the lights and the dim hull behind) good-by! And now fellows, out into the Gulf and across to the Magdalens we'll go while that lad's thinking we're still hid away in here." And with the extreme of gaiety he sang it again:

"Oh, flying down the coast like a penitential ghost,
And the howlin' west-nor'-wester warn't a-worryin' us the most—
Oh, meet me up at Matakan, we'll have a party there,
O Bess o' Bay of Islands and the red rose in her hair!"

At an hour that should have brought them clear daylight the *Weasel* lay clear of the northern entrance of Hell's Harbor; but the vapor of a frosty winter's morning lay like a black cloud on the barely undulating sea. She should have been far offshore then, well on her way to the Magdalens, but the wind was even flatter than the sea. She was merely bobbing up and down, and making no more progress than a grandmother's rocking chair across a kitchen floor.

Bryan, no longer gay, was pacing her quarter; the men, gloomy, were walking her waist, and, being less philosophical than their leader, swore in their beards. Except for their audible exclamations and their footfalls on the damp deck, not a sound echoed over the waters.

Abruptly Bryan halted in his walk, and first cocking an ear to the wind, bent it to the rail. A long hearkening to the south, and he shook his head; and yet—it came after a thoughtful pause: "Mind, whatever happens, you fellows are all right. I signed you for a fishing trip, as the papers will show. No fault of yours I had contraband stuff in the hold."

At that they began to feel even more uneasy; but that they were not actually prehensive was made clear when from out of the fog came the stroke of a bell. Ding-ding, ding-ding, ding-ding—six bells, seven o'clock. On the west coast of Newfoundland it was only Government vessels that marked the time with bells.

And then, exactly as it had done the previous day, the vapor quickly rolled up to the sky. Not a cable's length away lay the cutter. One pause for her commander to grasp the situation and they saw him pull the engine-room bell. She dropped easily alongside, with her commander over the rail of the bridge.

"Come aboard," he said. The forbearance of the victor spoke in his tone.

"Thanks," answered Powers, "I don't know but what we will. Come on, fellows."

Not until he reached the deck of the cutter did he speak further. He had been looking over the rail at his little captive vessel, and from that turned and looked to where the rocks of the Bay of Islands lay. And then—it was with a sigh he said it: "Bessie, girl, I did my best, but we lingered o'er long at that dance, and now I'm afraid you'll be having to get another partner."

No more than that when it was time for him to be taken below.



A street in Fez, Morocco's capital, a characteristic old city of the Moorish Empire



The Christian cemetery at Marrakesh, recently desecrated and wrecked by angry Moslems



Muley el Haffid, brother of the Sultan and Governor of the Southern Province, on his way to prayers in the Kutubia Mosque

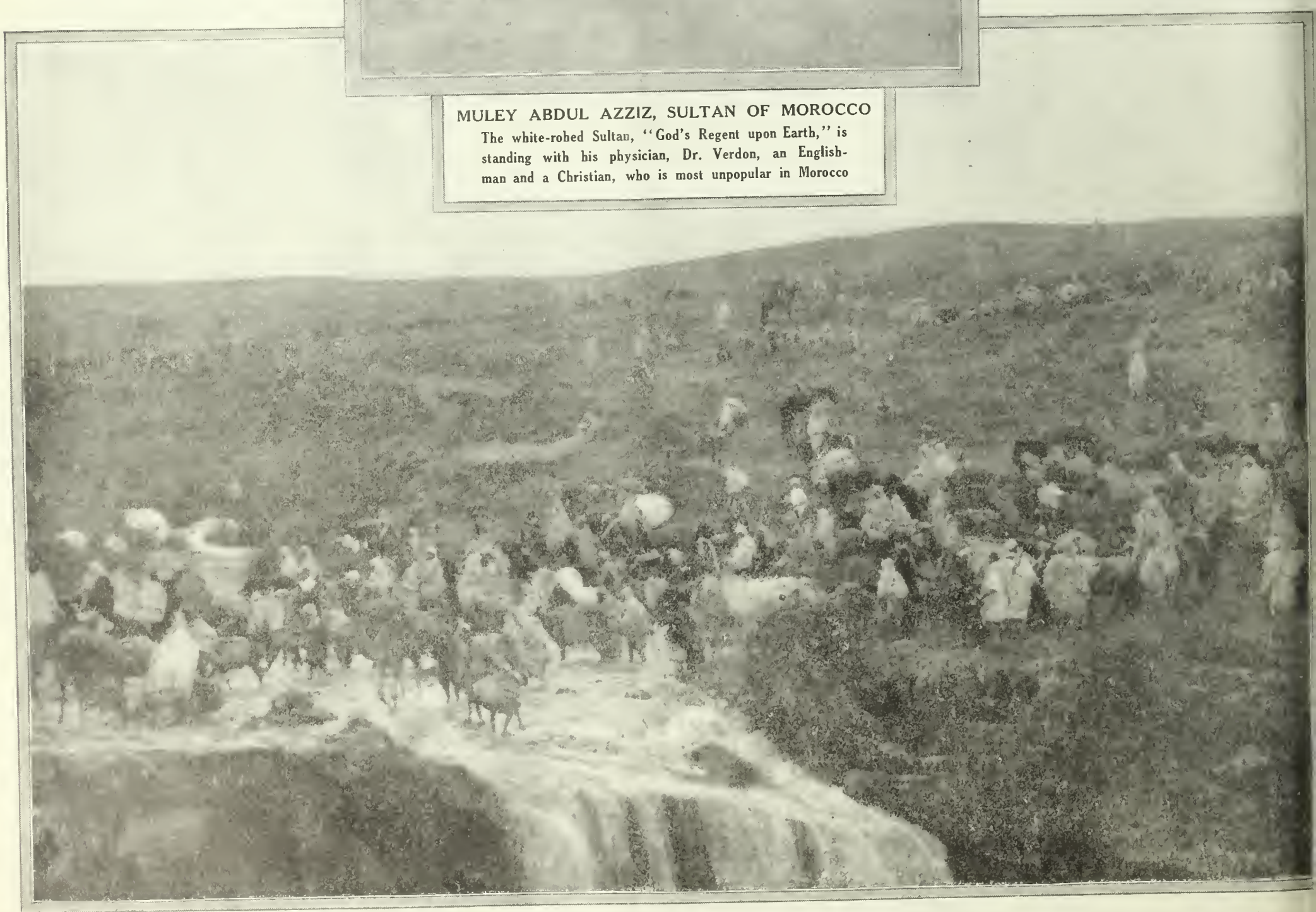


MULEY ABDUL AZZIZ, SULTAN OF MOROCCO

The white-robed Sultan, "God's Regent upon Earth," is standing with his physician, Dr. Verdon, an Englishman and a Christian, who is most unpopular in Morocco



The Sultan playing tennis with Dr. Verdon and Sir Harry MacLean. All sports, cameras, motor cars and balloons fascinate this potentate



The Moorish army on the march: On such occasions 40,000 men and 75,000 animals are taken; also, when the Sultan goes, 200 of his wives

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

With Cartoons by F. T. Richards

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MAIL-ORDER FRAUDS

AFTER putting his bill for the protection of mail-order swindlers in a privileged position upon the calendar before the holidays, Mr. Crumpacker of Indiana succeeded in slipping it through the House without a roll-call on January 7. The bill provides that "fraud orders" issued by the Post-Office Department shall not become operative for fifteen days except to the extent of holding mail undelivered. If the party affected applies for a court review within that time the matter shall be tried as a civil action at law, "with all the rights to either party incident thereto," and shall be decided under the ordinary rules of practise and evidence. The effect of this would be to substitute a lawsuit for an administrative order in every case in which the Department attempted to check a swindle, and throw out all the moral, but not technically legal, evidence gathered by the postal inspectors. Thus if the promoters of a scheme like the Ubero game offered to invest five dollars a month in plantations in Mexico in such a way as to return a thousand dollars to every investor at the end of three years there would be no way of proving legally that they did not intend to do it, and the Post-Office Department would have to allow itself to be used as an accomplice in defrauding the poor and ignorant until the three years were up and the fraud had been completed.

The most active influences behind this bill have been E. G. Lewis of the "People's United States Bank" of St. Louis, "Professor" Thomas F. Adkin, proprietor of the quack "Institute of Physicians and Surgeons" at Rochester, and the Nutriola Company, formerly of Belfast, Maine, and later of Chicago, which pretended to sell remedies of magical power, but found its chief profit in selling its own stock. Lewis induced over sixty-five thousand people to invest two millions and a quarter in the stock of a mail-order bank, on glowing promises which were not kept. About half the capital of the bank was lent to Lewis and his enterprises, in spite of his pledge that not a dollar should be so used.

Lewis runs a publishing company, which has drawn heavily upon the funds of his mail-order bank. The Vice-President of this company is Kramer, President of the Cascarets Company, who lives in Mr. Crumpacker's district in Indiana. Hanson, the promoter of the Nutriola swindle, who has been sentenced to fine and imprisonment for circulating indecent literature, started his scheme in Maine. Mr. Littlefield of Maine was a warm supporter of the Crumpacker bill in the House. Adkins, of the Rochester "Institute of Physicians and Surgeons," is a constituent of Mr. Perkins, another of Crumpacker's Congressional allies. The only vigorous opposition to the bill in the House was made by Mr. Mann of Illinois, who did such good work in connection with the Pure Food Law. But it is not likely to have such easy sailing in the Senate. It is now in the hands of the Judiciary Committee of that body, consisting of Senators Clark of Wyoming, Nelson, Depew, Spooner, Foraker, Dillingham, Kittredge, Knox, Bacon, Pettus, Culberson, Blackburn, and Patterson.



A BROWNSVILLE MESSAGE

AS the agitation over the Brownsville affair, led by Senator Foraker, showed no sign of diminishing, President Roosevelt sent a special message to the Senate on January 14 transmitting the evidence collected by Milton D. Purdy, Assistant to the Attorney-General, and Inspector-General Blocksom. Not only was the message illustrated with maps and photographs, like that on Panama, but it was accompanied by a cigar-box full of souvenirs, including a bandolier, thirty-three empty shells, seven ball cartridges, and four clips picked up in the streets soon after the riot, three steel-jacketed bullets and bits of the casings of others picked out of the houses into which they had been fired. These things, the President asserted, were conclusive evidence that the shooting had been done by the negro soldiers. The ammunition was that of the new model Springfield rifle issued to the troops a few months previously, and could not have been used in any gun possessed by any citizen of Brownsville, or by any other men in the world outside of the United States army.

There was also the testimony of fourteen eye-witnesses who had seen the soldiers rioting. This, in the President's opinion, would have been conclusive even without the ammunition, and that would have been conclusive without the eye-witnesses. A variety of other evidence was adduced to prove that a series of atrocious crimes had been committed by soldiers. Not only was a considerable number of the men directly implicated in the affair, but it appeared that "there were very few, if any, of the soldiers dismissed who could have been ignorant of what occurred. It is well-nigh impossible that any of the non-commissioned officers who were at the barracks should not have known what occurred."

The President frankly admitted that in declaring the discharged soldiers ineligible for any future civil employment under the Government he had exceeded his authority, and said that he had revoked that part of his order. But as to the rest of the order, discharging the men without honor and barring their reenlistment in the army or navy, he refused to budge an inch. "The facts," he asserted, "did not merely warrant the action I took—they rendered such action imperative unless I was to prove false to my sworn duty."

THE ISTHMIAN CONTRACT

BIDS for the so-called "contract" for the completion of the Panama Canal were opened on January 12. The lowest was that of W. J. Oliver of Knoxville, Tennessee, and Anson M. Bangs of New York, who offered to do the work for a commission of 6.75 per cent on the estimated cost of construction. The next lowest bidders were George Peirce & Co. of Frankfort, Maine, and New York, whose offer was 7.19 per cent. The MacArthur-Gillespie Company of Chicago bid at 12½ and the North American Dredging Company of Los Angeles at 28 per cent.

This is not in the ordinary sense a construction contract. The contractors do not undertake to do the work for a fixed price, assuming all the risks of the job. They simply superintend the affair, collecting a commission on the cost for their trouble. But this cost is to be estimated by the Government in advance, not piled up by the contractors to suit themselves. If they can do the work for less than the estimate they will be rewarded with one-third of their savings. If they spend more they will be penalized. They will be fined $100,000 a month for all delays beyond the time fixed for the completion of the canal and will receive a bonus of the same amount for every month saved. Thus it is hoped to secure economy both of time and cost. If the common estimate of $140,000,000 for the expense of finishing the work be definitely agreed upon, the contractors' commission at 6.75 per cent will be $9,450,000.

The Government is to retain full control of sanitation and engineering, as well as the right to supervise the quarters and subsistence of the employees. It will also keep the Panama Railroad and continue to run the department of materials and supplies. The work of construction is to begin in sixty days after the contract is signed. The contractors will take over all employees not retained by the Commission. The work of American employees is to be limited to eight hours a day.

Besides giving a bond for two million dollars the contractors had to tell the story of their lives, so that the Government could know whether they were the right sort of persons to be entrusted with a job of this magnitude. From the biographical sketches submitted by the lowest bidders it appears that Mr. William J. Oliver is worth more than three million dollars above his liabilities and Mr. Anson M. Bangs more than two millions. Mr. Oliver has been a contractor for twenty-four years, principally in railroad work. In the last ten years he has completed contracts aggregating $18,000,000, and he has others now under way amounting to $31,500,000 more. Mr. Bangs has handled many important Government contracts, including one of $2,500,000 for the Poe Lock of the Sault Ste. Marie Ship Canal, and two others of the same amount, each on the Delaware and Buffalo Breakwaters.

The official estimates of cost and time are to be made by an engineering committee, consisting of the Chief Engineer of the Isthmian Commission and four other members, two selected by the Commission and two by the successful bid-





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ders. This committee will meet within ten days after the execution of the contract and decide how much the canal ought to cost and how soon it should be finished. Under the system of rewards and penalties agreed upon, the contractors will lose one-half of one per cent of their commission for every $5,000,000 or major fraction of that amount in excess of the estimate. Thus if the estimated cost should be $140,000,000 and the actual cost $216,000,000, the contractors would get nothing. If it should pass $220,000,000 they would have to pay the Government for the privilege of doing the work. But if it should be only $110,000,000 their bonus of one-third of the saving would give them ten millions besides their commission. If in addition they should finish the work in two years less than the estimated time their premium at $100,000 a month would give them $2,400,000 more. There is a possibility, therefore, of some pretty good pickings through efficient work, as well as a possibility of very heavy losses through inefficiency.

The fact that four responsible bidders have offered to construct the canal within definite limits of price and time is a cheering antidote to the despondent predictions that the next generation would see the work still unfinished after swallowing the amount of the national debt. Daylight is ahead now, and it will soon be possible to fix a date for the celebration of the passage of the first ship through the locks.

COMPETING WITH THEMSELVES

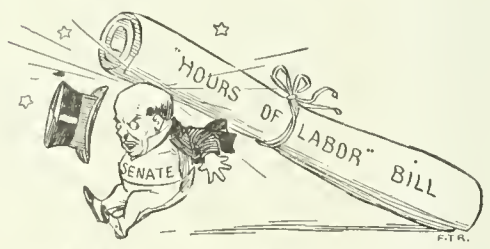
Railroad men do it if they can find nobody else to compete with



THE investigation of the Harriman railroad lines by the Interstate Commerce Commission is bringing out some interesting facts and theories on the subject of transportation. It has been the general idea that when two roads passed under the same ownership they ceased to compete, but according to Traffic Director J. C. Stubbs of the Union Pacific, and Vice-President J. M. Hannaford of the Northern Pacific, this is all a mistake. Railroads compete just as actively when they are owned by the same persons as when their stock is in entirely different hands. Mr Stubbs explained that Mr. Hill, for instance, although controlling both the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, had to employ vice-presidents and general managers with reputations to maintain or to construct, and that these men would inevitably work for their own lines against the other lines. "If Mr. Hill should take that spirit out of his men," said Mr. Stubbs, "he might as well hand their management over to a hundred dollar clerk."

This theory of competition between personalities of course takes no account of the question of rates. Even the Harriman and Hill experts did not venture to assert that the rival vice-presidents and managers employed by their proprietors would try to attract business by cutting rates against each other. But Mr. Stubbs explained that there would be no more rate cutting anyway. The new law requiring thirty days' notice of changes in tariffs "has put an end," he asserted, "to all real competition in rate making." "It compels us to give notice of intended changes, and our competitors at once prepare to meet them. In consequence there can not be two rates between the same points on different lines, whether they are under common ownership or not. The law has put a stop to 'midnight tariffs,' rate wars, and all other forms of rate manipulation, and I believe this the greatest benefit it has conferred upon the country."

Bargains in rates being eliminated, of course nothing remains but "hustling" to get business, and that, it appears, would be just as lively if all the railroads in the United States belonged to a single man as if every one were owned by a separate company.



SENATORIAL HAZERS HAZED

When they toyed with La Follette's bill they found it loaded

THE alleged combination to "haze" Senator La Follette was itself unmercifully hazed on January 10. In the last session of Congress Mr. La Follette introduced a bill to protect the public from accidents by limiting the hours of labor of railroad employees. The majority of the Senators did not want to pass it, but at the same time they felt a delicacy about squarely opposing it. They pleaded for delay. It was a very important measure—Senators ought to have time to give it thoughtful consideration, so that it could be passed in perfect form. Mr. La Follette was patient. The days ran on until the end of the session was at hand. It was plainly impossible to crowd the bill through in those fleeting minutes—Senators regretted the situation, but such was life. Then a startling discovery was made. Almost every Senator was interested in some appropriation in the Public Buildings bill, and when that bill came along Mr. La Follette was standing on the track with a red lantern. He was very sorry, but if the time was too short to pass the Hours of Labor bill, he feared it was too short to pass the Public Buildings bill. The Senators capitulated and agreed by unanimous consent that, if La Follette would let them have the post-offices and custom-houses for which their constituents were pining, they would make the Hours of Labor bill the unfinished business in the next session and take a vote on it upon the 10th of January.

Every day this session La Follette has been on hand at two o'clock to stand guard over that agreement and keep the bill from being dropped in his absence into the unfathomable depths of the calendar. At last the day for the vote approached. Senators who had let weeks pass without manifesting any desire to discuss the subject began again to deplore the unseemly haste with which they were expected to act. Toward the end a real debate sprang up. Manufactured memorials against the bill from unions and individual railroad employees who wanted to work more than sixteen hours a day were poured into the Senate.

Mr. La Follette furnished evidence showing that most of the alleged opposition to the bill on the part of employees had been directly inspired by the companies. He then produced and had printed in the Congressional Record a really appalling list of accidents caused by overworked and exhausted trainmen. An engineer who had been on duty for forty-three hours "used poor judgment" in stopping on a curve—astonishing lapse for such a fresh mind as his must have been—and there was a collision. In another collision the train was "not under control," after the crew had been only forty-two hours on duty. In another case a signalman who had been at work for twenty hours went back to flag and fell asleep. Only one man killed, luckily. A conductor and engineer who had been on duty for thirty hours forgot to protect the rear of their train with a flag. Collision. Another collision occurred while the engineer was asleep after forty-eight hours of service following six hours of rest. Twenty-one such accidents occurred after the adjournment of the last session of Congress, and "I have no doubt," said Mr. La Follette, "that at least twenty of the twenty-one accidents would have been averted had the bill which is pending to-day been enacted at the last session of Congress and the hours of limitation upon service enforced."

When the time came to vote upon the amendments a majority of the Senators voted to cripple the bill whenever they could do it without a record, and turned

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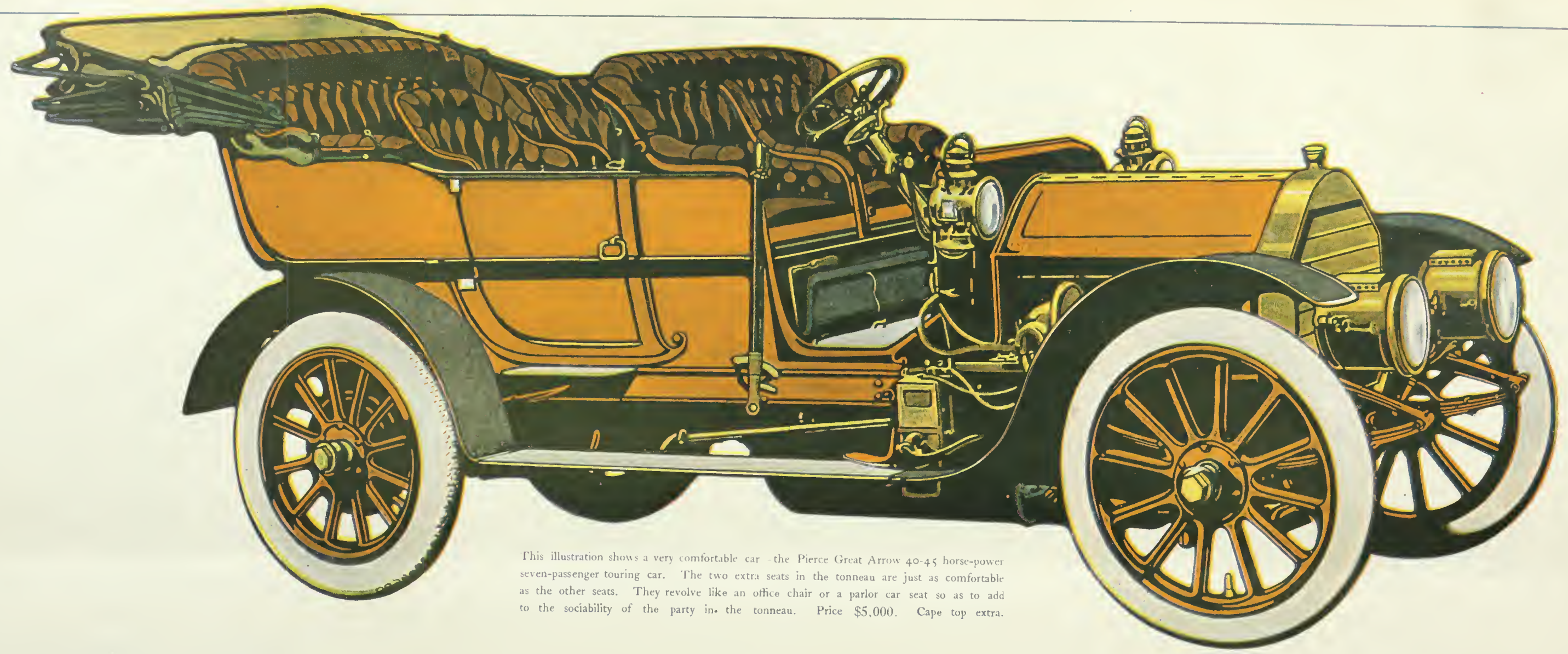
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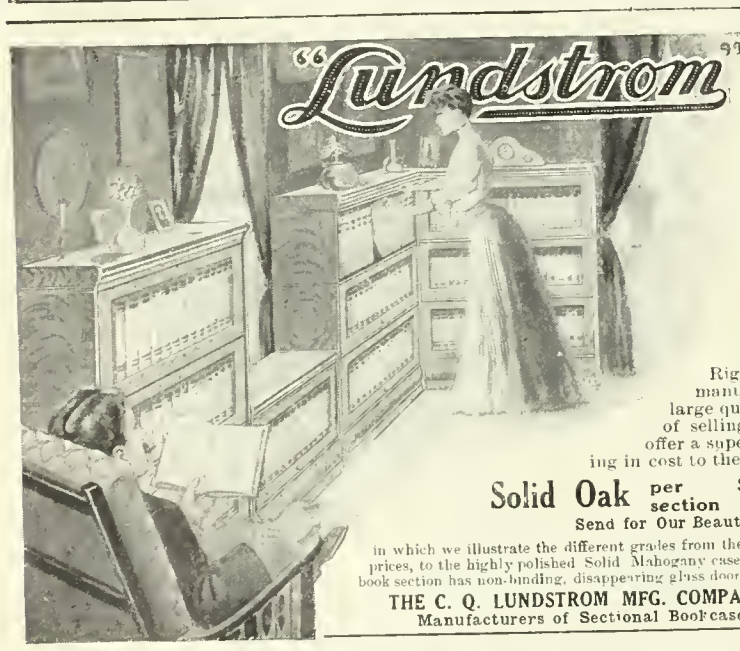
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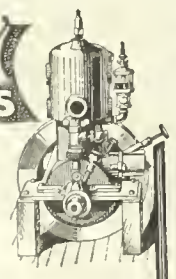
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the other way on almost every question in which the yeas and nays were pu down in black and white. The chief test came when Mr. La Follette moved t strike out the whole mutilated bill and insert a short and consistent substitut The vote on that proposition was as follows:

YEAS—36

Bacon, Dem.	Du Pont, Rep.	Kittredge, Rep.	Rayner, Dem.
Berry, Dem.	Elkins, Rep.	La Follette, Rep	Scott, Rep.
Beveridge, Rep.	Flint, Rep.	Latimer, Dem.	Simmons, Dem.
Brandegee, Rep.	Foster, Dem.	Mallory, Dem.	Stone, Dem.
Burkett, Rep.	Frazier, Dem.	Money, Dem.	Taliaferro, Dem.
Culberson, Dem.	Gearin, Rep.	Nelson, Rep.	Teller, Dem.
Daniel, Dem.	Hansbrough, Rep.	Overman, Dem.	Tillman, Dem.
Dolliver, Rep.	Hemenway, Rep.	Patterson, Dem.	Warner, Rep.
Dubois, Dem.	Hopkins, Rep.	Perkins, Rep.	Whyte, Dem.

NAYS—32

Ankeny, Rep.	Crane, Rep.	Gallinger, Rep.	McCumber, Rep.
Blackburn, Dem.	Cullom, Rep.	Hale, Rep.	Millard, Rep.
Bulkeley, Rep.	Depew, Rep.	Heyburn, Rep.	Pettus, Dem.
Burrows, Rep.	Dick, Rep.	Kean, Rep.	Piles, Rep.
Carter, Rep.	Dillingham, Rep.	Knox, Rep.	Proctor, Rep.
Clapp, Rep.	Foraker, Rep.	Lodge, Rep.	Smoot, Rep.
Clark, Mont., Dem.	Frye, Rep.	Long, Rep.	Sutherland, Rep.
Clark, Wyo., Rep.	Fulton, Rep.	McCreary, Dem.	Warren, Rep.

Of the yeas, nineteen were cast by Democrats and seventeen by Republican of the nays, twenty-eight by Republicans and four by Democrats. Once more Senate nearly two-thirds Republican was controlled by Democratic votes again the wishes of a majority of the Republican members.

After the adoption of the substitute the railroad contingent ceased to figl The ancient Pettus of Alabama was left waving his State Rights flag alo and on the passage of the bill as amended all the rest of the Senators prese seventy strong, ranged themselves under the banner of the hazed and ostraciz La Follette.

The bill as passed forbids any employee on a train carrying interstate or fo eign freight or passengers to remain on duty more than sixteen consecutive hou unless in specified exceptional cases, or to go on duty after sixteen consecuti hours' service without having had at least ten hours off duty, or to work mo than sixteen hours in the aggregate within any period of twenty-four. Violatio of the law on the part of any common carrier or its officers are made punishal by a fine of not less than $100 or more than $1,000.

THAT JAPANESE "PERIL"

A terrifying tempest brewed in an exceedingly minute teapot



IN his message to the Legislature of California Governor Pardee treats Pre dent Roosevelt kindly but firmly. He charitably admits that the Presider attitude is due merely to Eastern ignorance, not to inherent depravity. "In co mon with the people of the East," he observes, "who have had no experience w the unassimilable people of Japan and China, the President does not underst the racial differences between the Japanese and the Chinese and people of C casian blood." The Governor remarks that "it is not at all desirable that yout even Caucasian youths of eighteen years or more of age, should be associated the schools with children of tender ages." He adds the opinion that "San Fr cisco, in providing separate schools for the Japanese, is adhering strictly wit the letter and spirit of the laws of this State, and is in no way acting in c trariety to the treaty with Japan." The Governor does not condone hoodl outrages, however, but hopes that "the Japanese and Chinese Governments know that it is only the irresponsible and the vicious who . . . insult and inj the people of these two great countries."

The only things lacking in the Governor's otherwise admirable state paper the things that have been most conspicuously lacking in the treatment of whole Japanese question by the press and authorities of San Francisco—to a little candor, a little judgment, and above all a little sense of humor. Th qualities would have prevented San Francisco from ostensibly falling into a p fright—ostensibly, because it is well known that the fright is largely assumed the purpose of keeping in the good graces of the labor unions that form the g bulk of the membership of the Chinese, Japanese, and Korean Exclusion Leagu over an alleged danger so utterly trivial that it had not yet reached even magnitude of an annoyance. They would have prevented the needless infla of this trifling cause of irritation into a threatening international issue, and fin they would have prevented the defense of a wanton affront to a friendly na by palpably insincere arguments.

On the day when the segregation order went into effect there were two J nese students twenty years old in the public schools of San Francisco. Th were the oldest pupils of that race. One of them was in the Crocker Gram School in the sixth grade along with a boy of fifteen. These were the Japanese pupils in that school. The other was in the Pacific Heights Gram School in the eighth grade—the grade just below the High School. There four Japanese pupils of nineteen in the city, no two of them in the same sch There were six of eighteen, five of them in the Pacific Heights Grammar Sch making a total of twelve of those "youths of eighteen years or more" w association with "children of tender ages" the Governor thinks so undesir There were twelve of seventeen and nine of sixteen, two of the latter being g These thirty-three pupils of from sixteen to twenty, thirty-one boys and two were the horde of Japanese men whose presence was corrupting fifty or thousand American children and throwing an American city of three hun and fifty thousand people into paroxysms of fear.

In addition to these there were sixty pupils of Japanese race ranging fifteen down to seven, of whom thirty-five had been born in Japan and tw five in America. Of these, thirty-four were boys and twenty-six girls. Of twenty-three schools which pupils of this race were attending, twelve did have one of over fifteen years old. The Agassiz Primary had a boy of thir another of nine, and a girl of eight. They were turned out. The Denman G mar School had four girls and not a single boy. Menaces to morality—they to go. The Grant Primary had one solitary Japanese girl. She was a pe San Francisco locked her out. The Hearst Grammar School, in addition to young men of seventeen and a boy of fourteen born in Japan, had a Jap boy of eleven and a girl of eight, both born in the United States. Their cit ship did not save them. The Noe Valley Grammar School had one girl of el of Japanese descent, but born in America, and the Marshall Primary one bo the same sort, aged eight.

The President would doubtless admit that Japanese immigration should be allowed to swell to the dimensions of a danger or a "problem." Indeed, understood to be negotiating now with a view to having Japan check the m ment of her people in this direction. But Californians are so luckily situated they do not know what an immigration problem is, and have not known sinc threatening invasion from China was checked a quarter of a century ago.

The total Japanese immigration to the entire United States, including Ha

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

No Mixed Beans, All the Same

There is lots of difference in beans.
Just the same as with potatoes or chestnuts.
The little ones don't get ripe or have that rich, appetizing, mouth-watering flavor.
Van Camp's beans are ripe, full, round beans, of equal size—the best produced in the great bean belt of Michigan. They're **selected** from the finest of the crop every year.
It's the same with our Tomatoes. Van Camp's grow right here at our doors, in Indiana, and are picked for us when just of the right ripeness to be luscious and juicy. Not too ripe but just rosy ripe enough. We take only perfect tomatoes. These for the sauce, to add zest to the flavor of the beans as they bake.
Then a cut of toothsome sweet pork—with a strip of lean and a strip of fat—goes in every can.
And there you are.
Every can of Van Camp's pork and beans is sterilized at a high temperature and baked to the proper turn. Our chef knows.
Van Camp's are better cooked than the home-made kind—save the housewife's time—save fuel, as they are ready to serve hot in ten or fifteen minutes. They are always fresh and ready.

Ask for Van Camp's of your Grocer.

"Always keep a few cans in the house"

The Van Camp Packing Company
Indianapolis, Indiana



"Uncle Sam" Invites You to

Hot Springs

ARKANSAS

The Most Attractive and Best Equipped Health and Pleasure Resort in America

The waters of Hot Springs, the therapeutic value of which is known throughout the world, are owned, controlled and endorsed by the United States Government.

Do Not Tempt the Bitterness of a Northern Winter

Come and enjoy outdoor life throughout the winter in the piney woods of the Ozark mountains; enjoy the beautiful drives, fascinating trails for horseback riding and many other outdoor sports. Every minute of your stay in Hot Springs, Ark., will be a pleasure and you will return home healthy and rested, both in mind and body. No resort can give you better hotel facilities than this paradise of winter resorts.

THE ARLINGTON AND EASTMAN HOTELS
(Open all the Year) (Open beginning Jan. 25)

have all the modern comforts and luxuries of the best resort hotels; for full information regarding them, write to Lyman T. Hay, Mgr.

There Are Many OTHER Hotels of All Grades With Prices to Suit Everyone

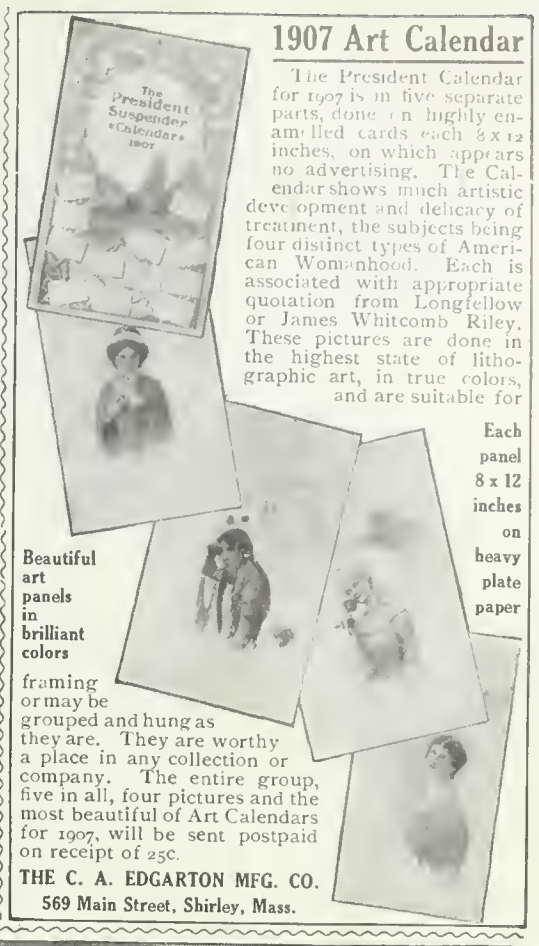
For full information relative to these hotels, bath facilities and general features of the resort, also Booklet containing a circular from R. M. O'Reilly, Surg. Genl. U. S. Army, endorsing the therapeutic value of the waters, write the

BUREAU OF INFORMATION
HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

Iron Mountain, Wabash, Rock Island and Illinois Central Railroads furnish excellent facilities to Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Enquire of Your Nearest Railway Agent

1907 Art Calendar



The President Calendar for 1907 is in five separate parts, done on highly enamelled cards each 8 x 12 inches, on which appears no advertising. The Calendar shows much artistic development and delicacy of treatment, the subjects being four distinct types of American Womanhood. Each is associated with appropriate quotation from Longfellow or James Whitcomb Riley. These pictures are done in the highest state of lithographic art, in true colors, and are suitable for framing or may be grouped and hung as they are. They are worthy a place in any collection or company. The entire group, five in all, four pictures and the most beautiful of Art Calendars for 1907, will be sent postpaid on receipt of 25c.

Each panel 8 x 12 inches on heavy plate paper

Beautiful art panels in brilliant colors

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
569 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.



Good-Morning - 25 Cents

LEYENDECKER COLLEGE POSTERS

The Hurdler
The Football Player
The Discus Thrower
Shipmates
Good-Morning

These subjects are beautifully printed in colors, size 11 x 12 inches, on fine art paper, pebbled, and sell at 25 cents each. Other subjects are illustrated in our Proof Catalogue which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps.

GO TO THE BEST ART, PICTURE, BOOK, STATIONERY, OR DEPARTMENT STORE IN YOUR TOWN AND ASK FOR THESE SUBJECTS. THEY HAVE THEM, OR THEY CAN GET THEM. INSIST UPON SEEING THEM.

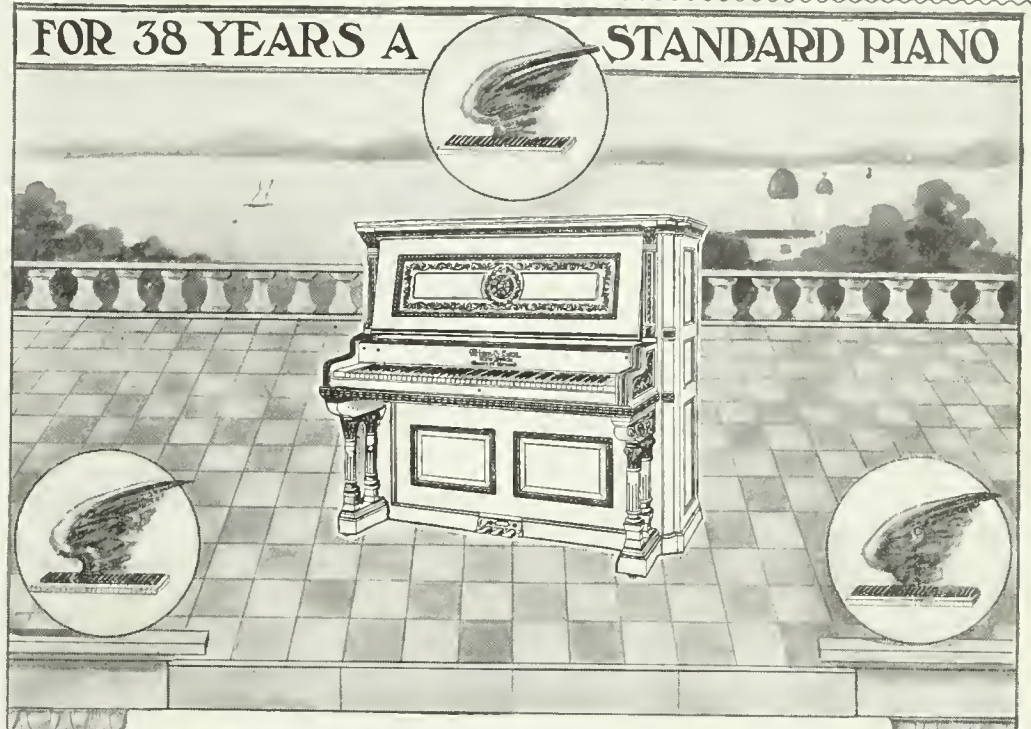
IF your dealer will not furnish you with any of these pictures, we will send to your address on receipt of price. Money will be refunded if not satisfactory. Address

PROOF DEPARTMENT
P. F. COLLIER & SON
418 West Thirteenth Street
New York



The Hurdler - - 25 Cents

FOR 38 YEARS A STANDARD PIANO



WING PIANOS

ARE PRE-EMINENTLY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. MANUFACTURED IN NEW YORK CITY FOR NEARLY 40 YEARS PAST, AS SUCH THEY ARE WIDELY KNOWN AND ARE SPECIFICALLY ADMIRED FOR THEIR SUPREME VIBRATION, AND THE FLUTE-LIKE QUALITY OF THAT VIBRATION.

Passages of utmost intensity and power are rendered without sense of effort or the slightest weariness to the fingers, and yet the delicate accompaniments and embellishments are wonderfully pure and free from any noise of stroke.

Purity with power. Reserves of musical vibration. Light, springy touch, not tiresome even to an invalid, all truthfully describe some of the virtues of the modern Wing Piano.

BEST TONED and MOST SUCCESSFUL

WING PIANOS are sold direct from factory and in no other way. Eliminating agents' and dealers' profits and expenses.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD PIANO
WE SAVE YOU
$75.00 to $200.00

If a poor thin-toned piano suits your children (and its short life does not annoy you) you may get such a substitute for the same price as a durable, sweet voiced Wing.

We don't claim **miracles.** We can't save you $200 on a $200 piano. We do save you at least $200 on a $500 piano; $75 on a $300 piano, etc., etc. We know this to be true, and we know it so well that

WE PLACE THEM FREE EVERYWHERE

We will place a Wing Piano in any home in the United States on 20 days' trial. If it is not satisfactory you can send it back. You are under no obligation to keep it, and you are at no expense for freight if you keep the piano or return it. **We pay it.**

YOU WILL RECEIVE ANYWAY THE BOOK OF COMPLETE INFORMATION ABOUT PIANOS

A real book copyrighted by the U. S. Government. Gives description of the new invention for aiding learners to play, called **The Noteaccord,** endorsed by Paderewski and other great artists—Description of every part of the piano and processes of manufacture—Explains Agents' and Dealers' Methods — Describes in full the **Instrumental Attachment** Only in Wing Pianos, correctly imitating Harp, Banjo, Guitar, Zither and Mandolin; the attachment also helps to preserve the tone and prolong the life of the piano. With the book we include a set of **Miniature Pianos,** being exact reproductions of all Wing Styles in colors, enabling you to make an accurate selection as to wood and design of case.

Wing Pianos are sold for **Cash,** or we give you choice of 100 different easy payment plans to suit all circumstances. By writing to-day you may be in time to participate in our special gifts of valuable music. We take old pianos in exchange.

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To WING & SON, 360-376 WEST 13th STREET, NEW YORK
Send to the address below, BOOK, MINIATURES, PRICES and TERMS on WING PIANOS

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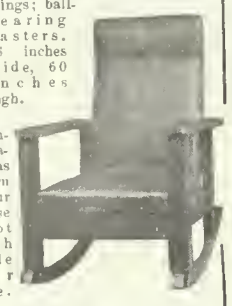
Address .....

AT FACTORY PRICES

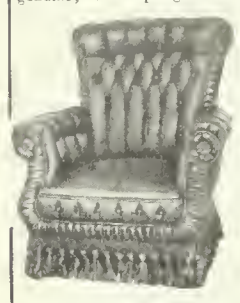


ON APPROVAL—*to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory*

Only $25.00 for this beautiful Buffet. Would cost at retail $42.00. Choice Quarter-sawed Golden Oak; piano polish; hand-cut carvings; French bevel mirror, 40 x 12 inches; roll drawer fronts, cross-banded; one drawer plush lined; solid brass trimmings; ball-bearing casters. 46 inches wide, 60 inches high.



$8.75 For a Short Time Only—for this comfortable massive Rocker (or chair to match). Automatically reclines to any position without springs, ratchets or rods. Solid oak, finished golden or weathered; polished; upholstered in imitation Spanish leather, as durable as genuine; full spring seat. Return it at our expense if not worth double our price.



$28.30 for this luxurious Turkish Rocker—would cost $50.00 at retail. Covered with our **Reliable Old Oak** genuine leather; best long tempered steel springs, softly padded with curled horse hair. Width, 36 in.; height of back from seat, 27 in.

We pay freight east of Omaha and north of Tennessee — points beyond equalized.

Write for our catalogue of office, library, parlor, hall, dining-room and bed-room furniture.

The **cream** of furniture **designs** of the **world** brought to your door if you address us No. 46 Fulton Street.

GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE MFG. CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

BANK BY MAIL

This bank is no further from you than your nearest mail box.

Deposit and withdraw at your pleasure and in strict privacy.

Secure as government bonds and pays double the interest.

4 per cent. on savings accounts of any size, from the first of the month on all deposits received before the 17th.

Established 1851 has always paid 4% on Savings Deposits.

Over 30,000 satisfied depositors.

Booklet G. tells all about it. Copy free.

UNION TRUST COMPANY
PROVIDENCE, R.I.
ASSETS THIRTY ONE MILLION DOLLARS

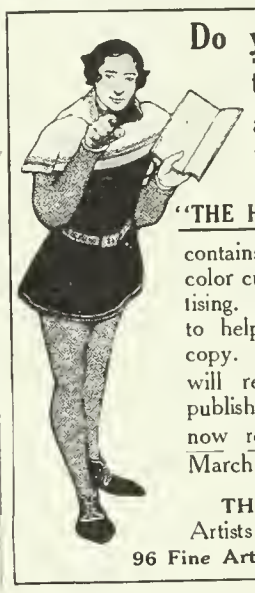
EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN

Our **1907 Catalogue** we believe is the most beautiful and complete horticultural catalogue ever published—188 *pages*, 700 *engravings*, 12 *colored and duotone plates of vegetables and flowers.*

Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash

To every one who states where this advertisement was seen and who encloses **Ten Cents** (in stamps), we will mail the catalogue, and also send, **free of charge**, our famous **50-Cent "Henderson" Collection** of seeds, of one packet each of *Giant Mixed Sweet Peas; Giant Fancy Pansies, mixed; Giant Victoria Asters, mixed; Henderson's Big Boston Lettuce; Early Ruby Tomato; and Half Long Blood Beet;* **in a coupon envelope**, which emptied and returned, will be **accepted as a 25-cent cash payment** on any order of $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.,
35 & 37 Cortlandt Street, New York.

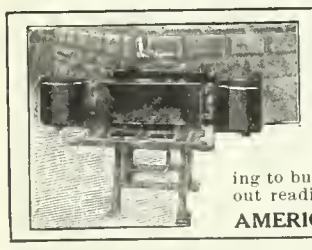


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contains over 150 one and two color cuts for all kinds of advertising. Every cut has a headline to help you to prepare your copy. For 25c business firms will receive all the numbers published within the year. Two now ready. Third ready in March. Send 25c to-day.

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Artists Printers Engravers
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GO IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF
MAKE $15.00 A DAY

You can do it. Hundreds are doing that well right now. Buy a **NEW YARNELL CEMENT BLOCK MACHINE**

IT will start you in business. It is simple, complete and any man can operate it alone. Our proposition is of equal interest to estate owners wishing to build at rock bottom cost. Don't think of buying a Concrete Block Machine without reading our booklet, "An Ancient Art and Its Modern Perfection." IT'S FREE.

AMERICAN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY, Box 101, Leipsic, Ohio

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain?

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Webers, Krakauers, Sterlings and other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new, yet all are offered at a great discount. These pianos range from **$125** upward. Also beautiful **new Uprights** at $125, $135, $150 and $165. An instrument at $190 that we can recommend highly.

FROM

Write, stating your needs, and we will send you a copy of our new **Bargain List** and also one of our **Piano Book Catalogs**, which illustrates and describes our entire piano stock. Monthly payments accepted.

Every piano bears our full guarantee, and will give years of musical satisfaction.

LYON & HEALY
WORLD'S LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE
43 ADAMS ST. CHICAGO



Cuts and trims the nails quicker, easier and better than knife or scissors.

Gem Nail Clipper

Made of the finest tool steel—takes up no room in the pocket—practically indestructible. Removes and prevents hangnails. Sold by dealers generally or sent by mail. Price 25 cents.

The H. C. COOK Co., 45 Main St., Ansonia, Conn.

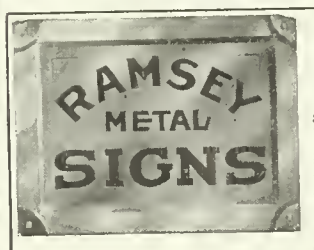
LOFTIS SYSTEM
DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Start the New Year Right

By investing in a Diamond. Better than a savings account. Advances 15 to 20 per cent annually. Make your selection from our magnificent Catalogue, and the article will be sent for your approval. If you like it, pay one-fifth of the price and keep it, sending the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments. We give a **written guarantee of value and quality with every Diamond.** *Write today for the Loftis Catalogue.*

Loftis Bros. & Co. Diamond Cutters and Manufacturing Jewelers
Dept. A38, 92 State St., Chicago, Ill.

LOFTIS SYSTEM



RAMSEY SIGNS

are heavy polished brass, deeply engraved by hand by expert Sign makers, and filled with raven black cement. We make signs over free if any break occurs in five years. Isn't that fair?

Bankers, Doctors, Lawyers, Merchants—you need signs. Write me to-day stating your needs. My advice and suggestions with sketches are absolutely without cost to you and besides I will send you my helpful book "Sign Talk" showing a large variety of brass and metal signs printed in colors. It tells you why some signs are good while others, costing nearly as much, soon wash out and are disappointing. It may save you Some Sign Money.

LOUIS H. RAMSEY & CO., Dept. 11, LEXINGTON, KY.

I Pay $25 for the rare half dollars of 1853, $40 for the Stellas of 1879, $200 for the 1880. $30 for the gold dollars of 1875 and $50 for the three dollars 1875,

CERTAIN COINS $25 for dimes 1894 m. m. S. $1 to $250 each for the Territorial coins 1849 to 1861, and from $1 to $300 for thousands of other rare coins, stamps and paper money. Send a stamp for an illustrated circular; it may lead to wealth and independence. Address the most reliable coin dealer. 18 years at the present location.

WANTED

W. von BERGEN, Scollay Sq., C. W., **Boston, Mass.**

Study Law at Home

The original school. Instruction by mail adapted to every one. Recognized by courts and educators. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Three courses—Preparatory, Business, College. Prepares for practice. Will better your condition and prospects in business. Students and graduates everywhere. Full particulars and **special offer** free.



The Sprague Correspondence School of Law
505 Majestic Bldg.
Detroit, Mich.

last year amounted to the terrifying number of 14,243. In that period we received 15,864 immigrants from Turkey, mostly at the port of New York. Let us resist the Turkish invasion. If Governor Pardee thinks that danger chimerical it is because he has had no experience with the unassimilable people of the Ottoman Empire. In the same year we received 153,748 Jews, a non-Aryan, Oriental race, 44,261 Magyars, descendants of the Huns of Central Asia, and some thousands of other non-Aryan peoples from Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea.

Of course the situation in California is complicated to some extent by the fact that there is a considerable Japanese colony in Hawaii. There were about sixty thousand Japanese in the islands a few years ago, but of late the number has been decreasing. There is a movement from Hawaii to the mainland, so that for some time from a thousand to three thousand Japanese have been reaching San Francisco every month. But even if the entire Japanese population of the Territory should be dumped upon the Pacific States it would add fewer people of that race to their population than the number of Russian Jews that land at the port of New York in six months.

NEW YORK'S LOST DISTINCTION

The last surviving American street-car horse will soon be out of a job



NEW YORK still retains the Statue of Liberty, and the steeple of Trinity Church is yet visible to observers looking down from the windows of the surrounding skyscrapers, but the metropolis is about to lose the one distinction which more than any other has struck the visitor from the provinces with wonder and awe. It is to have no more horse cars. The returning tourist from Denver or Omaha will no longer be able to boast that he crossed Manhattan Island in cars built during the Civil War and drawn by horses dating from the same period. The City Railway Company has ordered the adoption of electric traction on all its remaining horse car routes, which employ the great bulk of all the animals now employed in street railroad service in the United States. New York, which was the first city in America to use horse cars, is practically the last to give them up. Her experience in this respect has been the same as with the telephone, electric lights, and other modern conveniences. To introduce any modern improvement in New York is such a tremendous undertaking that capitalists shrink from attempting it while there is anything experimental about the matter. Small cities and even villages in the West had the latest automatic telephones years before New Yorkers stopped ringing each other up and off with cranks. But the people of the metropolis have the satisfaction of knowing that when they do get an improvement it is the best to be had, although by the time it is fully installed the Western towns may have moved on again five or ten years ahead.



THE BESIEGED CZAR

Assassins' bullets striking near the bull's-eye of the imperial targ

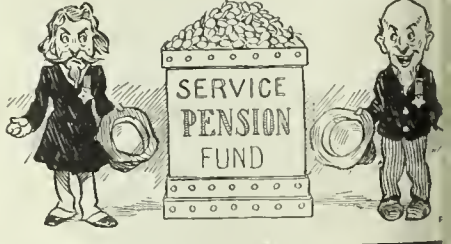
THE fighting revolutionists of Russia are drawing their lines continually close around the Czar. Thus far, the monarch himself has been contemptuously spared, although he is under sentence of death and the sentence may be executed at any moment. But the Terrorists are picking off the most hated agents of oppression one by one. The old frenzied way of throwing a bomb into a crowd and killing innocent and guilty alike has been replaced by the cool, deliberate assassination of one picked victim after another.

The murders of General Ignatieff and General Von der Launitz were followed on January 9 by the death of Lieutenant-General Vladimir Pavloff, the Military Procurator, who earned the hatred of the advanced parties during the sessions of the late Duma by his defense of the wholesale executions of insurgents in Poland and the Baltic Provinces. General Pavloff was walking in the garden of the Military Court Building at St. Petersburg, when a man in the uniform of an officer approached him as if to submit a report, and shot him down at short range with seven pistol bullets in succession. The assassin was captured after killing a policeman, but laughed at the authorities and went in the highest spirits to his execution which followed soon afterward.

The detailed accuracy with which one tyrannical official after another is being eliminated is beginning to produce the effect upon the nerves of the reactionary party which it has been the aim of the Terrorists to create.

THE SERVICE PENSION IS COMING AT LAST

And the "Civil War" is to be officially no longer a "Rebellion"



THE service pension scheme for soldiers of the Civil War, which has been knocking at the doors of Congress since a time so remote that the memory of man hardly runs to the contrary, advanced on January 11 to the stage of favorable action by the Senate, which passed the McCumber bill without a division. The objections offered in former years to the plan of giving pensions to all Civil War survivors, whether injured or not, have now lost most of their force. The service pension scheme would formerly have admitted hundreds of thousands of new pensioners to the roll and taken uncounted millions from the Treasury. Now President Roosevelt's famous Order No. 78, since legalized, making arrival at the age of sixty-five *prima facie* proof of pensionable disability has left very few veterans unprovided for, and those few will soon go automatically upon the list. A boy who was eighteen years old when the war closed is sixty now.

The chief additional expense involved in the new scheme lies in the increased rates of pension allowed to those who are now receiving small amounts. The McCumber bill provides that any person who served ninety days in the military or naval service of the Union in the Civil or sixty in the Mexican War, and has been honorably discharged, shall be entitled to a pension of $12 a month upon reaching the age of sixty-two, $15 at seventy, and $20 at seventy-five. There is no way of telling with any exactness what the total cost to the Government of such an arrangement would be. The Commissioner of Pensions estimated a year ago that there were about a hundred thousand unpensioned survivors of the Civil War. Not all of these would apply for pensions, but the payments to those who did, together with the ten millions or so added to the pensions of those already

Write Today for This Beautiful

FREE Pillow Top

— For Pyrography —

Size 17x17 in.; plainly stamped, with choice of **Indian Maiden** or **Julia Marlowe** Designs so that anyone can burn it with handsome effect. Given **free** to every person who sends us **25 cts.** to pay cost of stamping, shipping, etc. This top burned $1.50.

Made of **Real Plush**—your choice of Old Gold, Tan or Light Green colors. We make this offer to get our big **new catalog** (described below) into the hands of new customers interested in home beautifying. **Only one free top to one address**



SPECIAL Our No. 97 $2.50 Outfit, only . . **$1.60**

This splendid outfit, partly shown above, is complete for burning on plush, wood, leather, etc. Includes fine **Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double-action Bulb, Metal Union Cork, Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, two pieces Stamped Practice Wood** and full directions, all in neat leatherette box. Ask your dealer, or we will send C. O. D. When cash accompanies order for No. 97 outfit we include free our 64-page Pelican Instruction Handbook (price 25c), the most complete pyrography book published.

Assortment C, Only $1.75



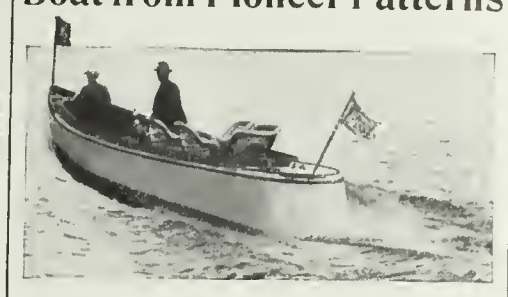
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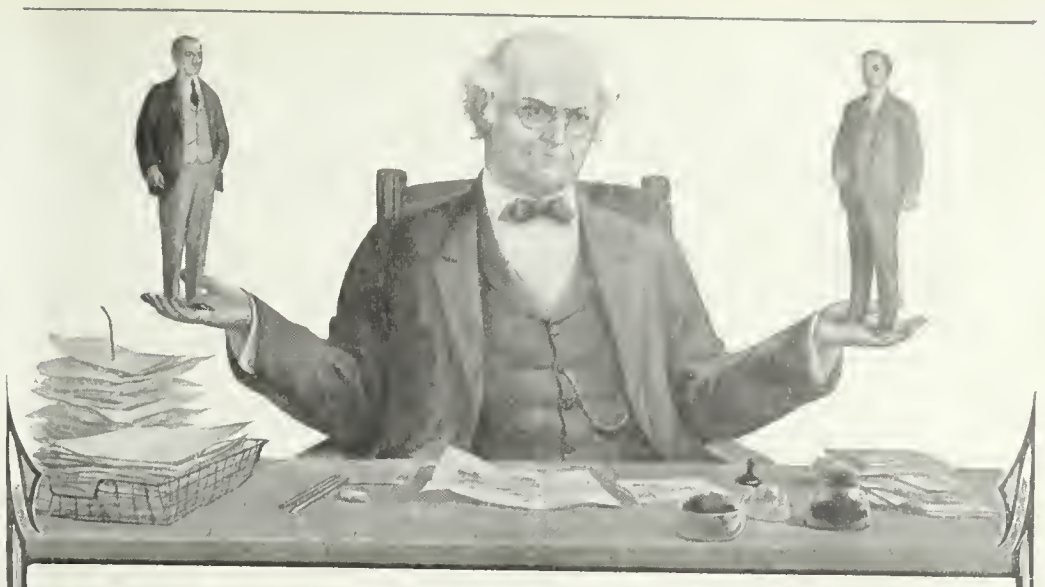
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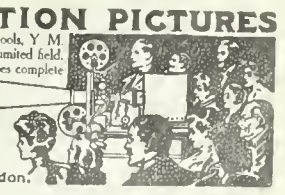


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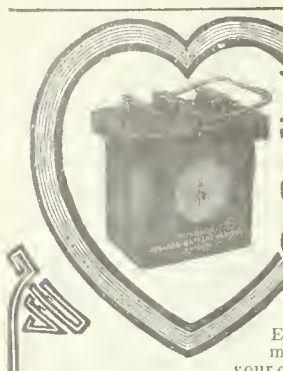
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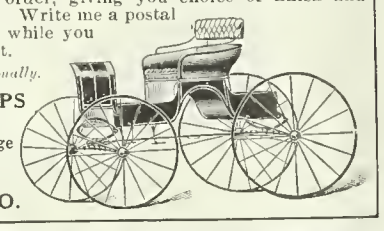
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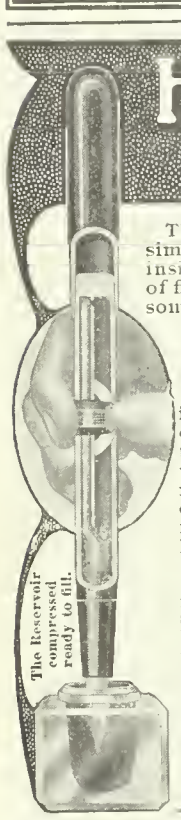
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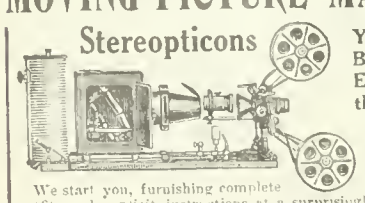


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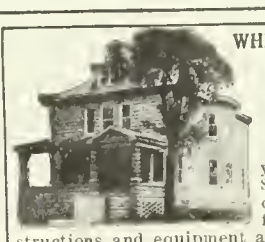
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Make them yourself. Save half the cost. We furnish instructions and equipment at small cost.



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the standard, simple, cheap, thoroughly practical. Sand, water, Portland cement, only materials required. Buildings, handsome, comfortable, durable. Worth careful investigation. Write us now.

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on the roll, might amount to from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000 for the first year, continuing on a diminishing scale for the next five years.

A very interesting and pleasing situation developed during the discussion in the Senate. The bill as originally framed described the struggle between North and South as the "war of the rebellion." Senator Carmack of Tennessee protested against that designation, and offered an amendment changing it to "civil war." Senator McCumber accepted the amendment, but even "civil war" did not suit Senator Money of Mississippi, who thought the contest should be described as "the war between the States." "It was in no sense a civil war," he asserted "it was a war between sovereign States." Mr. McCumber and others disagreed with that proposition, and recalled the fact that in Kentucky, Missouri, and other border States the population was divided, sending men to both sides, so that it was in the strictest sense a civil war. A discussion followed, participated in by Northern and Southern Senators, some defending one view and some another but all displaying the most cordial good feeling and the highest patriotism. Senator Scott of West Virginia became the centre of a fraternizing group when he told the story of a Confederate soldier who was killed and buried at his mountain home with the Confederate flag wrapped around him. In 1898 his son was killed at San Juan Hill, brought home to the mountain cabin and buried beside his father, with his coffin wrapped in "the flag of a united country—the Stars and Stripes." "I believe," added Senator Scott, "there is not a Senator on the other side who will not agree with me that the difference between the States is represented in those two graves where the father and the son were buried, and where the friends gathered about those two graves in that country churchyard, each having died believing he was right."

The change was unanimously adopted, and by the action of a Republican majority the Senate once dominated by Ben Wade and Thaddeus Stevens will know only a "civil war" and no longer a "rebellion."

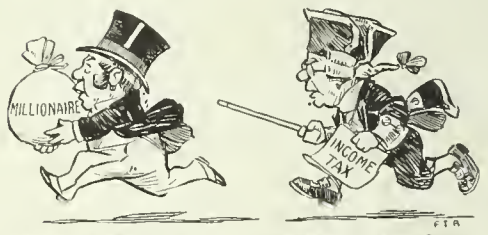
A NEW KING OF KINGS

After gaining a constitution Persia has a peaceful change of rulers



MUZAFFER-ED-DIN, the first successor of Cyrus and Xerxes to rule Persia as a constitutional monarch, gave up his fight for life on January 8, and his son, Mohammed Ali Mirza, succeeded to the throne at the age of thirty-four. The late Shah, like his father, Nasr-ed-din, was a great traveler, and progressive according to his somewhat foggy lights. It was his misfortune to rule over a "buffer state," whose independence was the football of powerful neighbors. Russia being the nearer, and apparently, from his point of view, the more powerful, naturally gained a predominant influence at his court, although England was able to maintain the leading position in the region bordering on the Persian Gulf. Russia's misfortunes in the war with Japan not only dispelled a good part of the terror of her name in Persia, but made England herself less apprehensive of her designs, and so paved the way for the replacement of the old rivalry by an Anglo-Russian understanding.

There were some fears that the new Shah might not have a peaceful accession to the throne, but these were happily disappointed. He obtained the homage of the Grand Vizier, the royal princes and the high officials, and the people received the news of the change of rulers quietly. The country is practically under European control. Belgians collect the customs revenues and Germany is trying to extend her commercial influence, but as long as England and Russia continue to act in harmony they are the real rulers of the kingdom.



A STATE INCOME TAX FOR NEW YORK?

Revolutionary financial ideas advanced by the Tax Commissioners of the Empire State

WHEN the framers of the Wilson Tariff bill embodied in that measure a modest little tax of two per cent on the excess of incomes over $4,000 a year, they were denounced as Socialists in disguise, and the capitalists particularly affected succeeded in inducing the Supreme Court, by a majority of one, to declare the law unconstitutional. The centre of opposition was New York. Now the counsel of the New York State Tax Commission has prepared a bill for a State income tax, not limited to two per cent, but graduated from one per cent up to no less than twenty. The exemption is fixed at $500. instead of $4,000, as in the Wilson bill. From $500 to $10,000 incomes are to be taxed at the rate of one per cent, from $10,000 to $25,000 at two, from $25,000 to $50,000 at five, from $50,000 to $100,000 at ten, from $100,000 to $200,000 at fifteen, and above $200,000 at twenty per cent. The comparative amounts to be paid on incomes of various sizes under the Wilson law and the proposed New York law would run like this:

INCOME	WILSON LAW	NEW YORK BILL
$1,000	Nothing	$5
4,000	"	35
10,000	$120	95
25,000	420	395
50,000	920	1,645
100,000	1,920	6,645
200,000	3,920	21,645
1,000,000	19,920	181,645
15,000,000 (Carnegie)	299,920	2,981,645
40,000,000 (Rockefeller)	999,920	9,981,645

It will be seen at a glance that if Mr. Wilson tried to whip the plutocracy with whips, Counsel Sutherland of the New York Tax Commission would whip them with scorpions. Yet his plan is received without excitement—perhaps because it would be so easy for a New York millionaire to escape his income tax by moving to New Jersey. It is not expected that this scheme will be adopted, but its presentation in such a quarter is significant. The majority of the commission do not recommend it, but the whole body does recommend a system of graduated inheritance taxes, going up in some cases as high as twenty-five per cent. An interesting minority proposition is that of a graduated "habitation tax," based on the idea that a man's wealth is pretty accurately gauged by the kind of house he lives

UNSWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk is ideal milk, collected under perfect sanitary conditions, condensed in vacuo to the consistency of cream preserved by sterilization only. Suitable for any modification and adapted to all purposes where milk or cream is required.—*Adv.*



"Washington's Birthday Party"

Are you at a loss to think of ways in which to entertain your friends?

Entertaining attractively *is* difficult, but we are sending the solution to the vexing question free to those who write for it. Our book "Entertaining with Cards" pictures and describes many novel and delightful ways to entertain.

For instance, it suggests this form of entertainment so appropriate to Washington's Birthday:

Let your invitations be dainty cards bearing a small silhouette or sketch of George Washington and the following:

"Come, ye dames of highest station,
Come, ye maidens young and fair,
Lend your beauty,
Lend your graces,
Flashing eyes,
Bepowdered hair.
Lend your wit, your smiles,
your laughter,
Beauty spots and
Dimples rare;
'Tis the nation's
Father's birthday,
Patriots, dames and maids
be there."

Guests may be asked to attend "en costume" if you choose. Colonial or patriotic decorations present a pretty effect in the home.

The tally cards may be painted to represent big red cherries, or paper hatchets may be used with red, white and blue stars for scoring.

An effective center-piece for the refreshment table is a miniature tree laden with artificial cherries. In a gash in the tree a tiny hatchet may be placed. The menu may include cherry punch and ices, brandied and conserved cherries for garnishing, hatchet-shaped sandwiches, salad in cocked hats, etc. For prizes, silhouettes of George and Martha Washington—a burnt-wood photo frame or fruit bowl decorated with cherries, Martha Washington plate—or in silver, a copy of the Washington candlesticks, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, salt cellar, tray, cuff buttons or sword.

Congress Cards used at the head table should be George and Martha Washington backs, and at the various other tables other Colonial and Indian backs should be used. You should use Congress Cards, which are designed especially for such entertainments and reflect the dainty art of Colonial days. You should use Congress Cards because Congress Cards are made to please observant people who understand and appreciate the "fitness of things"—Congress Cards, because they possess a playing quality which is necessary to good entertainment—Congress Cards because they please people who abhor clumsiness and can easily avoid it with Congress Cards.

Congress Cards

Congress Cards are the finest—the handsomest cards made today—dainty, flexible—thin as wafers of ivory—yet firm and easy to handle. All the essentials to attractive entertainment and good playing quality are found in Congress Cards.

Get Congress Cards and issue your invitations to a Washington's Birthday Party or one of the other entertainments described in the free book we want to send you.

Get Congress Cards of any dealer—a hundred different designs and color schemes to select from. If your dealer cannot supply the back you want, we will send a sample pack of Congress Cards for 50c.

Send us three two-cent stamps for mailing expense, or the inside wrapper from a pack of Congress Cards and we will send book and illustrations of all Congress Card back designs.

We will send you a handsome pack of cards free if you will suggest any new and suitable form of card entertainment or any novel feature for card parties not found in our book, "Entertaining with Cards."

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Station P1 Cincinnati, O.



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introduced an ideal combination of full-flavored richness and mellow mildness which immediately won favor with all smokers. The perfect harmony of this blend has made Murad Cigarettes

"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York

Gracious Hospitality

Here and there is one who rises above those about her as a gracious hostess.

Her afternoons are always enjoyable—her evenings brilliant—her dinners never to be forgotten.

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SUGAR WAFERS

are aids to gracious hospitality—a touch of brightness—something different, something fascinating. Nabisco is always ready to lend its charm as a dessert confection or as a light refreshment with ice or sherbet.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

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California	GRAND CANYON and COLORADO, FEBRUARY 26
Mardi Gras	NEW ORLEANS, FEBRUARY 8
Florida	FEBRUARY 5, 19, MARCH 5
Pinehurst	FEBRUARY 15
Old Point Comfort	RICHMOND, WASHINGTON, February 23, March 9, 23, April 6
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VOL XXXVIII NO 19
FEBRUARY 2 1907

THE GOSSIPS

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SUCCESS in any business comes from knowing what people want; and in providing it for them. That's the way we have built up this clothing business. We know that every man wants good clothes; every man thinks the clothes he buys are as good as he can get for the money, or he wouldn't buy them. There's a variety of opinion as to what good clothes are; and as to what you have to pay for them; but clothes-goodness is a matter of fact, not of opinion, and the price is based on the facts, not on what you think about them.

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We want you to know the facts. If you have no trustworthy assurance that your clothes are all wool, they're probably part cotton. If you want cotton mixed clothes, all right; if you dont, you needn't have them.

Our label means all-wool; you can have it if you choose. It's a small thing to look for, a big thing to find. If you care to see our Spring Style Book, send six cents; we'll send the book when it's ready.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York





SOME POINTS ON PAINTS

Interesting Information That Every Home Owner Should Know

By J. G. SCHMIDT, A.M., B.Sc.

It is now generally conceded that a combination of two or more pigments makes a better paint than does any single pigment.

No two of the many pigments used in modern paint making have the same specific gravities and physical properties. Therefore, to effect a perfect union of these differing pigments, they must be mixed together and ground in their dry state, again in their paste form, and again and again in semi-paste and liquid forms.

Many progressive, painstaking painters have tried to make in their own shops better paints than straight lead and oil mixtures. They have failed because they have not the mill equipment necessary to paint making, and these failures are largely responsible for the painters' prejudice against combination paints. They are not disposed to acknowledge that the unsatisfactory results are due to the methods employed rather than to the pigments used. With the proper machinery, and necessary technical information, anyone can make good paint, but no painters, not even the largest contractor, consumes enough paint to warrant the expense of efficient laboratory and mill equipment.

If a white lead and oil job goes wrong, the painter blames the oil. If a prepared paint or combination lead job does not wear well, the painter blames the pigments. As a matter of fact, the painter is sometimes to blame. He applies the paint in a way, or at a time, that makes dissatisfaction inevitable.

Paint is often applied immediately after a rain, or in the early morning after a heavy dew or frost. This explains why three sides of a building will sometimes be in good condition, while on one side, or a portion of it, the paint has peeled. Paint will not hold on a damp surface. Natural moisture (as found in green lumber) is even worse than the dampness formed by rain, dew and frost; green lumber therefore should never be painted, nor should painting be resumed after a rain, nor in the morning before the surface has had ample time to dry.

Nothing will make paint hold on pitchy boards. The heat of the sun draws the pitch to the surface; the paint is loosened, and peeling results. Knots and pitchy surfaces that are given a coat of good orange shellac will hold paint if there is not too much pitch beneath. It is cheaper in the end to buy good lumber than to use knotty, pitchy stuff, and try to keep it painted. A common cause of paint peeling is poor priming coats. Ochre should never be used as a primer. It dries flint hard, and forms a surface to which no paint will adhere. A house that has been primed with ochre is pretty sure to prove troublesome for years to come. Ochre has the one virtue of being cheap, but no good painter will use ochre. He knows better.

Many a job of painting has gone wrong because too much drier has been used. Too much drier in a paint is worse than none at all. It either retards the drying, or, worse still, "burns up" the oil—"the life of the paint." If all driers were of the same strength and all linseed oils of the same drying qualities, it would be easy to determine how much driers should be used. But some linseed oils dry slower than others, and therefore require more drier. On the other hand, some driers are stronger than others, and less of them is needed. The painter has no means of determining the siccative (drying) qualities of the oil, or the strength of the driers he uses. He may use too much or too little with equally unsatisfactory results. In a modern paint factory, skilled chemists make scientific tests and practical demonstrations which determine the physical and chemical properties of everything that goes into the paint. There is no guesswork about modern paint making.

Some of the linseed oil sold at retail is adulterated, and most of it lacks the age necessary to make it good oil, and, while an oil may be strictly pure, it does not follow that it is fit for paint.

The present process of manufacture squeezes every drop of oil from the flax seed, and with it is extracted mucilaginous matter that should not go into paints. If allowed to age, the greater part of this mucilaginous matter settles in the bottom of the tank. When properly aged and settled, the present day linseed oil is as good as the "old-fashioned cold pressed oil," of which we hear so much.

The mucilaginous matter in new linseed oil is soluble in water, and it carries with it an excess of free fatty acids, which have a deleterious effect upon the paint and hasten its decomposition. An excess of fatty acids also retards the drying, which explains why some linseed oils dry better than others.

The oil is very often the cause of the paint going wrong, because the painter cannot tell whether it is new or old, good or bad. If it does not smell of fish-oil, or mineral-oil, or some other adulterating oil, he accepts it as all right. But the prepared paint manufacturer tests his oil. It cannot be adulterated without his knowing it. If it is a low-grade oil, made from musty, unripe, or poor seed, chemical tests will show it. You cannot deceive the expert chemists employed in the laboratories of the large prepared-paint factories.

At the factories of the Patton Paint Company there are large storage tanks in which the linseed oil is allowed to age. "Green oil" is never used in Sun-Proof Paint.

I have named the principal causes of paints going wrong, and I should state that some paints are more prone to peel, flake and chalk than others.

Paints made exclusively, or largely, of certain pigments, lack porosity—that is, absolutely no moisture can come through the paint film, and the least dampness under the paint will cause peeling. It must be understood that it is the heat of the sun that draws the moisture outward. The minute pores in the porous paint will exude moisture as do the pores of the skin, but they will not absorb moisture because there is no heat and air back of the paint.

The porosity of Patton's Sun-Proof Paint is one of its strongest points of merit. Because of its porosity, it will not blister, peel or scale under conditions that render other paints well-nigh valueless. White lead has some points of excellence not possessed by any other pigment. It has exceptional opacity (covering qualities), is a good drier and works easily under the brush. The fact that white lead works easily under the brush is one reason why practical painters like it. A lazy painter has no use for a paint that "pulls." Such a paint must be well brushed, which means more labor and harder work. While some painters do not like this, it is nevertheless a well known fact that the more a paint is brushed the longer will it last.

But white lead has some faults. It does not carry enough oil to make an enduring paint, and what little it does carry is, when lead and oil are used alone, soon decomposed by the chemical activity of the lead and by exposure to the elements. The paint dries out flat and soon chalks and is blown or washed from the building. This is especially true along the sea-coast, where the salt-laden air effects a chemical change in white lead, the carbonate of lead changing to chloride of lead, which is soluble in water. When this change takes place, the paint is washed from the surface by the rains. That is why the specifications of the United States Light House Board call for a paint containing but 25% of white lead.

Zinc carries from 60 to 70% more oil than does white lead. Unlike lead, zinc is not affected by chemical action when united with linseed oil, nor is it injured by the gases and atmospheric elements which so quickly destroy lead. The sulphurous gases which blacken white lead, whiten zinc. White lead, therefore, should not be used alone where it will come in contact with the gases arising from burning wood and coal.

Zinc also has its faults. It would be an ideal paint pigment were it not that it dries too hard, lacks elasticity and porosity.

Of the inert pigments used in paint making, silica is unquestionably the best. It is an absolutely inert pigment—unaffected by chemical action or change; it is the basic element of glass; it is the best natural wood filler known; it carries more oil than lead, and did it have greater covering qualities, would alone make a splendid paint because of its permanence.

Lead, Zinc, and Silica, mixed in scientifically accurate proportions, and thoroughly ground, form the pigment base of the well-named, far-famed Patton's Sun-Proof Paints, to which are added aged linseed oil, turpentine drier, and the best coloring pigments obtainable. Each batch of Sun-Proof Paint receives six grindings and mixings, and the paint thus produced has the covering and good working qualities of lead, the spreading and oil carrying capacity of zinc, and the permanence and binding qualities of silica.

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The manufacturers of Patton's Sun-Proof Paint have done much to disseminate reliable paint information. They are willing at all times to answer the paint queries of paint consumers. Beautiful color cards and interesting literature may be obtained by addressing the Patton Paint Company, 216 Lake Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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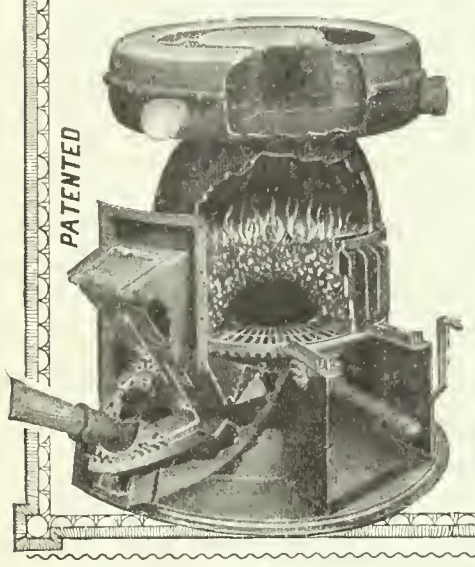
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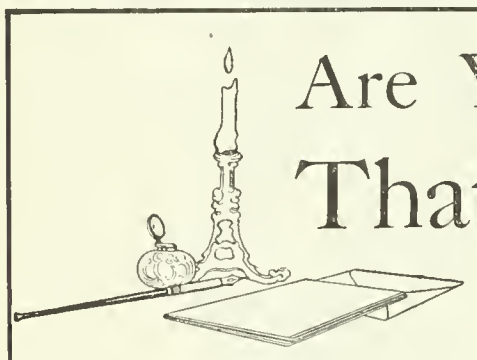
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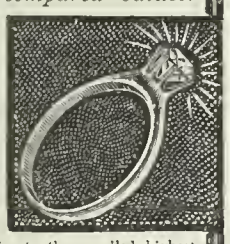
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1907

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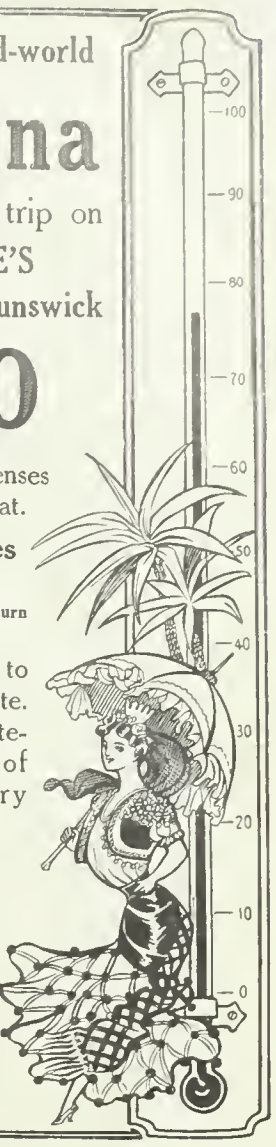
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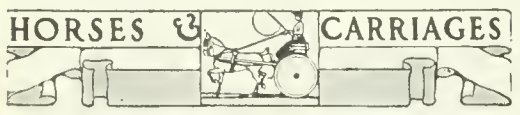
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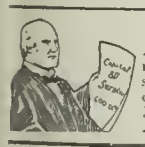
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1907

Next Week: A Lincoln Number

¶ The next issue of Collier's, that of February 9, will fall so close upon Lincoln's Birthday that many features dealing with the life and work of our greatest President have been added, making the issue in many ways a Lincoln Number. Jules Guérin has furnished two pages of pictures of the Lincoln Farm as it will look when completed by the Lincoln Farm Association. The cover will be a portrait by Frank Walter Taylor.

¶ Lincoln's first debate with Douglas was one of the nation's great dramatic scenes which did not lack for an appropriate stage setting. The battle of the giants took place in the farming centre, Ottawa, Illinois. Feeling was high, the rural districts were aflame with curiosity. Farmers came "afoot, a-wheel and a-horseback"; for three or four days' journey from their little prairie holdings they poured into Ottawa. Marching clubs came bearing banners loud with such inscriptions as, "Edgar County Is for the Tall Sucker." Men camped under wagons, in the streets, in yards and stables, and when the hour of the debate came the little town overflowed with over 15,000 visitors. The debate lasted for hours, during which a large crowd surged outside the hall eager for the least faint echo of the great orators. Meanwhile fakers, hawkers, and jugglers had pitched their tents on the outskirts of the crowd, giving Ottawa a circus-day aspect.

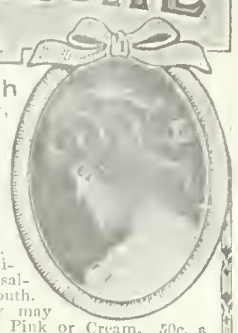
¶ The picturesque as well as the political side of the Lincoln-Douglas debate will be treated in an article by Frederick Trevor Hill. Some intimate descriptions of Lincoln during the crises of the Civil War will be given us by A. B. Chandler who is now chairman of the Postal Telegraph Company. Mr. Chandler was, during the Civil War, confidential telegrapher and cipher codist under Secretary Stanton. All important war telegrams were kept in a separate drawer of Mr. Chandler's desk known as "the President's drawer." Lincoln used to come in several times a day and consult the messages in this sacred compartment, and Mr. Chandler got a better personal view than has been the privilege of many men now living.

¶ "A Little Ripple of Patriotism," by Rowland Thomas, author of "Fagan," will be a patriotic feature of our Lincoln Number. The story, which is in the rooki slang of the Philippine barracks, tells vividly how three (or possibly four or five) musketeers taught respect for the flag to a Filipino audience and how an unresponsive Government repaid the splendid passion with base ingratitude. The tale is racy and the colored illustrations by Arthur T. Dove are as brisk as the text.

This Week's Cover

¶ We hope the readers of Collier's will like "The Gossips," the cover design for this week. The work is of twofold interest to us, because it is so characteristic of Walter Appleton Clark's realistic handling of humble types, and because it is one of a series of a half dozen drawings which were among the last things he did before his untimely death. This set of pictures includes studies of street fakers, flower-venders, sidewalk bookworms, mendicants and back-yard soloists. The drawings are full of the pathos Clark knew so well—the pathos of real life.

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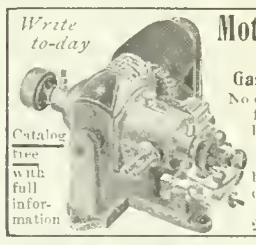
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"STILL THERE'S MORE TO FOLLOW"



RAISULI BOBS UP AGAIN.



"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN"



WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

A RETROSPECT OF JANUARY

DRAWN BY F. T. RICHARDS

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WHEN MR. HUGHES was a candidate for his present post, Mr. HEARST charged him with being a tool of his party machine and of the powers by which that machine is run. Confronted by his opponent's high record, calm, reserved, and fearless promises, and unanswerable analysis, Mr. HEARST could only bluster about influences of which he himself had only a little before declared Mr. HUGHES entirely free. The victor, in his easy way, without noise or boast, ignores the State machine. Does Mr. HEARST withdraw his charges? Does he praise HUGHES for faithfulness, or help him do the people's work?

TWO WAYS

He does what might have been predicted. He charges that in disregarding the State machine Mr. HUGHES is "building up a machine of his own." Such are the morals of Mr. HEARST. Now see the other side. Although the new Attorney-General is the choice of Mr. HEARST, and as such declares Mr. MCCLELLAN a "usurper" in advance, Mr. HUGHES favors a recount of the votes cast in the now famous Mayoralty election. What a contrast! Was one ever clearer? Can not Mr. KEMBLE, or some cartoonist, picture that difference to us all?

"Honor's a sacred tie . . .
It ought not to be sported with."

HUGHES is a man. HEARST is a loud but idle sound.

BROWNSVILLE is most assuredly "on the map." In Texas the dismissal of the colored troops has not created half the stir that it has in Washington. While the President sends messages to Congress and investigating officers to Brownsville in rapid succession; while FORAKER flashes and TILLMAN howls, the people down on the Rio Grande are calling our attention to their new prosperity. They note the changes since a certain epic was written by a soldier at old Fort Brown. This poem described the methods of the prince of this world, who tired of his abode, and determined to start another, on this earth. Going down on the Rio Grande, he

". . . began to put thorns on all of the trees,
And mixed up the sand with millions of fleas,
And scattered tarantulas along all the roads,
Put spikes on the cactus and horns on the toads."

This libel on a great and good State has been sung in cow camps from San Antonio to Helena. The old apology for Texas —that the State merely lacked water and good

TEXAS

society—and the moth-ridden retort that the abode of evil souls doth lack no more, are never heard by the modern Texan. One explanation of the riot is almost as good as another in Texas. The rimester had his own suggestion:

"The red pepper grows on the banks of the brook.
The Mexicans use it in all that they cook.
Just dine with a 'Greaser,' and then you will shout:
'I've a hell on the inside as well as the out!'"

The modern Texan can afford to smile at such past flippancy. Whether it be BAILEY, Brownsville, railway regulation, or the Galveston plan of city government that brings his State into the light, he knows that Texas is interesting, alert, and studious of contemporary life.

RIOTING IN IRRELEVANCE is a not infrequent aspect of private and public disquisition. In the Brownsville episode we have had furious barkings about race hostility, delegates for 1908, hostility of trusts to ROOSEVELT, and but a small supply of thought devoted to the only point squarely and significantly at issue: which is not whether the Executive happened to be correct or not in his opinion about the riot, but whether his procedure was the one most fitting to a free government. It is not a question primarily of the degree of punishment, but of the care and thoroughness and regularity which should precede punishment. Mere constitutional power is one thing; how to use it is another. Grant anything you like about the Brownsville outbreak, and the degree and kind of penalty; what but good could result from setting the country the example of inflicting punishment, not as the snap of a pistol, but with such calm breadth as should give dignity to law and induce confidence in its worth?

FIND THE QUESTION

WE CAN ASSIST Jamaica in her distress, without offending any of her rulers, by eating double our allowance of bananas. Her fertility of soil is offset by our tariff. In bananas alone she finds a competitor in neither Florida nor California. Kingston's idle streets, welcoming with tropical languor in later times the thin stream of tourist silver, knew in her bolder days the tread of hurrying adventurers and the zest of quick profits argosied home as tribute to the mother land. Her opulent planters were ruined by the abolition of forced labor and the rise of the beet-sugar industry. Few people English born or of pure English blood remain. They have left the field to the blacks and the mulattoes. The British naval station has been withdrawn. The key to the Caribbean in buccaneer days has ceased to be even a strategic point in imperial calculations. In vain have shipping agents tried to make Kingston a winter resort when the south of France is only a day's journey from London; in vain have royal commissions tried to establish cotton-raising and exploited expert agricultural methods amid a population, African, easy going, and the relic of slavery. The treasure island of a hundred years ago has become to the British mind a waif of the distant sea, ever calling for help. This latest disaster follows a long train of ill fortune, somewhat relieved by proximity to the United States. American capital has set banana plantations among the ruins of the cane mills. England perhaps no longer wants Jamaica, while the United States, with the Filipinos beseeching the "standpatters" for fair play, seeks no more foundlings for the national fold. English the island must probably remain, but it is economically an appanage of the United States. Its future prosperity rests mostly with the growth of winter travel and of American appetite for fruit.

JAMAICA'S FUTURE

HOW DOTH THE BUSY BEE! Sh-h! Hear the beat of silken wings, as the tall Vice-President passes along Pennsylvania Avenue, with coy glances at the White House, bowing to each lamppost and urchin with uncommon and romantic dignity! Sh-h! Stray delegates from Virginia and Vermont closet-won; and two and two are four, and four are eight! Sh-h! That noble brow, which is covered by inducing units, artistically laid on, to go a long way, knows well the powers of addition. Sh-h! Indiana, first on the Wabash and first in literature may yet be first in other things! Dinners of many plates every night, house guests from many States, honored by proximity to calm and benignant greatness, which never lets a word fall without thought of the dangers of subtraction. Sh-h! Opinions on burning questions of the hour? We all do agree that it is right to love one's country, and that grass will not grow without sunshine. Yes, good radicals, there are wrongs which need correction, but, on the other hand, good conservatives, we realize the need of proceeding with patriotic and far-seeing caution. Sh-h! Wake not the loiterer in the Presidential race, whether concerned with

2 AND 2

Panama or the Philippines or the railroad octopus, while the tortoise, rubber-shod, fixed of smile, with his two and two make four, leaves the rabbit in the rear.

"THE GENERAL TREND of your writing," a friendly correspondent opines, "is toward the frivolous, but there is common sense in the background." He does not understand, therefore, why we have not said more about a subject of the first importance. "You have discussed every topic imaginable, timely and ancient, but day after day the unjust persecution of the Jews in Russia goes on, and you say nothing about it. The cries of the widows and orphaned children are heard incessantly, but you deem it of insufficient human interest to comment on in your columns." Then our friend from Tennessee has his explanation, after the human habit of explaining: "One naturally comes to the conclusion that you are a Jew-hater, but conceal your opinion for fear of antagonizing your Jewish readers." Why not try one other explanation—not quite so cold and gruesome? Passing over the fact that the Russian massacres have been commented on, occasionally and with brevity, by us, let us concede that we have made no special point of flinging ourselves at abuses in Russia, China, Austria, or Timbuctu. This is not indifference, but humility. Had we any hope of removing prejudice against the Jews, or removing other Russian ignorance, by our well-meant long-distance paragraphs, they should be shot eastward with frequency and decision. The greatest difficulty is lack of thorough, clear, and convincing information. Foreign opinion occasionally accomplishes something, but there is a great deal of it furnished. We yield to none in our appreciation of the qualities of the Jew, or in sympathy with his sufferings from race prejudice, but his fate in Russia just happens to be one of those tragedies in which we conceive our rôle to be a small one. As to the Russian revolution in general, in its various aspects, a number of ideas are germinating in our head, but it will do no harm to their accuracy, or even to their elementary intelligence, to let their germination continue for a while.

PROTEST FROM A JEW

LABOR UNIONS follow many activities. One of the most earnest is the effort to have the union stamp put upon the widest variety of manufactured goods. "Remember the International Coopers' Union label," cries the "Coopers' International Journal" in large type. "It should be on the bung stave of beer kegs and opposite the bung stave in whisky barrels." Presumably, this notice is designed to warn faithful and militant union coopers to drink no beer or whisky unless it flows from a bung carved by a union hand. Business men, the bulk of whose trade is with wage-earners, defer to this system. "Only union-made beer sold here" is not an uncommon sign on saloon windows. The penalty for failure to use the union stamp is a more or less direct threat to boycott the non-union goods. The same journal already quoted prints a list headed, "Firms that are fair to the Coopers' International Union. Union label firms—patronize no others in their lines of trade." This is followed by a "Directory of Unfair Firms and Individuals." In all this, as it is carried out in a hundred lines of trade, other than beer and whisky, there is a suggestion of coercion. It tempts to rebellion on the part of both purchaser and tradesman. On the other hand, no one doubts any longer that the labor unions are beneficent institutions, and having granted this, it follows that the practise of reasonable methods of strengthening themselves is justifiable. And it must be said that this is far less iniquitous in practise than the blacklist often used by capital.

TWO SIDES

AN INTELLIGENT MORMON resents our conclusion, drawn from "two examples of old men who had most of their forty-five and forty-three children before the manifesto of 1890," that polygamy is still practised. Speaking from deep in the councils of the sect, he declares that the Church, as a church, has lived up to its promise, made to the National Government in 1890, to abandon polygamy. Plural marriages being abandoned in practise, the Mormons, our correspondent thinks, are entitled to hold what theories they please: "To try to say the fair word for Mormonism is as hard as it was for COLUMBUS to talk to the geographers about a round world; to say that these people shall not believe in polygamy if they want to, as an economic and sociological principle, is something like putting the legal ban on the man who first spoke up for a round planet." The fundamental basis of a republic is free discussion of principles, however bizarre. If the sanity of a majority will not reject them, force can never suppress them. Even of anarchy, only the attempted violence, not the unobtrusive belief, is punishable. Probably there is not now so much more polygamy among Mormons than bigamy among non-Mormons as to justify national frenzy. More serious is the charge that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints is not only a religious but also a business and political organization. Let the Mormon high priests take their hands off the ballot-boxes; then the American spirit will extend a generous tolerance to their beliefs, however strange.

THOUGHT AND PRACTISE

SINCE QUAY DIED, the National Congress has been without an Indian Senator. Now the want has been supplied by Kansas. Representative CHARLES CURTIS, who is to take Senator BENSON'S seat, which BENSON took in succession to BURTON last year, is the Indian. His mother was of the Kaw tribe, a "quarter blood," his father an army officer. QUAY boasted that he had been adopted into the Cherokee tribe, and kept Indian bonnets and blankets on the walls of his room as a visible token of his right to frame Indian legislation in the Senate. The Cherokees modestly refrained from talking about QUAY. There have been two types of "Indian" statesman at Washington, not to speak of Tammany. One is the Quay and Warren and Teller type which couldn't bear to see the red brother use land for hunting and grazing that might yield large profits to white oil operators, coal miners, or lumbering corporations. This in spite of the fact that the land had been guaranteed to the Indians by copper-riveted treaties and agreements. Their work has been to loosen rivets and "jolly" the Indians. CURTIS is of the other species. Next to the late Senator DAWES of Massachusetts, he has originated more constructive Indian legislation than any man in Congress who has had to deal with the modern Indian problem. In Kansas they say that the railroads elected CURTIS. But the Indians, at any rate, are glad to see the railroads in this instance succeed.

AN INDIAN SENATOR

AS AN AID to reducing railway rates we have made some plans, as thus: First cut off the neck of Massachusetts with a shipway across Cape Cod. Next move down to Jacksonville and dig a channel across to Cedar Keys. A straight sail to New Orleans will give time enough to prepare for the project to parallel the Gulf Coast line from New Orleans to Galveston. Thus we provide against shipwreck, and eliminate detours around Nantucket and the Florida Peninsula, and make shipping immune from the storms that harry the Louisiana and Texas coasts. From Galveston dig north to Minnesota, where the rich wheat fields are crying for cheap all-water transportation. Enlarge the Chicago Drainage Canal to the dimensions of the Suez. Lake Michigan and the Mississippi are to be linked. When that is done move to Lake Erie and let the clamoring freight boats down to the Ohio River. Buffalo next; deepen the Erie Canal. From Troy come back to New York on a five-thousand-ton "hog-back" barge. "Dream on," as they say in Chinatown.

CANAL DREAMS

THE MODERN CRAVING for unwieldy fortunes is, in the opinion of one famous moralist, an insanity, and the victims of plutomania ought to be treated medically rather than politically—shipped away to sanitariums for a few years until the fever is out of their blood. It would be a wholesome plan, let us concede, to give Messrs. RYAN, ROCKEFELLER, HILL *et al.* a course of medicinal baths, with the idea of washing the dollar marks out of their blood. Our professional plutocrats need treatment, hospitals must be built for them, physicians appointed, keepers, guards, and turnkeys employed to watch over

them during their term of imprisonment. On whom the burden of expense? Must the sanitariums be built by popular subscription, or will the millionaires themselves endow? And, when endowed, what of the names? "Home for Wholesale Kleptomaniacs," "Gold Cure Retreat," "Shelter for the Indigent Rich"? Mr. HARRIMAN is violent again, threatened with spasms, mergers, water on the conscience, and itching of the palm. Call the ambulance. There is need of haste.

PLUTOMANIA

WHILE DIOGENES was out with his lantern a-searching for an honest man, ESCULAPIUS was also, doubtless, snooping about with a disinfectant can looking for a cleanly city. Where is the dirtiest city in the world? Did we know we should be afraid to say. There are probably some rare corners in Bombay and Tibet, and some Italian villages which cry aloud forever yet receive no soap. Setting aside, then, the uncleanliness of nations, what is the dirtiest city in the United States? Chicago with its bellowing stock-yards, or Pittsburg with its volleying soot? We hope not. Also we hope it is not New York—but, in this case, as in others, we have our suspicions. There thrives not a microbe in the Union of States but whistles almost daily: "Little Old New York is Good Enough for Me." New York's Street Cleaning Department is, like the Liberty Statue and the Flatiron Building, a well-advertised institution. When the wind blows up from the East River Broadway swarms with flying newspapers, theatrical posters, tin cans, and discarded clothing, which gather aloft like a flock of parachutes. In lively weather gay little cyclones swirl about Longacre Square and enwrap the Broadway loiterer in a cloud of powdered infection. When the snow falls the municipal snow-shovelers make merry in the streets, but the respectable lanes of the West Side are neglected all winter, and in the spring the snow, which has rotted to slush, gathers passing impurities where the fledgling germs disport themselves beneath the wheels of the passing ambulance. This is our contribution. Our readers are all over the country, and we invite them to settle the question: What *is* the dirtiest city in the United States?

THE GREAT UNSWEPT

AN ADMIRABLE ENGINE for turning scattered opinion to effective purpose is the National Economic League, which we commend to men of understanding who wish to help in any cause which they deem essential to the country's welfare; in forwarding any civic purpose; in creating enlightened opinion which will be of service in removing or diminishing the difficulties of our day. Democracy, to reach its highest level of success, requires the activity of many men of brains and of at least reasonably altruistic spirit. The League is a step in the effort to have legislation and related action initiated not by routine party politicians but by the most capable and least selfish thought of many citizens. Policies will be thoroughly discussed before any attempt is made at carrying them out. The National Council, which selects the questions to be considered, is to consist of a number of men of all classes and parties, so chosen as to represent fairly the various divisions and interests of the country. College presidents, business men, politicians and economists, all carefully selected, are already on the Council. Clubs have been formed in various regions, and Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York are at present organizing. New England has made the quickest start. The Economic Club of Boston has six hundred members, including EDWARD EVERETT HALE, President ELIOT, JOSIAH QUINCY, and CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, and the Providence Club includes the Governor of the State, the Lieutenant-Governor, and the president of Brown University. The League represents what we need in "organization"—word of many evil past associations—and will surely be a factor of large though quiet importance.

HOW TO FOCUS

Ex-Governor Douglas of Massachusetts on Wage-Earners' Insurance

The following was written by the famous manufacturer and leader of organized labor, recently Governor of Massachusetts. His letter condemns strongly the present system of industrial insurance practised by Mr. Dryden's Prudential, the Metropolitan, and other insurance companies, and commends the system of savings bank insurance for wage-earners explained by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis in Collier's for September 15. The Massachusetts Savings Insurance League is an organization formed to put this plan of insurance in operation

Brockton, Mass., Jan. 14, 1907.

To the Massachusetts Savings Insurance League,
Boston, Mass.

GENTLEMEN:

Please find enclosed request to enroll my name as a member of the Massachusetts Savings Insurance League.

After reading the facts contained in your booklet, it seems to me hardly a debatable question that a system of industrial life insurance ought to be devised which will give to the working man his money's worth.

It is intolerable that he should be obliged to give up so much of his earnings to obtain a few hundred dollars of insurance.

I believe your plan of erecting in savings banks an independent department of life insurance, not only sound and feasible, but the best way of furnishing to working men life insurance at cost, and I desire to do what I can to assist you in your object. I hope that the maximum policy will be not less than one thousand dollars.

I have had no opportunity to consult with the trustees of the savings bank of which I have the honor to be president, and I do not know what attitude they would take in the matter, but if a law is passed allowing savings banks to open a life insurance department, and our trustees desire to make trial of the plan, it would be a pleasure to me to furnish a guaranty fund of $25,000, or more, if necessary.

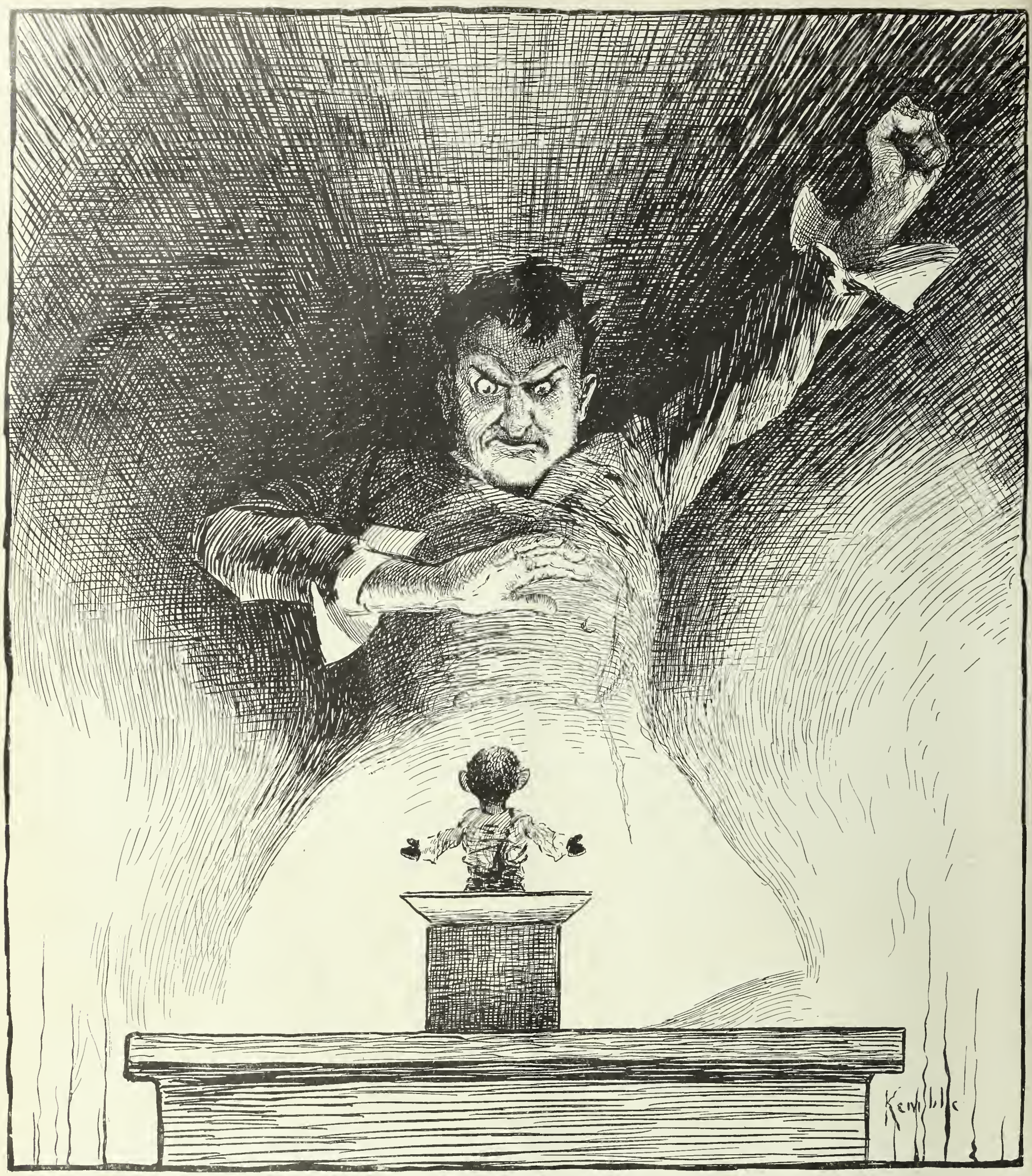
Yours very truly,
(Signed) W. L. DOUGLAS.

THE PRESENT GOVERNOR of Massachusetts declares to the Legislature that the expense of so-called industrial insurance is very severe, and he commends the plans to be submitted for insurance without solicitors and collectors, the employment of whom is largely responsible for the cost. The preceding Governor's opinion is given in the box upon this page. Oregon has just entered upon the same bitterly needed effort to give the poor a decent chance. This plan of insurance for wage-earners, by means of savings banks, is bound to go on. A system where the policy-holders get back only thirty-five per cent of what they pay in shames civilization.

KEEP IT UP

RICHARD III, we understand, once offered his kingdom for a horse. The name and pedigree of the animal are unremembered of historians—but, had the deal gone through, it would have been, we venture to say, the greatest horse-trade of history. One of the saddest symptoms of our times is the tendency to disenfranchise the horse. He that was once the pet of kings and the hackney of poets is hobbled in pasture; for the kings and poets have their own motor cars. To the bone-yards of Nirvana and the stock-yards of Chicago with him! The struggle between the motor and the horse has been short, with increasing victory for the machine. The horse, defeated, browsing among the sunflowers of the vacant lot, smelleth the battle from afar off and crieth: "Gasoline!" We note, moreover, an ignoble tendency on the part of scientific writers to make the horse extinct before his time, to stamp him out by means of vilification and belittlement. JOHN BURROUGHS says that horses can't think—he won't let them because cerebration on their part would interfere with some of his theories about nature. A recent writer in "Outing" goes still further and charges the horse not only with stupidity, but with cowardice and treachery. Also cold ingratitude. You can lead a horse to water, he says, but you can't make him think. Horses obey because they don't know any better, show affection because they do not realize what it means, work because they are too lazy to protest, and balk because they lack sufficient brains to keep them going. These faults, we suppose, are peculiar to the horse. We suppose that his human driver never shows similar faults with similar lack of reason. We suppose—but whoa! This essay is about the Horse. And, besides, we have no time to argue out the matter as we are going out for a spin in our new machine, which we regard as the king of the animal kingdom.

HORSE DE COMBAT



HON. BEN-JAMMING TILLMAN

By WALLACE IRWIN

O BENJAMIN TILLMAN, naughty boy, your bombs explode on high,
Your rockets scoot, your cannons shoot, your nigger-chasers fly.
You take a bath in vials of wrath, you plunge in lakes of fire,
While dreadful knocks and earthquake shocks are quite your heart's desire.

O Benjamin R., O Benjamin R.,
O Benjamin, tell me true,
Do you adore the lion's roar
Which doth pertain to you?
Do you admire the liquid fire
Sublimely picturesque
Which emanates and sulphurates
From your official desk?

O Benjamin Tillman, naughty boy, whene'er you rear you head
The Negro Question flashes up a most satanic red.
The "courtesy" which ought to be unmarred in Senate halls
Is strangled, slain, and torn in twain and splashed upon the walls.

O Benjamin R., O Benjamin R.,
O Benjamin, tell me right,
Do you revere the bitter sneer
With which your foes you fright?
Do your Ideals compel your squeals
Of war and slaughter-lust?
Or do you jaw and cuss the law
Because you think you must?

O Benjamin Tillman, naughty boy, when you unload your soul
Then Fairbanks echoes unto Lodge, a cry from Pole to Pole.
The heart stands still, there leaps a thrill surmounting States and laws
To Mister For'ker, whom you lent the pitchfork of your cause.

O Benjamin R., O Benjamin R.,
O Benjamin, I believe
That when you swear you sometimes wear
Your temper on your sleeve.
At home you're mild as any child,
As meek as you can be;
You seek a nook and read a book
And drink your cup of tea.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT KINGSTON

Seventeen hundred lives were lost and millions in property destroyed by shock and fire on January 14



Sir Alexander Swettenham
British Governor of Jamaica

WHEN the earthquake shock came to Kingston, a distinguished party of English visitors, headed by Sir Alfred Jones, was in conference with the planters and business men of Jamaica. They were discussing the trade of the island, its industries, and the possibility of reestablishing cotton planting to supply long-staple cotton for the Lancashire market. In the middle of the afternoon session of the first conference, the city began to fall to pieces. In half an hour the industrial convention was turned into a relief party, and the steamer *Port Kingston,* on which the party had come from England, into a hospital ship.

The shock was not severe as compared to that at San Francisco or at Valparaiso. So the seismological experts in the Weather Bureau at Washington reported. But the flimsy nature of Kingston's architecture led to a ruin from the quake more complete than on the Pacific Coast last April. Practically all the houses in the business district were shaken down. This district extended along the harbor front for more than twenty blocks, and back from the quays for two or three blocks. Kingston's two big tourist hotels, the Myrtle Bank and the Constant Springs, were wrecked; the Supreme Court, the Merchants' Exchange, the Customs House, and many churches went to ruin before the fire broke out. After the first quake a number of shocks less severe were felt. In the Blue Mountains behind Kingston, 4,000 feet above the sea level, the disturbance was severe enough to tumble two or three houses. Refugees from the destroyed city described the terror of the inhabitants on the day of the earthquake as extreme. Women with children clasped in their arms prayed in the streets while the choking dust of the falling walls rose up and darkened the sky. Parties fleeing through the streets were pitched headlong by the quaking earth, and were separated in the darkness. When the ruins could be inspected, it was found that many persons had been buried under debris; at least one man was taken out practically unharmed after the fire had burnt over him and the ashes had cooled. Hospital camps were established on the docks and in the outskirts of the ruined city. Many of the injured were sent off to Spanish Town and Port Royal.

Kingston was the fourth capital of Jamaica. The first, Seville D'Oro, which was founded in 1500, was overcome by a plague of red ants; Spanish Town, the second, was badly placed and was abandoned; in 1692 Port Royal, the third capital and a famous resort of buccaneers, was destroyed by an earthquake. Ants, miasma, and earthquake shocks had marked Kingston's history graphically. After the shock of January 14, fire broke out and completed the destruction of the city. The camping scenes at San Francisco were reenacted; relief work was, in the beginning, prompt and effective; and only the unfortunate outbreak of Governor Swettenham and the withdrawal of Admiral Davis occurred to mar the spirit of mutual help that prevailed.



Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis, U.S.N.
Commanding the American squadron
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The Myrtle Bank Hotel, a widely known tourist resort of Kingston, before the earthquake
COPYRIGHT 1906 BY H C WHITE CO



The Myrtle Bank Hotel after the earthquake, showing how walls of the houses fell out



A small parish church and square in Kingston
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Native houses on Orange Street, Kingston



Harbor Street, Kingston, in the business district
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WHY THE CANAL BY CONTRACT?

TWELVE MILLIONS IN FUTURE COMMISSIONS ON A WORK ALREADY WELL BEGUN

By FREDERICK PALMER

"ALL who arrive with a new idea, they are so confident," said an old Frenchman who has been on the Isthmus for twenty-five years. "It rains; the sun is hot; they find the idea is old, and they go away wilted and wet. Yes, yes, this canal, it make many experiences."

Now comes the "experience" of the contract. We do not go to the contractor with a proposition that he shall do the work at a certain figure. His profit is to be a percentage on the total cost. The right of sanitary control, of policing, and of government generally is reserved to the United States. All our tracks, dredges, steam shovels, rolling stock, tools, and material whatsoever in operation, in transit, or ordered, are put under the contractor's control.

In the future we are to buy all material and machinery except small tools, and to pay all the wages except those of contractor's personal organization. He is simply the agent of execution who works by the piece instead of by wage. He is to be represented by two engineers, the Canal Commission by three, including Mr. Stevens. This engineering committee is to decide the total cost of the canal and the time for its completion.

For every month required over the stipulated time the contractor loses $100,000; for every month under he wins that amount. If the actual cost exceeds the estimated cost he shall forfeit one-half of the percentage which he receives for his services. The basis of his bidding was this broker's percentage. An association and not a single firm of contractors was advertised for. Thereby the experts in the different kinds of excavation and construction required on the Isthmus were to be brought into harmonious working under a single head.

On January 12 the bids were opened and four were found. Anson Bangs of New York and W. J. Oliver of Tennessee bid the lowest, 6.75 per cent. The contractors who began the work for De Lesseps received 6. They paid their forfeit inside of two years and returned to France. Afterward De Lesseps tried many other forms of contract. But, besides the percentage, our Canal Commission is considering two other factors: records of the bidders and their financial guaranties.

Record of the Lowest Bidder

MR. BANGS has done Government work before. He undertook to deepen the ship channels in New York Harbor and defaulted on his contract. The work which he failed to do for 10 cents a yard is being done by Engineer Henry N. Babcock under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel W. L. Marshall, of the Army Engineer Corps, for 5.25 cents. Government success is due to better organization and to Mr. Babcock's own improved type of dredger, which he built to meet the problem in hand. This is not all of Mr. Bangs's record, but it is sufficient. Any one who is unable to make good on a dredging job in home waters is scarcely a reasonable choice for cleaving a continent.

The second firm of bidders was George Pierce and Company. They wanted 7.19 per cent, but failed to meet the financial requirements. The North American Dredging Company set as its price 28 per cent, or a quarter of the sum total of the cost, which is a broker's commission to make bucket shops envious.

It is strange that a bid was received from only one association of contractors who seem by record, capital, and diversity of experience to be fitted for a task which, if well performed, will mean such a future for any contractor as the National City Bank has offered to retiring Secretaries of the Treasury. The MacArthur-Gillespie association bid 12½ per cent. Associated with the famous MacArthur firm, which was established in 1826 by the father of its present head, who is now seventy years of age, is the T. A. Gillespie Company, expert on canal and masonry foundations; the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Company, experts on dredging; and the J. G. White Company, which has had some tropical experience in Government work in the Philippine Islands.

From the outset all contractors have insisted that the Canal should be built by contract. Their arguments are familiar. It is well known, they say, that all great corporations let out their construction work by contract. Although our Post-Office Department is freer from graft than any railroad company, it is always taken for granted in this land where the corporation fetish prevails that the Government can do nothing so well as a corporation. For the Isthmus the contractor says that he has at his command an organization whose efficiency is the product of long training and elimination of the unfit, and the certainty of continuous employment for the men who remain with him. Asked to recommend a man for the Isthmus, his inclination is to rid his own firm of a poor one. Every obstacle has been put in Mr. Stevens's way by private employers.

Yet of late he has been receiving superior men. So far as the civilian eye can see, their efficiency is just as high as that of those working for contractors. Answers to inquiries when I was on the Isthmus in November were invariably the same: that the type of workers steadily improved. As the contractor is obliged to take over our working force on the Isthmus he must use at the outset the same employees that we do.

Again, the contractor says that he can move men back and forth between the Isthmus and the States. This would mean a chance to recuperate from the effect of a tropical climate without loss of pay. Large numbers could be sent north in summer, which is the active season at home, and south in winter, which is the dry and active season on the Isthmus. Presumably then the mind of the contractor is to be divided between the Isthmus and the United States. If a sacrifice of time is to be made at either end it will be made where it means the least loss to him.

I found that all classes of veteran employees on the Isthmus had come to like the Isthmus; they had become acclimatized. They seemed generally satisfied with conditions. They had a pride in association with a great enterprise which rarely enters into the heart of a man who works for a contractor. An organization in the tropics can not be made in a day. In three years we have formed an army of workers who know the rules of the game.

Again, the contractor says that he can furnish better foremen than the Isthmian Canal Commission can ever procure. A man who may be a good foreman in the United States is as much out of his element on the Isthmus, with different labor and tropical conditions, as a cowboy from Wyoming would be in a vineyard in



AMERICA'S OLDEST CONTRACTOR

A. F. MacArthur, the only bidder not eliminated by the requirements

the south of France. He has to learn his lesson all over again. The nucleus must teach him as the old first sergeant teaches the recruit.

Again, the contractor says that the percentage basis is the one favored altogether in these days by the great railroads. True. But that is taking as a Government precedent what has become a corporation precedent.

Every railroad has associated with it certain firms of contractors. The railroad and the contractor know each other: "their minds meet." A railroad president may do with his own what the present state of public opinion will not permit any Government official to do with that which is the people's. James J. Hill's construction methods have never been under such Congressional investigations as have sunk the scalpel into army and navy and post-office methods.

One Way to Make "Minds Meet"

RAILROAD officials are frequently stockholders in the contracting firms which they favor. Commissions and "inside opportunities" are passed back and forth. The head of the railroad is working for his own fortune and that of his relatives as well as for the stockholders. A President of the United States is changed every four years by popular vote. The head of the railroad holds office till he loses control of the directors, retires, or dies. The head of the Government is working only for the stockholders. A public conviction that he is not means the end of his political career.

The most vital argument in favor of the contract is involved in that very phrase of the "minds meeting." This argument presupposes that a President of the alert honesty and sagacity of Theodore Roosevelt shall not succeed him. A man in the White House passing out Isthmian favors to the boys in the machine would mean a scandal on the Isthmus. Conceive of a Fairbanks, looking inward in awful dignity, as the head of such a vexatious and mighty undertaking! Those who favor a contract say that it would tie up the job through succeeding Administrations and keep the politicians out. But would it if the minds did not meet?

It is necessary for the Government's protection that the Chief Engineer's should be the deciding voice in every dispute. The fact that they would be at the Chief's mercy dissuaded many contractors from competing. Those who did compete scarcely took into consideration the time and cost penalties. These are eight, nine, or ten years, or three Administrations and four Congresses distant.

Up to the present we have spent $32,500,000 on the canal. Of this only $9,000,000 has been spent in actual excavation. The rest has gone for plant, Government sanitation and preparations. On the hundred million and more remaining of the original estimate of $140,000,000 a 12½-per-cent rate would mean $12,500,000. A vast special interest thus comes to the doors of Congress.

For $25,000 a year you can maintain in Washington a patriot so smooth that the average member of Congress would never guess that he was a lobbyist. For 10 per cent of his million a year a contractor could afford a small flock of the cloak-room brand directed from a New York law office. Will you put the fate of the Gatun locks in their keeping? On that famous staircase of three locks in flight we have staked our national pride and ingenuity in the face of the majority of engineering opinion.

An honest engineer without lobbies, with public and Congressional opinion set against him, might find himself in the position of the naval officer who was detached from the inspection of the Charleston drydock through a contractor's influence. The next Administration may excuse its errors by "the fool contract Roosevelt made." A bad President under pressure from the contractors might remove a good canal engineer. So there is no escape from politics. The future of the work is at one with the honesty of the Administration and the honesty of the engineers.

Stevens is no Politician

IF John F. Stevens were a politician or a political engineer, which he is not, he might have seen how this contract would complicate matters politically. It provides a political club over his own head. Unless the engineering minds meet, the contractor can cry out against sanitary rules that will not permit him to force his labor; against vexatious red tape that prevents efficiency; against inadequate supplies; or he may make a score of other complaints which time and his interests will provoke.

But it is easy for the minds to meet under one condition: the condition which brings the officials of coal-carrying roads into close harmony with the coal mines in which they own stock. The contractor might find it worth while to turn the cost of lobbying in another direction. In return for being "broad-minded," a chief engineer might be offered such temptations as never beset a chief engineer before.

A contractor having his own way might one day startle the country with revelations which would again mean investigation, change, and more "experiences." The Theodore Roosevelt, so humane and so sensitive to fair play, who looked after the food and quarters of the Jamaican negro when he visited the Isthmus, would not like to see Southern labor camp conditions reproduced on a work for which the nation is held responsible. The despatch of great numbers of American negroes to the Isthmus, for example, as Mr. Oliver has proposed, would mean riots, constitutional leagues, Tillmans, and international complications.

For the man who has never seen human nature at work in the tropics can little guess how delicate is that Panama vessel of ours. In order to understand with what consummate craft it has been ferried thus far, if you have never played the game, observe how easily the good golf player drives off from the tee. Then try it yourself!

This contract, first conceived soon after Wallace had left the Isthmus in chaos, before the migration of first-class help had set in, before Stevens had accomplished his present organization, before health conditions were improved, has already hampered the natural progress of the work. The trial of Chinese labor is delayed; bids for supplying Chinese coolies are pigeonholed awaiting the contractor's will. The Chief Engineer, now settled down to his task, will have to spend weeks with the engineering committee estimating time and cost, and weeks in helping the contractor get his organization into place.

When foreigners have told me that our Government was too corrupt ever to build the Canal, I have answered with American pride that we might show them the contrary. What I saw on the Isthmus last November convinced me that we could. And I should like to ask all the engineers on the Isthmus, and all the members of the Commission, if, under present conditions, they believe in their hearts that we are warranted in paying a contractor 12½ per cent on an undertaking which the nation, of itself, to its honor among all the nations of the world, has so well begun.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

THE FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCES IN POINT OF VIEW WHICH HAVE CAUSED THE CONFLICT

By GEORGE SANTAYANA

TO understand the religious conflict now going on in France, it is necessary to consider what fundamental motives are actuating the two parties. Their ultimate aims are more often assumed than expressed. The issue is further obscured, especially for the foreigner, by certain catch-words, used by both sides, but suggesting ideas quite contrary to those which either side has at heart. Thus "Liberty" is a favorite cry in both camps, but liberty as it is understood and practised in America is not the ideal of either French Catholics or French Republicans. The Church wants liberty to propagate its influence, which, if dominant, would extinguish all liberty. The state wants liberty to establish a homogeneous lay society, in which no positive religious system should exercise constraint over the education, life, or affections of any citizen.

The Catholic Church, according to its own doctrine, is not a gathering of free persons to pray together and express their common feelings. It is a *mission*, sent by divine authority, to propagate revealed truths, administer definite sacraments, and teach supernatural virtues. On its success depends, it believes, the salvation of souls in the next world and the dignity and sweetness of life here. Nothing, then, can seem of serious importance to a sincere Catholic except the welfare of the Church. His politics, like his science, art, and morals, must be dominated by his religious convictions. The state, if not through a central national administration, at least through some local organ of government, provides for the repression of crime, the right of property, for education, marriage and divorce, holidays, etc.—all matters that, in a Christian community, must be essentially settled by Christian feeling. In the Catholic it would be treason to support a government that managed these things in an irreligious spirit. Society, he must feel, should be Christian, education religious, and government pro-clerical.

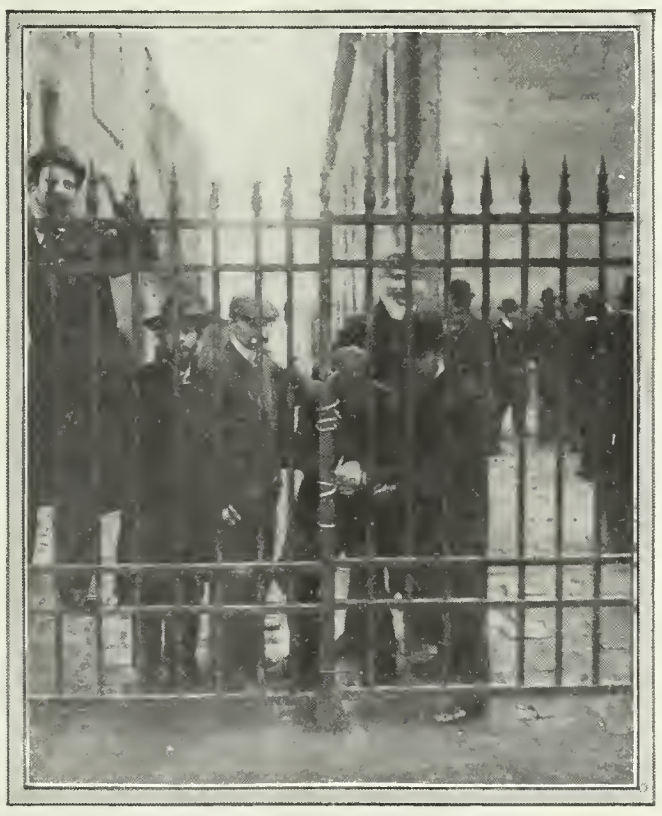


Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, taking his departure from the archiepiscopal residence, December 17, which had been appropriated by the Government

Rebellion of Human Nature Against the Church

ON this system society was organized in France, as throughout Christendom, until the Revolution. Then an opposite system was introduced, which expressed that rebellion of human nature against the Church which had simmered in the world for hundreds of years. The Revolution confiscated all church property, forbade the celebration of mass, and even reformed the calendar so that dates should not be reckoned from the birth of Christ, but from that of "Freedom." Napoleon, wishing to propitiate the conservative forces in Europe, entered into a "Concordat," or agreement with the Pope, by which, without returning ecclesiastical and monastic property, or abandoning the state ownership of churches, he reinstated a secular clergy, to be appointed and paid by the government with the Pope's consent. Jewish and Protestant bodies were established at the same time on a similar basis; so that officially and in principle France did not again become a "Catholic country." The Catholics, however, in the next seventy years reestablished many religious houses, built many new churches, and exercised a great influence over the education of the people, especially over those aristocratic classes to which officers in the army and navy generally belonged. Under these circumstances the Third Republic as it issued from the Franco-Prussian war and the Commune, had a pro-clerical government.

It was in alarm at this state of things that Gambetta, and the party that wished to carry on the interrupted work of the Revolution, began a campaign under the motto "Clericalism is the enemy." This is the campaign which the present ministry is carrying on, like the ministries of Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes before it. The guiding idea is that France must become a moral unit, not merely a geographical or administrative one. A wholly emancipated and united France would take the lead in human progress, would try all generous experiments, and initiate all rational reforms. As in Catholic ages France was the first of Catholic nations, so in a rationalistic age it should be the first of lay societies.



Supporters of the clerical party fastening the gates of a church with heavy wire to delay the entrance of Government officials

To attain this model rational life, successive radical governments have devised a series of anti-clerical measures. First the newly established religious orders were dissolved; then members of a religious community were forbidden to teach even in lay schools; then diplomatic relations with Rome were broken off; finally the Concordat was revoked, all ecclesiastical property was confiscated, and a new law framed for regulating public worship. This law, called the Law of Separation, provided that the church edifices (belonging officially to the state) might continue to be used by their present occupiers if specified parish associations were formed subject to state supervision.

The Hierarchy and State Laws

UNDER this system the priest would become the employee of a parish committee, a committee which would have the free use of church property under the control of the state. The priest himself might well be a member of this committee and might guide it by moral suasion; but he could not control it, nor the church building itself, nor could he, in turn, be controlled by his bishop. The Catholic hierarchy would have become, in their own churches, the guests of congregational bodies organized and inspected according to state laws. In their capacity of guests they would have continued to enjoy the use of ecclesiastical buildings and, for some years, would have drawn pensions, which the Law of Separation allotted to them.

The Pope has forbidden that such parish associations should be formed. As these orders have been obeyed by the Catholics, the buildings they occupied have been taken by the state. The churches, however, have remained open, and the government is making every effort to have public worship continue in them. Mass is said daily on sufferance, although a few priests at first were actually arrested and fined nominal sums for holding public services not authorized by law. Meantime the law itself has been amended, and services may now be legalized simply by giving yearly notice of an intention to hold them. This notice may come from any parishioner without the priest's connivance, so that the government can easily cause some one to legalize such services as it does not care to interrupt. The churches thereby remain more than ever in the hands of the state, and it is doubtful whether the Catholics will long continue to use them under these conditions.

Was the refusal to sanction the congregational committees required by law an error on the part of Rome? Those Protestants whose churches have a congregational government may not see any objection to the proposed system. But Rome stands for a delegated divine authority, for government from the top down. It could not accept a regimen contrary to its own constitution. It might, indeed, have put up under protest with such congregational committees, trusting to their good-will, if the advantages of such an accommodation had seemed to outweigh its disadvantages. The advantages would have been the enjoyment, for a few years, of the pensions to old priests, and, so long as no new measures were taken by the Government, the free use of ecclesiastical buildings. The disadvantages would have consisted in obscuring the principle of church government and in the danger of schism if any differences arose between a parish committee and its priest, or between the authorities in different places. There would have been two governments in the Church; one the congregational committee recognized by the state, holding the buildings as tenant of the state, and employing the hierarchy; the other the hierarchy itself, appointed by and responsible to Rome. Such an arrangement might have smoothed over the present crisis, but it could hardly have been permanent.

A Test of the Devotion of the People

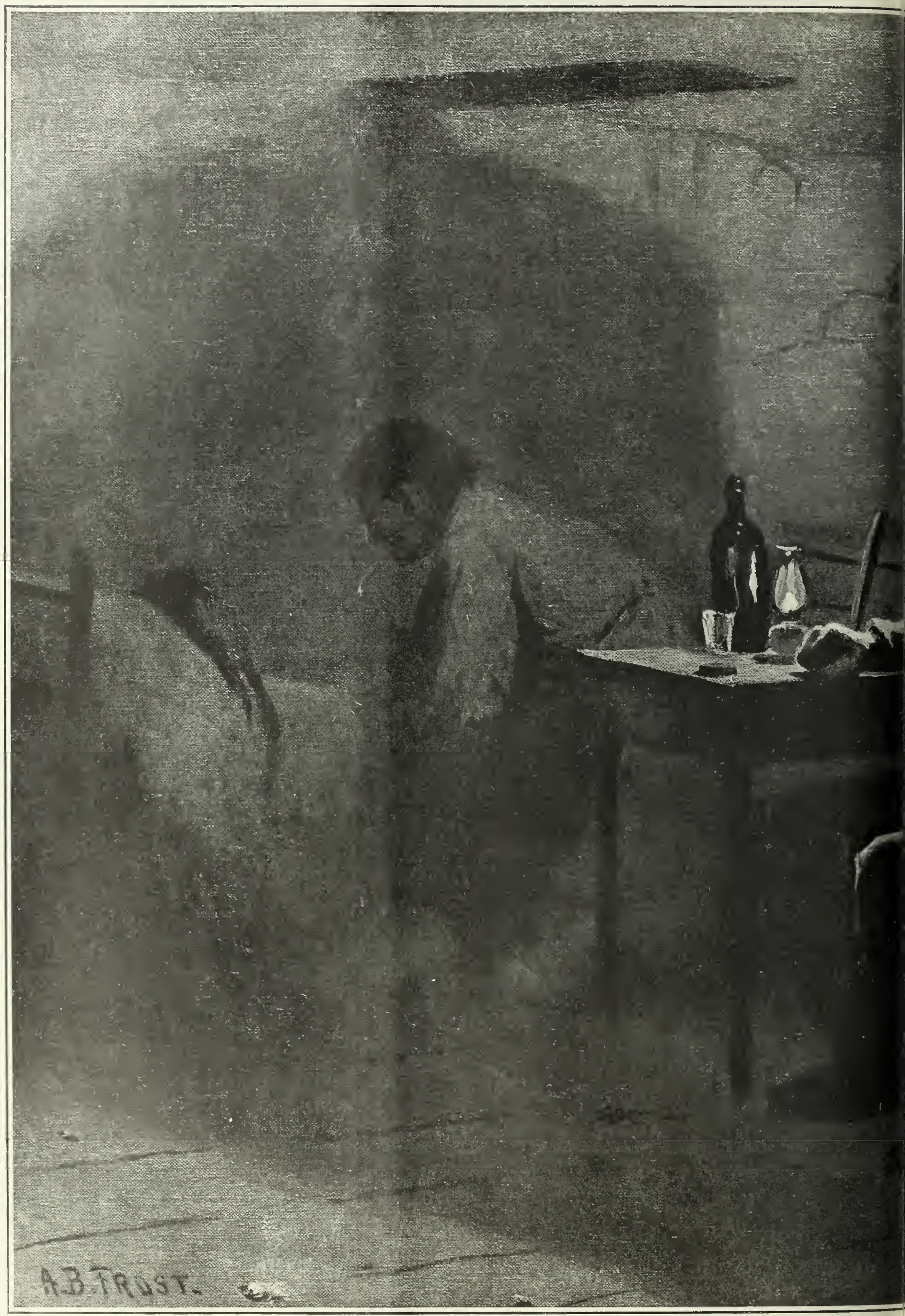
THE Pope has preferred that the French clergy should lose their temporary pensions, their parish houses and seminaries, and probably in the end even the use of their churches. French Catholics may soon be reduced to worship in private, unless some future government permits them to build and open new churches of their own, or gives them back the old ones on more acceptable terms. The present situation will test the devotion of the people to their clergy and will purge the latter, perhaps, of its worldly or insincere members. This is an advantage which the spiritually minded ought to welcome. Yet the loss of property, of diplomatic recognition, and of the traditional official position of the Church as the natural home of all Frenchmen, can not but be deeply felt by the Catholic party.



Arrest of a priest for resisting Government agents



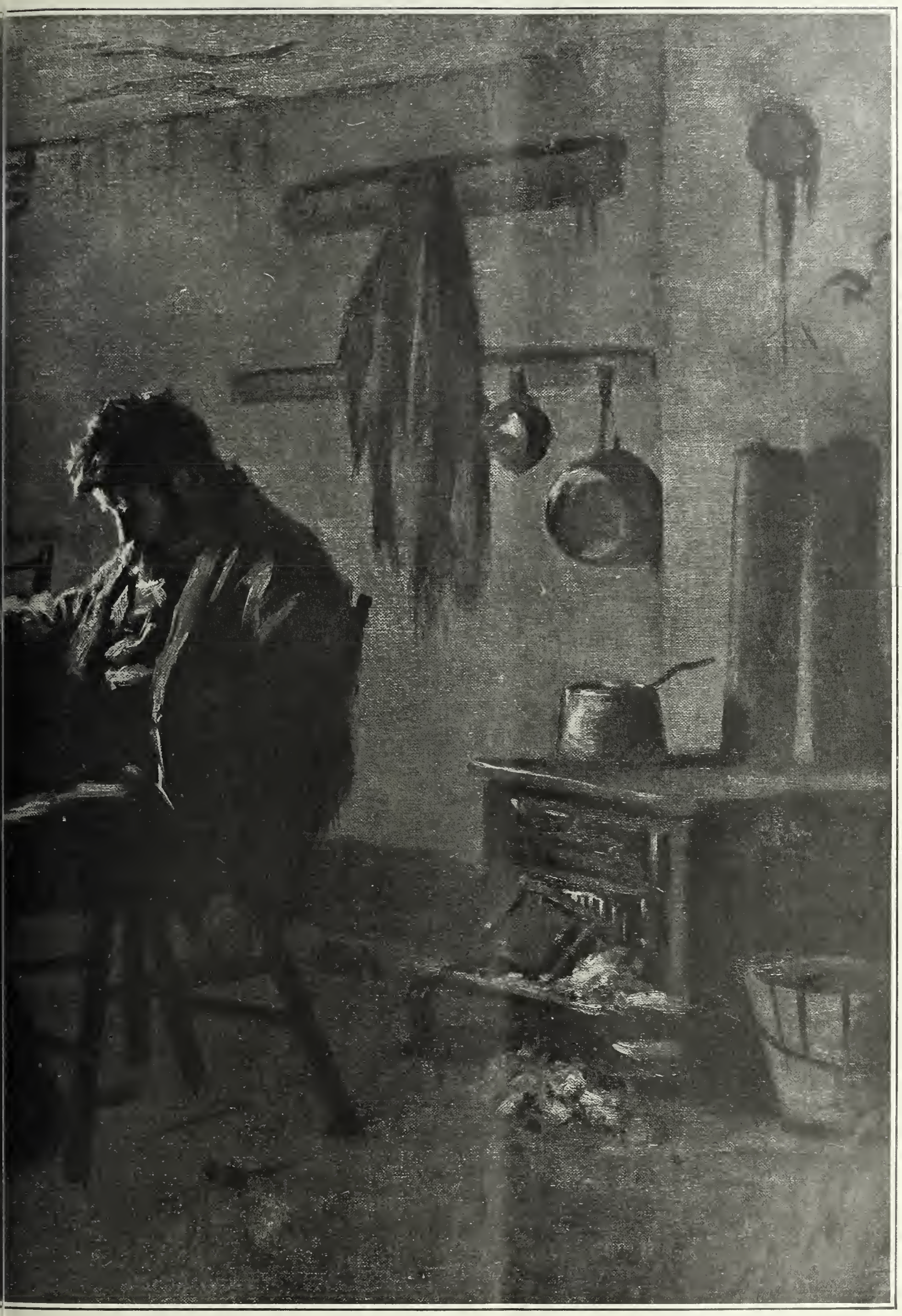
Dragging Cardinal Richard's carriage through the streets



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THE SHADOW

DRAWN



THE BOTTLE

B. FROST



AN EXPLANATION BY THE EDITOR

By HARRISON RHODES

Winner of the $1,000 Prize in Collier's Quarterly Contest, June to September, 1906

THE bound volumes of "The Glaive" now lie peacefully collecting dust upon the shelves of their possessors, I imagine. So soon do the days of one's hot literary youth become history, and forgotten at that. Yet it is not so very long ago that, sitting in the incredible turmoil of the Western metropolis, with the black refuse of its factory chimnies sifting thickly upon each fair page of copy as we sent it to the printers, we thought, intoxicated by our own inexperience and folly, that "The Glaive," appearing semi-monthly in small and self-consciously artistic "format" (deckled edges and red initial letters), would soon cut a broad and splendid path along which True Artists and all True Things of Art should come into their own.

Of course, we were too young to speak of our serious aims except in terms of flippant gaiety and world-weary cynicism. We overturned the idols in high places with the merriest crackle of juvenile jest and epigram. We wrote with pens that were fountains of paradox. We were omniscient. We spoke lightly, though as if from perfect knowledge, of the obscurest Russian critics, Spanish dramatists, and Montenegrin lyric poets, and, while we declined to read the established periodicals, we turned with feverish interest the pages of all new magazines, whether they bore the imprint of Paris, Bucharest, or Timbuctu. We scintillated till the dazzled public eye could scarcely follow us. Oh, dear follies, dear poses of our youngest youth! Will anything that comes later ever cover so much seriousness as they hid?

For we never forgot that "The Glaive" was to cut a broad and splendid path along which—but I have already used the phrase. Almost with prayer and fasting did we pick from the manuscripts which young America so freely offered us those few which should be enshrined in our precious pages. If not with prayers and fasting, it was sometimes with high and stormy words. (Did I not once almost present my resignation because my fellow editors rejected "The Temptress with Green Hair," an impassioned piece of writing by a pure young girl living in West Madison, Wisconsin?) About the standard of morals we felt uncertain, as usually happens with young men of literary aspirations and unexceptionable private character; about the standard of literary art we were sure. From this high ideal we would not swerve. Each number of "The Glaive" should be a defiance to the world, each article and story should be selected with no influence working upon us other than the loftiest love of all that was true and beautiful.

I can look back on it all calmly enough now. It is even amusing to turn the old pages and mark the path along which I have come from the cocksure literary judgments of those other days. For I can vaguely remember, even of the most incompetent fiction and of the most amateurish verse, that I once thought they glimmered faintly with the divine fire. There is one exception. Happy possessors of "The Glaive" who will take down the fourth volume and look in the February issue will find "The Love at the Opal's Heart," by Miriam Félicité Havens. It is what is called (or used to be called) a "pastel in prose." It is as bad as they make them—I must say so at once (and in those days they made them exceptionally bad); but even among much affected, flabby, ungrammatical work that was submitted to "The Glaive," Miriam Félicité Havens's was almost preeminent. I knew it as I sent the poor little unworthy manuscript to the printers. I knew it as rival journals, also young and uncompromising, overwhelmed me with sarcastic comments. I knew it as my fellow editors, reading it aloud with ribald jeers, threatened resignation if I were ever again permitted to bring out an issue while they took their holidays. Yet I had printed it, and would have done so again, sacrificing literary standards as a ready though inadequate tribute to something which seemed to me to sweep them for the moment all away.



"I don't pose such a terrible lot!"

THE office boy ordinarily ushered into my small room those aspirants to appearance in the pages of "The Glaive" who brought their typewritten offerings in person. My confrères, with an assumption of world-weariness not uncommon to literary youth, professed that they would be horribly bored by such interviews, and even pretended that they enjoyed the sensation of Olympian inaccessibility in the room beyond. Yet they were glad enough, at the lunch hour, to hear my anecdotes of the morning's visitors. And Fred Haswell, who managed the advertising department, if he chanced to be in my room when a name was announced, always managed to see my caller somehow, either then, or later by means of a studiously accidental entrance. I remember, when the name of Mrs. Havens was brought in, Fred delayed long enough to indulge for a moment his pernicious sporting instincts.

He bet me a lunch at Rector's that Mrs. Havens was a slender but passionate poetess, blond and wistful, hung heavily with beads and possessing the touch of Northern mysticism so much in vogue that season.

I inclined more to hope for the type Juno or Zenobia, and put my money on a brunette novelist, dealing daringly with the marriage problem, of the difficulties of which her own life would, on investigation, prove to have been a distinguished, almost notorious example.

For an instant before our young enthusiastic eyes swam these two bright visions, then the office boy showed in Mrs. Havens.

Fred retreated, muttering darkly, to the sanctum sanctorum of the room beyond.

SHE was perhaps fifty-five, a slight, short figure. I am not sufficiently skilled to give a detailed description of her costume. I know it was black, of a fine material—cashmere, I believe—such as my grandmother used to wear, and that its general effect was—what shall I say?—plaintive. Old-fashioned, too, for the dullest man now realizes that no milliner has willingly constructed a bonnet since the early eighties.

One is such a slave to the sentimental conventions that the first sight of this slender little figure suggested a pathetic personality. Yet when I met her eyes I saw that she could not have been more cheerful had she possessed a fat red face, a picture hat with black feathers and a rhinestone buckle, and a satin bodice bursting at the seams.

"Are you the Editor?" she asked. "The Editor of the 'Methodist Courier' is an old man with a white beard."

"I'm sorry," I answered apologetically; "I mean to be old some day and have a white beard, but I'm afraid I can't hope to edit the 'Courier.'"

"No," she said, "you wouldn't want to, would you? 'The Glaive' is more artistic. Oh, I know, that's why I'm here. We always have it at home, and my daughter likes it the best of any magazine there is."

"Good," I cried, smiling fatuously enough, no doubt. Then as the exact form of her expression struck me: "Do you like it the best, too?" I asked.

"I do and I don't. It's beyond me, I guess. I'm not a genius, you see."

"Well, so few of us are," I answered lightly.

"Yes," she said and nodded her head mysteriously.

"But when you meet one," she added, after a significant silence, 'you know it."

"I hope so. If I don't know it when I meet one, I'll lose my job as reader here pretty suddenly."

"Oh, I guess you wouldn't have been one of those fellows who rejected 'Ben Hur.'" My visitor beamed encouragingly on me.

I didn't feel quite certain—there had been scathing pages in "The Glaive" about this special masterpiece, so I remained non-committal.

"I hope you've brought me a genius."

Mrs. Havens opened a black satin bag with a design in jet upon it and extracted a manuscript tied with pale mauve ribbons.

"You can see for yourself. I'll leave this, and you can read it. I tried to get my daughter Miriam—its by her, you know, Miriam Félicité Havens—to come so that she could read it to you herself. When she reads her writings aloud they're quite different. She could have been an actress, her father used to say. But she wouldn't come to-day; she couldn't bear to think of that hot ride in on the cars—we live out at Mountjoy Park beyond Englewood. And then she shrinks from people. I don't shrink; there has to be one at least in a family that don't."

She looked herself up and down, with a twinkle in her eye.

"There wouldn't be much left of me if I was a genius, and shrank," she added.

I laughed, though perhaps the joke was not very good. My visitor rose.

"There. I'll leave it and go. There aren't any stamps because I want to come back myself in a few days and hear how you like it—oh, I have to come to town anyhow. I've stayed longer than I think is businesslike with editors. But somehow you've got what I call a sociable and inviting eye."

The compliment pleased me, more than I could have given good explanation for. I held out my hand in farewell.

"I'll be glad to see you again," I said, "and I hope very much indeed I'll like the story."

"Oh, I guess you'll like it," was her final word, cheerful and confident. "You'll be up to it."

She departed, and in the half hour before lunch I attacked her daughter's manuscript, violating the rule which I constantly assured aspiring authors was invariable in our office, that all masterpieces were read in the order of their arrival. But alas, far from being "up to it," I was (if in a literary anecdote one may employ Fred Haswell's phrases) "up against it."

I will not delay the reader with a criticism of "Cinders of Rapture." (Admirable youthful examples may be found in "The Glaive" of my bitter and sarcastic condemnatory style.) I will only say that this composition of Miss Havens's, though perhaps not so foolish and ill-written as the later "Love at the Opal's Heart" which I printed, was nevertheless entirely without merit. It was Swinburne plus Poe plus Maeterlinck plus water and plus inability—but I will not criticize it.

With a high sense of responsibility I promised myself that when Mrs. Havens returned she should hear the truth, and that Miriam Félicité should be permanently turned aside from literary pursuits. Then three days afterward, when the mother's cheerful face was again by my side, it seemed a little less easy.

"Well?" she asked, beaming on me.

"Well," I faltered, "I don't quite know."

"Oh!" and her face fell. "I thought you'd be up to it."

Now was obviously the moment for the truth. "Well," I began, "it has almost innumerable faults." Then, suddenly, almost without knowing what I was saying, "Of course, it has merits."

I was aghast at myself, but somehow it was pleasant to sun one's self in the smile on Mrs. Havens's face. I went on glibly, as one may when the truth no longer retards one's pace. One felt the praiseworthy attempt, so I alleged, to do strange new poetic things. But did not Miss Havens allow herself to be swept away, I permitted myself to ask, by her literary impulse? Ought she not to write more carefully, more solidly, as it were? I found myself saying that she might be good some day, perhaps—who knew? Of course, she must be patient, must work, etc., etc. I talked beautifully, if I say it myself, and I was led on by a lovely kind of radiance which overspread the old face at my side.

Mrs. Havens looked at me almost affectionately as I paused for breath.

"I wonder if you'll help me," she said at last.

"Why, how do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm determined Miriam shall get her chance and be appreciated. I know she's got dreams and thoughts that are wonderful, and that if she can write them they will be great work. And I want to tell her what you say now, gently, so as not to hurt her feelings, and it oughtn't to, because I think you seem to appreciate her. And then I want you to keep on criticizing her things. If it would make it any better, I'd like to pay you something for doing it. It couldn't be much, but I'd try to manage to make it worth your while."

"Oh, I couldn't take money. That's what I'm here for—to criticize. Do you think it would be any better if your daughter herself came in and talked to me?"

"Miriam ain't very well. It frets her to see people much. Perhaps I could bring her in some day. She has to come to town to see the doctor sometimes."

I SAW her once on a cold gray November day. She had come to see the doctor about a cough that was just starting. She was a big girl, a lanky, ungraceful, tired figure. Her face was thin and anemic-looking, and there was a nervous, fretful pull at the corners of her mouth. Her one beauty was the great masses of golden hair that crowned her head, but even this seemed to be turning lingy and lifeless. For a time we talked very little about her work. Somehow, with the rain dashing against my window and this poor thing shivering drearily in my dull little room, I could not face the task.

"I try to take your advice," she said, "but I don't know that I can. I have to just write what I feel, and I'm generally too tired to write it any other way than the way it comes to me. But that's how the great people wrote, and sometimes I think perhaps that's the right way," she said, with a flicker of life in her eyes.

"You feel you must write?" I asked.

"Oh, I've got to scribble," she answered. "I guess I inherit that from ma."

"She writes?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Oh, yes, little things. But she's never done the kind of writing that interests me, and she can't be much help to me, though she thinks she appreciates. I don't myself much believe any one appreciates."

She suddenly got up from her chair and stood over me. "Ma's talked a lot about me to you, I expect. I hope you do understand that art is all I live for now, that I just must get these things printed where some one, where the real artistic people will see. Isn't that last one she brought you any good, the one called 'How Red is Death's Mouth'?"

The situation had got beyond me. I felt I must take refuge in technical criticism.

"I wish you wouldn't pose quite so much in your writing," I said; "the last three things have been forbid on this subject of death."

She gave me one long, almost contemptuous look. There was a kind of lanky dignity about her, after all, as she gathered up her trailing, dreadfully muddy, gray skirt about her ankles.

"Oh, Death!" she said, "I don't know that I pose much a terrible lot about that."

And she stalked out.

"IT'S no good Miriam trying to come to town," said her mother a few days afterward. "She caught cold the other day, and her cough is worse, and she lied all night about her career. It's hard; I think so, too. It seems to me sometimes I can't wait. Aren't any of them good enough yet? Aren't they?"

I set my teeth. I had been weak, but I told myself constantly that my honor was saved so long as I guarded the pages of "The Glaive."

"No, not yet," I answered, without looking at my friend. We sat a moment without speaking. I felt she was fighting to regain her usual cheerfulness. When she spoke I knew that I could look at her, that she would be smiling.

"Well, I suppose I must go on being nurse to artists and their art," she meditated. "I've done that most of my life. I never told you, perhaps, my husband was an artist, too, a musician. He came to South Bend, where I lived, with a concert company once, and fell sick and had to stay. And while he was getting well I married him. He was a real artist and unpractical. But he was a good husband; better, I guess, than I was a wife. For somehow I never seemed to understand enough about music to be much help to him. I'm not morbid; I've never had time enough to be. But sometimes I reproach myself with having been useless about what he cared for most. He was happy, in a way, but I can't deny that he died disappointed about his career."

"What did he do?"

"You wouldn't be likely to know. He was first violin for twenty years in the Northwestern Theatre orchestra, and they had great confidence in him there. He earned fair wages, for an artist, and as I'm a pretty good housekeeper, I managed to keep things going on them. But it wasn't a career, not what he dreamed of when we got married."

She paused.

"You see," she went on at last, "how it was that when Miriam began to show signs of being artistic I just set my teeth and said she was to get her chance. I'd run the house and find the money for it somehow, and she should be free to express herself—that's what artists always want to do—and she shouldn't lack encouragement and understanding. You see I'd more hopes of understanding writing than music."



Mechanically she tore off a long strip from the manuscript in her lap

"Because you're a writer yourself," I commented.

She blushed instantly, and twisted nervously on her chair.

"How did you know? Did Miriam tell you?"

"Yes."

"She'd no business to. It ain't nothing, my writing. It comes easy enough to me. I always did it as a girl."

"I'd like to read some of it." My interest was real indeed.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," she protested, still redder and more embarrassed. "It isn't artistic, it isn't the sort of thing you "Glaive" young men like. I haven't got imagination, you see. I can just write about the sort of things and people I see here, or used to in South Bend. It ain't anything really."

"I don't believe you think so," I insinuated, "or you wouldn't go on writing."

"You better believe I would," she flashed back, her confidence quite returned. "I do it for money. You've got to have money in a house where you're bringing up a genius."

"That's how you knew that the editor of the 'Methodist Courier' was an old man with a white beard."

"Yes," she laughed.

"I shall get all the back files of the paper," I went on.

"Oh, no, you won't, if I ask you not to."

"Perhaps not," I answered; "then you must tell me where else you write."

"Oh, the South Bend paper takes stories pretty often."

"But neither of these pays well, surely."

"Four or five dollars a column," she said.

"But that's nothing," I objected. "Haven't you tried the magazines that pay better?"

"But the writing ain't anything, I tell you; just stories about South Bend and Mountjoy Park! No, I've never tried. I have enough trouble trying to get you people to take Miriam's stories; do you suppose I'm going to bother you with mine, too? I haven't got any ambition for myself; you have to give that up when you begin housekeeping for a family of geniuses. No, keep your eye on my daughter's work, young man."

"But I could keep one on yours, too. Let me see something. Well, what if it *is* just my curiosity? Let me see it for friendship's sake."

"All right. I'll let you see some of it, if you put it as a favor. You've been real kind." She suddenly put out her hand and laid it lightly on my arm. "I appreciate it. You're about the only one that understands what I feel about that girl of mine. I still feel that somehow you and I will pull her through and see that she gets her chance. You believe in her, you mean to see her through?"

I looked away. Her eyes searched mine too clearly. I thought of the last dreadful composition I had read from Miriam's pen. Now was again the moment to speak the truth, instead of advancing along perilous paths deeper into the morass. Yet somehow the words wouldn't come. The best I could do was to blurt out: "'The Glaive' is waiting for her. And the first moment she does anything that seems completely good, completely worthy of her, she shall go in."

"That's all I ask," said Mrs. Havens. "That's why I've put all my eggs in one basket. That's why, in spite of your urging me, I don't send her things anywhere else. You're my hope now."

She made a hurried exit. I was not quite sure whether it wasn't that she didn't wish to have me see her crying. This was in December, I think, just before Christmas time. Mrs. Havens, who had been at the office perhaps a half dozen times since October, now ceased her visits. I wondered at it, and yet selfishly was glad. I must confess it. My dilemma had become painful, though I still strove, that "The Glaive" lunches might be sparkling, to dress it up as satirical comedy. The gaieties of the season occupied me, and I am afraid I almost forgot my odd old friend. Then toward the end of January came, by the post, a package of manuscripts and clippings, and a note:

"DEAR MR. FIELDING [it began], I enclose 'The Love at the Opal's Heart,' by Miriam Félicité Havens, and hope to call at your office for your judgment on it in a few days.

"I had hoped to send something sooner, but my daughter has been ill and unable to write. Yours most truly,

"EMMA HAVENS.

"P. S.—She oughtn't to write now, for she's a sick woman. The cough is worse, I don't know just how much worse it really is. She wrote this in bed. She said you'd been so encouraging, according to my report the last time I saw you, that she must write this. It came to her when she was wakeful at night with the cough. I think it's beautiful. Oh, if you only think so, and it can go into 'The Glaive,' she'll be so happy. E. H.

"P. S.—I've just remembered your wanting to see some of my writing. I enclose specimens."

The letter brought her back to me, pathetic loyal little woman, and my forgetfulness for a month suddenly seemed neglect. Yet it was with the dilemma staring me hard in the face that I took up the new manuscript with pink bows. It was with a heart anxious and heavy that I laid it down. "The Love at the Opal's Heart" was, if I knew anything at all of what were letters and art, hopelessly bad. The dilemma accused me of cruelty and cowardice. To escape it, to flee from judgment that carried with it such responsibility, I took up the clippings from the South Bend "Courant" and started on a story by E. Havens.

It is hard to describe what followed. I can imagine that a trapper in the Northern Wilderness, coming at last after long unsuccessful days upon the tracks in the snow that betrayed his quarry, might get a start that would have something of the quality of mine. Week in and out I had sat in that dirty room, poring over manuscripts, and really praying in my young heart each time I began to read one of them that in it I would find some faint flickering of the divine fire, unseen till then by any eye but mine. And now as I read on, with mounting excitement and hands that almost trembled as they held the flimsy strips of the South Bend "Courant," I felt that at last I had made that wonderful discovery I had so often dreamed of.

Mrs. Havens had been right—the writing wasn't anything, just stories of South Bend and Mountjoy Park. But, oh, such stories! I don't know quite how to describe them and be brief. They were Mary Wilkins taken west, somehow broadened by a sense of the great sweep of prairie cornfields and the turmoil of that seething caldron that they call Chicago. There was no mannered style, such as I was accustomed to

praise in the pages of "The Glaive"; instead there was a divine simplicity. The words, and the very turns of phrase, seemed somehow to hold the color and spirit of the Middle West. They were the simplest stories, often pathetic to a point of heartbreaking, but even then with a breeze blowing through them of the soundest humor, the bravest kind of sense that in this good world no misfortunes could make life altogether not worth the living. They were moreover just the sort of thing which might easily lie undiscovered forever in the obscure columns of some country newspaper. There was nothing to compel attention. They struck no new note; instead, so it seemed to me, they struck all the best old ones, but with a new clearness and beauty of tone, and by some happy chance I, who could at least appreciate, had at last heard them. The event transfigured my dingy office, and I, sitting at a roll-top desk, swam for a little while in one of the golden moments that came sometimes in those foolish enthusiastic days of youth.

I sent two words to Mrs. Havens by the post that night.

"Have read the things you sent. Come in and see me as soon as possible."

My excitement held till the next day, and in wakeful moments that night I pictured again and again the scene when I should lay before my shabby little old lady the tribute of my humble admiration.

The next day was, I remember, one of brilliant sunshine and bitter cold. I wondered whether my friend would have warm coats and furs to face the winter, and I fidgeted if the radiator by the side of my desk seemed to threaten a chill reception. She came about noon, and her face was radiant.

"At last," she called out to me from the very door, "you like it at last. When will you put it in, the next number? You ought to have seen Miriam! Why, I believe she is better already. She looked different, and she would have got up and dressed this morning, only the doctor came and wouldn't let her."

It may sound incredible, but I must ask belief for the statement that since the day before I had forgotten the very existence of poor Miriam Félicité. Now she seemed to rise before me, threatening me again, making my position disgraceful. But in a minute my courage rose, the wave of my enthusiasm again buoyed me up.

"It is about your own writings I want to talk."

I say I had found courage, yet I did not dare look at Mrs. Havens as I said this. I began talking rapidly and found confidence as the memory swept over me again of the beautiful thing she had done. I told her everything, I poured out before her all that I had been feeling since yesterday. She interrupted once.

"No, the writing just ain't anything. I told you that before."

But as I went on I felt that at last I was having some effect, that somehow this obstinate flower was opening as I rained warm words of praise down on it. I ventured to look at her. She blushed as I did so.

"You're too kind," she faltered, "I can't believe it's so."

But I went on, and it seemed to me that what I said was now welcome, that the ambition, the love of appreciation which must go, so I thought then, with every real impulse to write, were wakened at last. I rose to another flight, then at last, coming to earth, and assuming a serious, business-like air:

"Now this story," I rapped out, taking one in manuscript from the pile on my desk, "we'll print in the next issue of 'The Glaive.' We can't pay enormously for it, but we can do at least ten times as well as the South Bend 'Courant.' And I shall say in the editorial notes how good I think you are. In fact, I mean to make you famous, and I believe I can."

I stopped and looked at her. Gradually the surprise faded from her face, and a curious non-committal look came into it, tightening the corners of her mouth. I felt an odd trembling run over me, as though I had worn myself out with my talking.

"This story you say?" she murmured, half to herself, and reached out and took it from my desk.

"Then you don't meant to print 'The Love at the Opal's Heart?'" she asked.

I protested that her own writing had made me forget her daughter's.

"When I was a girl," she began, and I leaned forward eagerly, "back in South Bend, I was ambitious. I might have cared. Do you suppose I do now? Tell me the truth about my daughter. Do you believe in her? Are you going to make her famous?"

"No," I replied in a low voice, and I think my head must have sunk, "I'm afraid I never am."

"Then I shall begin somewhere else."

"Yes," I said eagerly, "begin somewhere else. I'm probably all wrong in not being able to appreciate her. But I can you. Let me do what I can for you."

She looked at me fixedly, with almost no expression in her face, though I thought her eyes were wet. Mechanically she tore off a long strip from the manuscript in her lap.

"Don't," I called out in a frightened voice. "It's a masterpiece, I swear it is."

"What do you suppose I care?" she answered, and with sudden energy she took its sheets and tore them to bits that she showered into the basket by my desk.

"Do you think for a minute," she asked me fiercely, "that I'm going back to my sick girl and tell her you've been tricking me, that you're going to try to boom her mother while you despise her? My stories are good enough for the South Bend 'Courant,' and they can stay there. When Miriam gets started I can try some of the papers that like her. Do you think I'd let you print any story of mine? I'm sorry to say it, but you've been cruelly unkind, though I guess you meant well. It'd been better for me if I'd never met you or seen 'The Glaive.' How am I to go back to her now after telling her what I did this morning? Oh, dear me, how am I to go back?"

I got up from my desk. What I meditated seems poor and unimportant from this distance. It had some meaning then.

"I'll print 'The Love at the Opal's Heart' in the next number," I said.

Mrs. Havens searched my face.

"Do you think it's good enough?"

"No," I answered, "but I'll print it."

She looked at me without speaking.

"Will you permit me?" I asked, with a sudden strange sense that it was I who must plead, who was asking a favor.

"Yes," she answered at last, "it'll make Miriam pretty happy."

"And then your stories—" I began.

"No," she said, "it's no good talking about them. If you'd ever had a child you'd see that things get changed. I'm glad you like my writing, perhaps I didn't seem grateful enough about that at first. But it doesn't seem to me it would be quite nice for me to be succeeding while Miriam was having a hard time. And geniuses take things hard. I ought to know."

"But you're the genius."

"With those little stories about South Bend and Mountjoy Park? Oh, no!" she smiled almost indulgently at me, "you must learn first to recognize the real thing when you see it. I'd trust your judgment more if you could have seen what there was in Miriam's writing."

"But you must believe me that your stories are good. You mustn't keep people from knowing them. You haven't the right. You don't understand, I've thought of nothing else since yesterday. They're real art, real literature, real everything. Let me do something with them."

There must have been passion in my voice, for I felt that my golden discovery was slipping from my hand.

"Even if you are right," she answered me at last, speaking slowly, "you'll learn some day that there are other things in the world besides real literature and real art."

"I'm learning to-day," I answered.

"There are real daughters, for one thing," she went on. Then: "If you meant to print the Opal story so that you could print my things afterward, perhaps you'd better withdraw your offer. I guess I can break the bad news somehow to Miriam."

"No, I'll print it. Because I'd like to be something real," I said; "your kind of real, you know—a real friend for a moment at least. Will you let me?"

She took one of my hands in both of hers.

"Yes," she said. "I'll let you. But it's good-by now. Till we can agree better about what is good writing, it's no good my coming here. And I can trust you as a gentleman—"

"As a friend—" I pleaded.

"Yes, that too. I can trust you never to try to do anything about my writings, not even to talk to your friends here. They're mine, you see, and the career you'd like to make for me would be mine, if you could make it. And it just must come after my girl's, not before. Can I trust you?"

"You're making it so hard for me!" I cried.

"Do you promise?"

"Well, yes, I promise."

"Thank you," she said simply, then— "My conscienee is clear, you know, about letting you print this Opal story. Because there'll be those among your readers that'll see it's good."

So she managed to leave me, smiling at me much as she had done that first day. I left Chicago and "The Glaive" shortly afterward. Sometimes in obscure magazines I saw the name of Miriam Félicité Havens, but success never seemed to come to that degree which would have allowed the career of Emma Havens to begin. Yet she was my one discovery. If I had any authority I would now at last add her name to the little circle of those who did one small simple thing and did it perfectly, exquisitely well. I have been to Chicago lately, and I learned there that now there is no career for either of these two poor ladies. Miriam's cough grew to be too much for her, and Death, about which she had written so often and so badly, came in reality at last. Her mother went soon afterward, "just seemed to fade away," so the neighbors said. I am trying to persuade myself that after a little I can put some of Emma Havens's writings together and make a book. Meanwhile, I have wanted to tell this story. The name was not Havens, nor was it the South Bend "Courant" that took her work. It is true, for all that, that in the prairies near Chicago there lived, not so long ago, a real genius; I am sure of it. But as she herself might have said, there are other things besides real geniuses; there are, praise God, real mothers.

ROBERT E. LEE

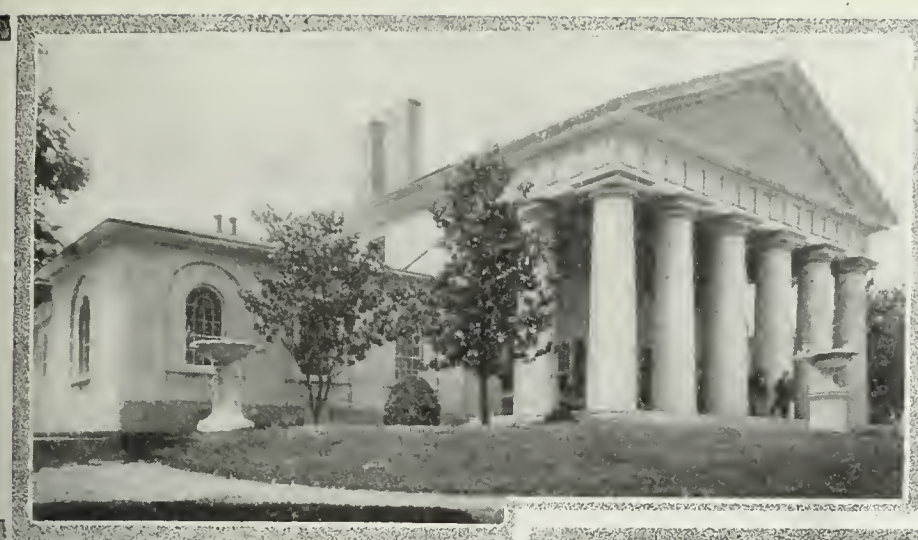
By JULIA WARD HOWE

Written for "Collier's" and read at the Richmond celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great Virginia citizen and soldier, January 19, 1907

A GALLANT foeman in the fight,
A brother when the fight was o'er,
The hand that led the host with might
The blessed torch of learning bore.

No shriek of shells nor roll of drums,
No challenge fierce, resounding far,
When reconciling Wisdom comes
To heal the cruel wounds of war.

Thought may the minds of men divide,
Love makes the heart of nations one,
And so, thy soldier grave beside,
We honor thee, Virginia's son.



Lee's house at Arlington, now the National Cemetery, where he lived before the war



"Derwent," the humble cottage to which General Lee went in poverty after the war

THE two pictures above are eloquent of the havoc that war worked upon the South. The first citizen of the Confederacy, the commander-in-chief of its armies, had lived, before the war, on the splendid estate at Arlington which is now the National Cemetery for the soldier dead. He had lived in all the state and comfort which this home, still standing in the cemetery, implies. After the war his position was merely typical of the South. Arlington was in the hands of the Federal Government. As an exile from his home, without means, bowed by his own defeat, and discouraged by the distress of all the South, he accepted the hospitality of a friend and lived in "Derwent," a little four-room cottage, in Powhatan County. There he remained until he accepted the post of President of Washington and Lee University.

Poverty, however, did not cloud General Lee's fine perception of ethical standards. A life insurance company, in the way of many life insurance companies since, wished to capitalize Lee's name and prestige. It made him an offer to become "managing director."

Lee's answer is a remarkable document. It is obvious that it was not a studied effort, but merely a reply to a letter. It does not read like the regretful rejection of a temptation. The indication is rather that he was unconscious that his position constituted a temptation. And the very unstudied, off-hand character of it shows how much a part of Lee's very fibre were his splendid standards. Unstudied as it is, the letter is a perfect exposition of the right attitude of companies and individuals toward their trusts. One can not read the letter without thinking of others who, without Lee's dire necessities, found themselves in Lee's position, and did as Lee did not.

A Letter of General Lee

Written when he needed money badly, but was unwilling to take it for a service for which he felt unqualified. His letter is a sermon on standards of taste and public service

"Lexington, Virginia, December 23, 1868.

"DEAR MR. B——: I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 12th and the kind interest you have shown in my welfare. I approve highly of your views, and especially of your course, and feel satisfied that you will accomplish great good. I have considered Mr. F——'s proposition, and though I believe that the establishment in Richmond by the Universal Life Insurance Companies of a branch office, on the plan proposed, would be attended with much benefit, I do not think that I am the proper person for the position of Managing Director. The secure investment of the funds accruing from the Southern business in the present condition of our affairs, it seems to me, would be attended with great trouble, and should be managed with great care. In my present position I fear I should not have time, even if I possessed the ability, to conduct it. Life insurance trusts I consider sacred. To hazard the property of the dead, and to lose the scanty earnings of fathers and husbands who have toiled and saved that they may leave something to their families, deprived of their care and the support of their labor, is to my mind the worst of crimes. I could not undertake such a charge unless I could see and feel that I could faithfully execute it. I have therefore felt constrained, after deliberation, to decline the proposition of Mr. F——. I trust that the Company may select some better man for the position, for I think in proper hands it would accomplish good. For your interest in my behalf, and for Mr. L——'s kind consideration, I am very grateful. And with my thanks to both of you, and to Mr. F—— for his kindness, to whom I trust you to explain the reason of my course, I am, truly yours,

"R. E. LEE."



Miss Mary Custis Lee, the only living daughter of the Confederate general



Memorial exercises at the Lee monument, Richmond, January 19



Robert E. Lee, Jr., who with his sister attended the exercises at Richmond

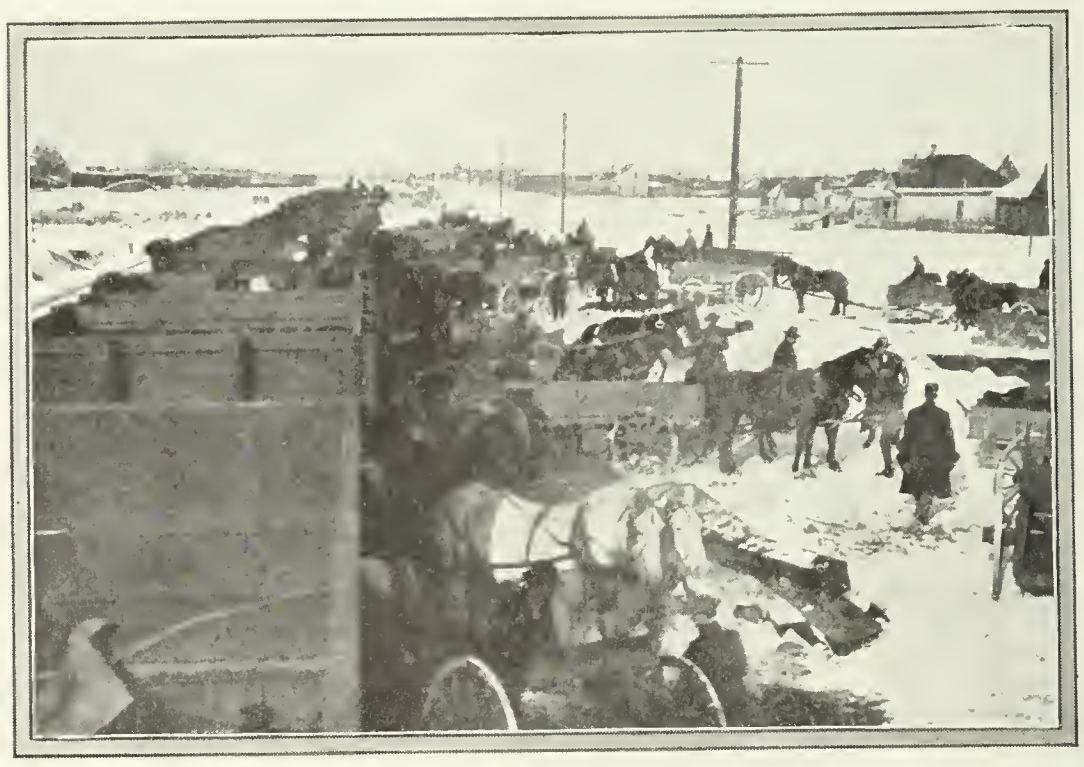
THE centennial of the birth of General Robert E. Lee was celebrated throughout the Southern States on the 19th of January. At Lexington, Va., Charles Francis Adams made a notable address on the great Confederate General before the students and alumni of Washington and Lee University, over which the famous Virginian presided during the last five years of his life. The Governor of Virginia made an address at Roanoke; and at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Atlanta, Ga., and other cities of the South, memorial services were held. On the day before the public schools of the South celebrated the centennial of their hero. On the afternoon of the centennial day the Robert E. Lee Post of Confederate Veterans, at Richmond, marched with members of the Lee family to the Lee Monument in Franklin Street and with a silent salute raised a floral wreath to the bronze sword that hung by the image of their leader



THE WATER-FRONT OF CINCINNATI AT THE TIME OF THE RECENT FLOOD OF THE OHIO RIVER

The water on this occasion passed the 65-foot stage;—the highest record since the great floods of 1884. The photograph shows the deserted business section along the end of Vine, Walnut, and Main Streets

THE reports of the scarcity of coal throughout the Northwest, and of the desperate efforts the people of that section have made to secure fuel, do not seem to be exaggerated. Driven by the failure of the Northern Pacific to deliver any coal whatever at their railroad station, a crowd of residents of North Yakima, Washington, held up two trains loaded with railroad coal on January 8 and helped themselves to hundreds of tons. A train of twenty-seven cars was stopped on the main track of the Northern Pacific in front of the North Yakima station, directly across the street from a police station. The hoppers on the fifty-ton gondola-cars were loosened and the tracks were piled with coal, quickly blocking the cars and the entire main line. As soon as the train stopped scores of citizens of North Yakima pressed over the sides of the cars and commenced throwing the coal to the ground. At the same time wagons of all sizes and descriptions came from every direction and were backed up to the



HOLDING UP A COAL-TRAIN AT NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

track. Business men, whose residences were without coal, mounted the cars, shoveled coal into the wagons and carried it home. Children and women dragged coal away in hand-wagons and on sleds.

There seems to have been no concerted action, no prearranged plan of attack. The whole town seemed to have gone coal-mad at once. Many people who took wagon-loads from the cars had these loads weighed at a nearby wagon scales, and subsequently paid for what they had taken. Every one was perfectly willing to pay, apparently, if he could only get coal. But there was no coal to be had in all North Yakima until the train was attacked. The police seem to take no interest in the matter, and it was not until late in the night that the empty cars could be pulled on to a siding by the railroad officials, allowing a number of passenger trains to get through which had been stalled for several hours while the citizens had been forcibly replenishing their coal cellars



Raisuli

THE BRIGAND RAISULI'S STRONGHOLD AT ZINAT

The Moroccan Emperor's Professional Enemy and Maker of Disturbances made his headquarters to the eastward of Tangier in the foot-hills of the Atlas range. This photograph shows his "palace" and its fortifications. It was made by an Algerian spy a few days before Zinat was captured by the Emperor's soldiers. The chief, Raisuli, in a black burnoose, may be seen in the left foreground

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

SOME DUTIES OF THE EXPIRING CONGRESS

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

With Cartoons by F. T. Richards

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THE Fifty-ninth Congress will end its two years' life at noon on March 4. Many of its most important duties are still undone. Many can not be done. A general revision of the tariff, for instance, which ought to have been undertaken years ago, is out of the question at this session. But there are some things that can be accomplished even in the few weeks that remain. Ten of them are presented here, with their status on January 22.

The first and most important duty of Congress is to pass the Philippine Tariff bill. This was the third bill introduced in the House in the present Congress, but although about twenty-five thousand others have followed it, it remains hung up in the Senate Committee on the Philippines. It passed the House over a year ago, on the 16th of January, 1906, reached the Senate the next day, was referred to the Philippine Committee, and there it has stuck ever since, in spite of all the appeals from the suffering people of the islands, in spite of the discredit and danger in which its obstruction involves our rule there, and in spite of the urgent attempts of President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft to secure justice. This bill provides that articles wholly the growth and product of the Philippine Islands, coming into the United States from the Philippines, shall be admitted free of duty, except sugar, tobacco, and rice, which shall be subject to twenty-five per cent of the present rates, and that after April 11, 1909, the day on which the restrictions of the treaty with Spain expire, trade between the Philippines and the United States shall be absolutely free both ways.

2. The bill granting citizenship to the inhabitants of Porto Rico (H. R. 17,661) was introduced by Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin on April 2, 1906, favorably reported from the Committee on Insular Affairs on May 16, and committed to the Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union, where it has remained ever since. The President's special message urging citizenship for the Porto Ricans has not yet succeeded in dislodging it. The one man who has the power to move it or hold it is Speaker Cannon.

3. The bill giving the Government the right to appeal on points of law in criminal cases is believed by the Administration to be absolutely essential to the successful enforcement of the laws against combinations in restraint of trade and other members of the respectable criminal classes. The bill (H. R. 15,434) passed the House nearly a year ago, was reported to the Senate from the Committee on the Judiciary on May 29, 1906, after being entirely rebuilt in the form of an amendment, and has lately been recommitted to that committee. As it appeared at that time the bill provided that a writ of error might be taken by the United States from the district or circuit courts to the Supreme Court or the Circuit Court of Appeals, in cases in which an indictment had been invalidated, or in which the lower court had sustained a special plea in bar when the defendant had not been put in jeopardy. In the present state of things any one of the seventy-eight District and the twenty-eight Circuit Judges of the United States may declare an Act of Congress of the greatest possible national importance unconstitutional, and even though he may be the only judge in the entire Union to hold that opinion the Government has no means of securing a decision from a higher court if the first ruling happened to be in favor of a criminal.

4. The bill (H. R. 19,573) providing for the acquisition of national forest reserves in the Appalachian and White Mountains. This measure authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to acquire by purchase, condemnation, gift, or otherwise, lands suited to national forest reserve purposes in the Appalachian Mountains, within the States of Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, and in the White Mountains in the State of New Hampshire, and appropriates three million dollars for the purpose. It was reported by Mr. Wadsworth from the Committee on Agriculture on May 22, 1906, and now awaits the pleasure of Speaker Cannon in Committee of the Whole. The protection it offers to the forests of the Eastern mountains is vitally necessary to the future prosperity of all the States in that region, and even to the habitability of great parts of them. It is not only earnestly urged by all the authorities on forestry, but, unlike similar measures in the West, it has the enthusiastic support of the people immediately concerned. The Speaker has treated the proposition very coldly, and his unfriendliness is all that now stands in its way.

5. The La Follette Hours of Labor bill (S. 5,133). The necessity for this bill, which makes it unlawful to work railroad employees more than sixteen hours a day, is reenforced daily by some disaster caused by sleepy train crews or despatchers that have been working twenty, thirty, or forty hours on a stretch. It is now in the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

6. The Naval Personnel bill (H. R. 24,130) is designed to end the present evil of keeping officers most of their lives in the lower grades and then rushing them precipitately through the higher ranks after they are too old to do efficient work. It is believed by the President to be absolutely essential to the fighting efficiency of the fleet. It is now in the House Committee on Naval Affairs.

7. The Immigration bill (S. 4,403) is tied up in conference by a disagreement between the House and Senate over an educational qualification for immigrants. The most important present need is a small appropriation to enable the President to investigate thoroughly the actual conditions and acquire a solid body of facts for future action.

8. It is too late to pass a special bill repealing the foolish law that destroyed the army canteen and so wrought more injury to our army than could be worked by a foreign enemy, but the end can be attained by an amendment to the Army Appropriation bill in the Senate.

9. The bill proposed by Indian Commissioner Leupp creating corporations with inalienable shares to hold the property of the tribes on the dissolution of tribal relations would bridge over the period within which the Indians, unless so protected, would be likely to become penniless vagrants. It is under consideration by the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs.

10. The Santo Domingo treaty, which has been held up by the Senate for over a year, is needed to make regular a position that is now full of difficulties and dangers.

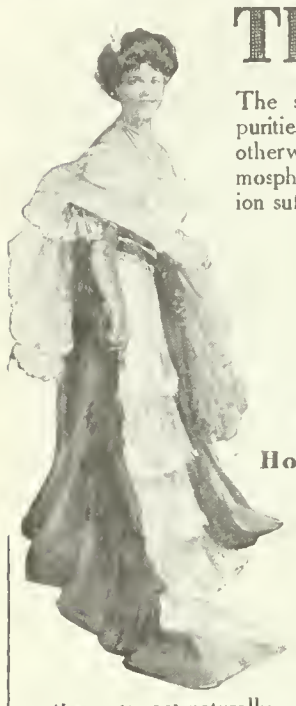
The time is short, but some of the most important and useful, as well as some of the most pernicious, legislation we have ever had has been passed in the closing days of a short session. Much of it has been passed after the

MEASURES THAT OUGHT TO BECOME LAWS

THERE IS ABOUT A MONTH TO PASS THEM IN

1. **The Philippine Tariff bill, H. R. 3.**
   Now in the Senate Committee on the Philippines.
2. **The Porto Rico Citizenship bill, H. R. 17,661.**
   In Committee of the Whole House.
3. **The Right of Criminal Appeal bill, H. R. 15,434.**
   In Senate Committee on the Judiciary.
4. **The Appalachian and White Mountain Forest Reserve bill, H. R. 19,573.**
   In the Committee of the Whole House.
5. **The Railroad Employees' Hours of Labor bill, S. 5,133.**
   In the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.
6. **The Naval Personnel bill, H. R. 24,130.**
   In the House Naval Committee.
7. **The Immigration bill, S. 4,403.**
   In Conference.
8. **The Restoration of the Army Canteen.**
   May be added to Army Appropriation bill in the Senate.
9. **The Indian Corporation bill.**
   In Senate Indian Committee.
10. **The Santo Domingo Treaty.**
    In the Senate.

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clocks have been stopped in the last hour. Our statute books would look as if a hurricane had struck them if they were stripped of the laws that bear date March 3 in an odd year. With a little earnest effort the next month can be made the harvest time for the crops of reform that have been slowly cultivated since this Congress began.

KINGSTON, THE LATEST SAN FRANCISCO



The capital of Jamaica triply afflicted by an earthquake, fire, and an asinine Governor

FROM San Francisco to Valparaiso was four months. Five months after Valparaiso's fall the angry earth shook Jamaica, and Kingston, the island's capital, fell in ruins. The only reason why Valparaiso's disaster was not as great as San Francisco's was that the place was smaller. The only reason why Kingston's was not as great as Valparaiso's was that the town was smaller still. Even as it was, many more lives were lost in Kingston, with only 50,000 inhabitants, than in San Francisco, with nearly 400,000.

The first and most destructive shock, which was followed within three minutes by two others, came on January 14 at 3.35 in the afternoon. In the words of an eye-witness, "the whole city seemed to shrivel up." The débris of fallen buildings choked the streets. Fires immediately broke out in three places and raged until the next morning, burning out all that the earthquake had left of the business section of the city. The extent of the disaster was underestimated at first, but it grew hour by hour. Within less than a week the first estimate of thirty deaths had been so far left behind that 1,743 bodies had been actually found, of which over a thousand had been burnt in the streets.

The news of the calamity brought instantly the natural response from the sympathetic heart of the world. It happened that the nearest source of relief was the American fleet under Rear-Admiral Evans at Guantanamo, only two hundred miles away. Communication was broken off at first, but as soon as the news reached him Admiral Evans despatched the torpedo-boat destroyer *Whipple*, followed by the battleships *Indiana* and *Missouri*, and the auxiliary cruiser *Yankton*, under Rear-Admiral Davis. The warships were as fully stocked as possible with medical stores and provisions, and Secretary Metcalf ordered the supply ship *Celtic*, loaded with provisions for the fleet, to go to Kingston and devote her cargo to the relief of the sufferers. He took this action on his own responsibility, but Congress promptly endorsed it by the passage of an act authorizing the use of naval supplies for the relief of the sufferers.

When Admiral Davis reached Kingston he found frightful conditions prevailing. Hundreds of wounded were uncared for, provisions were short, and some of the negroes, who form the great majority of the population, were beginning to loot property, attack whites, and create a reign of terror. At the request of some of the authorities marines were landed from the American ships to help in preserving order, a field hospital was established, and every effort was made to relieve distress. These proceedings were resented by the Governor, Sir Alexander Swettenham, who happened to be one of those wooden-headed boors that the British civil service occasionally produces along with its high output of honesty and efficiency. Governor Swettenham wrote an insulting letter to Admiral Davis, rebuffing his aid and telling him that there was "no longer a question of humanity," since "all the dead died days ago, and the work of giving them burial is merely one of convenience"—this when hundreds of wounded were still hovering between life and death. The American surgeons went back to their ships, leaving their patients in tears and the Red Cross nurses choking with anger, and the fleet sailed away. The British press and Government at once expressed their regret for the Governor's astonishing conduct.

THE DOUBLE TARIFF AGAIN



Olive branch and "big stick" for commercial friends and enemies. Even Cannon approves

ALL the chloroform administered to the tariff reform idea by the standpat leaders in Congress has been unable to keep the patient quiet. The great National Convention for the Extension of the Foreign Commerce of the United States, which met at Washington in the third week of January, with eight hundred delegates representing every State of the Union, had a most disturbing effect. Even Speaker Cannon was moved by it to admit that it might become necessary to make some changes in the best of all possible tariffs. Secretary Root declared: "In my judgment the United States must come to a maximum and minimum tariff." Mr. Cannon made the same admission, although with much mental perturbation.

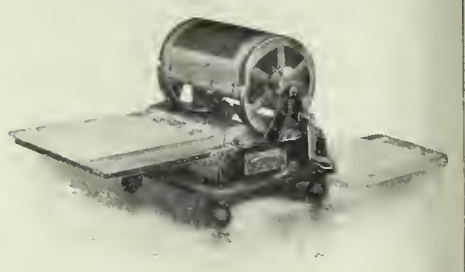
The Speaker's idea is plainly that instead of inviting foreign countries to trade with us by a low minimum tariff we should bludgeon them into trading by the threat of a high maximum. Still he does not commit himself to the Dingley rates as the minimum, as the strict protectionist creed has required hitherto. The convention itself left no doubt of the kind of double tariff it wanted. At the same meeting at which Secretary Root spoke a resolution was introduced advocating a reduction for the minimum tariff of 20 per cent on some of the present schedules. Mr. Wilbur F. Wakeman, the Secretary of the American Protective Tariff League, protested that such a law would put out of business industries supporting half a million workmen within ninety days. He appealed to every protectionist delegate to "vote against a proposition to tamper with the present tariff." At this a shout arose from the Western contingent that the present tariff was obviously unfair to the entire country west of the Mississippi, and the president of the National Association of Manufacturers asserted that eighty per cent of the members of that organization were heartily in favor of a reasonable tariff revision. In

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How to Stop Cost Leaks

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—How to make an inventory.
—How to figure "overhead" expense.
—How to systematize an entire factory or store.
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—How to apportion the right number of men to a specific job.
—How to decide between piecework, day wages and bonus systems.
—How the "trusts" reduce their costs to a minimum—how to apply their methods.
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—How to know every day all the little details that may turn into leaks and losses of time and money.

And chapter after chapter of priceless plans for practically every kind of business in which an accurate cost system is essential to money making success.

POULTRY AND GARDEN

Where the Money Is IN Poultry



You have heard of the Big Profits in the Poultry Business. If you would know how they are made, send two dimes for a copy of my book "Eggs, Broilers and Roasters." It gives the cost of production in all branches of the poultry business. It gives the market quotations week by week, averaged for three years. It shows when a chick hatched any week in the year could be marketed as a broiler or as a roasting chicken, and the profit it would make. It also tells of the profits of egg production, and how best to secure them.

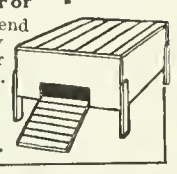
A copy of my Poultry Equipment Catalog will tell you all about my Model Incubators and Brooders. These machines are the greatest Hatchers and Artificial Mothers the world has seen. With these hatchers and rearers we raised over twenty thousand chickens the past season at the Model Farm—more than has ever been raised on any other farm in a season. We are raising 100,000 this season. Let me tell you about it.

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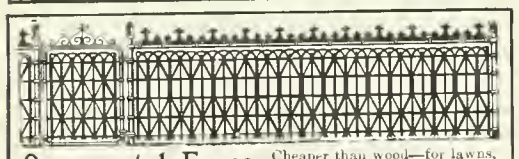


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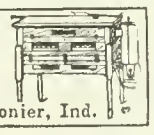
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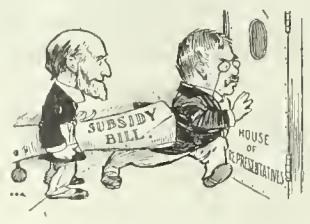
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if you ask for more in Washington it means a dollar added to your bill for the steak, and forty cents for the peas, and twenty cents for the pie. In Albion, Indiana, you can rent a house good enough for anybody for fifteen dollars a month. In Washington your Congressman living on his salary does not make the attempt, as a rule, to keep house, and if he did he would have to pay at least a hundred dollars a month for very modest quarters. In happy Albion there are no tips, and you can keep the good-will of the waitress at the best hotel at no greater cost than a little sparkling repartee. In Washington there is no burrow deep enough to shelter you from the pursuit of the upturned palm. Your tips alone in Washington would pay your board in Albion and leave enough over to buy a season ticket for the stereopticon lecture course at the Opera House and meet the demands of the collection box at church even on Missionary Sunday. And then the man who is saving money on $100 a month in Albion doesn't have to entertain constituents from Washington, but the Congressman who is losing money on $5,000 a year in Washington sometimes does have to entertain constituents from Albion. Albion people should not forget that.

A SAFETY TOUCHTOWN FOR SUBSIDIES



Nothing but mail and Naval Reserve payments left in the compromise Shipping bill

THE ship subsidy advocates in Congress have won a victory by submitting to a complete defeat. By some sharp manipulation on the part of Speaker Cannon, aided by the influence of the President and of Secretary Root, the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries has been induced to report what is called a subsidy bill. But it is really not a subsidy bill at all. It is simply a mail and Naval Reserve compensation bill. All the general travel subsidy and tonnage bounty features for which statesmen like Frye and Grosvenor have been fighting so many years have been cut out. The Treasury is not to be opened to the owners of tramp steamers and sailing vessels. The benefits of the new bill, which is a substitute for the one that passed the Senate at the last session, are definitely limited to mail lines on seven routes:

1. From the Atlantic Coast of the United States to Brazil, at not more than $300,000 a year for a monthly service or $600,000 for a fortnightly service.

2. A similar line to Argentina, at not more than $400,000 or $800,000 for a monthly or a fortnightly service respectively.

3. From the Gulf Coast to the Isthmus of Panama, at not more than $75,000 for a fortnightly or $150,000 for a weekly service.

4. From the Pacific Coast to Panama, Peru, and Chile, at not more than $300,000 for a monthly or $600,000 for a fortnightly service.

5. From the Pacific Coast via Hawaii to Japan, China, and the Philippines, at not more than $350,000 or $700,000 for a monthly or a fortnightly service.

6. A similar line at the same rates from the Pacific Coast north of Cape Mendocino to Japan, China, and the Philippines.

7. From the Pacific Coast via Hawaii and Samoa to Australasia, once in three weeks, at not more than $200,000 a year in addition to the amount paid under the present contract.

On all these routes the steamers are to make at least sixteen knots, except on the one from the Gulf to the Isthmus, on which the rate is to be not less than fourteen.

The bill furthermore provides for the enrollment of a force of not more than ten thousand officers and seamen who are to hold themselves subject to call for the naval service in time of war, in consideration of retainers, ranging from twenty-four dollars a year for seamen of the third class to one hundred and ten dollars for lieutenants.

The total payments to steamer lines on this bill, assuming only one line on each route, but that one drawing the maximum pay, would be only $3,550,000 a year. The Naval Reserve payments would not bring the total up to four millions. Yet even this modest measure is bitterly opposed, and its passage, even with the whole power of the Administration and the Speaker behind it, is not assured.

CRIMINAL LAWYERS



Legal ethics frankly expounded to a Bar Association by a great lawyer and a great citizen

THE State Bar Association of New York heard some plain truths at its meeting in Albany on January 16. The New York Bar Association is composed largely of lawyers whose prosperity has been won by showing capitalists of criminal instincts how to do criminal things without going to jail. Their activity is not confined to New York—when a shady financial *coup* is to be "pulled off" in Philadelphia, or Washington, or Chicago, a New York lawyer is often called in to hold the dark lantern. When the Bar Association met at Albany Governor Hughes welcomed it with an address in which he praised the ideal lawyer and incidentally remarked:

"This country has had lawyers to serve it in every public capacity. I want to say that it will be a sorry day for this country when the leaders of the American bar are to be deemed unqualified for public service. Such men ought never to take a retainer which arrays them in antagonism to the public interest. The lawyer must never forget his duties as a citizen. A man who engages in practise that involves such antagonism is a traitor to the interests of the people, and commits treason."

Governor Hughes knows from experience what a lawyer can do for the community if he prefers public service to tainted retainers. The lesson he impressed was repeated on the same occasion by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, who drew a gloomy picture of the decay of commercial morality in this

How to Become a Private Secretary

Young Men Who Have Received Appointments as Confidential Secretaries, and How it Was Done

STATESMEN, business men, bankers, railroad magnates and captains of industry draw from the ranks of stenographers for their private secretaries. A confidential man to a man of affairs holds one of the best positions in the business world, and is in close contact with people who can be of benefit to him.

Perhaps the youngest private secretary in the United States is Roy D. Bolton, who holds that position to the Comptroller of the Illinois Central Railway Company. Mr. Bolton is but eighteen years of age, and it is because of his ability as a stenographer that he has secured this desirable position. Another success in this line is Mr. W. J. Morey, who is private secretary to Joseph Leiter, the Chicago millionaire. Both these young men were educated in shorthand for these positions by the Success Shorthand School of Chicago and New York. It was after but seven months' study by correspondence, and with no previous knowledge of shorthand, that Ray Nyemaster, of Atalissa, Ia., received the appointment as private secretary to Congressman Dawson, of the Fourth Congressional District of Iowa. He was also a pupil of the Success Shorthand School. Edwin A. Ecke studied at his home at Auburndale, Wis., and within a month after completing his course was appointed private secretary to John F. Wallace, formerly chief engineer of the Panama canal.



EDWIN A. ECKE
Private Secretary to John F. Wallace, former chief engineer Panama canal



ROY D. BOLTON
Private Secretary to the Comptroller of I. C. Ry. Co.

No other school in the world can show so many successes in the shorthand world as the Success Shorthand School. Its graduates include private secretaries throughout the country, and also those who earn princely salaries as court reporters. The instructors are the most successful practical shorthand reporters in the world, having built up the greatest business in shorthand work. Schools are maintained in Chicago and New York where shorthand is taught to those who desire personal work and also by correspondence. Beginners are instructed in the most expert shorthand known, while stenographers are perfected for the most expert work.

If you are a young man or young woman, you should write at once to the Success Shorthand School for the handsome books, "Success Shorthand System" and "Evidences of Success," sent free on application. A written guaranty is given each pupil to return money in case of dissatisfaction. Write today. Your opportunity may come tomorrow. You can learn to become an expert stenographer by home study. These books will tell you how to become an expert writer and will show you what others have done. Address either school, The Success Shorthand School, Suite 72, 79 Clark street, Chicago, or the eastern school, Success Shorthand School, Suite 72, 1416 Broadway, New York City. If a stenographer, state system and experience.

NOTE.—W. L. James and Robert F. Rose edit and publish THE SHORTHAND WRITER, the most instructive, inspiring and interesting shorthand publication ever printed. Price $2 a year. Send 25 cents for three months' trial subscription. Address THE SHORTHAND WRITER, 79 Clark street, Chicago.

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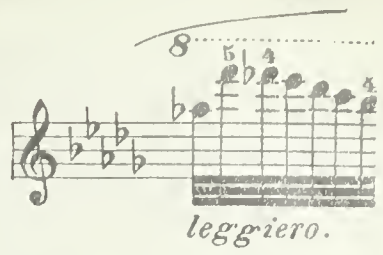
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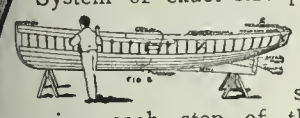
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country, and laid much of the blame upon corrupt lawyers. There were men, he freely admitted, even among the counsel of great corporations and combinations of corporations, who were "not only of the most eminent in their profession, but of the loftiest and noblest men in the country." But—

"There is another element at the bar who for greed and gain have done incalculable injury to the public. Those men, whom I might term the personal counsel of the class of cormorants who devour the public, who by their shrewdness and ability keep their clients outside of the walls of the penitentiaries, and have enabled them to guide themselves so astutely as to appear to the outer world the victims of hostile criticism—I wish to say that in my judgment it is this class of counsel on whom more than any other rests the responsibility for injuring the public and degrading the bar by the very means which the law contemplated to benefit the former and lift up the latter."

Per contra, Chancellor Day of Syracuse University has come again to the defense of the corporations that hire these "cormorants."

TO FIGHT THE SALTON SEA



The disastrous effects of too much irrigation in the Colorado Desert

THE attempts of man to improve upon nature have brought about results in Southern California with which even two such potentates as President Roosevelt and President Harriman have not yet been able to cope. The former President felt impelled to send a special message to Congress urging the necessity for an appropriation to bring the Colorado River under control. In this communication he indulged in some very plain language concerning the part played by Mr. Harriman's California Development Company in bringing about the creation of the ever-advancing Salton Sea.

The President remarks that there appears to be at the present time "only one agency equal to the task of controlling the river, viz., the Southern Pacific Company, with its transportation facilities, its equipment, and control of the California Development Company and subsidiary companies." He thinks that the only thing to do is to let the Southern Pacific continue its work of closing the break and restoring the river to its proper channel, the United States then taking charge, making the protective works permanent and providing for their maintenance. He would have the Government do this by adopting a new and comprehensive scheme of development for all the irrigable land upon the Colorado River, with storage arrangements at the head waters. Unless this is done, not only will millions of dollars' worth of property in the Imperial Valley be submerged and thousands of settlers driven from their homes, but the Laguna Dam now being built by the Government will be destroyed, and the upper valley lands will be deprived of water, the "great Yuma bridge will go down, and approximately seven hundred thousand acres of land as fertile as the Nile Valley will be left in a desert condition"—that is to say, nearly three times as much as is now under cultivation in Southern California.

BROWNSVILLE, THE INTERMINABLE



It has kept the Senate busy most of the session and protected the endangered trusts

THE question of the rights or wrongs of the colored soldiers dismissed from the Twenty-fifth Infantry on account of the Brownsville affray has been completely lost to sight in the tangle of politics that has grown up around it. Senator Foraker's resolution providing for a simple investigation into the facts had been before the Senate for a long time, affording endless opportunities for talk, as well as for embarrassing the President and obstructing legislation against vested interests. Senator Lodge tried to flank Foraker by offering an amendment that would have committed the Senate in advance to a recognition of the President's constitutional right to act as he did. He soon saw that this would not work, and then both Republican factions agreed upon a compromise resolution, which was called a "modification" of Foraker's original resolution, by which the investigation was to be explicitly limited to the facts in the case, entirely ignoring the constitutional question. Everything seemed lovely on the Republican side when Senator Blackburn, the Democratic leader, threw a bomb in the form of an amendment providing that the investigation should be undertaken "without questioning or denying the legal right of the President to discharge without honor enlisted men from the Army of the United States." To vote for this would be to defeat the whole purpose of Senator Foraker and his anti-Administration allies; to vote against it would put them in a little more open attitude of hostility to the President than they wished to appear in at that stage of the proceedings.

Mr. Aldrich tried to head off the Democrats by threatening an investigation of the general treatment of colored troops in the South, which might be expected to open up the whole race question, including the possibility of reducing the representation of the Southern States in Congress, but they declined to take alarm. The President was begged to avert a split in the party by telling his friends that he had no objection to their voting against the Blackburn amendment, but he was unmoved, and intimated that if there had to be a party split he wanted the bigger half on his side. A complete Republican smash-up was threatened, but at last the opposition capitulated and Mr. Foraker agreed to a further "modification" of his amendment by which it was provided that the investigation into the facts of the Brownsville "affray" should be "without questioning the legality or justice of any act of the President in relation thereto." All hands, even the Democrats, professed themselves satisfied with this.

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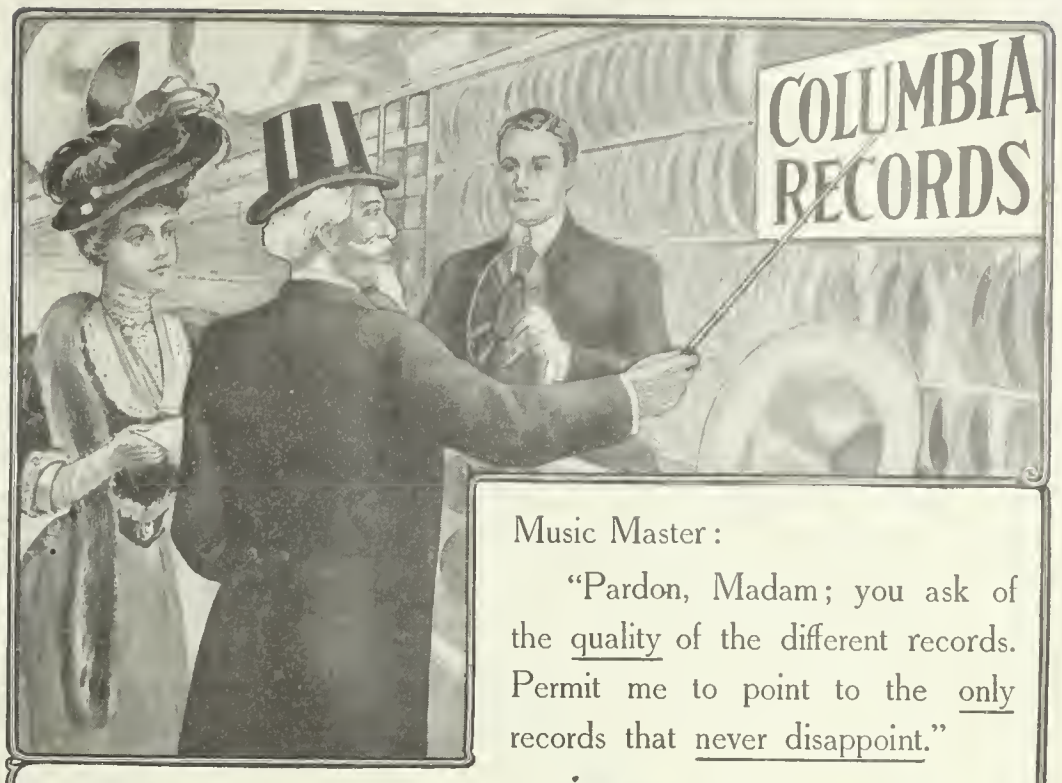
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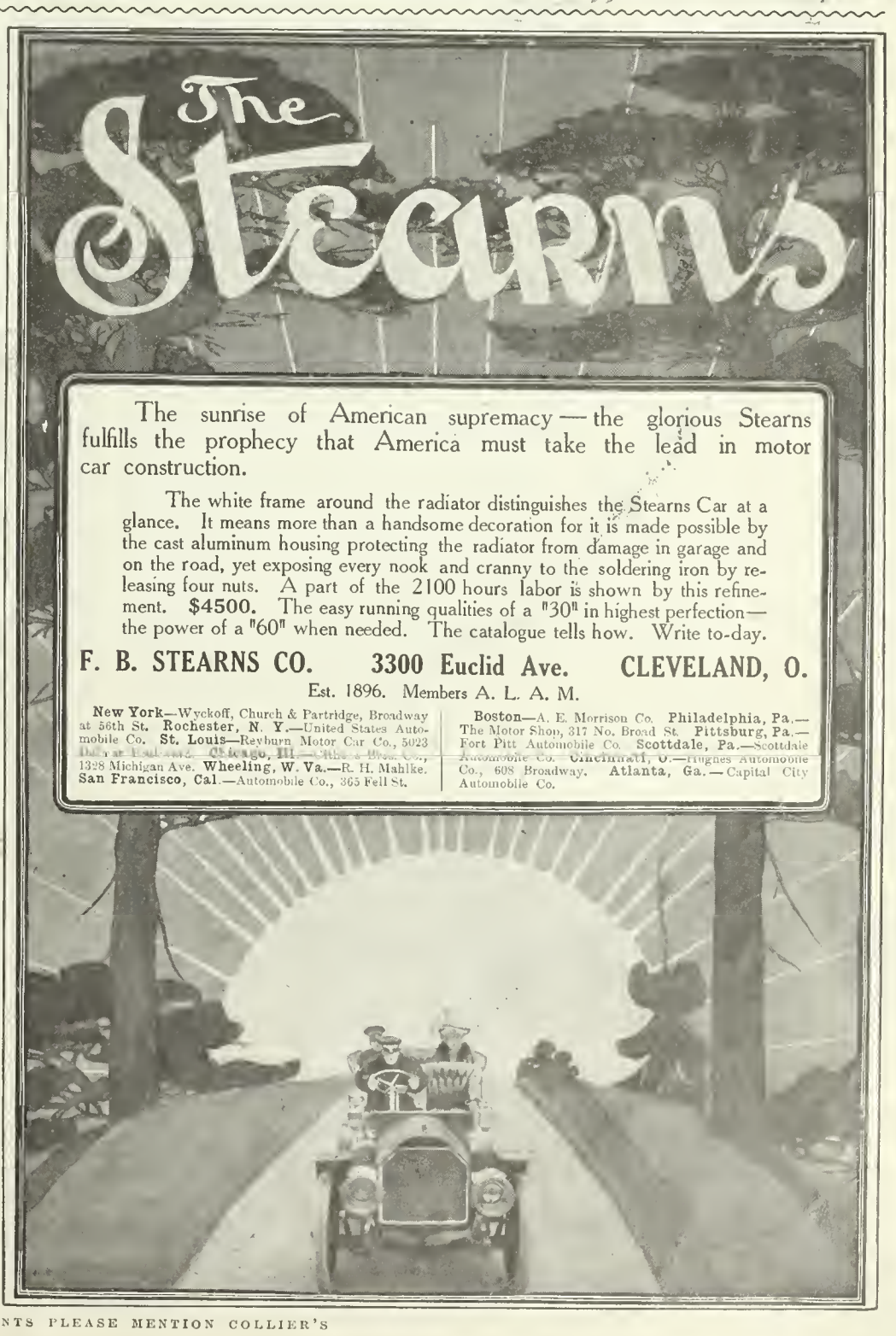
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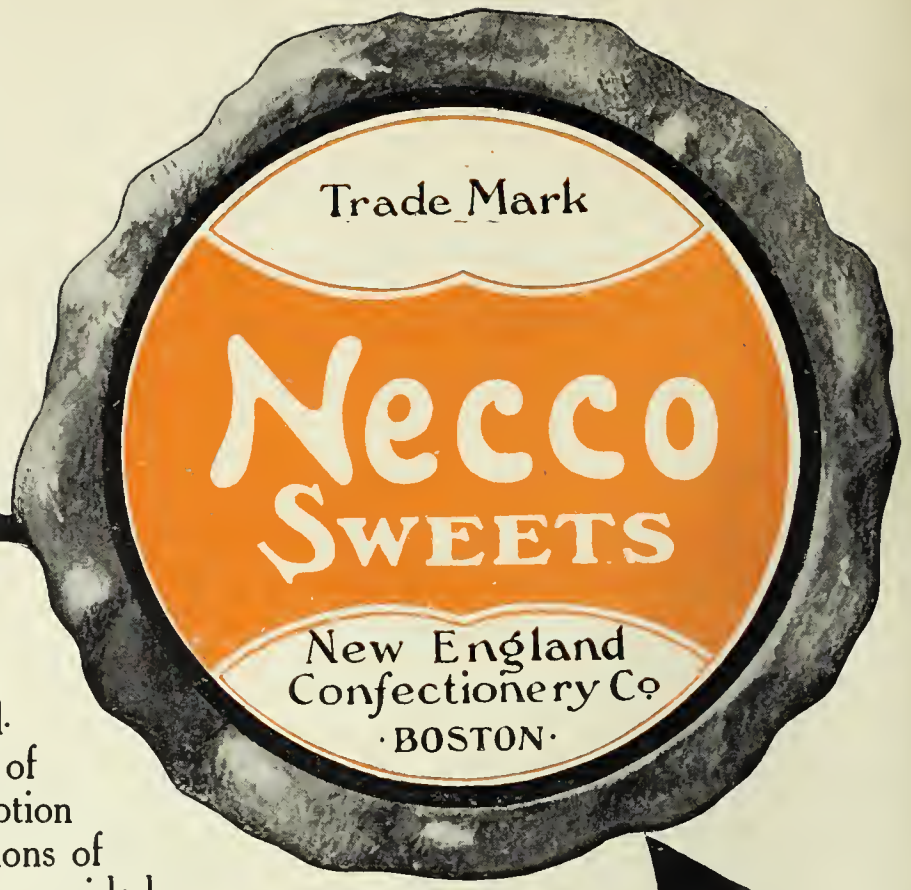
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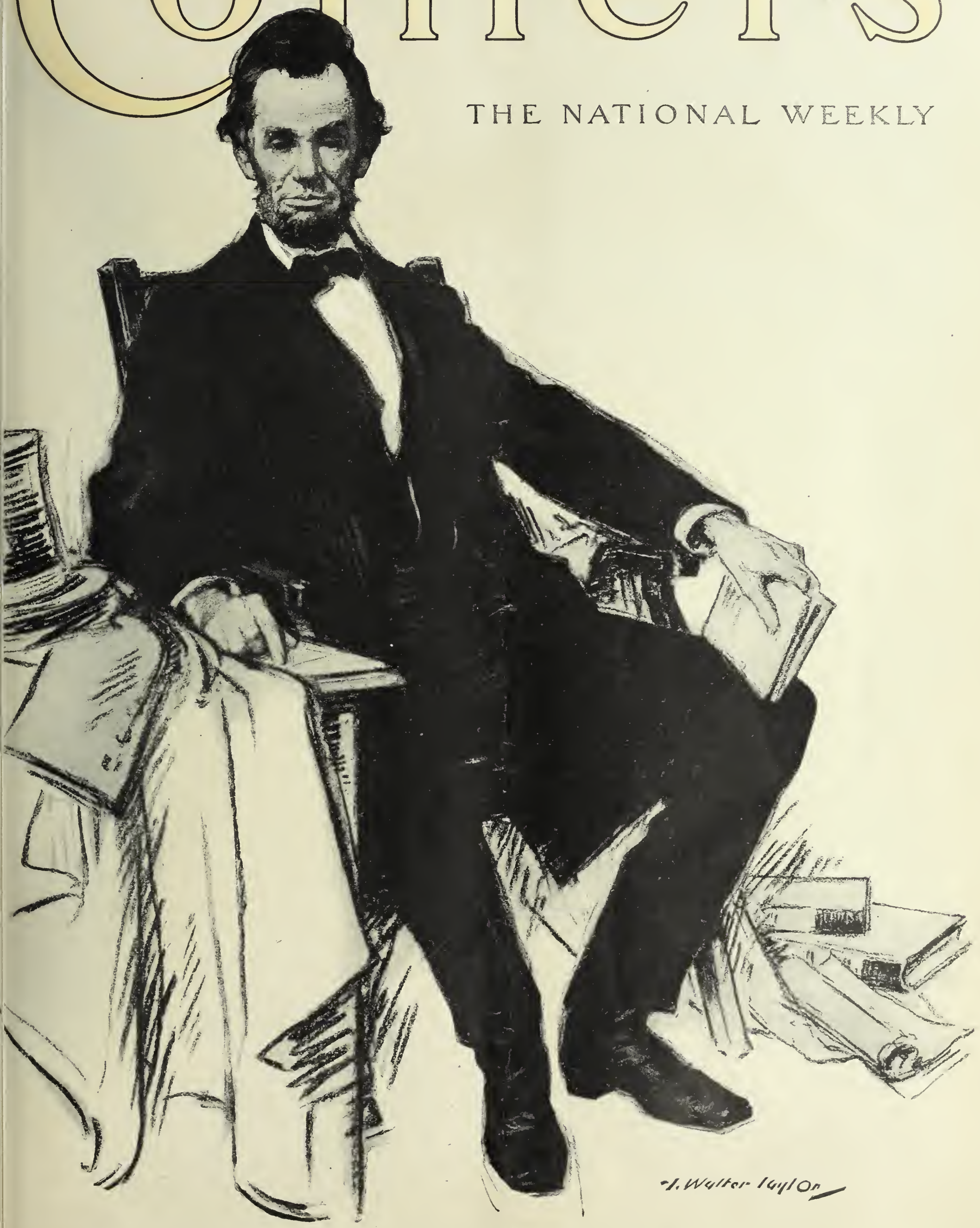
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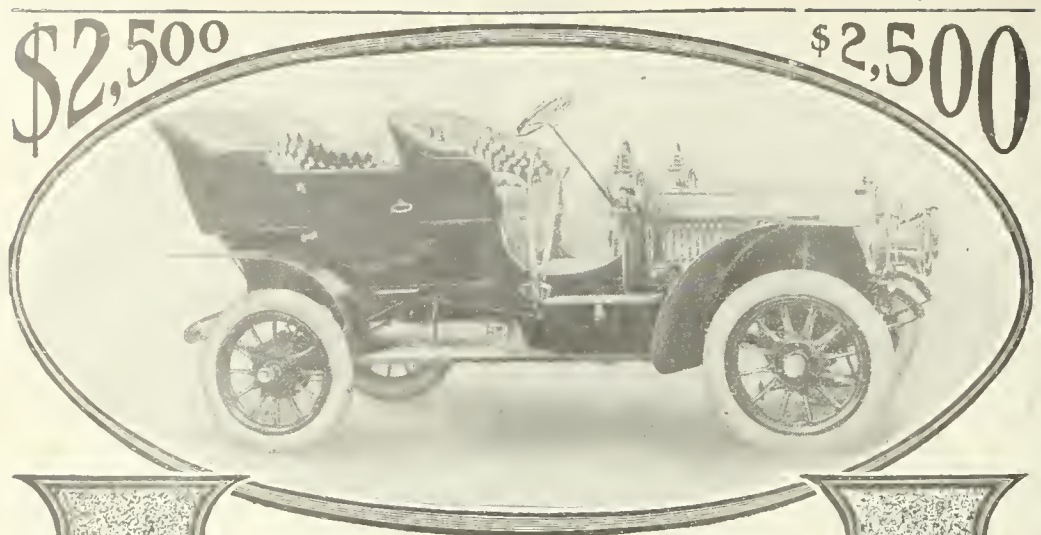


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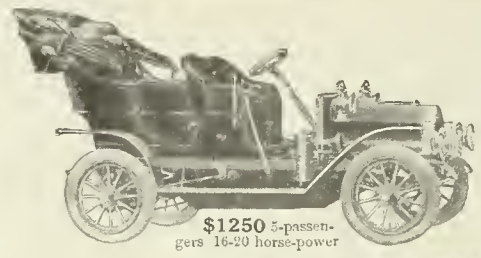
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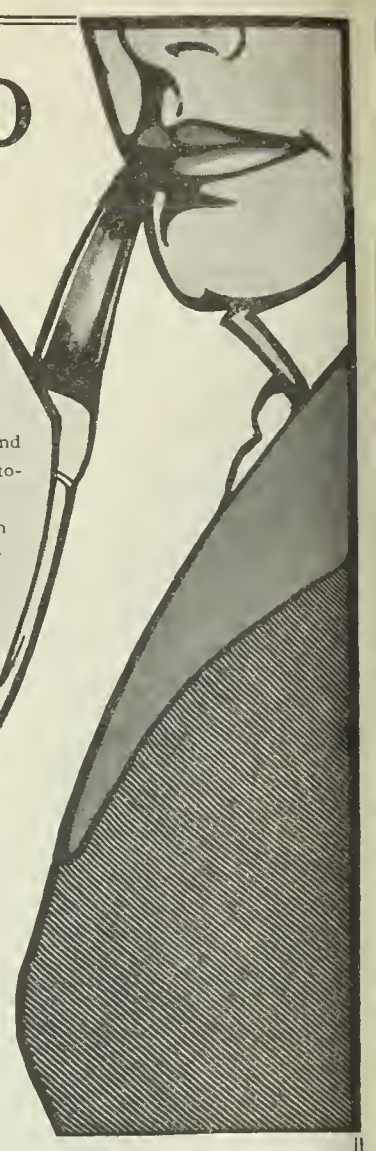
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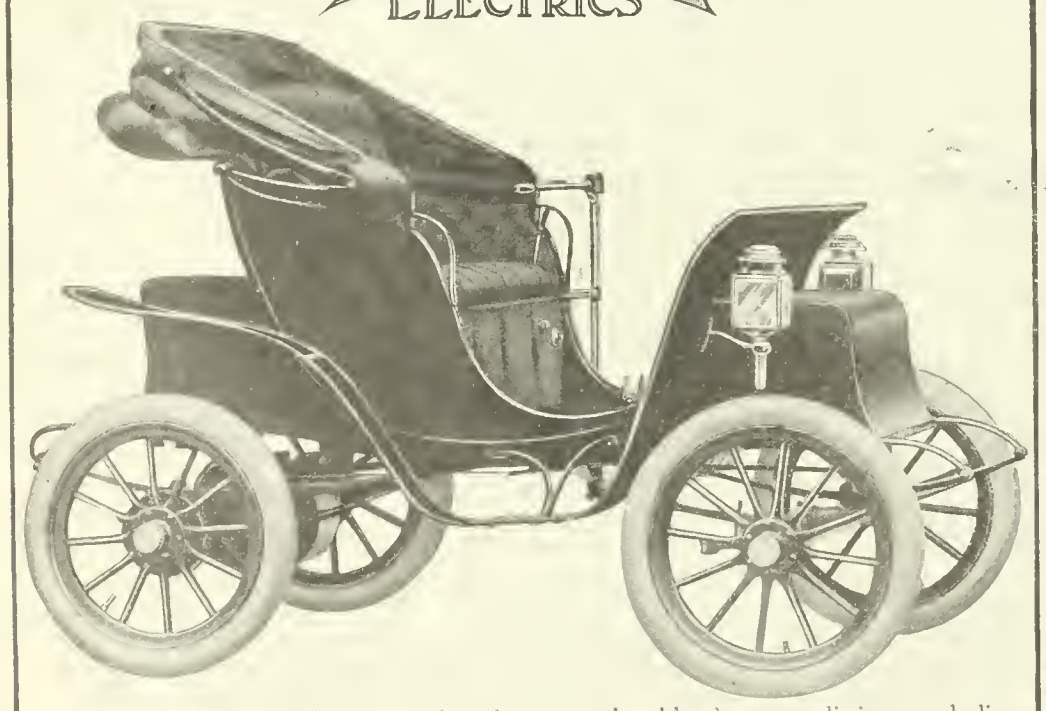
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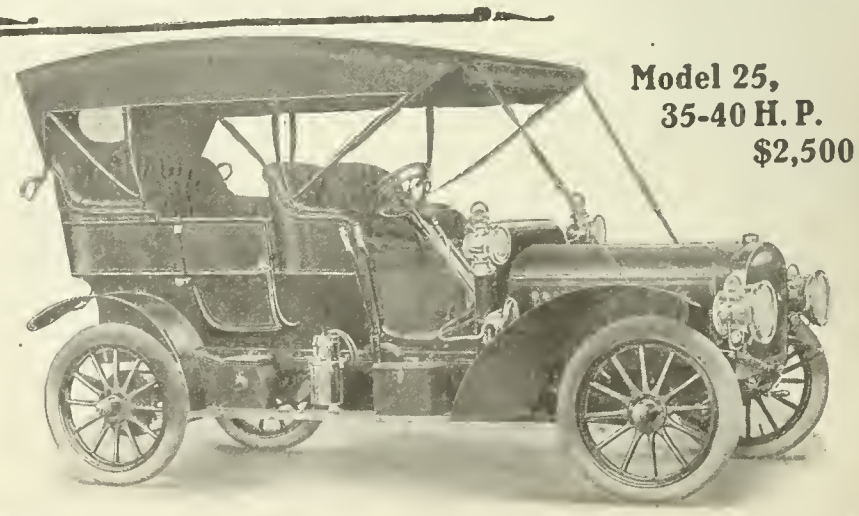
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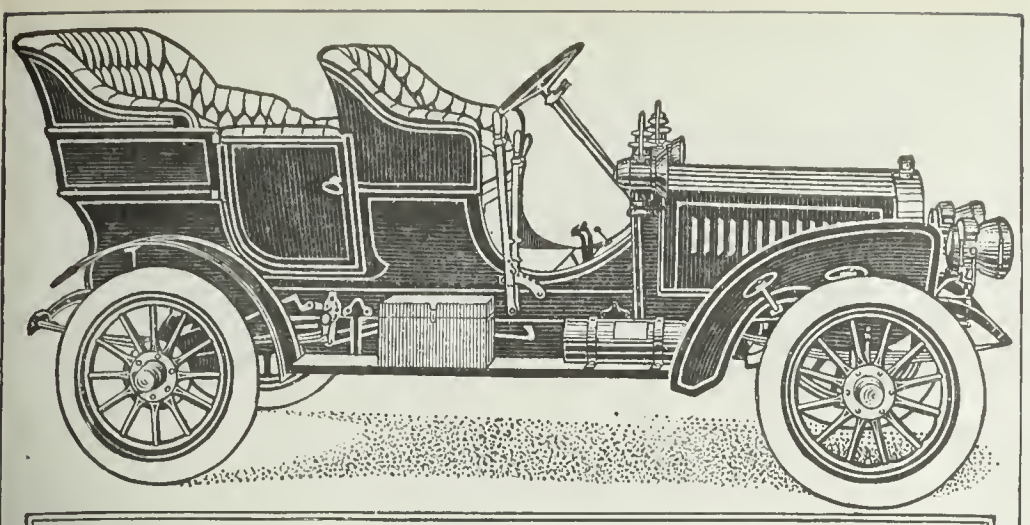
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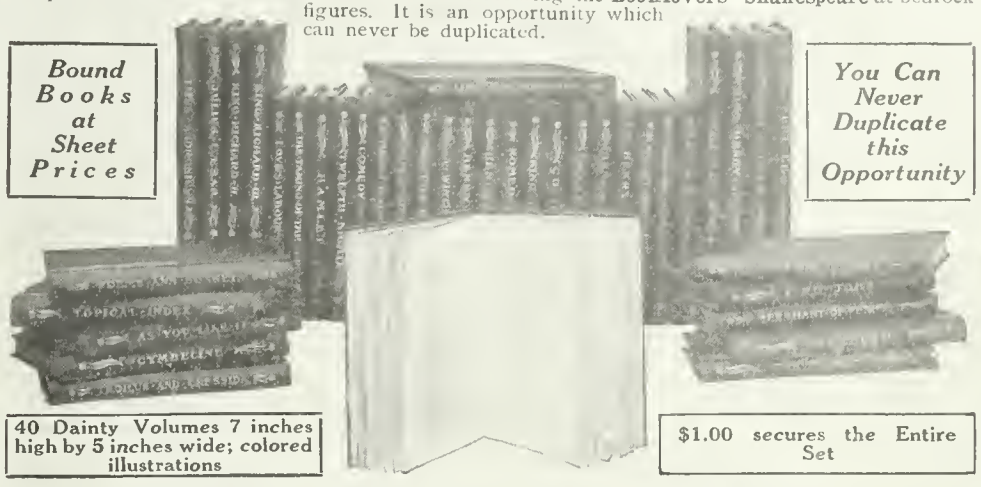
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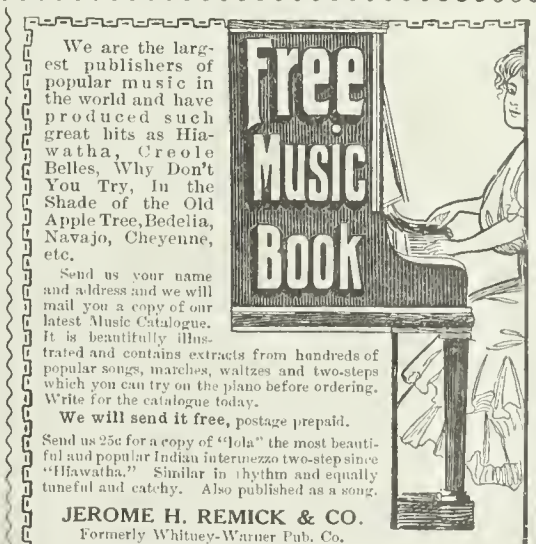
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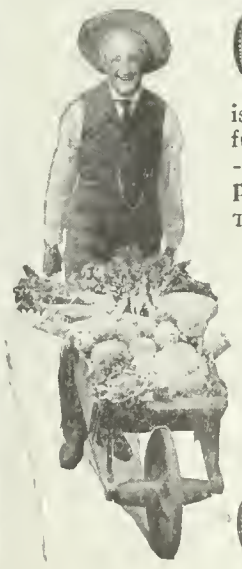
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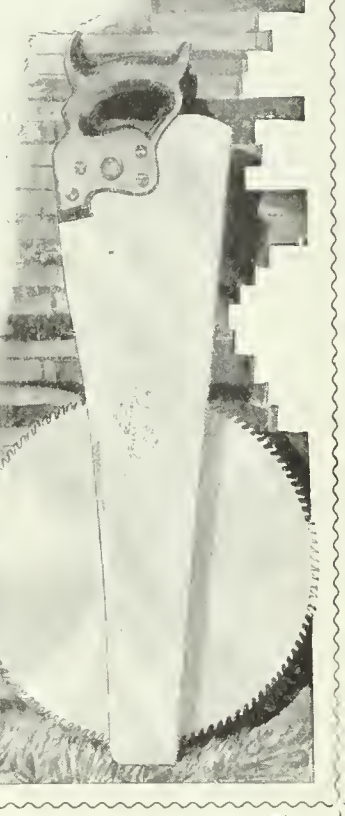
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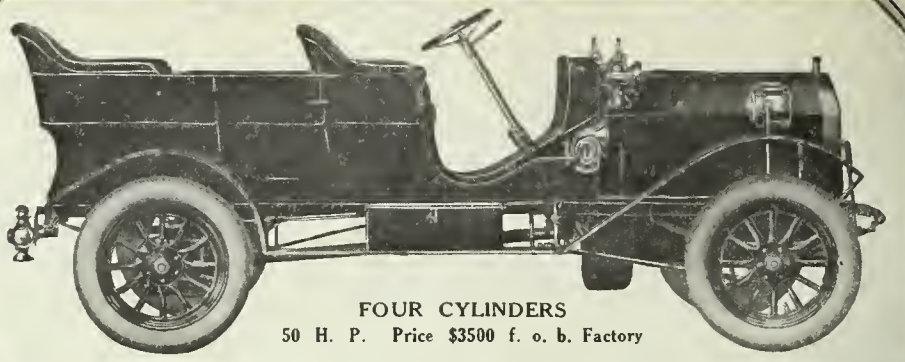
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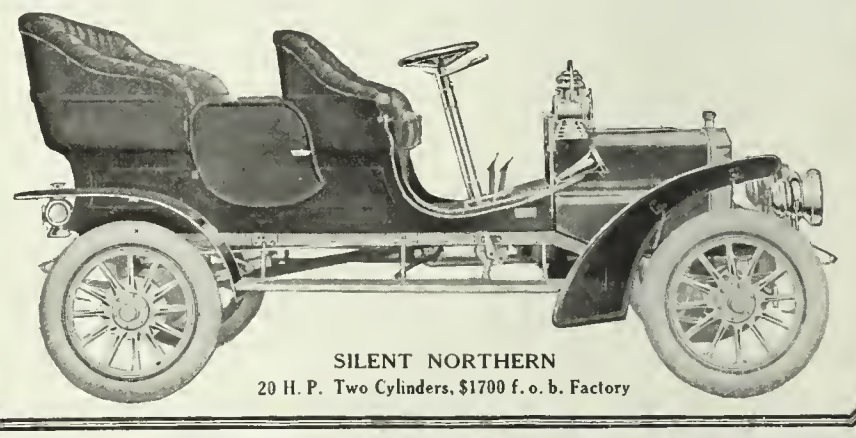
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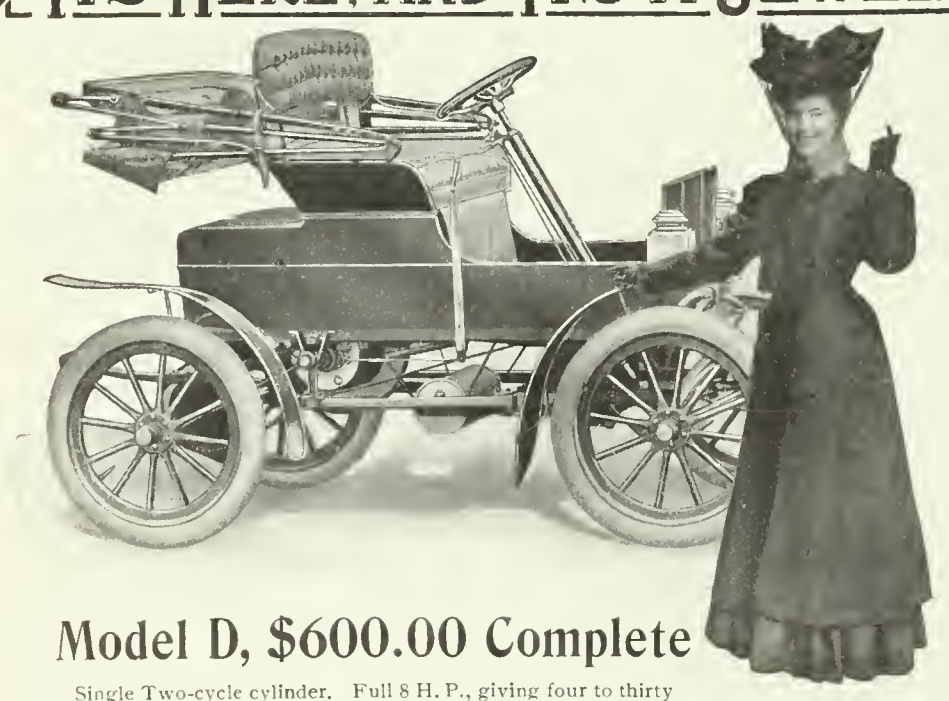
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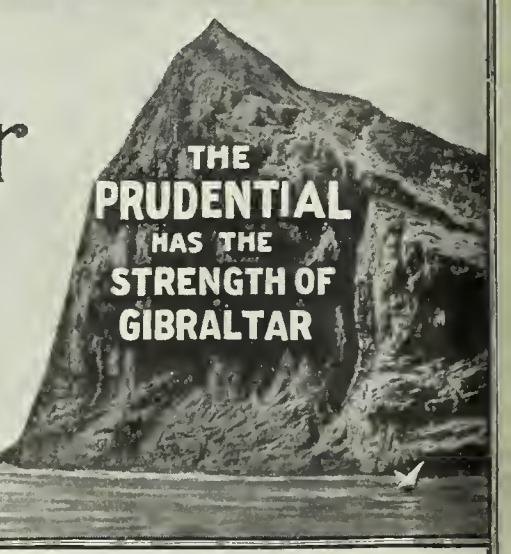
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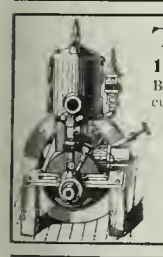
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1907

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STOKES' Standard Seeds. Every grower of vegetables and flowers should write for my "Different Kind of Seed Catalogue." Illustrations are photographic reproductions of specimens just as they grew on my trial grounds. Stokes' Seed Store, Dept. N, 219 Market St., Philadelphia.

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AGENTS. Sliding Furniture Shoe, pat'd Aug. 7, 1906. Sells in every home and hotels. Cannot wear holes in carpets nor mar the finest floors—all casters do. Big profits. Write for special offer. Fair Mfg. Co., 331 Fifth St., Racine, Wis.

MEN, WOMEN OR SCHOOL GRADUATES can enter into an independent business by taking orders for Hyman's Natural Toffee, 5c. Half the price, twice the quality. Address Hyman's, 147 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS make big money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Write to-day for a free sample and full particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 66 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS. Portraits 35c, frames 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-152 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED. Insurance. Tea and Coffee Solicitors, Canvassers, anyone earning less than $50.00 weekly wake up. Our attractive soap and toilet article combinations with valuable premiums sell for 35c. Cost agent 10c. to 15c. Sample prepaid 35c. One agent sold 66 boxes first day, profit $13.20. Crew Managers wanted. Davis Soap Co., 22 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

DO NOT ANSWER THIS UNLESS YOU MEAN BUSINESS. Send 25c. for sample and offer. Will extend credit to reliable and worthy agents. Address The King Mfg. Co., 1 Washington St., Room 31, Boston, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE solicited for sale of workmen's leather gloves and gauntlets. All territory in United States west of Chicago; small towns especially. Write Continental Glove Co., Duquesne Way, Pittsburg, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED. Soap men; finest milled soaps; greatest variety; handsomest package; largest assortment of premiums; lowest prices; write for the Truth About Soap and you can make more money; we pay the freight. Thayer & Co., Soapmakers, Desk 4, Thirty-third and Shields Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED. Special Agents and squad managers for the State of Ohio. Salary $25.00 per week and expenses. Can make $50.00 per week. Saunders Company, Desk N., Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

DEAF OR HARD OF HEARING persons find lip reading simple, easy, practical; oral or mail; terms easy. Bank and other references throughout the U. S. Address C. L. Lipmann, P. O. Drawer 2618, Boston.

ARCHITECTS BUILDING MATERIALS

GOING TO BUILD? Send stamp for particulars or 50c. for handsome book of California Bungalows. Most cosy and inexpensive of America's homes. R. N. Lamberth & Co., Dept. 10, Los Angeles, Cal.

BUILDERS. I will make itemized list of all materials in your house for $1 to $5. May save you hundreds. Send heavy blue-prints by express, light ones by mail. Frank McLean, Contractor, Box 6, Charlotte, N. C.

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FRESH FISH. Have a Perch Fry. Treat your friends. Lake Perch, "The sweetest fish that swims," skinned and dressed, headless, ready for the pan, no further trouble to prepare for cooking. Solid meat, no waste. 8 lb. basket, $1.00—5 lb. basket, 75c., express prepaid. No shipments made to points south of the Ohio River. Wisconsin Fishing Company, Green Bay, Wis.

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1000 POST CARDS $6.00; 500, $4.00. Made to order from any photo or print with your imprint on each as publisher. Workmanship guaranteed. Goods delivered within 10 days. Rich Photo Process Co., Dept. A, 28 East 23d St., New York.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

HAVE YOU EVER ADMIRED ONE OF COLLIER'S COLORED PICTURES? Have you ever wished that you had a copy to hang on your wall? Probably we have a print of that very picture all ready for you to frame. Send 10 cents for a catalogue with 160 miniature reproductions of Collier's best pictures. C. W. Stevens Co., 410 West 13th St., New York City.

"BEAUTY IS POWER," and you should know how beauty may be cultivated and retained under almost any condition. A beautiful woman can always charm and entertain. My booklet tells you many helpful things. It's free. Mme. Des Rochers, Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

LOOKING BACKWARD at men who have greatly lived is ever one of the strengthening privileges of those coming after. Those who have risen to high occasions become the models of the future. And no better model has been set before a country, in all history, than those with which America is blessed. Among the leaders most eminent in the story of our continent LINCOLN more than any other is called upon in reference to the deeds and principles of our day. What LINCOLN by supposition would have done is an allegation that ever carries weight; and this is because he stands to every mind for wisdom, charity, and devotion; for no party, no section, no ambition; for all that meant virtue, measure, and reality; for nothing that meant egotism, noise, cruelty, or haste. "A great man," said the eloquent JEREMY, "is affable in his converse, generous in his temper, and equally removed from the extremes of servility and pride." And another philosopher calls him greatest who is most resolutely right, calmest in storms, and cheeriest under the heaviest burden. This, indeed, is another and a nobler view than the one which pays tribute to

LINCOLN IN 1907

"the greatest chief
That ever peopled hell with heroes."

It is a view of greatness which grows stronger with the freeing of mankind. It is a view to which the appreciation of LINCOLN is largely due. His was a spirit of morality. It was humble. He saw this little world by the landmarks of eternity. LINCOLN'S poetry and humanity of vision equaled his clear thrust of mind; they are part of that image which lives in the heart of man.

LINCOLN'S FARM will be dedicated to the public in 1909. Those acres on which the child ABRAHAM first saw the day will be turned over to the nation just one hundred years from the time when he was born. The preparation of this tract for its memorial purpose might have been accomplished by a few men, or one, who happened to have wealth. It is far more fitting that it should be accomplished by the men and women and children of all our States, and we invite especially the participation of those from whom a quarter of one dollar is a mighty gift. And let these silver pieces come from Maine and California, from South Carolina and from Louisiana.

IN MEMORY

"May one who fought in honor for the South
Uncovered stand and sing by LINCOLN'S grave?"

He was of the South as much as of the North; of the East as of the West; of to-day as of the period in which his body lived. His childhood home, tended and visited by his people, will be an expression of our affection and a monument forever to the services which he was permitted in sorrow and devotion to perform.

THE JOURNALIST, poor dear, is usually conceived of by his compeers as MACAULAY conceived of BROUGHAM: "a kind of semi-Solomon, half-knowing everything, from the cedar to the hyssop." In contact with every shade of opinion all the time, a genial skepticism about the absolute is his natural mood. It is characteristically American also, this freedom from certainty, and has been often expressed by the most American of her poets, by EMERSON in one way, by WHITMAN in another. Says WALT:

APROPOS OF NOTHING

"Maybe the things I perceive, the animals, plants, men, hills, shining and flowing waters,
The skies of day and night, colors, densities, forms, maybe these are (as doubtless they are) only apparitions, and the real something has yet to be known."

All this may seem remote from the topics of the day, but even in journalism there exists the human soul, which loves to stretch itself occasionally, and strut about, and flap its wings. Hence this irrelevant declaration that writers may be fallible, not only individually, but even in their awful entity. Indeed, anybody who disagrees with us on any point has only to read this paragraph with attention, and peace should be restored to him.

OF A BILL introduced into the New Jersey Assembly by ARCHIBALD S. ALEXANDER, the title, now complicated, would be more definite and full of meaning thus: "An act to provide for the return of goods stolen from the policy-holders of the Prudential Insurance Company." The original bill was a "sneak," passed in 1880, which took away from the policy-holders of the Prudential their right to vote, and vested in the stockholders that control over the surplus which Mr. DRYDEN and his friends have used to their great enrichment. Mr. ALEXANDER'S bill, should it become a law, would simply restore to the policy-holders their charter right to vote. It would not, unhappily, restore to them the millions which the DRYDENS and the WARDS have taken from the surplus. Let every New Jersey policy-holder in the Prudential keep a vigilant eye on this bill. An amiable Speaker has already started it on the way to somnolence by referring it to the Committee on Banking and Insurance, notorious for its habit of serving DRYDEN and the Prudential alone. But the Prudential policy-holders can get the bill before the House for a hearing if each will write to his Assemblyman. An active fight on this bill would give Uncle JOHN something to occupy his mind in odd moments, when he is not busy earning either his $65,000 salary from the Prudential or his $5,000 salary from the United States.

STOLEN GOODS

SHONTS GOES; STEVENS remains. SHONTS, railroad promoter and manipulator, with his thoughts naturally running on the stock-market; STEVENS, engineer, professional enthusiast, his thoughts running on excavation, track-laying, and problems of construction. It is no secret that these two men of wholly different types did not get on well together. The workers in rain and sun looked on SHONTS when he came to the Isthmus as the curious native of out-of-way places views the occasional tourist; STEVENS, with his Grant-like doggedness and his Lincolnian way of telling a story to ease a situation or to make a point, was going and coming among them every day. Other engineers may question whether or not STEVENS is a great engineer, but in the way he turned demoralized battalions into a confident army and brought order out of chaos he showed the qualities of leadership which a crisis or a mighty enterprise requires. With the plant established, the need of more than a purchasing agency at home has passed. What a Cabinet position was to friend MORTON the chairmanship of the Isthmian Canal Commission was to THEODORE SHONTS. Both passed on to the "higher up" of their lexicon. The "higher up" of STEVENS'S lexicon is to finish the job on this line if he has to remain through ten all-the-year-round equatorial summers. Affairs which are professional and expert the public must trust mainly to an expert. On STEVENS'S shoulders the responsibility for success or failure is now squarely placed. The guerdon of success will be enduring fame. There were but two continents to cut; and DE LESSEPS cut the other.

STEVENS IN COMMAND

"I REPEAT," screams LAWSON, "I reiterate," "I advise unqualifiedly," "as President of Trinity and as an individual"—I, the man who exposed life insurance, the confounder and confuser of the System, I, LAWSON—"I advise unqualifiedly the purchase of Trinity at any figure below 65." And hundreds of

persons have drawn their accumulation from the savings banks and bought. LAWSON is the prince of advertisers. The widely exploited philanthropy of Frenzied Finance is reaping its harvest. Certain laws of nature say that where there is a buyer there must also be a seller. These savings-banks lambs know not who was the man they bought from. Their purchase was made through a broker on an impersonal exchange invented to conceal such details. They do not know, and never think to inquire, who is the skeptic so disdainful of LAWSON'S frenzied advice as to sell his Trinity before it reaches 65, before, indeed, it reaches 40. Could the seller be TOM himself? Perish the thought! Yet the fact that LAWSON is the president and chief stockholder of Trinity sticks unpleasingly in the most lofty and unsuspecting mind. Also, Trinity is a copper mine that does not produce copper; and its entire staff of employees is a $10,090-a-year superintendent and two $3-a-day watchmen, one by day and one by night, faithful and vigilant in the duty of keeping people out of the mine, the while TOM waves them grandly in, to the stock.

SLEIGHT OF HAND

STOCK-MARKET intricacies are not for mind so guileless as ours; but even our brain lingers over LAWSON'S further proclamation: "Buy Amalgamated. Buy it quick. It's on its way to 150. Buy it. Buy it quick." How long ago is it since those flaming advertisements read: "Sell your stock now, before it is too late. Bear in mind, when Amalgamated sells at 33, I have warned you"? Which time were you telling the truth, TOM? And whom are you working for now? There would be more humor in this narrative if there were less tragedy. Those advertisements would not be printed if they were not profitable; and they would not be profitable unless there were many of simple faith who believed "Frenzied Finance" utterly and look upon the author as a deliverer. LAWSON has generous emotions. Does he ever recall this letter that came to him in the mails one morning?—"You will observe by the postmark . . . my present . . . residence. You probably knew that before, as the press has had much to say about me of late. I trust you . . . are satisfied . . . when you observe the hell you have caused others. . . . When I first wrote you about the Amalgamated stock, I was an honest, prosperous man. . . . I had never committed a crime. . . . Relying upon what you said publicly, . . . I committed acts which I now know to my everlasting sorrow I should not have committed. . . . The rest is the old story. My wife and children are disgraced and oppressed with poverty, and I am serving a five years' sentence . . . buoyed up only with the hope that I may live to face you . . . that you may see the wreck you have wrought." It is a desperate game you play, old friend, with human hearts and souls as counters, with credulity and misery as twin necessities in the show. You big gamblers have fun and make money, but, ah, gentlemen, the wretchedness you cause!

HOT AND COLD

A NATION UNEQUALED in diplomacy, by giving us a San Francisco school problem, may have had in mind the solution of problems of its own nearer home. The Chinese elephant is not responding as readily to the little Japanese *mahout* as Westerners suppose. China has the same object in employing Japanese teachers as Japan had in employing European teachers forty years ago: to arm herself mentally and physically for self-defense against outside meddling. Although she lacks Japan's solidarity for applying the knowledge gained, her statesmen are quick observers, as alert in setting two strong neighbors one against the other as ABDUL HAMID of distressing memory. To them Tokyo's ambitions are not more philanthropic than Berlin's. When the outside world sees a generous Japan returning the Newchwang customs to the Chinese before the expiration of the eighteen months' provision of the Portsmouth Treaty in April, the Dowager Empress, who was not born yesterday, might drop an eyelid over the fact that Newchwang is a closed port through the winter months. The Japanese swarming across the straits are making Korea the advance ground for migration across the borders, where Japanese traders, peasants, and adventurers, taking the law into their hands, are traveling and settling wherever they please. Hitherto an open port in China has meant simply that a foreigner might reside in one section of the town itself. In the opening of the new ports of Manchuria the Japanese demand the right of free residence and travel, which is a blow at the heart of China's ancient policy.

THINK OF THIS

AMERICAN EXPORTS to Manchuria, a serious factor to our Southern cotton mills, exceed those of any other country. JOHN HAY had them in mind. The Japanese manufacturer aims to replace our product with his. Whereas the Russian went with a military escort and a brass band and settled down to ease and his samovar, the Japanese wears rubber-soled shoes and sets the roots of a permanent trade interest into the soil. As the spoils of war the victors have taken over whatsoever concessions the Russians had received. Many were granted by local officials without authority of the Peking Government, which refuses to recognize them. While Europe talks of the "yellow peril" and Continental nations continue in practise to glare across their borders, friction seems inevitable between the Chinese and the Japanese, who are far less alike than the French and the Germans. The open-door policy, now carried a step farther, means plenty of room for the Japanese to enter. Surely no American or Canadian emigrants are to compete with them. If our Pacific Coast will not permit the overcrowded Japanese to migrate eastward, shall we play dog in the manger to the westward? When China turns to Russia and France and Germany for support, Japan turns to an America desiring a permanent treaty solution of the San Francisco school question, and to an England desiring relief from an embarrassing position between titular and natural ally. Those who think of Japan's increased military and naval strength as directed against the small vantage point of the Philippines forget her rich, unwieldy neighbor. A headless China, following the death of the Dowager Empress, may mean a China in convulsion. Japan proposes to be ready for any emergency; yes, and for any military opportunity.

A LOOK AHEAD

TO BE A SPARTAN in Congress requires ingenuity. Merely rising to protest against the increase of members' pay has ceased to make a dramatic impression, because the public is beginning to see that the pay of Representatives and Senators is too low to satisfy the men the country needs at Washington. A better method has been devised by a group of Representatives who have solemnly protested against voting the annual appropriation for the support of the Government Indian school at Carlisle. These careful guardians have decided that Carlisle, with its 1,025 enrolled students, its excellent band, and its formidable football team, is a luxury. Carlisle graduates are enervated by their training. The young red brother and sister should be taught to plant beans, hoe corn, repeat the alphabet, and count to a hundred. The rest is vanity. Besides, Carlisle is too far away from the reservations to make the education it offers most effective. How seriously can these arguments be taken? We unfold the advertising bulletin of a Florida university and read that prospective students may enjoy summer recreations throughout the winter, "and one may hear the singing of mocking-birds, and welcome the south wind blowing up warm from the Gulf or ocean laden with salt air or the odors of the pine woods." What is sauce for the goose is not likely to kill the gander. Carlisle is the Indian school least deserving to be closed.

WATCHDOGS

"IF WE COVET to enjoy great riches and delights," said HERMANNUS KIRCHNERUS to His Fellow Academicks at Marpurg, "and desire to be beautified with these so singular ornaments of learning, we must needs undertake forraine journeyes." The advice of the Noble Scholler is no less pertinent in 1907 than it was in 1593. In this season of migration no Northern trunk is checked to a Southern station without bringing to someone breadth of view. To many it is a first break from harness. Self imposed duty may have kept them at home. A certain pair, on a belated silver-wedding voyage around the world, worried all the way, despite reassuring cables. When they returned it was to find a son improving the business which the father had established and to find a daughter's children thriving without a grandmother.

TRAVEL

Then the two "happy old fools," as they announced themselves after the revelation, started out again; and most likely are going yet. If you have the money for a trip proposed, however long or short, your indispensability in office or house will probably be cheerfully and altogether disproved.

FEDERAL LAW prohibits lottery gambling in this country, despite the fact that Harvard, Yale, and Princeton once profited by it. Government licenses lotteries in Germany, Austria, Italy, Mexico, Honduras, and other countries. Is it wonderful that in our immigrant population are many purchasers of tickets? Possibly, also, native Americans do their share. The Louisiana Lottery Company, banished to Honduras, still sells in the United States not less than $200,000 of tickets for its monthly drawings. The German and Austrian land lotteries, the Mexican National, and possibly a score of others, more or less authorized and more or less supervised by foreign states, have agents here, and the total annual traffic reaches many millions. The punishment for dealing in lottery tickets is severe. The transmission of tickets or drawing lists through the mail is a crime, but the business goes on, among the causes being the shrewdness of the agents, the willingness of express companies to connive at illegal shipments, and the eagerness of the public for this kind of gambling. Printed lottery tickets and plates are found in possession of a great printing house, but prosecution fails when the firm proves that it was merely filling an order. Customs officers at Mobile, Tampa, and other ports seize a consignment of $500,000 in tickets. The lottery company cancels the issue and puts out a new set; and entire suppression of the evil seems far away.

LOTTERIES

THE PRESS HAS MORE LICENSE than its freedom demands or its conscience deserves. Who ever saw a retraction in a newspaper? Who ever saw a paragraph to the effect that Mr. X——, whom yesterday we slaughtered, turns out, on investigation of the facts, to be an upright citizen? The press, doing its work under ten-hour pressure, acts as if it were as accurate as Brooks's Elementary Arithmetic. The journalistic policy, as a matter of office routine, of turning every protest, without an editorial consideration, immediately over to the office libel lawyer, to wait the years which must elapse before it reaches its place on the court calendar, constitutes an immoral and malevolent relation between a human being and his oppressor. It is said to be "good business"; but might not a more generous policy appeal to a sufficient number to be "good business" also?

A NEW PLAN

SCORNING MODERN CIVILIZATION, the "Lancet" has cast an eye of ruthless reform upon the harmful, unnecessary Broom. It must go! It is the picnic-ground of bacteria, a rendezvous for bacilli where germ calls unto microbe and a thousand diseases frisk among the straws. Put one straw of any well-used broom under the microscope, and you will behold a revel of life which resembles Broadway on election night. If not brooms, what? Shovels? Impractical. Feather dusters? Fatal. What then? Vacuum removers! Simple yet comprehensive. Every laborer's hut shall be provided with one of these patent dust-absorbers, the Municipal Dust Bin shall turn on the steam and the microbes shall be sucked into the vortex of eternity.

BESOMS

FROM

LINCOLN'S GRAVE

Read by Maurice Thompson, once a Confederate soldier, at a Harvard Phi Beta Kappa reunion

HE was the Southern mother leaning forth,
At dead of night to hear the cannon roar,
Beseeching God to turn the cruel North
And break it that her son might come once more;
He was New England's maiden, pale and pure,
Whose gallant lover fell on Shiloh's plain;
He was the mangled body of the dead;
He writhing did endure
Wounds and disfigurement and racking pain,
Gangrene and amputation, all things dread.

He was the North, the South, the East, the West,
The thrall, the master, all of us in one;
There was no section that he held the best;
His love shone as impartial as the sun;
And so revenge appealed to him in vain,
He smiled at it, as at a thing forlorn,
And gently put it from him, rose and stood
A moment's space in pain,
Remembering the prairies and the corn
And the glad voices of the field and wood.

WHILE THE HALO is cut from the sainted broom, a Berlin professor of anatomy promises miracles of patchwork upon the human body. Dr. POSNER of Berlin University is the Luther Burbank of surgery. The time is coming—not yet but imminent—when any union surgeon in good standing will be able to graft an artificial arm or leg on the human body. "In the future," says Dr. POSNER in the learned "Gartenlaube," "surgeons will find no difficulty in attaching a beheaded head to the trunk, provided the operation is carried out expeditiously enough." This idea of harmless decapitation arouses infinite conjecture. There are too many rich men with poor heads, light heads, unsatisfactory heads. What a relief it will be, for a fee of one million marks per capita, to be able to exchange one's head for the sensible poll of some wholesome peasant who, for his part, would rather have money than brains! And what a chance for Madame Peacock, when her beauty fades, to effect a change of head with dimpled Mary Smith, her serving maid: except that no woman created in the image of EVE would trade a pretty head, though the transfer fee were all the stocks of Goldfield.

HARMLESS

PUZZLED AND UNHAPPY children all over this broad land grind weary hours away multiplying by 3.1416. By the time lost with this perplexing decimal, children are held back a year from graduating. Explaining it, thousands of teachers waste tens of thousands of hours. Bookkeepers, statisticians, accountants, put millions of dollars' worth of time into it. Greater than its drink bill is the nation's 3.1416 bill. "Wherefore, be it resolved," ran the records of the Brother Jasper Debating Society, "that henceforth and hereafter the circumference of a circle be 3 times and not 3.1416 times its diameter." To the Power, who, at one bound, plucked the thorns from the spelling-book—and scratched them in again—we commend this matter. He will make it right.

EXTRAVAGANCE

WHO IS THE MOST ENVIED and bediamonded among men? The hotel clerk. Who runs away with our heiresses? The hotel clerk. Who gets the straightest tips on the stock market? The hotel clerk. Whose pride goeth not before destruction, and whose glory is never dimmed? The hotel clerk's. So runs the accepted catechism. Now, a truth-seeker in Chicago rises to say that the average hotel clerk's chance in life is a trifle less than nothing. He can't marry, for he is compelled to live in the hotel, and his wages won't pay his wife's board. Even as a bachelor he finds it hard to save money. When he reaches the age limit—not a high one—he is displaced by a young man There are then three things for him. He may become night clerk in a country hotel, a job that he rose from years before; he may be put in charge of a check-room, and look to tips for most of his pay; or he may try to get other work, using up his savings meanwhile, and end his life in the almshouse. Not a cheering conception, and practically useless to the humorist.

HOTEL CLERKS

THE RUINED CITY

Effects of earthquake and fire on the houses in the business section of Kingston, Jamaica



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRANDENBURG

Looking up Luke Lane, Kingston, the morning after the earthquake and fire. In the street may be seen the charred remains of many wagons and carts. It was the burning of these which greatly impeded the removal of the dead and the salvage of stores from the warehouses

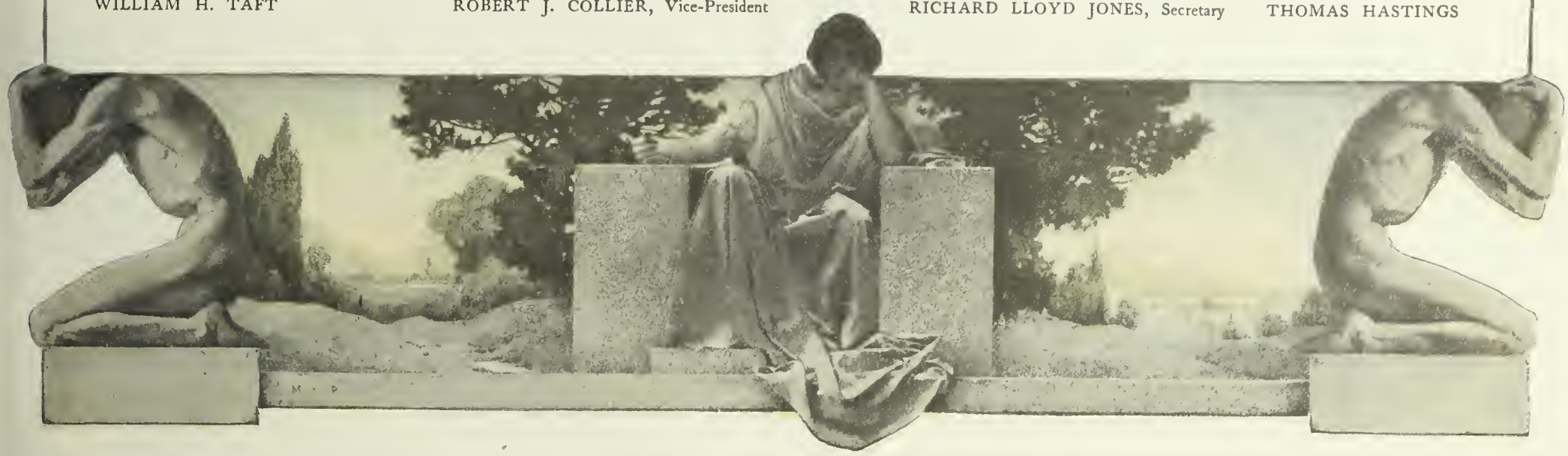
(*See page 21*)

THE LINCOLN FARM ASSOCIATION

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JOSEPH H. CHOATE — LYMAN J. GAGE — AUGUST BELMONT — EDWARD M. SHEPARD — JENKIN LLOYD JONES
HENRY WATTERSON — NORMAN HAPGOOD — WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME — IDA M. TARBELL — CHARLES A. TOWNE
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS — HORACE PORTER — SAMUEL L. CLEMENS — CARDINAL GIBBONS — ALBERT SHAW
WILLIAM H. TAFT — ROBERT J. COLLIER, Vice-President — RICHARD LLOYD JONES, Secretary — THOMAS HASTINGS



SINCE that strong yeoman pioneer, Thomas Lincoln, moved his family across the Ohio into the almost unbroken wilderness of Indiana, the little farm in the heart of Kentucky on which Abraham Lincoln was born has been left in a state of neglect. Since the days when little Abraham played around the cabin door near the famous rock spring that lies in the centre of the one hundred and ten acres which his father claimed, this historic ground has been transferred by title but three times. A year ago last August this "little model farm that raised a Man" was placed on sale at auction on the court-house steps at Hodgenville, the neighboring town, to free it from the entanglement of a protracted litigation between a private estate and that of a religious society that had tried to acquire it. At the time the Commonwealth of Kentucky directed this public sale it was discovered that this historic spot was coveted by at least two large mercantile establishments, both of which were planning to exploit it for commercial ends. To prevent this, and believing that this birthplace of the "First American" should forever belong to the American people, one of the publishers of COLLIER'S bought the farm under the auctioneer's hammer, and at once interested a group of representative American citizens in forming a national association for the preservation of this ground.

This group of citizens, acting as a self-appointed board of trustees, organized the Lincoln Farm Association, which was promptly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. The title to the Lincoln birthplace farm was transferred to this association, and the program for enlarging the membership of the society was at once begun.

Rather than make it possible for a few men of great wealth to contribute large sums to the development of this national shrine it was decided to receive into membership in the society any one who contributed to the general fund of the association as small a sum as twenty-five cents, and to limit all contributions to twenty-five dollars—thus making the great memorial to Lincoln represent the tributes of all the people, whom he loved and served, and not that of a privileged few.

Endorsed by Statesmen

THE purpose and plans of this new patriotic society that was to make this Kentucky farm, almost in the centre of population of the United States, a worthy companion of Mt. Vernon in the affections of our countrymen were placed before the President of the United States and his Cabinet, one of whom was one of the organizers of the society. All gave it most enthusiastic and hearty support. The scheme was then laid before members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, Governors of States, men of letters everywhere, and educators of national fame. With their unqualified endorsement, a year ago this week the Lincoln Farm Association, through the pages of some of the most prominent weekly and monthly publications and the newspapers throughout the country, appealed to the American public for members. The response was immediate and generous. Subscriptions came in from every State in the Union—North

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and South, East and West. To every subscriber the Association issued a handsomely steel-engraved certificate of membership, bearing a portrait of Lincoln, a picture of the log cabin in which he was born, the White House as it appeared when he occupied it, the autographs of all the officers and trustees, and the seal of the Association. The names of these members are filed in card catalogues and classified by States. When the list of members has been completed and the constructive work of the Association has culminated in the centenary of February 12, 1909, this list will be preserved and guarded in the Historical Museum, which will have been erected on the farm, as the honor roll that built the Lincoln Farm Memorial.

During the year the trustees of the Association have placed the farm under the personal charge of a competent caretaker, who lives on the ground. They have sent Mr. Jules Guérin and Mr. Guy Lowell, two of America's foremost landscape architects, to survey the ground and plan its development, and they have purchased the cabin in which Lincoln was born from the speculators who took it from the little knoll where it originally stood and exploited it as a side-show at various fairs and international expositions. This cabin was found stored in a cellar at College Point, on Long Island, New York. The Pennsylvania Railroad provided a special car, which Mr. John Wanamaker decorated with flags and the national colors. The Governor of Kentucky sent to New York a special squad of State militiamen to escort the old weatherworn logs, Lincoln's old Kentucky home, back to its native soil. Its ride to Louisville is historic. It rested a day under military guard at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Altoona, Pittsburg, Columbus, and Indianapolis. Thousands of citizens came to see and begged the privilege of touching the sacred pile. Mayors of cities and Governors of States paid eloquent tribute to the rude timbers that first sheltered the sad humorist of the Sangamon. And when at last the special train that bore it, brilliant in red, white, and blue, crossed the Ohio into its native border State it was met at the Louisville depot with martial music and military honors. It was carted through the city's streets and placed in the city's park, where Colonel Henry Watterson and Adlai E. Stevenson, former Vice-President of the United States, made the formal orations welcoming back to its native soil the cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born.

The most cordial cooperation has been pledged by many of the surviving commanding generals of the Confederate Army, and the Grand Army of the Republic has officially endorsed the work of the Association, and empowered its commander-in-chief to call upon its upwards of six thousand posts to lend their aid in giving publicity to the work and to enlisting all patriotic citizens as members of the Association.

On the 12th day of February, 1909, the nation will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth. On that day the Lincoln Farm Association will dedicate the birthplace farm to the American people. The principal address will be made by President Roosevelt, and the nation's most distinguished representatives, North and South, will take part in this dedication and centennial celebration. No national park within our vast domain can emphasize our national ideals and our abiding union as will this birthplace farm.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

December 11, 1906.

My dear Mr. Collier:

I gladly accept your invitation on behalf of the Lincoln Farm Association to make an address on the farm, and at the log cabin itself in which Lincoln was born, on February 12, 1909; the one-hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, and therefore one of the most significant events in American history. As Mark Twain has well said, this little farm is "the little farm that raised a Man;" and I count myself fortunate that it has happened to me to be able as President to accept the invitation to make the address at such a place on such an occasion.

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mr. Robert J. Collier,
Chairman Executive Committee,
The Lincoln Farm Association,
74 Broadway, New York.

The Lincoln Centenary

IT will symbolize to our posterity the strong heroism that left the New England hills and the fertile valleys of Virginia, self-sufficient in their needs, to hew a nation out of a wilderness. It lies in the neutral State that in our great crisis was torn by its loyalty to all the stars on the flag. It will forever be a monument to our union rather than to our lamentable differences—and it will be the most signal tribute ever paid by the American people to the nation's greatest servant in its hour of greatest need. Is it not a cause worthy of the cooperation and aid of every living soul who is proud to be an American? If this be so, the Board of Trustees invites you most cordially to join the Association by sending to its treasurer, Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, at 74 Broadway, New York, any sum from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, and they urge you to invite your friends to join. It is to the American people that the Board of Trustees must appeal. By 1909 the Lincoln Farm Association should have a membership of half a million loyal Americans. If the American people will themselves make this possible, the Lincoln centenary will be, indeed, one of the most significant events in the nation's history.



A BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN DOUGLAS AND LINCOLN AT OTTAWA, ILLINOIS

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

ON FRIDAY the 20th of August, 1858, every turnpike, cross-road, and country lane leading to Ottawa, Illinois, was alive with travelers journeying on horseback, in wagons, and afoot, under clouds of dust and a burning summer sun. All sorts and conditions of conveyances were included in the straggling processions. Here a clumsy hay cart lumbered forward, its merry crowd of young straw riders laughing and singing as they bumped along over the ill-made roads; here a canvas-covered ship of the desert jolted its solemn family party, children's faces staring from its cavernous entrance, and a stovepipe protruding from its roof; here a couple of short-legged urchins, innocent of shoes or stockings, proudly bestrode a shaggy old farm horse, guiding it by a bit of rope tied loosely around its neck; here a market wagon loaded with men and provisions towed a buggy accommodating the women and babies of the farm; and here, there, and everywhere trudged dusty men and barefoot boys and girls, converging from all points of the compass toward the county seat of La Salle County.

Ottawa was better prepared than most of the Circuit towns for such an invasion, for the sessions of the Supreme Court were held there twice a year, when all the countryside made it a market, but the limits of its hospitality were soon reached, and long before the vanguard of the approaching army arrived upon the scene its accommodations for visitors had been completely exhausted.

Waiting for the Fight

BUT if the inhabitants of Ottawa were at all alarmed at the prospect of having to provide for the advancing hosts, their fears were soon relieved. One by one the wagons drew off on the prairie as they approached the town, groups of pedestrians congregated about them, and by nightfall the sky was lit up by their campfires, the smell of cooking mingling with the smoke. It was a good-natured, friendly crowd that occupied the bluffs and spread itself over the fields, greetings were exchanged, hospitality proffered, provisions shared, and wherever two or three were gathered together the subject of conversation was the coming struggle between the Big and the Little Giant, for Douglas and Lincoln were matched to meet in debate the next day.

For months Illinois had been watching the rival Senatorial candidates fighting at long range, but no one except a few lawyers who had witnessed their occasional contests in the courts had seen them pitted against each other, and the prospective meeting had aroused unprecedented interest and no little speculation as to its result. To the enthusiastic adherents of Douglas the outcome was not in doubt. No one, in their opinion, compared with the little Judge, who had proved himself more than a match for the ablest Senators in Washington, and it was their belief that it would not take him long to "chaw up Abe Lincoln or anybody like him." The partizans of Lincoln were not without misgivings for their favorite, but they put on a bold front, retorting that the Little Giant would find that he had bitten off more than he could "chaw" by the following evening, and the fact that he had not been overanxious to accept the challenge of his opponent lent force to their assertions.

The first light of dawn on Saturday morning showed picketed horses grazing at the limits of their tethers, kitchen utensils piled around the smoldering fires, men and boys sleeping out in the open or under improvised shelters and women resting inside the hay carts, buggies, and emigrant wagons. Before the sun had fairly risen, however, the campers were astir. Newcomers could be seen approaching in distant clouds of dust, and before long the advance guard of the invaders began pouring into the town.

In the centre of the public square stood the Circuit Court-house.

The Douglas procession, over a mile long and headed by the best band, met the Democratic candidate and escorted him to the Geiger House, his advent being announced by a roaring salute from two brass twelve-pounders in the centre of the town; and shortly after twelve o'clock a special train of seventeen cars arrived from Chicago, Joliet, and the surrounding country, its passengers and the waiting crowds joining in a tumult of cheers for Lincoln, behind whose gaily decorated carriage they formed a noisy escort to the residence of the Mayor. From that hour the streets were almost impassable, the rival processions came to a standstill, and the bands wedged in the crowd blared defiantly at each other. Almost more interesting than the paraders with their flags and banners were the pedlers and fakers who fought their way in and out of the throng, shouting their bargains and displaying wares the like of which many of the country folk had never seen before, and at which they stared in fascinated wonder.

Only a small proportion of this mighty assemblage could by any possibility hope to hear the speakers. Meanwhile something very like a free fight was going on, for the speakers' platform, having been carelessly left unguarded, had been stormed by the audience and the Reception Committee was vainly striving to regain possession. Again and again the intruders were ejected, but others swooped down upon the stand every time it was cleared. Finally some of the more adventurous invaders clambered to the roof and, dislodging



some of the boards, let them down on the heads of the officials, and this brought matters to a climax, for the marshal, who had been galloping about the town all morning, organized a guard which restored order.

On the platform chairs sat the members of the reception committees, the chairman, the moderators, and the reporters, among whom were Robert R. Hitt, official stenographer for the Chicago "Press and Tribune"; Horace White, representing the same paper; Chester P. Dewey, of the New York "Evening Post"; Henry Villard, of the New York "Staats-Zeitung," and Messrs. Binmore and Sheridan of the Chicago "Times."

Douglas Was Defiant

IT was half past two in the afternoon before a great shout announced the arrival of the champions, and a short, stout, but powerfully built man forced his way through the crowd and, stepping to the edge of the platform, bowed gracefully to the cheering multitudes. There was confidence in every line of Douglas's strong, clear-cut, clean-shaven face; confidence and complete self-possession in his every movement—confidence and determination in the glance he cast at his awkward rival, who, accompanied by his host, Mayor Glover, and the Congressional candidate, Owen Lovejoy, clumsily acknowledged the genuine burst of acclamation which greeted his appearance.

No time was wasted in introducing the speakers. Neither of them required such a formality, and yet it is improbable that a majority of the spectators had ever seen either man before. Certainly Lincoln was not personally well known to many men in Illinois outside of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and Douglas had spent far more time in Washington than he had in his own State during the last six years, while the population was increasing by leaps and bounds. Douglas's reputation was, however, national in its scope—every one knew his record—while Lincoln was comparatively unknown. Such were the advantages and disadvantages of the combatants as Douglas rose and, with a brief reference to the vast audience confronting him, plunged at once into an argument attacking Lincoln and the Black Republicans as Abolitionists in disguise. Almost from his opening words the speaker assumed an air of superiority, stating his facts in a convincingly authoritative tone and belittling his adversary's political pretensions and generally treating him with such marked condescension that many of Lincoln's friends, watching his dark, homely, care-worn face, began to fear that he had displayed more courage than wisdom in courting comparison with so brilliant a rival. Douglas was not slow to press his advantage, and, encouraged by the laughter of his auditors, he proceeded to attack his opponent's doctrines.

Douglas's Great Mistake

"LET me read a part of them," he continued contemptuously. "In his speech at Springfield to the convention which nominated him for the Senate, Lincoln said: '*A House divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not endure permanently half Slave and half Free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the House to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the pubtic mind shall rest in the belief that it is the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become lawful for all the States—old as well as new—North as well as South.*'"

The words were scarcely uttered before a spontaneous burst of cheering rent the air, swelling to a mighty shout of approval and admiration from thousands of lusty lungs.

For a moment Douglas stood disconcerted by the unwelcome demonstration, but, almost immediately recovering his self-possession, he savagely attacked the interrupters.

"I am delighted to hear you Black Republicans!" he roared. "I have no doubt that doctrine expresses your sentiments, and I will prove to you now that it is revolutionary and destructive of this Government!"

From that moment, however, the orator changed his tactics, indulging in no further personal comments and devoting himself to serious argument and pointed questions until he again fixed the attention of his hearers and, regaining his confidence and good temper, closed his speech to a burst of well-earned cheering.

Then Lincoln slowly rose from his chair and faced the expectant multitude, presenting a contrast to his opponent almost as painful as it was apparent. His long, lank figure was clothed in garments as rusty and ill-fitting as the Judge's were fresh and well made. His coarse, black hair was disheveled, his sad, anxious face displayed no confidence, his posture was an ungainly stoop, his manner was dejection itself. For a moment he gazed over the audience as though at a loss for words, and when at last he began speaking another disappointment chilled his supporters' hopes. His voice was unpleasantly high pitched, penetrating, and almost shrill, and his opening sentences, commonplace enough in themselves, were uttered hesitatingly, as though he were groping for words. Finally he took a note-book from his pocket and asked permission of the audience to read part of a printed speech he had made in 1854.

"Put on your specs!" called some one in the crowd, and the audience roared, expecting a smart reply. But no repartee came from the man whose reputation as a wit and a jester was supposedly assured.

"Yes, sir, I am obliged to do so," he responded gravely. "I am no longer a young man."

The disappointment of the speaker's friends was plainly visible, but even as they strove to conceal their embarrassment their champion began to retrieve himself. Still speaking slowly, but with gathering energy, he gradually straightened to his full height, his voice lost something of its rasp and gained in volume and quality, his eyes





brightened, his face became more animated, his gestures freer, and his words commenced to flow more easily. Little by little the hopes of his supporters revived and all signs of restlessness disappeared, the audience listening silently and with growing interest, for Lincoln's voice, carrying much further than his opponent's, reached the very outskirts of the crowd. Those who had come expecting to be amused by anecdotes had reason to feel aggrieved, however, for no funny stories or drolleries of any kind fell from the speaker's lips, yet the vast assemblage listened quietly to every word he spoke. It was no sudden burst of eloquence or any trick of declamation which won that tribute of respectful silence, and yet the man was eloquent with his earnest sincerity, his simple logic, his clear analysis, his orderly presentment of intelligent argument. With steadily increasing force he spoke directly to those before him, his wonderful eyes seeking individuals in the crowd and holding them enthralled until each hearer felt himself the one distinguished and specially addressed. There was no escaping him; he appealed personally to all within sound of his voice, meeting his adversary's arguments with a clarity and simplicity of statement that all could grasp, until he dominated the audience, swaying it to his will. Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, he passed to his peroration, his sentences ringing out boldly and defiantly and arousing a tumult of cheering that died down only to burst out again, swelling to shout after shout of frenzied approbation as he closed.

With half an hour at his disposal for reply, Douglas struggled hard to stem this tide of popular approval and regain his lost advantage, but in vain. At the close of his rejoinder the audience applauded and then—as though by common consent—stormed the platform and carried his opponent off upon their shoulders, five thousand men struggling to share in the ovation.

Thus ended the first battle of the Giants, but six others remained to be fought. At Freeport, on August 27, before another mighty audience, Lincoln forced his opponent to answer the question which split the Democracy and shattered his hopes of the Presidency forever. By the time Jonesboro was reached, on September 15, Douglas had lost his jaunty confidence and began striking out right and left. At Charleston while Lincoln was speaking he could not keep his seat, but paced nervously up and down the platform behind his adversary, watch in hand. At Galesburg, on October 7, he was visibly alarmed and fighting hard. Meanwhile the contest upon which he had entered so light-heartedly was draining his purse and his strength. To pay for the special train which carried him about the State and to meet other heavy campaign expenses he was mortgaging his property and straining every nerve to keep his head above the dangerously rising tide. At Quincy he looked haggard and worn, and when at length the final contest took place at Alton, on October 15, his strength and nerves and money were exhausted.



Eight votes was the margin of his victory—a victory that cost him eighty thousand dollars and the Presidency, while Lincoln returned to the Eighth Circuit and the practise of the law with a total outlay of less than a thousand dollars and a national reputation, destined within two years to sweep all opponents from the field and to place him forever in the hearts of his countrymen as "The First American."

LINCOLN IN THE WAR OFFICE

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SECRET CIPHER OPERATOR UNDER SECRETARY STANTON

By ALBERT B. CHANDLER

I THINK those who personally knew Abraham Lincoln will never tire of thinking of him and talking about him. His kindly and unpretentious nature, and his plain, simple, and friendly ways and manners, as well as his absolute integrity of purpose and breadth of mind, so far in advance of his time, more and more command the admiration, veneration, and affection of all those whose privilege it was to know him while he lived—and of those, too, who did not know him, but who have learned most concerning his career as a citizen, and as a politician of the highest type, and as President of our beloved country during the period of its greatest peril. In the midst of difficulties and dangers that comparatively few realized at the time, and which threatened the distruction of the government, his rare wisdom and surpassing skill and diplomacy are more and more clearly revealed as the years go by.

I was one of three cipher operators, in Military Telegraph service in the Old War Department Building, whom Mr. Stanton's secretary used to call the "Sacred Three." Charles Tinker and Homer Bates were my coworkers in this important and confidential duty. Much of the time I alone occupied the room adjoining the office of the great Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. This was often spoken of as the President's room, for it was to it that he came nearly every day, as he said, "to get rid of his persecutors." But he had another reason for these visits, which frequently occurred in the early morning, less frequently during the day, and often in the evening. In one of the top drawers of my desk I kept the carbon copies of the war despatches. This was known as the President's drawer. To it he came at all hours to review the latest news from the field. His constant anxiety for the various armies was the main object of his spending so many hours in the War Department telegraph office, and the talks that he had there with the telegraph boys and Major Eckert, their Superintendent, seemed to afford him genuine diversion.

Mr. Lincoln's anxiety to prevent the sacrifice of life that it was in his power to save, on several occasions brought him to the telegraph office alone, late at night, to assure himself that a despatch ordering the reprieve of a soldier condemned to be shot was promptly and properly transmitted. It was apparent that the tendency of his mind was to believe every one innocent of wrong intention unless evidence to the contrary was entirely clear; and even then his disposition was toward elemency. While we of that historic office survive we shall celebrate more feelingly, I believe, than most men, in our own minds if not in a public way, the memory of a towering genius now so universally recognized as worthy of the deepest gratitude of his countrymen, and the anniversary of whose advent has become a national holiday no less revered than that of the immortal Washington.



Mr. Lincoln's fondness for story-telling, and the extent to which he indulged it, are well known, and have not, I think, been overstated. His sense of the ridiculous was exceedingly keen, his memory surprising, and his power of illustration and even of mimicry was often demonstrated in the use of very simple, funny and sometimes undignified stories.

I recall one day when he had just seated himself at a desk with the latest messages before him when he heard a newsboy on the street crying: "Here's yer Philadelphia Inquiry." He mimicked the peculiar pronunciation and tone of the boy, and then said: "Did I ever tell you of the joke the Chicago newsboys had on me?" Replying negatively, he related: "A short time before my nomination I was in Chicago attending a lawsuit. A photographer of that city asked me to sit for a picture, and I did so. This coarse, rough hair of mine was in a particularly bad tousle at the time, and the picture presented me in all its fright. After my nomination, this being about the only picture of me there was, copies were struck to show those who had never seen me how I looked. The newsboys carried them around to sell, and had for their cry: 'Here's your old Abe, 'll look better when he gets his hair combed.' "

On the evening of August 7, 1863, while I was alone in the office, Mr. Lincoln came in, bringing a long message, which he had written with his own hand, addressed to Governor Seymour of New York. He sat down at the desk and carefully revised it, and then called me to sit by him while he read it, so that I might understand it and see that it was properly transmitted. He explained to me something of the occasion of it, and about a special messenger having come down from New York with a long argument from Governor Seymour, urging among other things that the draft should be suspended until the United States Supreme Court had decided as to the constitutionality of the draft law; and he told me a funny story about a Boston minister who had been drafted, and the criticism that he made upon that method of recruiting the army. He then mentioned a bright saying which he had recently heard during the riots in New York, in which the Irish figured most conspicuously, as follows: "It is said that General Kilpatrick is going to New York to quell the riots, but that his name has nothing to do with it."

Men Do Much for Flattery

A FRIEND of mine in New York City asked me by letter to obtain for him a good picture of Mr. Lincoln with his autograph upon it, so I got a couple of photographs recently taken of him and one evening handed them to him, repeating the request of my friend and remarking that I supposed he was frequently annoyed by similar applications. He said: "Well, I suppose you know that men will stand a good deal when they are flattered a little." I smiled doubtfully, and he said, without giving me time for a reply, and while writing his name on the pictures: "You haven't learned that yet? Well, you needn't remain any longer in ignorance of it, because it's so."

It had so happened for several days that Major Eckert had been out whenever the President came into the office. Coming in one day and finding the Major counting money at his desk, Mr. Lincoln remarked that he believed the Major never came to the office any more except when he had money to count. The Major declared that his being out when the President happened to come in was simply a coincidence and reminded him (the Major) of a story: "A certain tailor in Mansfield, Ohio, was very stylish in dress and airy in manner. Passing a shopkeeper's door one day, the shopkeeper puffed himself up and gave a long blow expressive of the inflation of the conceited tailor, who indignantly turned and said: 'I'll teach you not to blow when I'm passing,' to which the shopkeeper instantly replied: 'And I'll teach you not to pass while I'm blowing.' " The President said that was very good, very like a story which he had heard of a man who was driving through the country in an open buggy and was caught at night in a pouring shower of rain. He was hurrying forward toward shelter as fast as possible; passing a farmhouse a man, apparently struggling with the effects of bad whisky, thrust his head out of the window and shouted loudly: "Hello, hello!" The traveler stopped and asked what was wanted. "Nothing of you," was the reply. "Well, what in the devil do you shout hello for when people are passing?" angrily asked the traveler. "Well, what in the devil are you passing for when people are shouting hello?" replied the inebriate.

The only occasion on which I knew Mr. Lincoln to use a profane word was on receipt of a telegram from General Burnside, then in Greenville, Tennessee, announcing that he expected a portion of his command to be at Jonesboro at a certain time. Eagerly looking over the map to see the position of the force under Burnside's command, it seemed to him that the portion referred to was marching away from instead of to the rescue of General Rosecrans, as ordered. Mr. Lincoln reread the despatch, thinking there must be some mistake, and repeated to himself: "Jonesboro, Jonesboro, damn Jonesboro!" and he immediately addressed a telegram to Burnside, saying: "If you are to do any good to Rosecrans it will not do to waste time with Jonesboro. It is already too late to do the most good that might have been done, but I hope it will still do some good. Please do not lose a moment."

During my knowledge of him, Mr. Lincoln always dressed in plain black, his clothes sometimes showing wear. I think I never saw him wear an overcoat—instead of that he wore an ample, plain but peculiarly figured gray shawl, and his usual way of disposing of it as he entered the office was to hang it across the top of the inner door, which was nearly always standing open, so high as to be out of the reach of a man of ordinary height. When sitting at his desk writing briefly he sometimes assumed a half-kneeling, half-sitting posture, with one knee on the carpet. When composing at some length it was his habit to look out of the window and apparently unconsciously scratched his head, particularly his temples, often moving his lips in whispers until he had his sentence formed, when he would put it on paper. He wrote slowly but quite legibly, taking care to punctuate accurately. His spelling was faultless, which is not true of all great men, even those of education, and yet on two or three occasions he asked me while writing as to the use of one or two "l's" or "t's." He rarely erased or underlined, and his diction, so peculiar to himself, always seemed to me the perfection of plain, simple English. He sometimes read aloud, and on one occasion I remember his reading to me at some length, rather slowly and thoughtfully, and purposely mispronouncing certain words, placing the accent on the wrong syllable and the like. He was at this time sitting opposite me beside the large table on which I was writing, his chair leaned back against the wall, his legs crossed, one foot resting upon the round of his chair and the other suspended in space. During this reading he stopped occasionally to remark upon the subject of his reading—a detailed description of a battle—and one of his remarks I remember was upon the meagreness of adjectives in the language to express the different degrees of feeling and action.





THE LOG CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN

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SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE OF LINCOLN



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FARM AS IT WILL LO

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made by Jules
at Hodgenville,
as born, Feb. 12,
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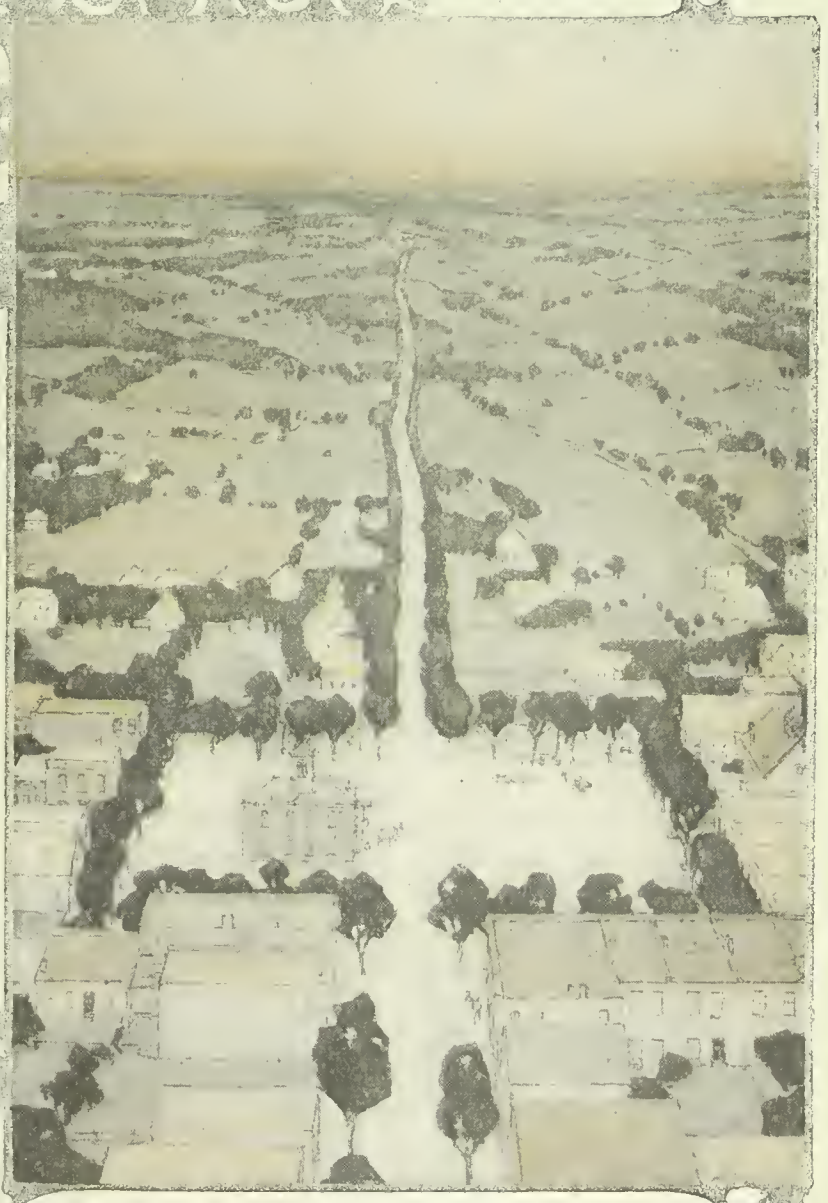


1909

PROPOSED HISTORICAL MUSEUM TO BE BUILT ON THE FARM



THE CONTEMPLATED IMPROVEMENTS ARE MADE



ROAD FROM HODGENVILLE TO THE FARM



A Little Ripple of Patriotism

Clancy and Casey, doughboys at liberty, falling in with others of their kind, attend the theatre, where there is somewhat of a falling out

By Rowland Thomas

Author of "Fagan"



"WANT passes, eh? Twelve-hour passes? H'm," says the Captain. Me and big Terry Clancy and three or four others was standin' up in front of him with three months' pay in our blouses, lookin' pleasant and harmless for a fare ye well. "H'm," he says, "you're a fine bunch. Can you remember you're in Maniller now, not Samar?"

"We can, sir," says Terry.

"H'm. Take your mouth out fr'm under your chin, Clancy," says th' Old Man. "It looks better. H'm. Well, go along with ye, and if ye get into trouble ast the Lord to have mercy on your crazy heads, f'r ye know well by this time that I won't," he says.

And with that he signs the passes, an' that's where he let us all in for it. Yes, sir, me and Terry and th' Old Man and the Regiment and the Little Brown Brothers and the C. G. all had ours comin' right then, on'y we didn't know about it—not yet. We thought we was just homeward bound, and we wanted a little fun with Maniller to make up for the deeprivations of the Samar campaign. Well, we got it all right.

"H'm," says the Captain, dealin' us the passes, "I'm sorry f'r Maniller, but ye have earned a little reelaxation. Don't forget you're f'r guard to-morrer, Casey," he says to me, an' we saluted an' started out.

Terry and me clumb into a two-wheeled chicken-coop-wagon outside the Barracks, and th' horse not bein' only boy's size, allee same Fillypeener, the pair of us lifted him by the slings and we just naturally wandered on tiptoe down to the New Bridge. They give you the biggest schooner of San Magill f'r your peseta there. New Bridge is th' name.

We had some beers, and then we went across to Mrs. Smith's and got a steak that never seen a tin can, and then we went back to the New Bridge and met up with some more of th' Army. There was an Engineer't could deal himself the coldest hand of talk I ever bucked up against, and two Coast Artillerys, and a Marine, an Irishman named Schleimacher that Clancy remembered helping to stuff a jade idol into his blouse up in Peking. Maybe there were others. I don't remember.

Some way I don't remember a whole lot of things about that day. The beer was cold, and along in the middle of th' afternoon my thoughts got to herdin' close, an' it was more'n I could do to cut some of th'm out of th' bunch an' read the brands on th'm. There must 'a' been strays around, for all of a sudden I got to cryin' about dear old mother an' the little cabin—*me!* I was born in Springfield, Massachusetts—in a tenement—and I pulled my freight for Arizona soon as I could walk. But I sure was cryin' about that thought, whoever it belonged to, and the Engineer ast me what the trouble was and I told him.

"Gentlemen o' France," says he—I ain't quotin' him exact, I'm no college graduate—"Gentlemen o' France *and* Ireland, what say you to charterin' a couple of wagons, large glad wagons with rubber tires, and carryin' our brother out to refresh his homesick eyes on th' emerald, sunburnt turf of th' Luneta, while Professor Lovering's gu-gu band flirts with sweet music, and we watches the sunset glow on Mariveles?"

Yes, sir, right off'n the bat he showed down a line of talk like that, all aces an' better, and it fazed us f'r a minute. He was a warm boy, that Engineer. But old Terry was game.

"Son of th' pick-ax an' th' thebobolite," he says, startin' to play up, "lead on," he says, "that is—if—if ye mean go to th' band concert, we're with ye while th' money lasts," he finishes, winded.

So we gets a couple of victoriers, two horses apiece, footmen and all, and strikes for the Luneta, makin' full as much show as any civilian clerk in the Q. M. D. More, may be, f'r that Irishman Schleimacher wanted to put his feet up on the box. We tried to make him ride decent, but th' Engineer butted in. "Let him be," he says. "Otherwise what's th' use of a footman, anyway?" So he kep them up, and I reckon we attracted a lot of attention that didn't cost us a cent.

By the time we got out there by the beach th' air had cleared up my head, and I sat up and begun to take notice. And about the first thing I noticed hard was Terry. He'd quit talkin', an' there was a helluva disdainful look on that two-foot face of his, and he took off his hat to the flagpole when we went by it, second trip round. I'd ought to have stopped the game right there. There's two kinds of Irish, if y'ever noticed, common wild ones that generally has the luck to meet Old Trouble when she comes marchin' down the street comp'ny front, and the fancy kind that can recruit a whole bunch of trouble right in th' middle of Paco bone-heap. Terry's that last kind, and when he gets low-spirited and patriotic and full of beer it's time to break for the tall and uncut.

Well, the band kep' on a playin', an' the sun kep' on a settin', and we kep' drivin' round and round that mangy bunch o' grass, and Terry kep' on gettin' glummer and glummer. After a while he says to me: "Look at th' pretty ladies, Casey, all the pretty ladies in white dresses an' talcum-powder. An' spot the gay young grafters in th' morgidged rigs. You and me can't speak to th' likes of them, Casey. We're nothin' but soldiers. That's all, just soldiers gettin' it in the neck for fifteen-sixty per. Oh, hell!" he says, and spits hard and straight at a swell native in white clothes that was waitin' for us to go by. "Look at him with shoes on like a white man! There ain't a ripple of patriotism in the whole damn outfit. There's th' old flag flyin' up above th'm, an' they never look at it. Just ride around and flirt with each other and let natives walk around with shoes on, like white men. They make me sick. I'm on'y a common soldier, an' I suppose th' Army is th' on'y place f'r lads like me—" he says, ready to cry, an' th' Engineer butted in to change the subjick.

"So say our long-suffering parents and sweethearts," he says.

"Pontoons," says Terry, talkin' from about an inch above his stummick, "you're a lively lad with your head an' your tongue, but ye' lack dep'. I never seen ye' before, an' I never want to see ye again, f'r I know ye lack more dep' 'n any man I ever met. There's moments in th' life of a real man ye couldn't no more understand 'n a Chinese storekeeper. An' this is one of th'm," he says, pullin' his hat down over his eyes.

He didn't say no more, but when the nigger band struck up th' Umpty-deé-he-hee-*heeé* music to show it was all over now Terry got up slow and stiff and threw a chest and squeezed his hat to his left breast and stood there in the rig, lookin' considerable like some gen'rals you an' me've seen. He kep' on standin' there after the music had stopped, and after a while it got tiresome and th' Engineer told the cochero to sigue ahead.

"*Hindi!*" says Terry. "Don't you believe it. You're like all th' rest," he says to us, plumb disgusted. "You call yourselves soldiers, an' all you think about is just chow. *Chow*, at a moment like this! You ain't got a ripple of patriotism in ye, the whole bunch, big enough to grease a twenty-two cartridge—" and he made us drive up and down th' Malecon twice in th' moonlight before he'd go to supper.

While he was chowin' he kep' gettin' grumper and grumper, and after supper, when th' Engineer wanted to be gettin' back to quarters—he was livin' over'n old Santiaygo—Terry just busted loose.

"Pontoons," he says, "I t'ought you was a man. You're big enough f'r one. Run away an' join the Naytional Guard. Go an' be a pinkety-pink Vol'nteer an' tell th' nursery sergeant not to wake you up without your p'rmission. Go an' dog-rob f'r a c'mission. Go an' do this an' do that," he says, thinkin' up a whole lot of different places for th' Engineer to go to—till fin'lly he got so ugly we took him into the New Bridge again and bought him a drink to calm him down.

It didn't do no good. He kep' one eye on the door an' th' other on the Engineer, and slung hot air till you wouldn't think a big guy like that would've stood for it. But th' Engineer just grins.

"Gentlemen," he says, "gentlemen and friend Clancy—there's a hard-hearted son of Plymouth Rock commands the comp'ny that'll be roundin' up all the little devils to check roll-call six times a day before he's been dead a month. He'll mult me a month's pay f'r missin' Retreat to-night—not that the pleasure of meetin' you ain't worth the price," he says to Terry, "but I might just as well miss Taps now and get a month in th' jug besides. What's the use of freedom without money? To-night we have both, and we'll pour them out like blood to soothe the feelin's of a friend whose heart is sad to think that the flag which floated o'er his cradle now decks the schoolhouses of the brave but eelusive Fillypeeners."

Terry's mouth sort of hung open when the Engineer struck his pace, but he brightened up quick as he got onto the drift of it. "Ye read my feelin's like a padre," he says to him, "an' I like your build. If you was on'y in th' comp'ny it's many a fight we'd have had together—an' we may have one yet. Here's lookin' at ye! You're a soldier, you are, *and* a gentleman. Here's how!"

Of course, we had a beer on the Engineer then, and two on the Coast Artillerys, who'd been sayin' little all day, but drinkin' hearty. The poor devils get that way, bein' stationed mostly near big cities like Portland, Maine, and Guam, where chanstes are few since the Christian Temperance women got their stranglehold. And then our A. O. H. friend Schleimacher sets them up an' says: "Fellers, a sailor like me—"

"Don't you miscall yourself, you're more of a soldier than a heap of th' muts I'm herdin' with," says Terry, takin' a sling at us, "but ye *do* loot like a sailor," he says.

"I'm a soldier at sea all right," says the Marine, "for I'm seasick as an army transport ev'ry trip. I was talkin' when you butted in. A sailor like me don't have many look-ins for what you might call reefined amusements. Cavité's mostly cock-fights an' drill. So I moves we all go to a nigger theayter, where there's sure to be plenty doin'."

We went, victoriers an' all, and Old Trouble must a been howlin' for joy to see us comin' along. When we got there there was a big crowd outside, and we was wedged up against one of th' stands where the girls

10 . . .



"My thoughts got to advancing and I went to sleep"

sell bananas and cigarettes and such truck. One of th'm—a pretty good-lookin' girl she was, too—smiles at Terry, and he opens up a conversation, an' fin'lly he says to me: " 'Tis a long time since I've et a hard-boiled egg, an' I'm goin' to have one if they're fresh. *Frescoes?*" he asts, pointin' to the eggs. "*Wavoes frescoes?*" *Fresco* means cool in common bamboo Spanish, but he was usin' a private Castilian brand of his own. "*Wavoes frescoes?*" he says. "Is the eggs cool?"

"*Como helados, chiquito mio,*" says the girl, laughin'. "Like ice, my honey-bunch," she says.

"Give me two then, and keep the change," says Terry. "You're a neat little gu-gu. *Dos!*" he says, holdin' up his fingers.

He broke one of his eggs—an' he dropped it quick. "Ye little merrocker-leather daughter o' sin and shame," he says to the girl—I ain't quotin' *him* exact neither—"ye little two-f'r-a-cent bunch o' calicker," he says, mixin' in some other words on th' side, "bein' a lady, I can't say what I think of you, but it ain't such a helluva much—and don't ye grin at *me!* I might 've *et* that! If it had on'y known enough to *peep*," he says to us, "it needn't never have got boiled *alive*. *Wavoes frescoes!* Damn a country where a pretty girl will lie to you f'r a cent. I'll keep th' other one till I'm a whole lot hungry," he says, slippin' it into his pocket.

He kep' on mutterin' to himself while he was squeezin' up to the little window—and a good tight squeeze we had. Y'see old Ma Trouble had c'llected a special crowd f'r th' occasion, but we never noticed that. We just hiked ahead, and having had plenty of money—though little of it was left by that time—we bought a box and went in.

Maybe you've never been in a gu-gu theayter. The floor is the ground, an' that's the orchestray. Then around that runs a row of boxes without any fronts or back or tops or sides, and behind them is the balcony. Well, we swell guys pikes up to our box and starts in to be the real things. In one of them theayters you want to sit with your hat on till the curtain rises, and smoke cigarettes and look at the women. That was easy for us, an' th' Engineer gets up a two-handed game of eyes with a chocolate-colored dame that begun to look entanglin'. But Terry broke it up. "Cut it out," he says. "She'll be over here in a minute, sittin' on your lap while she steals th' buttons off'n your coat. Ye can't trust any of th'm. *Wavoes frescoes!*" he says.

And right there old Ma played her joker. That drayma we'd come to see was called "Kahapon"—but you don't *sabe hablar Fillypeener*. "Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrer" was the name, an' th' first act was Yesterday. That was Spain. There was nothin' much doin' f'r a while, just foolin' round a good deal like that Greaser show they used to have in San Antone, talkin' slow an' keepin' your hand on your knife. But after a while a priest come on, one of th' Friars, an' they knocked him down in th' first round, and then they kicked him all over the stage and sat on him and raised a rough-house with him for fair.

They'd just tossed him out of sight when a lot of Spanish soldiers come on, and the shootin' began. Well, sir, the Fillypeeners cleaned them Greasers out f'r keeps, an' th' little leadin' lady grabs the Spanish flag and rips it up the middle and walks on the pieces. The house went wild at that, an' while they was clappin' and shoutin' the sun of Fillypeener liberty began to rise at th' back of th' stage. It was a shaky old sun with three K's on its face, like freckles. I see Terry fumblin' in his pocket, and then, just as th' sun is gettin' fairly up, somethin' puts the poor thing's eye out and th' curtain falls quick. "*Wavoes frescoes!*" Terry says, like he was talkin' to himself.

Well, sir, things livened up something wonderful just about then. All th' natives in th' audience, and there was about a thousand of th'm, began to yowl like cats and crowd toward our box, and half a dozen Spaniards was yellin' "*Brayvo el Americano,*" and some Americans that was scattered round through the place was sayin' nothing, but movin' up at th' double.

"Nothin' doin', boys," Terry yells, standin' up, and a big man he looked. "Scat!" he says to the natives. "*Sigue Dagupan*, you *Kittykattypunanos*, before I chew you up," he says, and made like he was goin' to jump down among th'm.

They scatted all right, and we pulled Terry down, quiet enough, on'y his shoulders was twitchin' under his blouse. "Casey," he says to me, "I always took the Fillypeeners for Catholics till I seen th'm maul that padre. God help th' next one I lay foot to."

"I mistrust this is one of th' seditious plays we read about," th' Engineer whispers to me, "and I reckon To-day will be worse than Yesterday for the big man We'd better get him out of here."

"His patriotism is sure ripplin' lively," I says.

"An' did ye ever read a po'm," says the lad, "about a pebble dropped in th' middle of th' ocean, an' the ripples it'll kick up?"

"I never read po'try," I says, "but if Terry ever drops down in that crowd there'll be something kicked up for keeps." An' then the crowd quieted down an' the curtain went up f'r th' second act.



"'Bein' a lady, I can't say what I think of you, but it ain't such a much!'"

To-day was us, th' Americans. A little gen'ral with pompydoor hair walked round on th' stage f'r a while, and *hablared* to his crowd, and then six men in khaki came in, carryin' th' flag, and th' other gang began to shoot th'm up. It wasn't very pretty to watch, on'y we didn't have time to look much. Th' Engineer and me had one of Terry's arms, and Schleimacher was tryin' to keep a hand over his mouth and not get bitten, f'r the talk he was tryin' to make was fierce. We held him all right till th' Americans was lyin' round the stage dead and picturesque as hell, an' then th' little girl grabs th' flag, and you could seem to hear th' audience draw a long breath.

I didn't think she'd dare to do it, an' th' audience didn't neither, but sure enough she spits on it an' tosses it on th' floor, and then—well, old Terry just brushes th' Engineer and me out of his way and steps up on the rail of the box and makes his little speech. "Boys!" he yells, "remember Balangiga an' th' rest of th' coward's tricks they've played us. That's the flag," an' he hops down to the floor.

"Come on," I yells to th' Engineer, "if he gets on that stage it'll be murder," and down we jumps.

It was like slippin' off a ford into quick water. I never did like a fight in a house, and this was the noisiest one I ever struck. The women was screechin' and th' men howlin' and th' boys behind us was laughin' and shoutin' and bangin' every head that came their way, and some fool began to let off a gun into th' roof. But th' Engineer and me just kep' on down th' aisle after Terry. Just as he reached th' musicians the curtain came down, but he picked up a little fiddler and tossed him into the rotten old cloth like a sack of beans, and went through th' hole after him onto the stage.

But it stopped him up enough so't the Engineer and me climb through right behind him. We piled onto him just as he was makin' a rush f'r a bunch of th' actors, and there was a good lively mix-up f'r a few seconds. Men began to come through the curtain in a dozen places, and the racket in th' house outside doubled up. I don't know just everything that happened, f'r th' minute Terry gave in a bit we drug him out the back way and cut up an alley. We didn't stop to find out where Schleimacher and th' Artillerys was, and I s'pose them victoriers is there yet waitin' for their money. And I'll bet there never was no To-morrer in that drayma.

We got out onto the corner where there's a saloon, and then we stopped a minute to listen. Same as always, th' minute Terry couldn't do any more harm he was gentle as a child. "There's patriotism around all right," he says, cockin' his head toward the racket back at th' theayter, "on'y it needs somebody to stir it up. I'll bet anybody five to one in beers that somebody gets hurt out of this before it's done," he says, as an extry loud howl and a ripple of shots went up fr'm the theayter and a patrol-wagon came ting-tingin' down the street. "I make it beer," says Terry, "because I'm thirsty."

"Take you," says th' Engineer, "an' we'll step in here and pay up one of th'm now." So we stepped in there, and sev'ral other places, till we sort of got th' habit, and I reckon we traveled all over Manillcr and had beers with about half th' Army. Th' last thing I remember Terry had got patriotic again an' was sayin' a po'm about th' flag. Then my thoughts got to advancing in regimental formation and I went to sleep.

The dinky little guard-mount march was goin' next mornin' when I woke up, so I knew something was wrong, and when I reached f'r my rifle I found I was in th' guard-house and Terry was poundin' his ear on a bunk beside me. My head felt like a carabao had walked on it, and I yelled to the sentry for some water.

"There's th' ice-water over'n the corner," he says, lookin' in through the bars. "You sure ain't forgotten this quick."

"What did we do?" I asts him, gulpin' down about a quart in one swaller.

"What didn't ye do?" says he. "Pers'nally ye did up three of us while we was puttin' ye in th' cooler here. Ye came home singin' in a carrermatter 'bout 3 A. M., an' Terry wanted th' cochero to come in an' kneel in front of th' flagpole and have his head cut off. And you was tryin' to borrow a bay'net f'r him. Generally I guess you'll get to remember berin' most all you did before th' Old Man gets through with you. He's had a squad of policemen *and* an orderly fr'm headquarters call to see him this mornin', and fr'm what they said I should judge you'd tried to bust up the little old Civil Gov'-ment and clean up the L. B. B. Don't be bashful about th' water," he says. "It's all for you."

While I was sloshin' ice-water over my head Terry woke up, and we sat on th' edges of the bunks and talked it over. Neither of us felt real affectionate. We was still talkin' when the guard came and took us out to th' orderly-room, up in front of th' Old Man.

"H'm," he says, swingin' back in his chair. "Do ye want to call any witnesses to prove ye didn't do it?"

"No, sir," we both says quick. We'd known him f'r some time.

"H'm. That's lucky f'r you," he says. "I don't mind havin' men try to run my guard at three in th' mornin'," he says, talkin' to the ceiling like an old friend, "nor tryin' to murder a coachman on my parade-ground, nor blackin' the eye of the sergeant of the guard. H'm. Ye've got to expect these little pleasantries fr'm soldiers, of course," says he. "H'm. But when I have to drive away six policemen before breakfast who've come to arrest two of my men f'r assaultin' several hundred natives an' wreckin' a theayter, I've got to draw th' line. There's eddy-toryals about them men this mornin' in all the native papers, *and* th' *Cable News*. A brutal attack on peaceable, well-disposed Fillypeeners, and on hundreds of th'm at that, is an assault to the foundations of gover-ment which I can't overlook. H'm."

"She spit on th' flag, sir," says Terry.

"The Colonel wanted those men for a G. C. M. this mornin'," says th' Old Man, "to say nothin' of the civil authoritics wantin' th'm f'r sedition and treason and

what-not. But there ain't been a general pris'ner out of this Comp'ny in five years now and I persuaded th' Commandin' Officer that I could attend to th' case. H'm. What do you think about it, Casey?"

"Yessir," says I.

"H'm. And Clancy?"

"Yessir," says Terry.

"H'm. Y'r confidence is flatterin'," says he, and gets up and begins to limp around the room on his bad leg. He walks around there f'r five minutes anyway, never sayin' a word, and then fin'lly he stops and looks out of th' window. "A very pretty parade-ground we have here, Mr. Boyd," he says to th' Lootenant. You remember how th' old barracks is built, in a square round a p'rade big enough f'r a regimental corral, with th' post flagstaff stickin' up in the middle, lookin' three hundred feet high. "Very pretty, Mr. Boyd," he says.

"Yes, sir, very pretty," says the Lootenant, puzzled to know what th' Old Man would be carin' about p'rades just then. He hadn't served with him as long as me and Clancy.

"H'm," says the Captain. "Very pretty, indeed. But do you notice the grass growing up between the flagstones in the paths, Mr. Boyd? Not at all neat. Not at all fittin' f'r the place where the shadow of th' Flag must fall," he says, glancin' at us. "H'm. They tell me you're somethin' of a patriot, Casey?"

"Yessir," says I.

"H'm. And Clancy?"

"Yessir," says Terry.

"That's encouragin'," says the Captain. "H'm. But I hear you are apt to waste your patriotism in wild firin'," he says. "It's too vallyouble to waste, 'specially in Maniller. We must try to make it flow in a gentle, steady stream. H'm. If you let it fly in chunks it closely resimbles annichy," he says, "'specially in Maniller. H'm. Sentry, march these men to the parade-ground and see that they pluck the grass, all the grass, between the stones, tie it in bundles of fifty stalks, neat bundles, and place them at the foot of the post flagstaff. H'm. And, Sentry, see that after depositin' each bundle they retire twelve paces and salute the flag before resumin' work. After you have cleaned the parade," he says, "I may be able to find some other work f'r you. If ye feel y'r patriotism flaggin' just tell the sentry and he will bring you in to me, and I will try to revive it. H'm. You understand, Sentry?"

"Yessir," says the sentry. His mouth was twistin' up on him, an' th' Lootenant's an' everybody's but just us an' th' Old Man's. He on'y looked sort of surprised. "Is they any jo. es round here I ain't noticed?" he says. "I do love a joke. H'm. You seen any, Clancy?"

"Nossir," says Terry, pretty sick.

Th' sentry grinned all th' time he was marchin' us out, an' the news spread quick an' they was grins to meet us all the way. An' then the sentry begins to guy us.

"You've skipped a stalk on y'r left flank, Clancy," he says. "Tie th'm in neat bundles of twelve stalks, retire fifty paces, an' salute th' flag."

"Cut it out, Skinny," says Terry. "He said bundles o' fifty. I heard him m'self."

"Bundles o' hell an' fifty paces," says Skinny. "You can go an' ast him if ye don't believe me. Wouldn't ye like to go an' ast him?"

"Have y'r laugh while ye've got a place f'r it, ye hyener," says Terry. "I'll make y'r face over when I get a chanst."

"Intimidatin' a sentry in the discharge of his duty," says Skinny, but he shut up, far as talk went. On'y he made a bugle of his nose an' begun to hum little tunes through it, an' then th' crowd begun driftin' out on th' verandas an' caught on, an' all you could hear was that whole damn parrot-faced battalion blowin' through their noses, Umpty-deé-he-hee-*heeé*, he-he-*heé*-hum-hum-*húm!*

Terry and me said nothin' an' picked busy f'r a while, but about the fiftieth bundle the hot stones an' th' sun an' yesterday's beer an' the crowd loafin' in the cool verandas an' ev'rything else all got holt of my temper to once. "You're an ornament to th' Service," I says, tryin' to crawl into the shadder of th' pole. 'Twas about a mile long an' an inch wide.

"Stow y'r face," says Terry, tyin' a bundle with a thumb big as three of it.

"I'd like to tell you what I think of you," I says, "on'y I can't think of it. How's y'r patriotism ripplin' now?" I says. "Looka th' flag, th' dear old flag, floatin' up above y'r crazy head."

Terry swallers hard. "Casey," he says, "I let ye in f'r this, but—" He picks up his little bundle an' carries it to th' foot of the pole. Then he falls back an' salutes. Then he comes over to me—an' his face was blossomin' into a grin. Yes, sir, they was a hole in them rugged features of his you could've shoved a blanket roll into. "Oh, Casey," he says, "Casey man, if th' Old Boy soaks it to us this way f'r what *we* done, wouldn't ye, oh, wouldn't ye just like to see what he'd do to that theayter if he was runnin' this town?"

An' thinkin' of *that*, I grinned too.



"He picked up a little fiddler and tossed him into the rotten old cloth like a sack of beans, and went through th' hole after him"

KINGSTON

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE BY A VISITOR TO THE ISLAND WHO WAS ON THE MAIN STREET OF THE CITY WHEN THE EARTHQUAKE CAME, AND WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO ESCAPE

A MAD dash down the streets with buildings toppling and crashing in front of me at every few steps, a horrible vision of maimed and burnt and bleeding bodies, and a choking sensation as if I were inhaling red-hot cinders in air devoid of oxygen—these are my chief recollections. The ghastly sights and sounds and smells of the catastrophe have left an ineffaceable impression on my mind. It seems to me even now a miracle that I escaped.

I had been in Kingston for about ten days, living in the lovely suburb of St. Andrews, about five miles from the town proper, and only a stone's throw from King's Gate, the house of the Governor, Sir A. Swettenham. The weather had been perfection itself until Monday the 14th of January, when a peculiar sultriness filled the air and the heat became intense. But as I had some shopping to do I took the trolley car for town and got off at Harbor Street, the chief business street of the city. I went into the principal store, the Metropolitan House, and, while buying some laces, had a chat with Mr. Nathan, the proprietor. Ten minutes later Harbor Street lay in ruins, the Metropolitan House had crashed to the ground, Mr. Nathan lay dead, and all but four of the employees and tourists in the store were buried under the mass of débris.

The First Sensation of Earthquake

I HAD left the store hastily in order to keep an engagement for tea at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, and on the way to that picturesque structure I met Dr. Henry Beagle, an English physician who was staying at the Constant Spring Hotel, six miles out of town. We walked along together and fortunately chose the middle of the street. We had just passed the post-office when, without even a warning rumble, the houses on both sides of the street began to tremble visibly, and an instant later crashed down about us with a fierce rattle like the crunch of many anchor chains. The ground began to burn with such an intense heat that the soles of our shoes were scorched. Then it began to split open into dozens of narrow crevasses, from which spouted streams of water.

How strangely one acts and feels at such an unexpected crisis. I remember that my first sensation was not one of fear, but of amazement. We both stopped stock still and looked at each other.

"Explosion!" I cried.

"Earthquake! Make for the water!" the doctor shouted back.

Then the real horror began. For while through some miraculous chance neither of us had been hit by the falling bricks and stones at the first shock, they kept coming down like hail, until at the end of a few minutes they were several feet deep in the street. Progress was nearly impossible. The doctor seized me by the hand, but my feet were suddenly pinioned and I pitched headlong, losing his grip. At that minute, as the sun was totally obscured by the clouds of dust that came from the antique buildings, I could not see my hand before my face. There I lay alone on the ground in total darkness, while the frantic screams of the wounded and dying filled the air. I was up in an instant, for I knew that lying there meant being trampled to death. My hip was slightly injured by the fall.

A second shock brought down more bricks, and the darkness grew even more intense. I was nearly choked to death, as all the oxygen in the air was absorbed by the terrific dust. My throat and lungs were scorched in a futile gasping for air.

My one idea, I recall, was to find the doctor again, and I staggered onward calling his name. I thought that together we had a better chance of reaching a place of safety.

"Doctor! Doctor!" I cried again and again; and after an eternity I heard what seemed a response from a distance. As the darkness cleared away a bit he stumbled toward me over mountains of hot bricks.

He had fallen a moment after I did and wrenched his ankle, but in the excitement he did not notice the pain until later. He grasped me firmly by the wrist, and together we ran along Harbor Street, which stretches its length parallel to the water at a distance of about five hundred yards.

"Make for the water and look out for the fire!" he managed to articulate. In mad haste we fled over the irregular piles of débris massed many feet high in the street. We stumbled and fell at every half-dozen steps, but recovered ourselves and kept on with the one idea of escape in our minds. How we ever managed to do what we did I do not see when I think of it now.

We had to crawl through coils of live wire, which if touched meant instant death. We were clutched at by the dying in their agony and the mad in their insane frenzy of fear. Wailing children clung to my skirts. They were naked, and their poor little bodies were bathed in blood. Imprecations, groans, and prayers arose on every side.

At one corner a group of five women were standing, locked in each other's arms and quietly praying. At another a man was laughing, insanely, coolly adjusting his collar and tie. We passed a woman, an American, mourning over her young son who lay dead before her. Everywhere hysterical people were hunting wildly for their kin. The horrors of the sights we saw in that terrible half-mile run I shall never forget—people with crushed skulls, their brains strewing the bricks; men and women wounded in every imaginable way crawling helplessly about seeking succor; people lying peacefully in the calm of death. All around were the native women raising their arms up to heaven and crying:

"De Lord Jesus Christ has come; de Lord Jesus Christ has punish dis wicked land; de Lord God has show what his power can do!"

At one place we were forced to make a detour to avoid a horse and carriage which lay completely crushed with its occupants and driver underneath a fallen house. But even then the horror was not at its fullest height. The fire had not yet started, and there were many wooden buildings standing which had survived the shock, and some people who, though caught under the fallen buildings, were still living and but slightly injured. When the fire, which burst forth almost immediately, came, these poor creatures, helpless in their imprisonment, were burned to death. We saw their blackened bodies still smoldering, in positions of agony, two days later when we again traversed the ruins of Harbor Street.

All this time we were running for our lives, panting with the agony of thirst. I remember looking with greedy eyes at a street faucet which we passed, but the doctor dragged me forcibly along, crying:

"Don't give up now! We are near the end!"

The misery about us was so wholesale that we were powerless to do anything for the suffering of others. Those who were able were running wildly in every direction, but we had an objective point in view. It was the wharf of the Royal Mail Docks, where we knew there was a steamer lying. We turned down one street to get there and ran about three hundred yards, only to find it so blocked with ruins that egress was impossible. We were forced to retrace our steps to that fatal Harbor Street again, and to run down the next street. By this time I was so bruised by the sharp stones and exhausted by loss of breath that I stumbled and almost fell continually, and had it not been for the doctor I think I should have given out. But we finally managed to reach the dock, and boarded the steamer *Naparima*. She was from Glasgow, Scotland, and bound for Port Limon, West Indies. We did not care, however, whither we were bound so long as we were off Jamaica soil. We were, I am sure, the first people to find a refuge from the stricken city, for it was fully an hour later before small boats were seen taking refugees out to the *Arno* and *Port Kingston*, the two other steamers lying in the harbor.

The captain of our vessel was badly hurt on the head with a stone. The doctor attended him, and also another man, a pitiful creature who came on board so dazed with his wounds that he did not know what he was saying. Instead of asking to have them dressed he demanded:

"Can nobody let me have a pair of slippers?" reiterating it again and again.

The Beginning of Fire

WE put out into the harbor about a quarter of a mile and anchored there. Presently a small boat came out to us with three guests from the Myrtle Bank Hotel, which had utterly collapsed. They were Mr. and Mrs. Gaspard Lemoine of Quebec and Mr. Ernest Ling of New York City. Mrs. Lemoine escaped in her stocking feet and wearing her husband's duck coat and a petticoat. She was taking a bath at the time of the catastrophe.

I do not think that twenty minutes had passed from the time the earthquake occurred, at 3.25 P.M., until we boarded the *Naparima*, but already the flames had broken out in the heart of the business district where there were so many stores of combustible spirituous liquors. The fire spread in every direction until the whole city was ablaze. A more hideous yet beautiful sight I never beheld. As it grew darker the whole world seemed on fire, and from our vantage-point we saw flames of every imaginable hue—green, yellow, orange, and purple—while the sound of exploding magazines and dynamited houses crashed upon our ears, with the occasional ping of a pistol shot as some soldier sent a looting negro to his doom.

When we had been on board but a couple of hours a launch steamed alongside, and a young officer shouted up to ask if there were a physician on board. The doctor at once responded, in spite of his injured ankle, and spent the greater part of the night setting arms, amputating legs, and sewing up the wounds of the maimed who had been brought on board the other ships in the harbor. None of us went to bed that night, but we sat on deck, watching with fascinated horror-stricken eyes the ever-growing fire which raged in the doomed city. About every two hours or so the ship would shake and tremble with another shock—I think that there were eleven all told during the night—and we never knew from one moment to the next whether a tidal wave would follow, or an eruption break out directly under us. As it was, the whole conformation of the harbor was changed, former charts were useless, and the ship listed shockingly to port.

Dawn broke at last, and looking around I saw huddled in a corner a tiny native boy who had followed us clinging to my dress. The poor little child knew not whether any of his family were saved, but had simply followed us blindly on board, looking for a place of refuge. At daybreak the doctor again left to attend to the wounded, and Mr. Ling and Mr. Lemoine went on shore, where they were fortunate enough to secure most of the luggage left at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, although during the repeated shocks it had completely collapsed. About five o'clock in the afternoon we were called upon to go to the dock and pump water on some coal



NO PLACE FOR A CIRCUS

At the time the earthquake visited Kingston a Cincinnati circus was giving performances under canvas on the old race-course just outside the city. Four or five thousand refugees rushed out in this direction and camped about the track. Every time a lion roared, however, the refugees became panic-stricken, thinking it was another earthquake, and many would flee in terror. In order to pacify the people the animals were escorted to a different location. The photograph shows the circus wagons, containing lions and tigers, and the elephants, passing through the outskirts of the town, escorted by the Jamaican police

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRANDENBURG

which was burning in iridescent tints, threatening the destruction of the wharf, one of the few which had so far escaped. Then I decided that despite the terror the land held for me I would make an attempt to go out to my home, five miles away, and see what had become of the people there and try to rescue what remained of my personal belongings. After walking some distance through hideous sights I secured a cab at a fabulous sum and drove out home. There I found the people camped out on the lawn. The house, which was of bricks, had fallen to pieces, and had I been in my room at the time of the disaster I should inevitably have been crushed to death. The place was in a state of chaos. We slept all night on the grass under an improvised tent, guarded by a faithful servant of the house, who stood watch armed with a machete, fearing the disorderly who attack people for the purpose of loot in the dark hours of the night. In the morning nobody thought of eating. This was fortunate, as there was no food to be obtained at any price, all the stores having been burnt to the ground.

To Cuba on a Cattle Boat

CABLE communication had been entirely cut off between the island and other places, and no food could be obtained until it was restored. My sole idea was to leave the island at the earliest possible moment, for there were reports that the entire place was slowly sinking into the sea. The recurrent shocks, which never ceased, seemed to confirm this frightful theory.

Early in the morning I managed to secure a mule for what remaining luggage I had, and started for the town, determined to get away anywhere at any price. Arriving at the Atlas wharf, I tried to book for New York on two German boats in the port, but they were already filled to the gunwales. At last after several hours I found out that there was a cattle ship leaving for Cuba that afternoon, and several of us decided to leave on her, in spite of the fact that she had been declared unseaworthy and had put into Kingston for repairs. Then it suddenly occurred to me that I had left what jewelry remained to me on the *Naparima*, a mile or so away. Being unable to secure a boat of any sort to take me over, I was again forced to take that frightful walk along Harbor Street, where the stench of burning bodies in every sort of fantastic shape was so overpowering that I could scarcely breathe. The city was under martial law, and one was allowed to go nowhere without the Governor's passport, which I had neglected to obtain. However, through the influence of a friend, I managed to get a tug and was taken out to the *Naparima* and then over again to the Atlas wharf.

Another gruesome sight which made me close my eyes for fear of seeing more while paddling to and fro from steamer to shore was dead bodies floating in the water, a prey to fiercely eager shark and buzzard, who fought for their possession.

Our cattle boat left about five in the afternoon, and when we boarded her we thought we were on a pirate ship, so fierce and wild were the officers and crew. They all walked about the decks with blankets on as uniforms, shrieking and growling in a barbaric tongue. The quarters which we occupied were where the calves are usually kept. The trip between Jamaica and Cuba is always a rough one, and was then particularly dangerous on account of the changed condition of the ground beneath the sea. Our boat was very sm ll, and, having no cargo, she dipped and rolled with a rotary motion that made us think every moment would be our last. The machinery was rotten and the heavy sea kept sweeping continually over the bows, while the waves reached the rail on the starboard side every few minutes. The hold was full of water, which rattled and roared with an ominous sound, and we never thought that we would reach Cuba alive. It took us two days to do so, although the usual trip consumes only about sixteen hours.

As we passed Port Royal, that wicked old-time city of buccaneer fame which stood at the entrance of Kingston Harbor, all that met our eyes was the roofs of houses, which were resting placidly on the surface of the water, while only the tops of the palm-trees nodded when dashed upon by the incoming waves, so low had the city sunk in the sea.

A Voyage That Was a Nightmare

UPON our arrival at Santiago we were bombarded with questions by the reporters, for we were the very first to bring any sort of news from the stricken island, and the news we gave was cabled all over the world, Once in Cuba we felt safe, but the shock to our nerves had been so severe that we felt the sooner we left the tropics the better. We made for Havana, and took the first steamer we could catch for New York. But we first left word in Santiago for relief boats to be despatched to Kingston as quickly as possible with food and medical supplies, as the population was starving and dying of thirst. The shock had burst the water mains, and there was a woful lack of medicine and surgical appliances when we left, owing to the damage done to the barracks and the hospital.

The trip home was one long nightmare. Again and again I dreamed that I heard the dreadful groans and saw the soul-sickening sights of that Harbor Street horror. And the stench of the burning corpses on the funeral pyre of their stricken city seemed forever in my nostrils.



THE "MONGOLIAN" PERIL: ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A JAPANESE TRYING TO BREAK INTO A SAN FRANCISCO SCHOOL

This picture represents the "official" refusal of San Francisco to admit Japanese pupils to her public schools. On this case the Federal Government will base an action. Little Keikichi Aoki, aged 10, accompanied by his father, is asking Miss Mary Agnes Deane, principal of the Redding Primary School, to let him in. She is firmly refusing on the ground that Aoki is a "Mongolian." Little Aoki's rights are being looked after by United States Attorney George Clark and Mr. D. S. Richardson, foreign secretary of the Japanese consulate. The interests of San Francisco's school system are being "watched over" by Mr. L. J. Walsh and Mr. Aaron Altman, of the Board of Education

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

WORK FOR CONGRESS

THE high-pressure days at the close of Congress are at hand. A bill that failed to pass last summer could go over to the short session, but those of the thirty-three thousand bills in the two houses that do not pass now will be dead.

The chances of two of the measures included in the list of desirable legislation in last week's COLLIER'S have faded practically to the vanishing point. The opponents of the canteen in the army have proved so utterly impervious to argument and experience that it seems hopeless to try to overcome their opposition by any such short and ready method as an amendment to an appropriation bill. A separate repeal bill at this stage of the session would of course be out of the question. It looks, therefore, as if the only thing to do would be to carry on a long campaign of education for the next ten months, and then rely on the enlightened common sense of a majority of the Sixtieth Congress. Commissioner Leupp's plan for the protection of the Indians by the creation of corporations to hold their property is in a similar position, although not for the same reason. There is no fanatical opposition in that case, but merely the spirit of conservatism that wants time to get acquainted with a new idea.

One measure that should have been included in the list last week is the bill (H. R. 17,838) for the prevention of child labor in the District of Columbia, with the Beveridge amendment excluding the products of such labor in mines and factories from interstate commerce. This has the endorsement of the National Child Labor Committee, and while it is not perfect, it would free thousands of the nearly two million children who are now chained to a mind and body stunting servitude.

A new bill of transcendent importance is Senator La Follette's (S. 8,013), reserving from entry and sale the mineral rights to coal, oil, gas, and asphalt on or under the public lands of the United States. This measure, which is described more fully elsewhere, is in the Senate Committee on Public Lands.

The beet sugar and tobacco interests continue to keep the Philippine Tariff bill locked in the Senate Committee on the Philippines, and nothing but a determined expression of popular feeling can release that measure of justice and national honor from the grip of sordid greed.

The bill according citizenship to the people of Porto Rico is in the power of Speaker Cannon, whose views upon the capacity of our island wards for self-government do not accord with those of President Roosevelt.

The situation with regard to the Appalachian and White Mountain Forest Reserve bill is similar. One would think there would be no opposition to a measure of such transcendent national importance as this.



The Resolution

EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT
WITH CARTOONS BY F·T·RICHARDS

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There are over a hundred national forest reserves west of the Mississippi and not one east of it. The Western reserves are worth at least $300,000,000—a hundred times the total appropriation asked for the two in the East—and are increasing in value at the rate of ten per cent a year. The destruction from floods in the region fed from the Southern Appalachians has been six times the amount of the cost of both reserves in a single year. But Speaker Cannon is afraid we can not spare three millions for prevention.

The Railroad Employees' Hours of Labor bill (S. 5,133) is undergoing a siege from a powerful railroad lobby which insists that there is no room for improvement in the present system, under which trainmen and despatchers are worked until they fall asleep at their posts.

STANDARD OIL AGAIN

THE investigation into the methods of the Standard Oil Company which the Interstate Commerce Commission has been carrying on for nearly a year has ended with a report which will certainly bring down upon the Commission a stern condemnation from Chancellor Day of Syracuse University. Practically every charge made by Henry Demarest Lloyd and Miss Tarbell has been confirmed, not from loose gossip, but from sworn testimony. The Commission finds that "the ruin of its competitors has been a distinct part of the policy of the Standard Oil Company in the past, systematically and persistently pursued," that its motto has been "destruction of competition at any cost," and that this policy has been pursued "without much reference to decency or conscience."

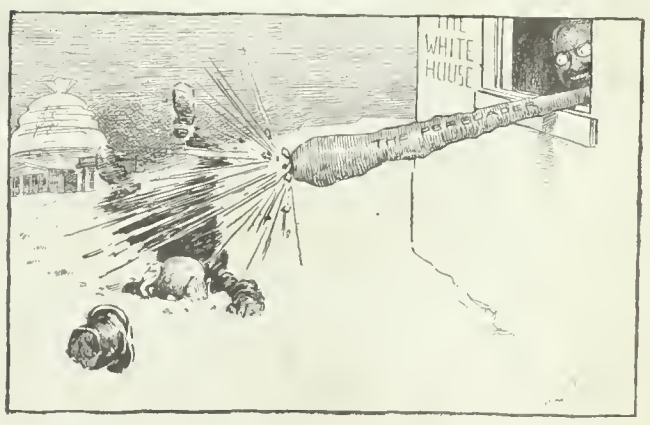
The great bulwark of the trust now, the report holds, is its pipe line system, which is buttressed against competition by the refusal of the railroads to allow rival lines to cross their rights of way. Although the new rate law makes pipe lines common carriers, the method of having reasonable rates defined only after specific complaint does not meet the situation, and the Commission thinks it may become necessary for the Government to "fix in the first instance the rates and regulations for the transportation of this traffic."

THE KAISER'S PROBLEM

OF the three parties whose coalition defeated the Government in the late German Reichstag the Centrists, or Clericals, and the Poles came out of the elections of January 25 in undiminished, and even slightly increased, strength. The Poles, who had only sixteen seats before out of the entire membership of the Reichstag, won eighteen on the first ballots this time, with five more chances on the second. The Centrists, who had ninety-nine places before, eighty-eight of them carried on the first ballots, won eighty-nine on the first trial this year, with thirty-one second ballotings to come. But the third party of opposition, the Socialists, met with a staggering and utterly unlooked-for defeat. It carried only twenty-nine seats on the first ballots against fifty-five at the same stage in 1903. The Socialists are contesting ninety-two seats on the second ballots, but there seems hardly a chance that they will come within twenty votes of their former strength of seventy-nine. But this does not mean, as so many oversanguine conservatives have hastily concluded, that Socialism is losing its hold on the German working people. The popular vote for the Socialist candidates seems actually to have increased. What has happened has been that the excitement of the campaign has brought out reserves that the other parties were never able to bring to the polls before.

Although the Socialist check naturally has been gratifying to the Emperor and Chancellor Von Bülow, the position of the Government is still extremely precarious. Of the 237 members returned on the first ballots the Centrists, Socialists, and Poles, who brought on the former crisis, elected 136, a majority of 35 over all other factions combined. To these should be added ten Independent Alsatian Centrists and one Dane, raising the forces naturally in opposition to 147 and their majority to 57.

To overcome them the Government will have not only to win the great bulk of the second elections, but to patch up a crazy quilt of discordant factions. The only solid nucleus of an Administration party on the first ballotings was composed of forty-one Conservatives, ten Imperialists, twenty National Liberals, and two members of the Landowners' Union—seventy-three in all. The rest of the places decided at that time were scattered among six members of the Radical People's party, one of the Radical Union, one of the Middle Classes' Association, three of the Reform party, four of the Economic Union, and two of the German People's party. Von Bülow's hope of relief from dependence upon the Centre has been disappointed. Unless he can settle his differences with that party he may yet, like Bismarck, have to buy his ticket for Canossa. The Centre will have again, as it has had heretofore, the



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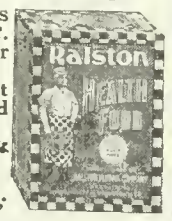
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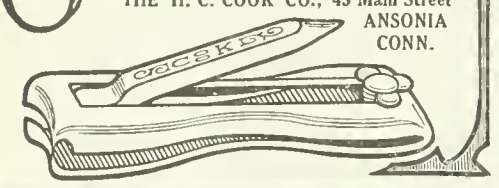
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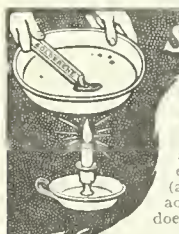
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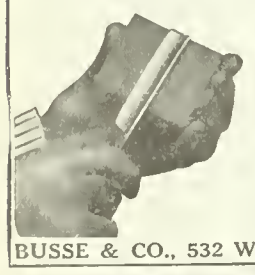
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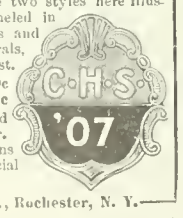
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greatest solid block of votes in the Reichstag. The Chancellor must look longingly at that formidable phalanx, whose support would free him from the necessity of bargaining with half a dozen trifling groups.

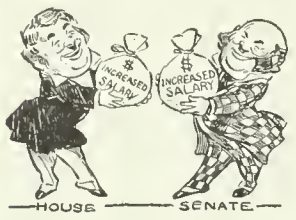
A NEW DEAL AT PANAMA

Chairman Shonts takes his leave, and the contractors prepare to dig



THERE is every reason to believe that by the time the Panama Canal is finished we shall have found the right men to dig it. We have already made considerable progress through the list of those who are not the right men, and therefore must have come that much nearer to the one we are after. The latest to decide that he was designed for another sphere of usefulness is Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, who sent in his resignation, to take effect March 4, because he had received the more tempting offer of president of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, controlling all the underground, surface, and elevated street railways in the county of New York. His departure was borne with fortitude, because it was felt that Chief Engineer Stevens, who had done the work of four wheels on the Panama coach, would be able to bear the added responsibility of a fifth.

As Mr. Shonts goes out, the contractors are coming in. After investigating the records of the various bidders the President decided that Mr. William J. Oliver, who had put in the lowest bid in conjunction with Mr. Anson H. Bangs, would be satisfactory, but that Mr. Bangs was impossible, owing ostensibly to his lack of assured financial standing, but also, it is understood, to his association with Gaynor, now under a prison cloud, and to his own failures to carry out previous Government contracts. The conclusion was reached, therefore, that Mr. Oliver should be allowed to make good his bid, but that he would have to drop Mr. Bangs and secure at least two satisfactory partners.



THE SENATE RELENTS

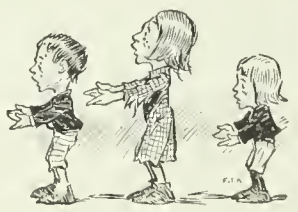
Congressmen are to have more pay, and now other deserving public servants are after it, too

THE Senate has shown that if it can be firm it is not wantonly cruel. Although it would not raise Congressional salaries when the House had tried to shirk the responsibility, it did not grumpily hold out against the increase after the popular branch had taken the lead. A few Senators objected. Some admitted that the salaries were too small, but said they could not conscientiously vote to increase their own pay during the terms for which they had been elected. Nobody mentioned the strongest argument against the increase, which was that if Congressmen were left, like their constituents, to bear the full brunt of the high cost of living they might be prodded into doing something to the trust-breeding tariff which was largely responsible for it. On the final line-up the proposed increase, beginning with March 4 of this year, was carried by a vote of fifty-three to twenty-one.

One prediction of Senator Nelson's was abundantly verified. He said that if the proposition should be adopted, "the Senate would be flooded with applications for increase of salaries by every clerk and every mail carrier, by all the officials in the consular service, and practically by every man in the service of the United States." The House, having voted that its own pay ought to be raised, was unable to resist the argument that fourteen foreign ministers who had been getting $7,500 a year each should have $10,000, and that increase was accordingly voted. The House Committee on Post-Offices and Postroads provided in the Post-Office Appropriation bill for salary increases to railway mail clerks, carriers, and clerks in first and second class offices, amounting in all to about five million dollars a year. This is exclusive of the salaries of carriers on rural free delivery routes, which are expected to go up by about two millions a year. One comprehensively liberal bill introduced in Congress, but not likely to pass, increases the salary of every person in the public service, civil or military, by twenty-five per cent. Undoubtedly the pinch of the increased cost of living, which has so distressed members of Congress, has been felt still more keenly by employees in small-salaried positions.

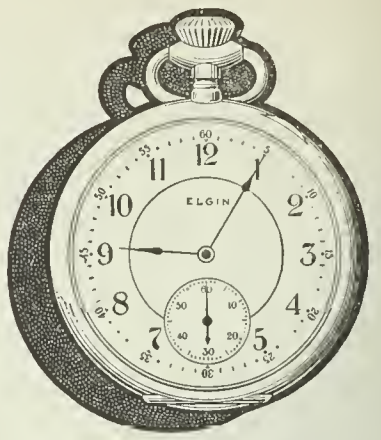
CHILD LABOR IN CONGRESS

There will be an investigation, at least, and perhaps something stronger



THAT something will be done about child labor is assured by the passage in the House of the bill already passed by the Senate authorizing the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to investigate and report on "the industrial, social, moral, educational, and physical condition of women and child workers in the United States wherever employed, with special reference to their age, hours of labor, term of employment, health, illiteracy, sanitary or other conditions surrounding their occupation, and the means employed for the protection of their health, person, and morals." This investigation will give a body of facts as a basis for future legislation.

But without waiting for that there is a prospect that positive action may be taken at this session under that inexhaustible interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. A bill to regulate the employment of child labor in the District of Columbia having come over from the House, Senator Beveridge proposed an amendment forbidding any carrier of interstate commerce to accept for transportation across a State or Territorial line, or within any Territory, the products of any factory or mine in which children under fourteen years old were employed or permitted to work, when offered by the owners, agents, or employees of that establishment. In an able speech Mr. Beveridge



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These mattresses are in every way as great, if not greater bargains than the Special Mattresses we sold last year at the same price. If you were fortunate enough to secure one, you will fully appreciate the present sale.

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Each

Special Price
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Each



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Mattresses are built in the daintiest possible manner by our most expert specialists. They represent, in the very highest degree, the celebrated OSTERMOOR merit of excellence and are a rare bargain both in price and quality.

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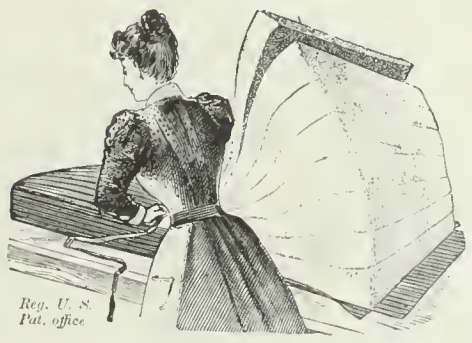
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Offered only While they last; first come, first served. The supply is limited

Terms of sale: Cash in advance; none sent C. O. D.

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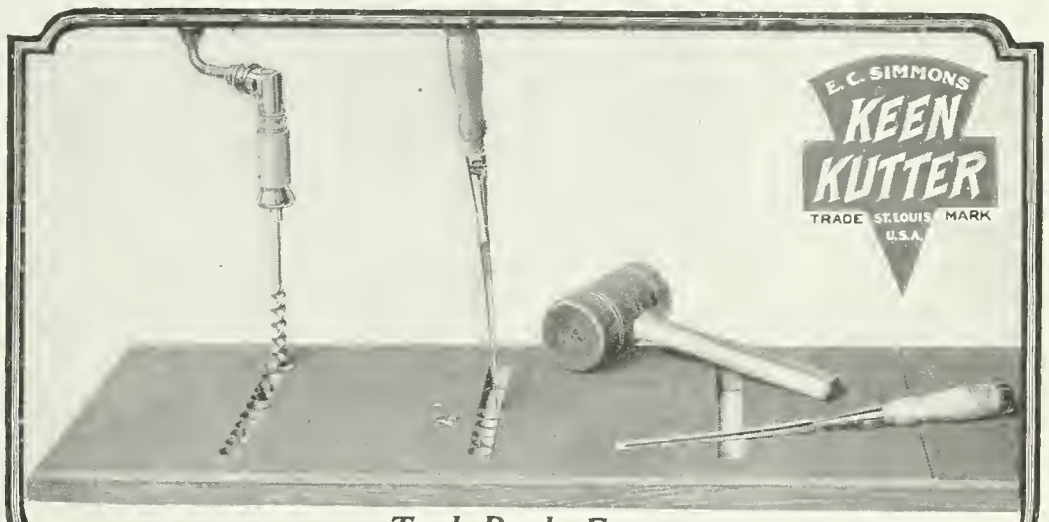
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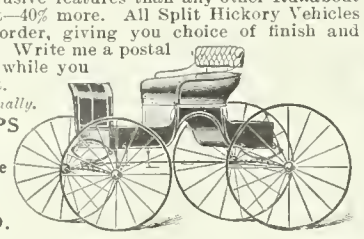
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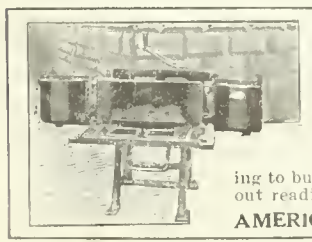
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their steamship lines, Great Britain paying seven millions and Japan between three and four millions. The last amount is about what the present bill would require from us.

The same considerations that apply to trade with South America the President finds to apply to trade with the Orient and Australasia. The proposed law would give us fourteen large steamers on the Atlantic and twenty-two on the Pacific. There are now not quite two hundred such steamers in the world's foreign trade, and over three-fourths of them, according to Mr. Roosevelt, "now draw subsidies, postal or admiralty, or both." In addition to trade advantages he cites the benefit to the navy of having "a considerable fleet of auxiliary steamships, such as is now almost wholly lacking," as well as an effective naval reserve. In the absence of some such aid he fears a failure not only to advance, but even to hold the humble position we now have, since "the existence of our present steamship lines on the Pacific is seriously threatened by the foreign subsidized lines."



NO MORE FUEL TRUSTS

Senator La Follette and the President want the Government to keep the rest of its coal and oil lands

THIS Congress has had before it no measure exceeding, if any equaling, in importance the bill introduced by Senator La Follette, with the hearty approval of the President, for the retention by the Government of all its coal and oil lands that have not yet been disposed of. The bill reserves from entry and sale, in the United States and in the Philippines, the mineral rights to coal and other materials mined for fuel, oil, gas, or asphalt, allowing the surface to be sold, but providing for leasing the mineral rights under a system of licenses. The area to be leased to one person or association is not to exceed five square miles, and no common carrier, or any person in any way interested in the business of a common carrier, is to be allowed to hold a license. The term of a license is not to exceed thirty years, and the royalties are not to be less than eight cents a ton on coal, sixty cents a ton on mineral for hard asphalt, fifteen cents per barrel on mineral for soft asphalt, one-sixth of the value of the product of any oil well, fifty dollars a year for each gas well not utilized, and a cent a thousand cubic feet on gas used at the works. Elaborate provisions are made for carrying out the details of the business. The Government is to retain full powers of regulation, and the President is to have the right to resume possession of the land at any time on compensating the licensee for his property and good-will, but not for any remaining mineral. The minimum amount of product to be taken annually from any mine is to be fixed by the Secretary of the Interior. No boy under fourteen nor any girl or woman of any age is to be employed in any mine below the surface.

It is obvious that if any very large proportions of the coal and oil lands of the United States were worked under such conditions there would be no Coal Trust, and Standard Oil would not be a public menace. It is not certain just how much the Government still possesses of such resources, but it is known that if the Indian lands be included they are vast. The responsibility for the preservation of whatever is left rests now with the Public Lands Committee of the Senate, consisting of these members:

REPUBLICANS

Henry C. Hansbrough, N. D.
Clarence D. Clark, Wyo.
Charles W. Fulton, Ore.
Thomas H. Carter, Mont.
Knute Nelson, Minn.
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Reed Smoot, Utah.
Frank P. Flint, Cal.
James A. Hemenway, Ind.

DEMOCRATS

James H. Berry, Ark.
Anselm J. McLaurin, Miss.
Francis G. Newlands, Nev.
Samuel D. McEnery, La.
Fred T. Dubois, Idaho
Thomas M. Patterson; Col.

POSTAL SWINDLERS AT A STANDSTILL

The Crumpacker Fraud Bill is held by the Senate Judiciary Committee for careful consideration



THE Crumpacker bill to prevent the suppression of swindlers by postal fraud orders is not progressing as easily in the Senate as it did in the House. Mr. Crumpacker's peculiar methods are better adapted to a sudden spurt than to a long pull. His confiding colleagues took his word on several points upon which a skeptical Senate wants better evidence. One of the most important is as to the necessity of such a bill as his, even assuming that a new law of some kind would be desirable. Mr. Crumpacker has tried to make it appear that the only alternative to a system of arbitrary decrees by the Post-Office—which does not in fact exist, although he insists it does—is a system of suits under all the technicalities of the ordinary law courts, which, of course, would allow the most dangerous swindlers to carry on their business without interference. The truth is that all the honest grievances, if any exist, of the persons affected by fraud orders, would be met by an act permitting the decision of the Post-Office Department to be reviewed by a court of equity. A bill of this sort, to which the Department has no objection, was introduced by Mr. Crumpacker's colleague, Mr. Foster, but has been allowed to sleep in the House.

50 YEARS' SUPREMACY

The supremacy of Borden's products is due to 50 years' scientific education of dairymen and employes with a fixed purpose to supply only the BEST. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk fill every milk or cream requirement.—*Adv.*

"Open Up!" Said the Can-Opener



HERE are Beans & Pork! Three kinds—one price. Which will you have?

All three have nice *Labels*.

One kind, when the tin is opened, is found mushy, discolored, crumbly, soupy and soft.

Another kind is found whole and white, but *hard*, half-raw, and bitter to the taste.

The *third* kind is the "last word" in the history of Beans.

This *third* kind is known as "*Snider-Process*" Pork & Beans.

These are prepared by the people who have made that famous "Snider Tomato Catsup," and "Snider Chili Sauce," for over twenty years.

When you cut open a tin of *these* "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans you will find each Bean *whole*, cream-colored, firm, cheesy, porous and absorbent.

This *absorbent* quality is the secret of their unusual *digestibility*,—their fine, smooth consistency, and their delicious flavor.

* * *

Snider Pork & Beans have the Sulphur (which is the curse of all Beans and the cause of Flatulence) reduced to a fraction.

They contain 24 per cent. to 25 per cent. of Nitrogenous Proteid (body-builder) which is as much as Stilton Cheese contains, and *more* than the best Beef-steak, which latter has only 20 per cent. of this Proteid while costing several times the price of Beans.

Moreover, they are deliciously flavored with that piquant Snider Catsup made from strictly ripe red Tomatoes (without cores or peelings) and seasoned with *seven* spices instead of with the *single* Cayenne Pepper spicing of common Catsups.

Get your first tin of "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans *to-day!*

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President Roosevelt says:

*"I heartily approve of the movement to make the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln a National Park, so that the building in which he was born may be preserved to illustrate the real conditions of his birth and childhood. * * * * * * **

Lincoln's memory, like Washington's, is one of the hallowed and priceless heritages of all our people. I am glad that the scheme of preservation contemplates an appeal to individual Americans." * * * * * * **

Join The Lincoln Farm Association!

This Association, composed of more than 20,000 patriotic American men and women, asks you individually, and every man, woman, and child who cherishes and reveres the memory of Lincoln, to fill in the blank below and mail it to-day.

The Lincoln Birthplace Farm and the old cabin have been rescued from the hands of those who wished to exploit them for private gain, and it remains for you, as one of the American people, to take your part in the work of making this farm a Lincoln National Park—an enduring patriotic memorial to a great citizen.

No large contribution is desired or will be accepted. This is to be a work of the whole people. Every contributor will be made an Honorary Member of the Association, without liability to any further dues or assessments.

Send any amount you can afford from 25 cents to $25.00

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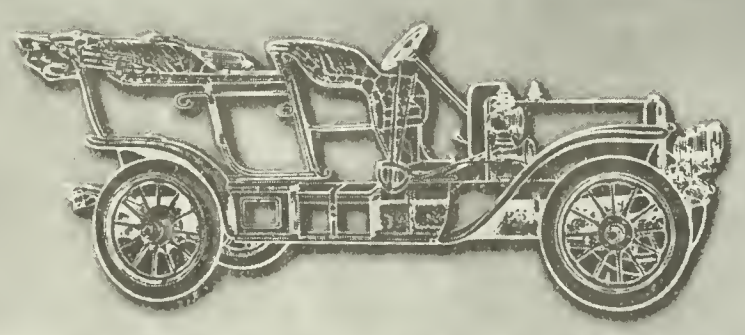
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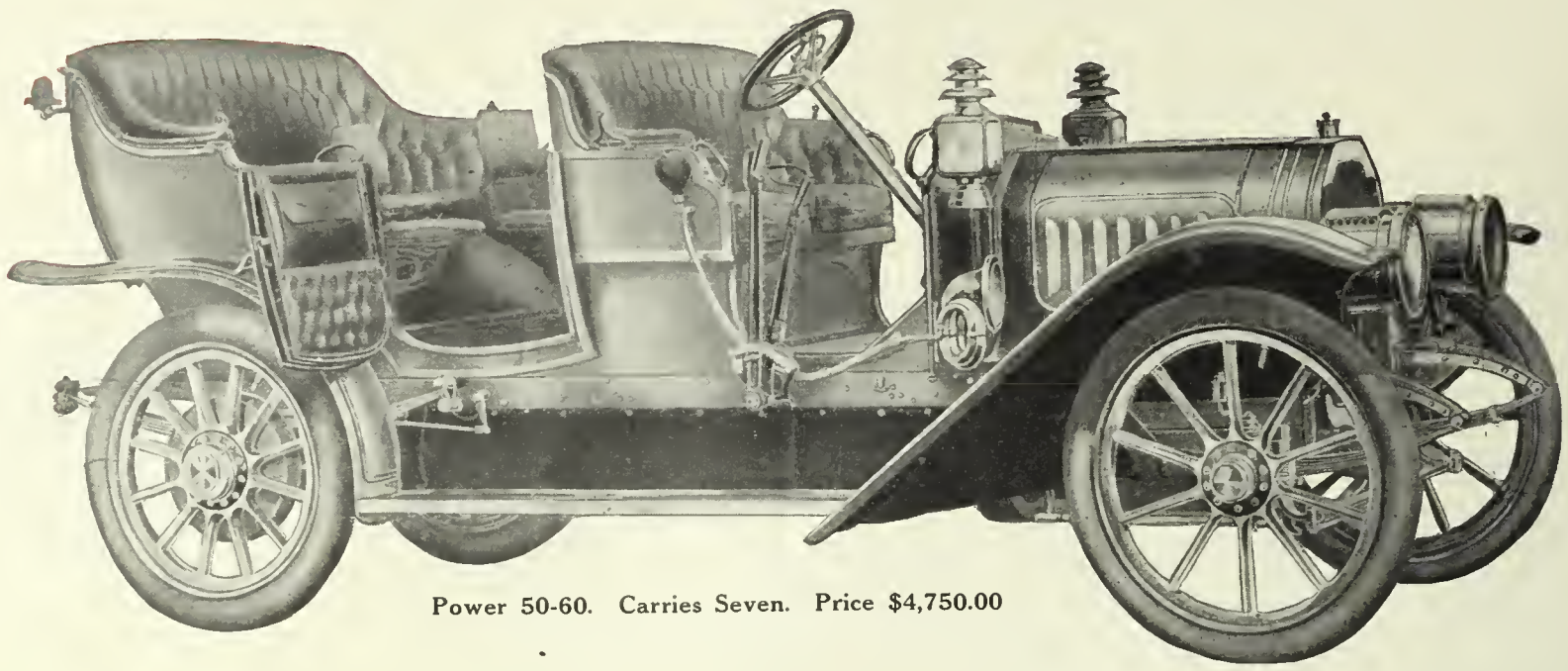
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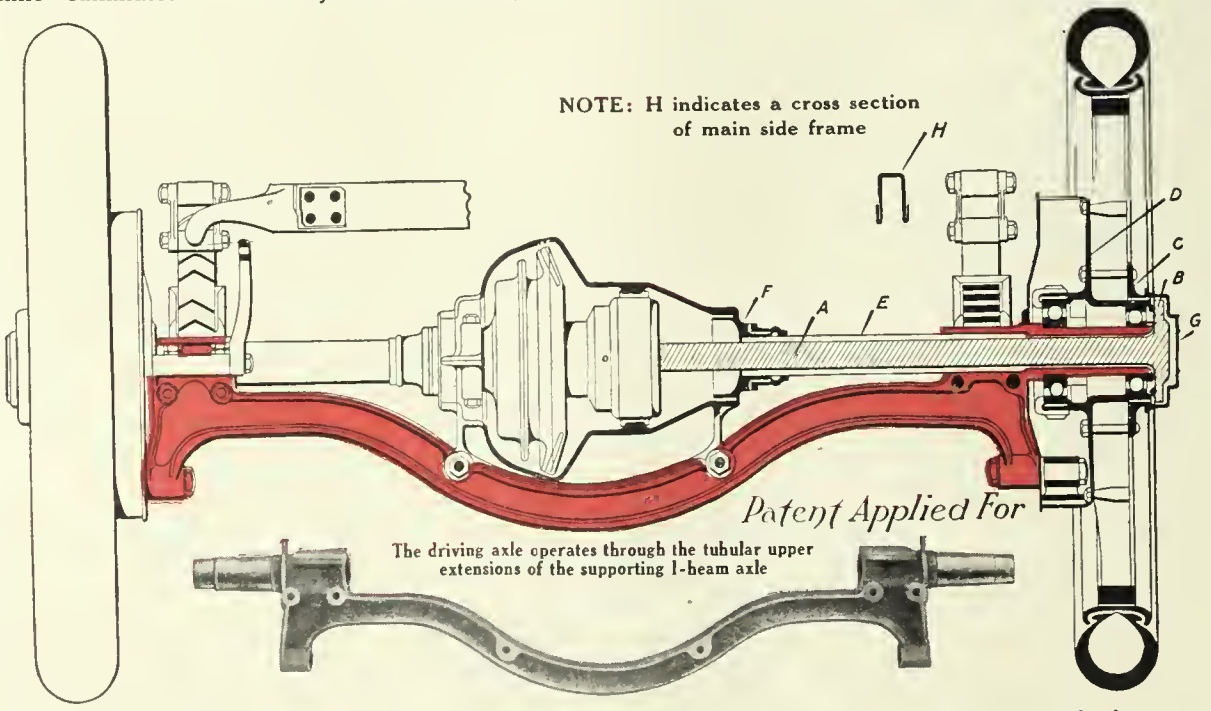
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The driving axle operates through the tubular upper extensions of the supporting I-beam axle

The portion shown in ***red*** is a solid nickel chrome steel forging, in I-beam section, extending from outside to outside of rear hubs, supporting the entire weight of the car.

Resting on this forged axle at the center, where it is curved downward to permit of proper alignment of driving shafts, is the differential case. The driving shafts (A) which transmit the power from the differential to the rear wheels, extend out through the tubular ends of the I-beam axle and engage the hubs of the wheels. The clutch section and the axle are one solid forging of nickel chrome steel. This clutch section—a flange 5¾ inches in diameter, has teeth in its periphery (B) (circumference) which engage corresponding notches in the hub flanges (C) and (D).

Notice that the ***brake-drum*** and ***hub-casting*** are in ***one piece*** (D) on which the ball races are anchored, taking all strain off the wheel bolts. Note, also, that the brake-drums are ***directly over*** the inside ball races, so that in braking there is no torsion as there is when the brake-drum is ***inside*** the ball races.

Covering the drive shafts between the differential and the inside shoulder of the I-beam axle, are compression sleeves (E), which at their outer ends abut against the shoulder in the I-beam axle and at their inner ends are threaded into a thimble (F) having connection with the differential housing.

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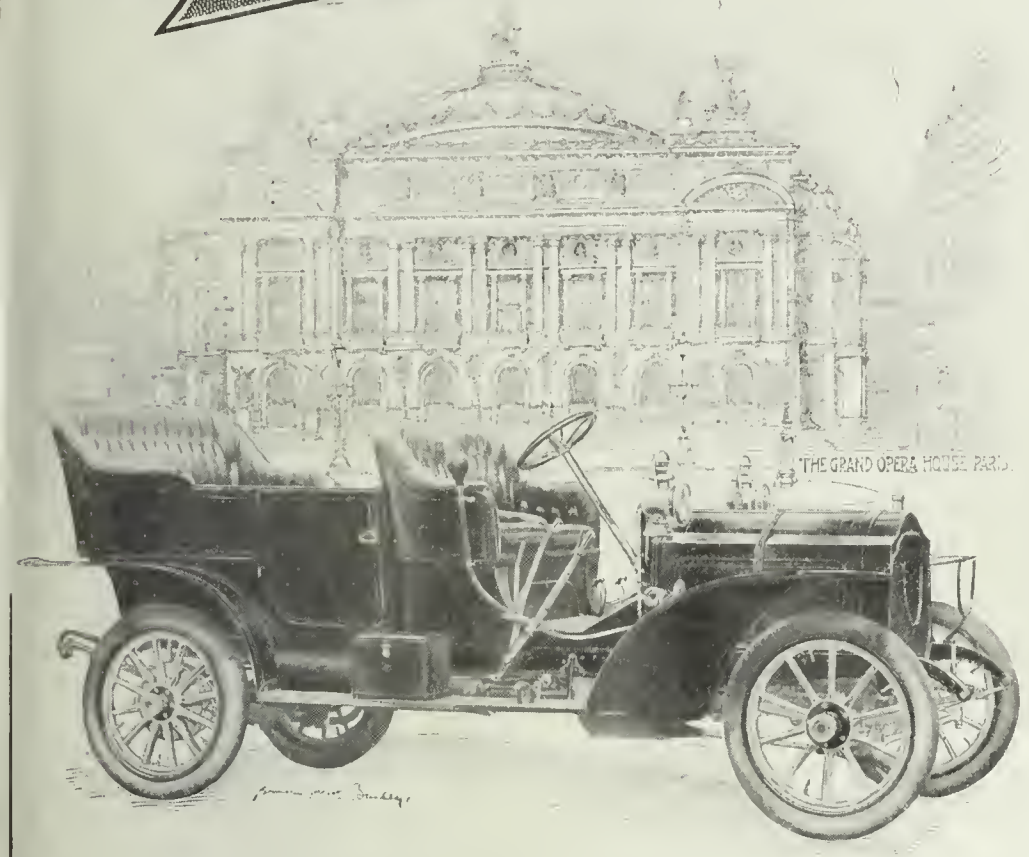
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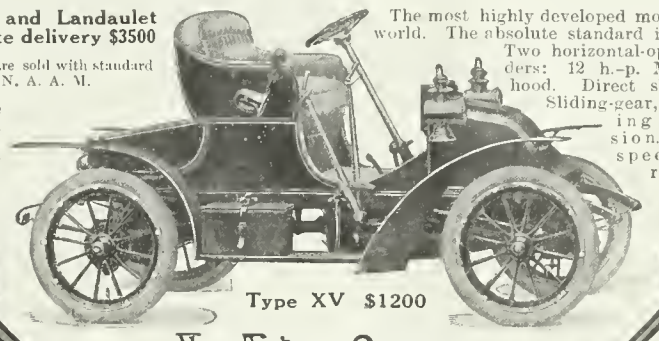
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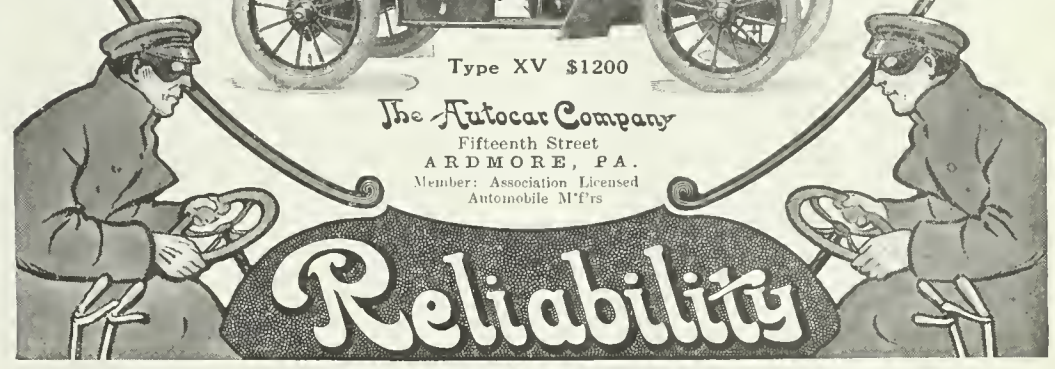
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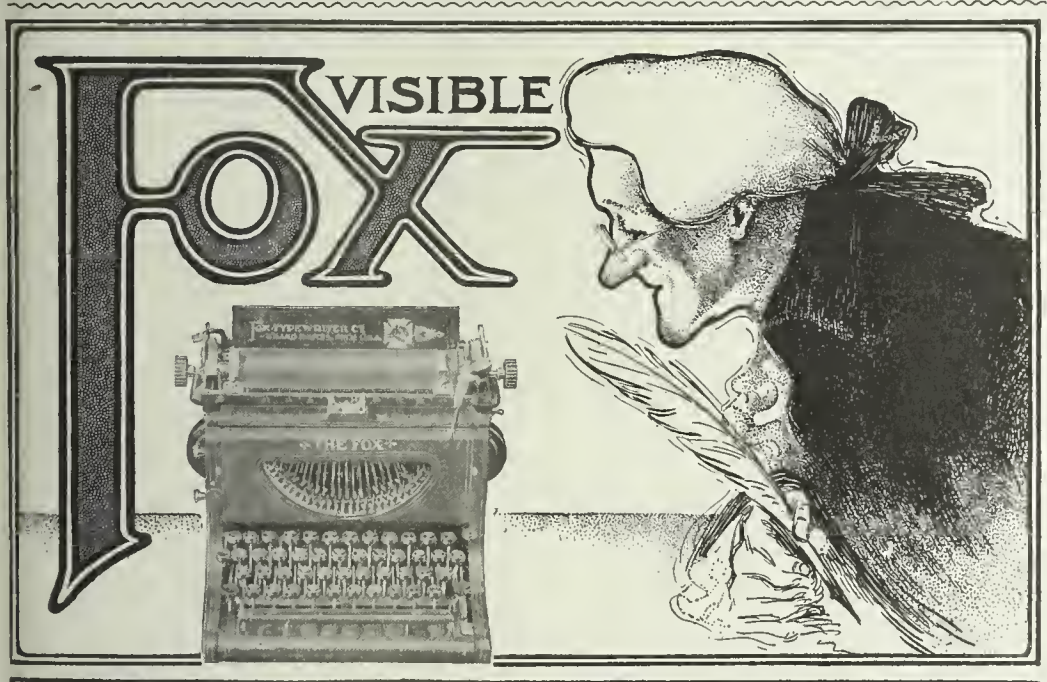
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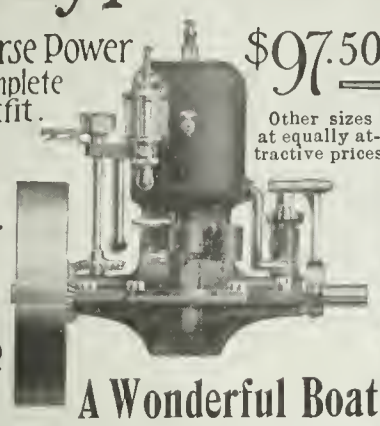
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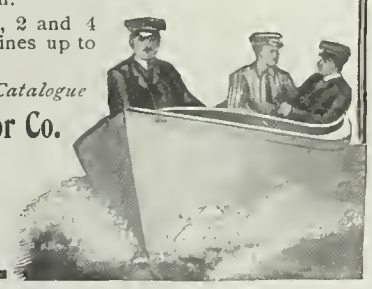
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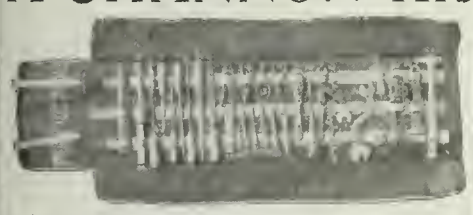
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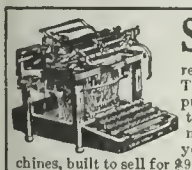
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1907

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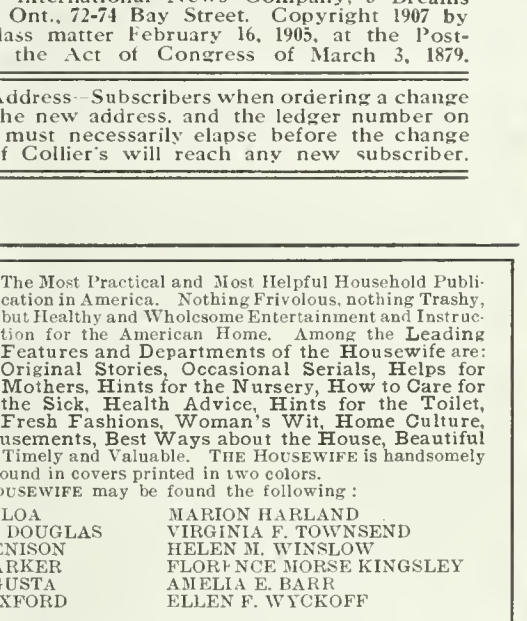
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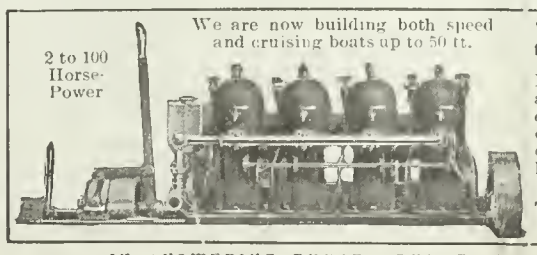
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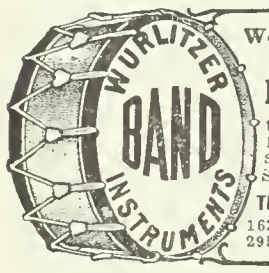
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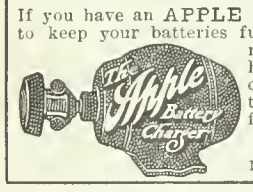
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1907

Mr. Bryce's Spectacles

¶ Several years ago a Scotch-Irish philosopher came over to this country and took a look at us through English spectacles. English spectacles sometimes distort American perspective, but James Bryce had a very clear pair of lenses — somewhat too rosy, perhaps; but we readily forgave him such a fault. Dickens jeered at our plug tobacco; Kipling railed at our raw speech; Thackeray analyzed us with somewhat "superior" fairness. But Bryce came to criticize and remained to admire. He discovered the American Woman, a creature who can be the chief executive of his house without loss of charm, a self-contained, self-chaperoned product of the New World.

Mr. Bryce in a New Role

¶ Mr. Bryce's second visit to America has a great political significance, because it denotes England's friendliness in sending as Ambassador to us the Englishman who likes us best and, we believe, understands us best. Next week's issue of Collier's will fall on the week of Mr. Bryce's arrival in this country, and an article by Percival Gibbon on the work, possibilities, and traits of the great historian and sociologist will be a feature of that number.

Mr. Bryce as a Star

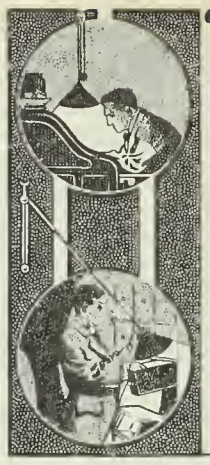
¶ Wallace Irwin also has some ideas about Mr. Bryce's admission to the "diplomatic drum corps" at Washington, so he has dramatized the new British Ambassador in another "opera bluff" to be called "The Diplomat's First Dip." Mr. Bryce will be surrounded by a distinguished company of players including the envoys from France, Germany, Italy, Russia, China, and Japan—to say nothing of Benjamin R. Tillman, who is an envoy extraordinary himself. F. T. Richards will illustrate the more thrilling situations.

Running for Office

¶ A man of brains, imagination, and ability can not struggle for the nomination for Governor of a State—can not go through an exciting campaign, smell the smoke of battle, and taste the dust of defeat—without carrying away with him some vivid impressions. Winston Churchill ran for the nomination for Governor of New Hampshire on a very good platform. All the world knows that he is sufficiently endowed to see the picturesque as well as the practical side of the campaign. In a future number he is going to tell Collier's readers about his personal experiences as a gubernatorial candidate.

Short-Story Forecast

¶ "The Ends of the Earth," by R. M. Alden, is a California story with an outlaw motif and a large human streak running through it. It comes dreadfully near teaching the moral that love can make of a good woman an aider and abettor in crime without seriously changing her character. A great many of Collier's readers remember "Picture-Gallery George," whose vanity turned him into a tattooed man. Stephen French Whitman, whose story "His Wife" received our $1,000 quarterly bonus, has written "The Big One," another whacking sailor story belonging to the same series as "Picture-Gallery George." This will be illustrated by F. C. Yohn. "Martha" is by Georgia Wood Pangborn and is more the type of her "At Ephesus" than her "Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom." It is unfair to use the phrase "glowing with human interest" any more, because literary puffs have fairly blown the "glow" out of the phrase. But the fact remains that Richard Harding Davis's "Adventures of the Scarlet Car" are as vivid as their title indicates. Those who have read the first adventure will be glad to hear that the second is scheduled to appear soon, as are the other stories above mentioned.



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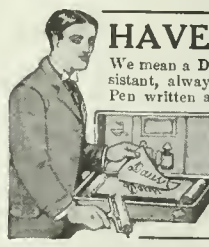
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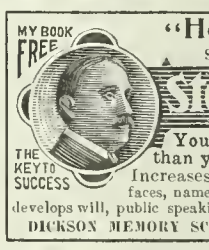
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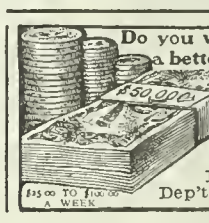
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

IF THE PRESIDENT wishes to enter the Senate in 1909, can the wire-pullers at Albany keep him out? Probably they have no desire for him. PLATT and DEPEW are more according to their ideas. ROOSEVELT for Senator would be as little welcome as is HUGHES for Governor. At Washington also, we may concede in confidence, his presence in the powerful upper chamber would be irksome to many of his peers. But T. R. is a mighty noise for progress; he has the people's ear; he means to do the people's better will; the Senate would possess a healthier climate through his presence; and Mr. PLATT will need a successor just as Mr. ROOSEVELT's term is coming to an end. The President will not become a figurehead in a commercial enterprise, like some distinguished politicians. He will not accept a renomination, at least in 1908. If a seat in the Senate pleases him, it will please the public to see him there, and by a good pull together we ought to succeed in delivering a solar plexus argument to the peanut statesmen who are no doubt even now industriously constructing their silent barricades.

FUTURE OF T. R.

"WHAT," SAID BOSWELL, "do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?" "Sir," replied JOHNSON, "you do not know it to be good or bad until the Judge determines it. . . . An argument which does not convince yourself may convince the Judge to whom you urge it; and if it does convince him, why, then, sir, you are wrong, and he is right." Such is the argument which has heretofore been successful in debates upon this subject.

"The law is the embodiment
Of everything that is excellent."

Some lawyers, however, beginning at least as far back as CICERO, have spoken with less confidence of the correctness of legal customs. Our ideas to-day are being affected by the thoroughness with which public-service corporations and other wealthy individuals—human or artificial—have been able to monopolize the highest legal talent. The usually moderate Governor HUGHES permitted himself some extreme phrases in noting the shortcomings of his profession; too extreme, perhaps, to carry as well as language less hyperbolic, but not the less firmly based on truth. Everybody accused of crime should have the fairest hearing and the ablest defense. This principle of private justice, however, has been carried over into the field of public welfare, and has been used as an excuse for lawyers whose business it is to influence legislation, to find holes in the law, and to make use of every technical trick, quite apart from the merits, which would help their wealthy corporate clients to batten at the people's cost.

ADVOCATES

WITH THE RUGGED FIGURE of ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK disappearing from the scene of official life, the land thieves poke cautious and tentative heads from out the cyclone-cellar. Peering guardedly round the corner, a few, though prudently silent, shake defiant fists at the Secretary's retreating form. As spokesman for the suspected, Senator CARTER emits shrill sounds. The retiring prosecutor of the land thieves is a "Pharisee," "arbitrary," "stupid"; and his policies are "unjust," "oppressive," and "un-American." He is in the rôle of a "morbid moral delinquent" who pays "nightly visits to the dens of vice" and then announces that "crime and moral leprosy" are rampant. All this of course won't hurt HITCHCOCK. It isn't meant to. These resounding words are designed for the ears of a gentle and blond young man who is now comfortably seated in the chair of the Department of Commerce and Labor, but whose circumambient horizon, zenith, and nadir, after the fourth of March, will be the vasty shoes of HITCHCOCK. And these words of CARTER are not meant so much to appeal to Mr. GARFIELD's justice as to fill him with terror. That Mr. GARFIELD should keep up the work of HENEY and HITCHCOCK against the most powerful and determined criminals in the United States is a good deal to anticipate. That the land thieves should sit up and take notice is the logic of events. We do not pretend to be confident that Mr. GARFIELD will do as much as HITCHCOCK. We do not pretend to be ignorant of the reasons, so unlike the published ones, that led to Mr. HITCHCOCK's retirement. We shall hope, however, for the best, and this is the most optimistic speech which we at present can summon up.

THEY CRY HA! HA!

FAILURES DIFFER. Good things fail as well as bad. Success and failure are not the measure by which to judge. Our mind moralizes along this well-marked cerebral track because it chances that the demises of two publications happen near in time together. On the bier of the "Atlanta News" we drop no tear. Its end is a credit to the city and the State of which it failed to express the higher purposes. For "Ridgway's Weekly," on the other hand, we turn down a friendly glass. Would that it might have lived. Its designs were generous. It was honest and ambitious, and wished to be a force for righteousness. For us personally its demise is a misfortune, since we had long felt the need of an energetic weekly, acting in the field of public welfare, to spur us on, furnish new ideas, give us an occasional fright, and generally to keep us from indulging in the luxury of too much sleep. To the "Ridgway" funeral, therefore, for several reasons, both selfish and altruistic, we bring the tribute of a vain regret.

ADIEU

THAT MOST ADMIRABLE of citizens, Miss JANE ADDAMS, has just published a book, called "New Ideals of Peace," which we commend to the universe. Not for her is the reliance on sentimentality. With all appreciation of TOLSTOY and VERESTCHAGIN, she knows how little the appeal to pity or to moral dogma can accomplish, or even the direct appeal to economy. "I don't know that the people of the country appreciate," said Senator HALE not long ago, "and I don't know that the Senate does, that two-thirds of the revenues of the country to-day are devoted to the payment of the burdens of past wars, like pensions, and expenditures in view of future wars." By such considerations the intellect may be convinced, but Miss ADDAMS, who is a deep and clear thinker, as well as a most efficient worker, and a cultivated and brilliant writer, knows that argument at the best is but a secondary force. For real progress it is necessary, in the words of Professor JAMES, to "discover in the social realm the moral equivalent for war—something heroic that will speak to men as universally as war has done, and yet will be as compatible with their spiritual natures as war has proved itself to be incompatible." In the widespread effort to abolish disease, poverty, ignorance, and public wrong is a fertile creator of these needed impulses of peace. When the popular habits, sentiments, and emotions are formed on this basis, laws and international customs will follow in their wake. Nobody capable of thought can read Miss ADDAMS's book without satisfaction and recompense. In order to direct inquiries from ourselves to their proper destination we add that it is published by the Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. The volume does much to make one believe that the world as prophesied by ISAIAH shall exist.

PEACE

THE CALLS OF PARTY WARFARE should not be allowed to affect so momentous a condition as immigration. The Republican majority of Congress may be tempted to rush through an inadequate immigration law this session, in order not to be troubled with a dangerous question in a Presidential year. Some investigations, notably that ordered by the President from a commission, including Commissioner of Immigration SARGENT and Commissioner of Labor NEILL, are so recent that the results are not before Congress. The Department of Justice is making special investigations into peonage, from which some of the worst sufferers have been immigrants. The investigation into steerage conditions ordered by Secretary STRAUS is not completed, and will have much bearing on the antiquated passenger act, which needs to be amended. The Department of Labor has not finished its investigation into the immigrant's effect on wages and standards of living. Stimulated immigration needs to be studied much more thoroughly than has yet been done, and the same remark may be made about the distribution of immigrants. The present bill does not indicate a grasp and solution of the complicated facts involved in so deep and extensive a problem.

IMMIGRATION

ST. VALENTINE, as we conceive him, was one of the greatest men who never existed. He was all heart. He had his sleeve cut extra wide to accommodate his heart; his thoughts were punctuated by heart-throbs; he was partial to what the literary reviewers call "novels of heart interest." Enlargement of the heart killed him. Somewhere in Arcadia, the land of primroses, pretty girls, matinées, and sentimental lyrics, there stands a lovely tomb, all decorated round the edge with paper lace and blue forget-me-nots. This is the tomb of St. Valentine, a monument to which all the world makes pilgrimage now and then—for all the world's a lover. On the steps of that dainty shrine certain rosy messenger boys of the Cupid's District Telegraph service loiter to whiff the surreptitious cigarette; confirmed bachelors quote KEATS to unconfirmed spinsters; the schoolboy notices for the first time that girls, however undesirable as an institution, have individual allurements. There the economist holds somebody's hand and argues that two can live cheaper than one; the milkman and the milkmaid say nothing and make a great to-do about it, and Prince Fortunatus decides to marry far beneath his station. Ah, well! it is a wonderful shadow that this tomb casts, and a universal rime it bears; the epitaph to the dear Saint, deceased:

HEARTS

"The rose is red,
The violet's blue;
Sugar is sweet—
And so are you!"

Friend, if you make a trip to Arcadia, do not fail to visit the tomb of that miraculous King of Hearts, who made the foolish wise and vice versa, to the unending benefit of the human race.

THE GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND announces that he will drive the Republican boss, CHARLES R. BRAYTON, out of the State House. If Governor HIGGINS can turn BRAYTON out of the room from which he has ruled the little State for years, he will take rank with Jack the Giant Killer and Sindbad the Sailor. Like the ogre whom MAXFIELD PARRISH pictures, BRAYTON sits in the Sheriff's office in the Capitol Building, half-blind, greedy, dominant. The Governor calls him "a disreputable and disgusting character, not fit company for any decent man or woman." Governor UTTER tried to rid Providence of the old wretch. But "this dark-skinned monster" picked him up, "ran a spit through him and kindled a fire over which he roasted him." Governor UTTER was retired to private life, the State went Democratic, and the ogre by whose favor ALDRICH sits in the Senate, and on account of whose indifference WETMORE is struggling for his seat, bethought him how to fatten the new Governor for roasting. In view of the purely ornamental character of the Governor's office in Rhode Island, where even the right of veto is denied him, BRAYTON winks his clouding eye at Mr. HIGGINS, spits explosively, and roars out a description that isn't delicate. The corridors of the State House hear, and pity poor Jack. Personally we do believe there was a Giant Killer. Governor HIGGINS must believe in fairies also.

GO IT, JAMES!

ONE SOURCE of the New Jersey Legislature's amiability, now happily showing some slight decrease, has been "Senatorial courtesy." Bills displeasing to business enterprises have been referred to committees of both Houses. In the State Senate the tradition grew up that if one or two committeemen objected to any proposed piece of legislation it should be buried. Only a majority vote of the Senate could recall it for consideration in open session. Once established, this Chesterfieldian custom simplified the work of the men who guarded the interests of DRYDEN's Prudential and other philanthropic Jersey corporations. Its utility was illustrated at the opening of the Legislature this year. The New Jersey People's Lobby wished the rules amended to provide that "all bills and resolutions shall be reported by committees within ten days unless the Senate, by a three-fourths vote, allows further consideration." Another requested change embodied the right to recall a bill from a committee of the Senate on the affirmative vote of one-fourth of the membership. The resolution had the support of Senator COLBY and other independent members, but it was defeated. A similar resolution in the Assembly was, with an adequate sense of the ironic, "referred to the Committee on Rules." Having tested a method of chloroforming reform legislation without being open to the charge of cruelty, the New Jersey statesmen, in spite of the Dryden check, have no purpose of abandoning a practise of such usefulness and mercy. They will yield only to continued vigilance.

JERSEY MANNERS

THE MILLIONS OF PEASANTS who voted in the Russian elections did so under the shadow of the scaffolds of a hundred military courts, with no human right that any officer was bound to respect. Why did the Government order elections? Because there is a power in Russia above the Czar. "The foreign moneylenders are now Russia's real parliament," a famous Russian publicist said recently. A higher power than the Czar has ordered the elections. The financiers demand those qualities from governments that they demand from currency—permanence and stability. Unfortunately for NICHOLAS, the modern capitalist can not picture stability in government without some kind of a reference to what the nation wants. So a second Duma there had to be.

ELECTIONS IN RUSSIA

UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES, the best the Russian Government could do was to put into action some tried methods of its justly famous police. The opposition members in the old Duma were disqualified for reelection, and all other persons of prominence "unfriendly to the Government" were struck off the lists. Elements of the defiant populace that were radical and easy to get at were disfranchised by tens and hundreds of thousands. Only "legal" parties were allowed to meet. Newspapers were censored, public meetings forbidden. "But what does all this *private* agitation mean?" recently asked a provincial governor in the most approved autocratic vein. It looked "unfriendly," so he issued a ukase that a house-to-house political agitation of any kind, or the mailing of any political address to a list of voters, should be a crime, to be punished by imprisonment. No wonder Russian patriots point out that the meaning of the word "liberty" is not stable throughout the globe. What freedom most Russians demand is less than in constitutional nations was won centuries ago. It is freedom only from the most obvious oppression.

LIBERTY

A FEELING OF WARMTH is ours, akin to fellowship, for all professional soothsayers. Prophecy is a nice, gentlemanly business, which is financially prophetable and can be learned, no doubt, at many correspondence schools. But, pursued as a calling, it has its difficulties. There is something shifty, vague, and non-committal about the Future. Personally, we don't like the future. The tall, dark gentleman who is going to cross our path often turns out to be short and blond, and half the time he doesn't cross our path at all, but goes around. We prefer the Past, because it stays put—it is the only really stationary, dependable thing we know of. Anybody can tell what he had for breakfast; but what will develop at dinner-time is a matter of doubt and perplexity. And for these very above-mentioned reasons many of our most distinguished Delphites are coming

more and more to the opinion that the only safe prophecies are the ones uttered after the event has occurred. The Boy Crystal Gazer of Peepak told us only yesterday that he prophesied the Jamaican 'quake 'way back last Christmas. Score one for the boy. Old Dad Hunter, the Hackensack astrologist, says he foretold the San Francisco disaster. Dad published his hunch the week after the jar. Madame Cigarette, the Psychic, is busy forecasting the Peace of Portsmouth, and early next month she is going to prophesy the battle of Liao-Yang. The psychic wheels buzz more cautiously to-day than they did in the times of the Delphic gipsy, who was long on mysticism but short on statistics. To-day our oracles are all historians. It is not reasonable to expect any safe tips on Judgment Day—but after the trump has sounded and the graveyards yawn Professor Zoroaster, the Bronxville star-gazer, will be the first to stand up and shout: "I told youse fellers there was a-goin' to be somethin' doin'! This is what youse git fer not listenin' to a prophet."

SAFE SEERS

WRITERS HAVE SET bounds to the activity of the howling rural patriot, the Fourth of July orator who pounds the flag-draped pine board in front of him until the glass pitcher dances. They would contend that since 1894, say, country spellbinders have talked rationally and with the suppressed grace of Chautauqua lecturers. In the same way newspaper correspondents at Washington agreed to date the final extinction of Congressional oratory from the death of Senator HOAR. But it seems to us that the orators of Congress are as rhythmical as ever. The short session of 1906-7 has produced as much eloquence per day as any session in which SUMNER sat. J. WARREN KEIFER furnishes for American use a new version of DANIEL WEBSTER's "drum beat" speech: "The sun of heaven never ceases to shine on her possessions and to flash its golden rays on the blood-consecrated flag of freedom, illumining its starry and purified folds wherever unfurled, typifying her resplendent history, and glorifying that liberty of law guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States of America." Before the applause had died quite away Mr. SHEPPARD of Texas roused the House to admiration by his speech on the utter villainy of the Republicans. This, from his denunciation of the Standpatters, fills the mouth: "A few months ago the city of San Francisco sank upon its dissolving foundations, and the heart of the world stood still. It fell a blackened mass, and from the ruin there rose a cry that must have startled the outposts on the battlements of heaven." Speak to us no more of the golden age of oratory; such words fool no one who rejoices in a daily copy of the Congressional Record, that mine of honeyed words and soaring thought.

MODERN ORATORY

WHEN THE SEPARATION LAW in France was before the Chamber of Deputies, "Figaro" suggested that MM. COMBES and TROUILLOT, the ministers most ardent in its support, issue a revised prayer-book, after "Dominus vobiscum" substituting for the response "Et cum spiritu tuo" the line "Et Combes spiritu Trouillot." The enforcement of the measures which MM. COMBES and TROUILLOT advocated has been accomplished to the full extent of their wishes, but a reaction seems to be already setting in. A French Radical pointed out the other day that there had been but one religious cult in France which had escaped persecution, and which had accordingly died out—namely, the worship of the Goddess of Reason during the Revolution.

PERSECUTION

ONE OF OUR GREAT universities has given to an investigating genius a degree in science for a thesis on the absorbing topic, "The Longitudinal Vibration of a Rubbed String." Too little attention has been paid by science to the minutiæ of every day. While erudite gentlemen have been measuring the saltatory efforts of the Arctic flea, and other seekers after knowledge have been digging from Patagonian morasses the fossil remains of some monster with a name like a Polish pianist's, this far-seeing scholar has stayed at home and rubbed a string. He who seeks doctorial decorations need no longer dig through weary tomes or glue the tired eye to the exacting microscope. He may stay at home and pet the cat, as preparation for a disquisition on "The Latitudinal Cross-Currents of Feline Satisfaction," or he may go a-fishing and enlighten a gaping world upon "The Convolutionary Variations of an Empaled Angleworm," or, again, he may make capital of a minor misfortune, and win himself undying fame as a recognized authority on "The Static Secretiveness of a Dropped Collar Button." When a modern Aladdin can rub a string and summon an Sc.D., homemade degrees should be within the reach of all.

LEARNING

THE PASSING OF LAGNIAPPE, which apparently is doomed, will be marked with children's tears in many a Southern city. It offered the usual pretense of giving something for nothing When the urchin of New Orleans went to the corner grocery he received a bit of candy, cake, or fruit; he soon found where the biggest lagniappe was given, and he diverted the family trade to that shop. The principle was that upon which a great corporation gives to the United States Senator his retainer. The evil grew. Servants entrusted with the marketing demanded lagniappe, as London servants require commissions from the tradespeople, and as the Turkish official demands bakshish. Reports from New Orleans are that, since the Wholesale Grocers' Association began its attack on the custom, by agreements to stop on January 1 of this year, less than three per cent of the fifteen hundred retail grocers in that city continue the practise.

LOST

READ the "Ladies' Home Journal" for February. For proffering this request several reasons might be given, including a graphic object-lesson in the meaning of fur made of unborn lambs. This paragraph, however, shall be limited to the particular elucidation we had in mind. For a powerful journalist two requisite qualities are initiative and persistence. The article on headache medicines, and what we know of future plans along that line, show that Mr. BOK has no intention of dropping that most valuable crusade. An article on "Where the Telegraph Poles Come From" is an instance of his getting ahead of COLLIER'S. While we planned, he acted. Often may that accident happen again. Would there were more journals working with as clear and far sight for causes as important. Would, also, there were more public servants as aggressively interested as President ROOSEVELT, Secretary WILSON, and Governor HUGHES. We intend to do what we can from time to time to awaken a drowsy public to the immense importance of saving trees. The "Ladies' Home Journal" strikes a blow against one group of enemies—the telephone, telegraph, and overhead trolley. May it continue the combat wherever forests are being needlessly reduced. To destroy trees means not only loss of beauty but loss of safety and untold loss of wealth. The waste of to-day is the famine of to-morrow. Indifference at present means hardship to come, and for our children a darker world.

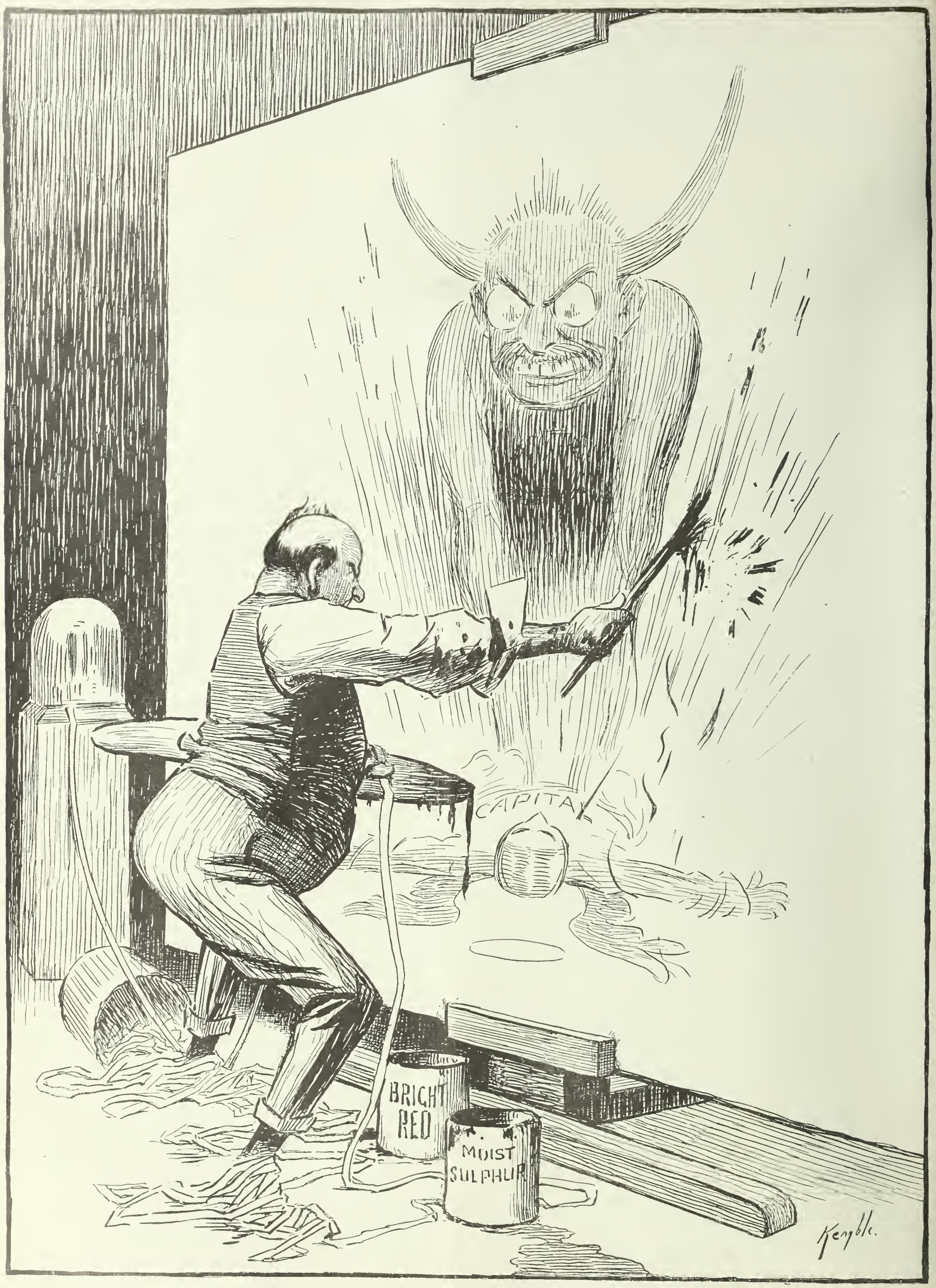
TREES

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD has shown that a corporation can actually look more than a year ahead in a matter in which its own and the national interests are equally involved. It has appointed Mr. E. A. STERLING, formerly of the Forest Service in the Department of Agriculture, to be its first railroad forester, and charged him with the duty of raising crops of trees to supply the road with ties. Our railroads use a hundred and ten million ties a year, and this enormous consumption has been met by the simple process of clearing the natural growth of trees off the ground, as if the Pullman Car Company should supply its dining cars by foraging Indian fashion on the fauna of the country without any provision for its replacement. The Pennsylvania, which uses about five per cent of the entire tie supply of the Union, expects hereafter to treat trees as a crop, and make good what it consumes.

GOOD FOR THE PA. R. R.

WHAT DO MOTHERS and fathers, who spend hours of the day and night playing bridge, with eager interest in the money winnings, say to their children on the significant topic of gambling? What do they advise the sons whom they send away to school? The subject has some importance, and we should be thankful for information from within the charmed circle of the devotees.

QUERY



WALL STREET PAINTS A PICTURE OF THE PRESIDENT

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



Deserted docks at Stonington, Connecticut, which had steamship lines and busy wharfs before the monopoly took the service away

LONG ISLAND SOUND FENCED IN

ONE RAILROAD DOMINATES NOT ONLY ALL THE RAILROAD TERMINALS ON THE NEW ENGLAND SIDE, BUT ALSO ALL EXCEPT ONE OF THE STEAMSHIP LINES ON LONG ISLAND SOUND

By WILLIS J. ABBOT

NOWHERE is there a body of water navigable at all seasons which touches so great a number of manufacturing cities as does Long Island Sound. From Bridgeport to New Bedford ranges a string of industrial cities or towns with fine harbors within two or three hours' railroad journey of greater manufacturing towns. It is doubtful if any inland sea, gulf, or bay touches a territory which could support with freight shipments a greater merchant marine. And yet to-day Long Island Sound is practically the private property of one railroad company—the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. Only one line of steamboats is operated in frank and absolute opposition to this monopoly, and the story of what the managers of that line have had to encounter is worth telling.

When There Was Competition on the Sound

THE fight of one railroad against another for business may not be a matter of public comment and concern. The railroads own their rights of way, build their tracks, maintain their signal service, set their lights, guard their routes.

Long Island Sound and other navigable waters are charted at the expense of all the people, patrolled by revenue cutters for which we all pay, lighted at our cost, dredged at our cost. And then when all is done by the people, in this single instance it proves to have been done for the profit only of a railroad corporation, managed for private profit.

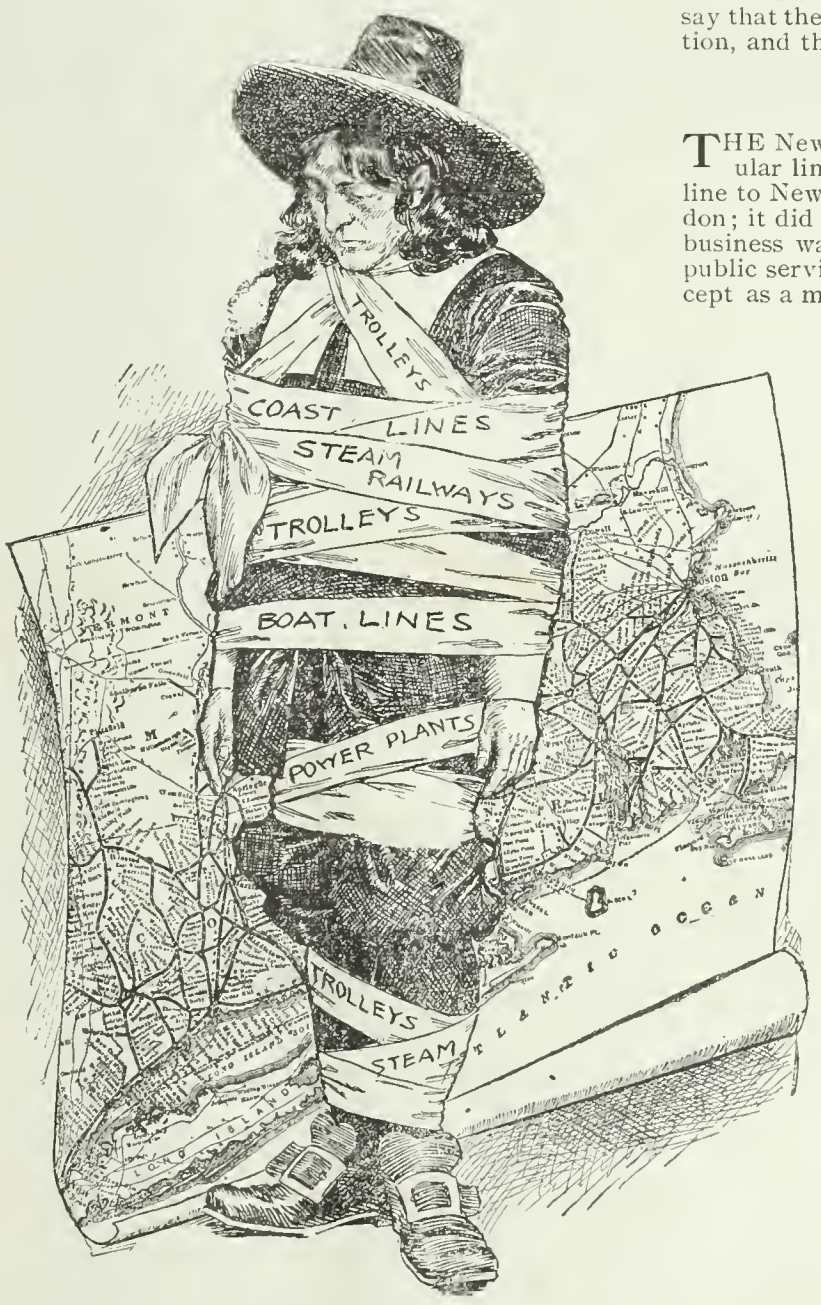
If I were writing for an audience chiefly of New York or New England people, I could recall to their memories the rate wars between the Sound lines. The Providence and the Fall River lines, the New London and the New Bedford lines fought each other then for a passenger traffic and fought bitterly. Time was, within the memory of men still young, when Sound lines were eager to carry passengers from New York to Boston or the other way for one or two dollars. The shipping companies competed; the loss, if there was one, fell upon them.

Probably there was no loss. Within a few months on a Western river two rival lines engaged in a rate war. Before it ended they were carrying passengers a night trip of almost 175 miles for *nothing*. No charge for passage was made. Yet in the end the managers of both lines discovered they were making money. The increased traffic meant more staterooms sold, and more meals. But when peace was declared they went back to the old high rates, and the old small traffic. That was a lesson taught by reckless competition, but a lesson that after all should make transportation companies see that their favorite device of charging all that the traffic will bear is not the most certain pathway to prosperity.

Railroad and Steamship Management the Same

A STUDY of the map issued by the Railroad Commissioners of Connecticut, the most complete map of all the railroad systems in southern New England, shows the marvelous way in which the New Haven Road has secured first the shortest routes to the harbors on the Sound, and second the ownership of all the Sound lines. Now it is true enough that a well-managed corporation engaged in the business of carrying freight and passengers has a right to extend its business in every way, but there are some phases of the New Haven's control of navigation on the Sound that seem to justify a question now and then. About the chief Sound lines the New Haven makes no concealment of its ownership and control. The president of the New England Navigation Company, C. S. Mellen, is also president of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Percy R. Todd, first vice-president of the New Haven Road, is first vice-president of the New England Transportation Company. Other officials of the railroad hold official places with the New England Navigation Company. But, after all, this evidence of the control of the six big lines is unnecessary to present, for the New Haven Company frankly admits its control of them all.

One line, the Joy Line, professes entire independence of the New Haven Road, but shippers through New England with whom I have talked, and most people engaged in water transportation on the Sound, insist that it is controlled by the great monopoly. It is fair to say that there is no direct evidence to support this assertion, and that the managers of the Joy Line deny it.



"How long will New England endure it?"

By one of the most gigantic financial deals carried out in this country in years, the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, it is announced to-day, has secured control of practically all the electric railroads of Connecticut and Rhode Island, representing a value of not less than $130,000,000. —*From the Boston "American"*

Making Deserted Wharfs

THE New England Navigation Company runs a regular line of boats to Bridgeport. It runs a regular line to New Haven; it runs a regular line to New London; it did run a line to Stonington, but as the Sound business was monopolized, and as only money and not public service was sought, Stonington was cut out, except as a mere wharfing place for its boats in winter.

Perhaps you may think that this did not affect the prosperity of the little town. Perhaps, too, you might think that when the New England Navigation Company, thinking that it owned the Sound and all the rivers tributary to it, cut out its line to Norwich, it did not affect business there. Any citizen of either of these towns, which were seaports when there was real, free navigation of the Sound, will tell you how they have suffered since the railroad has controlled Sound shipping and arbitrarily picked this or that town to be aided or to be slaughtered.

Now how can one corporation control the traffic along a strip of navigable water which is free to all? Of course, the power of capital is great and the mere building of swifter, stancher, and more beautiful boats would help. That would be fair competition, but as a matter of fact the most famous line of the New England Navigation Company has not been building boats that are either bigger or more beautiful. It is a matter of notoriety among travelers that the boats are not as commodious nor the service as good as when there was competition fifteen years ago. Speed is not a matter of importance, for, in fact, on all the lines between New York and Boston on the Sound it is necessary to slow down lest the ship arrive at Providence or Fall River too early for the comfort of passengers.

Steamship Monopolies Increasing

BUT herein lies the strength of the corporation which is monopolizing Long Island Sound, and of other corporations which are rapidly monopolizing Lake Erie, the Erie Canal, and the Hudson (a third is gradually picking

up the coastwise lines between New York and Galveston): first the railroad connection which gives them the benefit of the secret rebate and discriminating rates; second the control of wharfage facilities at ports touched by the big railroad systems.

A Monopoly of Docks

TO go into detail on either of these subjects would be encyclopediac, but this will be a sufficient indication of the situation as to wharfage along Long Island Sound: At Bridgeport and New Haven there is absolutely no opportunity for a line independent of the New Haven road to dock its boats. At Providence the only independent line on the Sound has a good dock, as it has at Fall River, but at both of these places all available dockage is taken up by the trust lines, and this one independent line. Neither in Providence nor at Fall River could a man or a corporation, trying as in the old days the New England sailor tried to take his own ship, get his own cargo and go to one of these American ports, be able to discharge the cargo because there is not one wharf left, except "coal pockets," where a vessel more than a hundred feet long can be moored and unloaded.

Connecticut has one river navigable at most seasons of the year as far as Hartford. Along its banks are many thriving villages and towns. It should be, owing to the greater cheapness of water transportation, a corrective of railroad rates and railroad discriminations. A line of little steamboats plied between New York and Hartford, occasionally, too, a tug would bring a barge or a string of canal-boats up the river. But the great railroad monopoly, holding all New England in its grasp, found out the way to cripple even this slight competition. Running a line of track parallel to the river, it picked up all the wharfs until finally the steamboat company which desired to do business on that stream found that to land its freight or passengers it had to pay the tax which its railroad competitor demanded. The end was natural: the railroad now owns the steamboat company, as it owns all of the other companies doing business on the Sound, with the one exception already mentioned.

The story of the railroad domination of Long Island Sound will not differ very much from that of the railroad grip on the Hudson River, and on the maritime traffic coast of the United States from New York to Galveston. It is a story of the control of terminals and of through rates. You will find it writ large in the records of the Interstate Commerce Commission and talked about in the traffic department of every steamship line, while in the offices of most railroad lines you will find it difficult to get any one to talk about it. But for this moment let me fix my text, and my text is Long Island Sound.



The busy docks at Pier 10, New York, where New England freight is shipped

It so happens that the only line which is frankly independent, carrying both passengers and freight, is the Enterprise Transportation Company. It is not by any means the biggest line on the Sound, nor do its ships parallel in size, or possibly in comfort, those of the Fall River or the New London Line, but it is running a regular daily service between Fall River and Providence to New York. With the amount of business it is doing I am not concerned for the purpose of this article. As a matter of passing interest, it might be mentioned that because the Fall River Line controlled all the docks available in Newport, this rival company was compelled to build docks of its own at Jamestown, across the bay from Newport, and to subsidize the ferry in order that freight and passengers might be carried thither in due time.

Freezing Out an Independent

IT is rather interesting to know also that because the New Haven Railroad controlled all ways and means of taking passengers and freight from Providence or Fall River to Boston, this new line found that no switch would be run to its dock for freight; that it would not, even though it paid the full passenger fare on each ticket between Providence or Fall River to Boston, be allowed to check baggage through; that its porters were hampered in their work and even ejected from the baggage-room of the New Haven Road, both in Providence and Fall River, and that its passengers, who went themselves with their checks for the purpose of rechecking their baggage, were subjected to every sort of delay, inconvenience, and even insolence.

This is not a mere statement on hearsay; most of it is part of the record before the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners. Neither is it particularly a matter of compliment to the Enterprise Transportation Company. It merely shows to what lengths a railroad, which thinks it can control that part of the Atlantic which it touches at every available port, will go in order to fence out everybody else.

But, after all, the inconveniences inflicted upon passengers, though important to the individual, are not vital to national business. What is vital both in the passenger and the freight business is that the spirit as well as the letter of the Interstate Commerce Law should be observed by all common carriers.

Before the Interstate Commerce Commission on March 24, 1906, appeared a representative of this Enterprise Transportation Company, and representatives of five railways and of the New England Navigation Company. The complaint made by the Enterprise Company was that, while it could bring goods from Fall River, its principal freight port, to New York at a much smaller charge than its competitors on the Sound, the railroad companies running south and west refused to make a through rate for it to commercial points, so that it was practically limited to doing business between its dock at Fall River and its dock in New York. The evidence makes a volume of considerable size. The arguments, with the exception of that of the complainant, could be written on a sheet of note paper. The railroad attorneys did not trouble to argue. They "stood pat."

The position of the railroad companies could not be better expressed, nor could there be more clearly shown the purpose of the railroads to keep out of business any steamship company, unless owned by them, than by the testimony of F. L. Pomeroy, freight traffic manager of the New York Central Railroad Company:

"THE CHAIRMAN—You know something about this matter of which the Enterprise Steamship Transportation Company makes complaint?"

"MR. POMEROY—What do you want to know from me? Why we did not do business with them? Why we have not put in through rates with them?" [An excellent example of the temper of a railway traffic official in dealing with the United States Interstate Commerce Commission.]

"THE CHAIRMAN—Yes, what is the objection from the point of view of your line to a joint arrangement with this company?"

"MR. POMEROY—The present arrangement with the Fall River Line was put in and is in effect to-day with our line only covering the four upper classes. The reason it was put in was that there is a class of high-class shipments at Fall River where they want the expedited time they can get shipping over the Fall River Line to New York, and going out on our fast trains that day—a better service than they can get at inland junctions. Therefore, at the request of the New Haven Road, and in order to accommodate those merchants, we put in a through arrangement with the Fall River Line. The traffic is delivered to us at our New York City piers by trucks, and there is loaded into our through cars for the West. It is the only arrangement we have with any steamboat line out of New York City except the Savannah Line—the line to Savannah. We have no through traffic with any one except the Savannah Line, and therefore we do not care to extend the present arrangement, because, if it is granted to the Enterprise Line it will have to be granted to the Joy Line, the Westchester, the New Haven Outside Line, the Bridgeport Line, and we would not know where it would stop. It might extend into Jersey, to Elizabethport and Newark, daily lines running to New York. If we made a joint arrangement with the Enterprise Company we might have to make it with them, and do not care to do it. I would prefer, rather than to extend our arrangement, to cut off the present arrangement with the Fall River Line. The amount of traffic involved is small, and rather than have it complicate the New York situation and put us where we have to have more arrangements with boat lines, I would cut it off entirely."

This is a fair sample of the evidence presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission in this case. I select it partly because of the perfect defiance of the gentleman who offered it, and partly because of the fact that he represented a railroad which, whatever may be its unknown relations with the New Haven corporation, is not apparently controlled by it.

What Mr. Pomeroy said was reiterated by all the other witnesses summoned to speak for the trunk lines. Put into one phrase, they all with one accord said that they *would not* make any through traffic agreement with any new Sound steamboat lines. All said that they refused such agreements because their facilities for handling freight at New York were insufficient to enable them to handle their present business. Every man who testified, and those who testified were the general traffic agents of all the westbound trunk lines, said that if he should grant a through rate to this line which had appealed to the Commission it would not increase the amount of business because the new line would only take away business from the old lines. And so, after testifying first that they could not handle any more business, and second that to grant to an independent line the privileges enjoyed by the existing lines would not increase their business, they all with a singular lack of humor testified that they were working day and night to secure more business for their roads.

No Independent Need Apply

IT is little wonder that as a result of this curiously self-contradictory testimony the Interstate Commerce Commission rendered a decision which recognized the discrimination of the railroads against any steamship companies on Long Island Sound not owned or controlled by them, deplored that in the existing state of the law the Commission had no power to check this discrimination, and urged new legislation which would give it jurisdiction over routes partly by rail and partly by water.

In the United States Senate, on May 11 of last year, the report of the Commission was made the subject of a heated debate, in which such eminent members of that body as Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Tillman, Mr. Knox, and Mr. Lodge took part. That report, too long for more than a summary here, asserted that the New Haven Company had secured almost a monopoly of the steamship lines on Long Island Sound. It declared that, as Fall River was the greatest shipping point in New England, the New Haven Company had managed to so arrange with the trunk lines west from New York that in one instance goods carried by the boats of that company could be sent from Fall River through to Chicago for forty-two cents per hundred, while if carried by the boats of the independent line the charge was fifty-five cents per hundred. This, although the charge made by the latter line between Fall River and New York was materially less. The Interstate Commerce Commission in its report said: "This, of course, deprives the Enterprise Company of all possible opportunity of participating in this business."

So the facts are established by official testimony and certified by a distinguished commission to the Congress of the United States that for one reason or another—reasons which may be put forward in good faith, or which may be wholly disingenuous, as the report of the commission in this case suggests:

Long Island Sound has become practically the property of one great monopolistic railroad company. The water is there, the channel is there, surveyed and lighted by the United States Government. The harbors are there, made by that Great First Cause to which all mankind owes all that it may be. The people are there, the business is there, all is there to invite the participation of Americans in the maritime carrying trade through this placid piece of water which leads from the metropolis of the United States to all the chief towns of the greatest manufacturing section of this nation.

But if one desires to enter upon this honorable, this helpful service of coastwise shipping, the owners of the great railroad monopoly of New England hold up a warning hand. "You can have no docks!" they say. And if by chance or skill or diplomacy one is able to defeat this prohibition, his first ship bringing a cargo of New England's goods to New York to be forwarded thence to customers in the West is met at the wharfs of this city by the officials of our great trunk lines, with the information that because his happens to be an "independent boat," his freight charges will be almost twenty per cent higher than those exacted from the boats owned by the great New Haven corporation.

The Effect on Shippers

THIS is not mere opinion, not merely the expression of views gained after talks—though I have had them—with many New England manufacturers and shippers. It is simply the translation into what I hope may be popular phrase of what is now on record in the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission and of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission. From these reports it is only too easy to show that Long Island Sound has been made almost the private property of one railroad corporation; that that corporation can, and does, with the aid of the Western trunk lines, charge an unnecessarily high rate for the shipment of manufactured goods from New England ports to the West, and that the Interstate Commerce Law as it stands to-day is impotent to correct the evil.

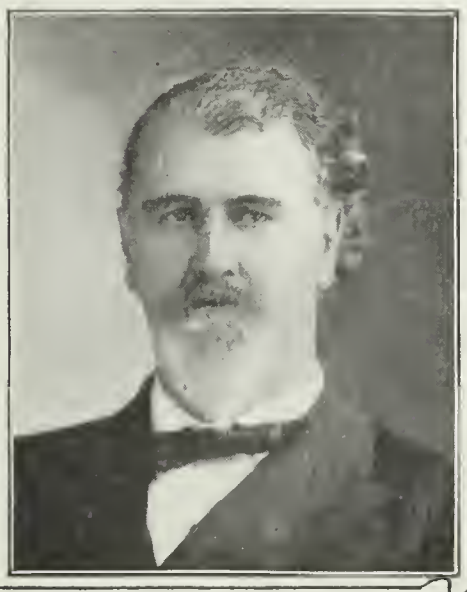
Is this situation helpful to the New England manufacturer? Is it helpful to the Western consumer who must pay monopoly freight rates on his goods? Is it pleasing to the ordinary American taxpayer who now keeps Long Island Sound from one end to the other and all the harbors opening into it in good condition for the use and profit of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford road? Is it well to fence off nature's finest highway from the use of all who can make it serviceable to mankind?

THE CHANGING SENATE

RECENT ELECTIONS HAVE INCREASED THE REPUBLICAN MAJORITY IN THE SENATE FROM 58 TO 61



Jefferson Davis, Arkansas



James H. Berry, Arkansas



Joseph M. Dixon, Montana



William A. Clark, Montana



Simon Guggenheim, Colorado

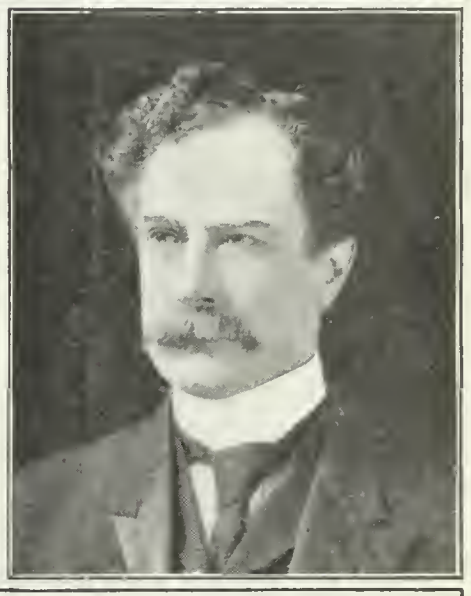


Thomas M. Patterson, Colorado

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Robert L. Taylor, Tennessee

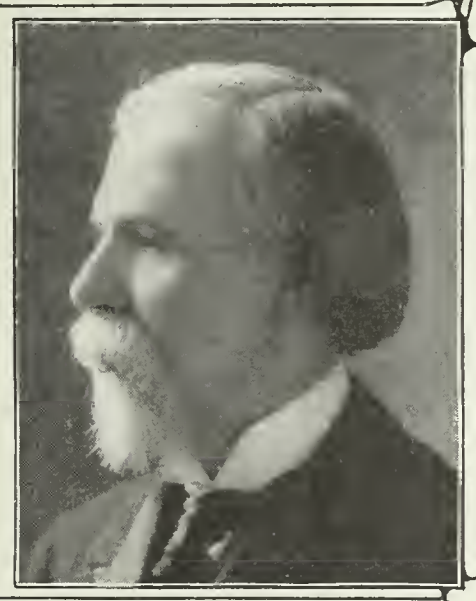


Edward W. Carmack, Tennessee

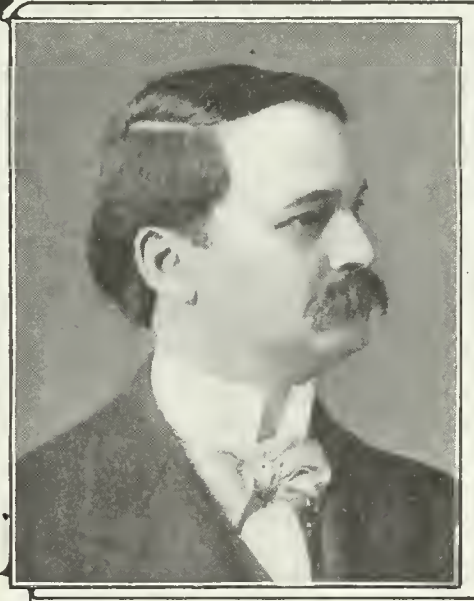
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William Alden Smith, Michigan



Russell A. Alger (deceased), Michigan



Charles Curtis, Kansas



A. W. Benson, Kansas

In each of these pairs of photographs the one on the right is the retiring Senator, the one on the left his successor

OF THE ninety Senators of the United States the terms of thirty will expire on Mareh 3, 1907. Of these, at least seventeen have already been reelected, or else are so sure of reelection that they sit easy in their seats. Those old veterans, Morgan, Baeon, Cullom, Dolliver, Frye, and Tillman, seem to come baek practieally as a matter of routine.

Clark, Patterson, and Dubois, Demoerats, are to be sueceeded by Dixon, Guggenheim, and Borah, Republicans. The Republican representation will, therefore, be increased from fifty-eight to sixty-one, and the Demoeratie numbers reduced from thirty-two to twenty-nine.

Three Republieans have been promoted from the House to the Senate. These men, Curtis of Kansas, Dixon of Montana, and Smith of Miehigan, are young and aggressive. They are fairly representative of the new type of "Roosevelt Senator." Others who have "lined up" in support of the President's policies are Guggenheim, Borah, and Brown. Paynter, Jeff Davis, and "Fiddling Bob" Taylor will bring to the Senate no notieeable reverence for the tradition that that body is the most conservative on earth.

Any hasty assertion that the eorporation fighters are having their day must be avoided in discussing the new Senators. It is true that Millard of Nebraska, who gives way to Attorney-General Brown, is a loss to the Western railroads, and Dixon of Montana, who takes Clark's seat, appeals to the people rather than to the mine owners and land magnates for support. But in swapping "Old Perplexity" Patterson, whose brow has been wrinkled by long search for invective to hurl against eorporations, for Simon Guggenheim, Colorado has gone back under the yoke of the big business interests.

The new Senator from Colorado went to Denver in 1888, when he was twenty-one. When he was chosen Senator he held fourteen salaried plaees in the family's various Colorado enterprises. These paid him $75,000 a year, though, of course, this represented only a small part of his income. The eharge that he bought his seat has been made openly, and has been denied. It is alleged that he paid the eampaign expenses of praetieally every Republiean eandidate for the Legislature who found a campaign necessary.

Guggenheim is no orator—his political sponsor, "Ikey" Stevens of Pueblo, keeps him carefully away from the lime-light of the platform. He is in strong contrast to his immediate predeeessor. Patterson has worried the business men by talking too loudly against their methods in the State; if Guggenheim ever makes a speeeh in the Senate, or originates a radical pieee of legislation, Colorado will be astonished. Patterson is quick tempered and vindietive; Guggenheim hasn't an enemy in the State so far as he knows.

"I am going to Washington," the new Senator from Colorado declares, "to represent all the people. I am free and untrammeled and under obligations to no interests, company, railroad, or eorporation." In earnest of his complete allegiance to the people rather than the corporations, he has resigned his fourteen salaried offices. Further he says: "I am in hearty sympathy with the progressive achievements of our party and of President Roosevelt. I favor all legislation adopted by Congress to correet industrial abuses, and will support and suggest further measures that experience or wisdom may show to be necessary."

While Colorado has eried halt to the radicals, her neighbors Kansas and Nebraska are still hot on the trail of the railroads. In the preliminary struggle, before the Kansas Legislature sat down to ehoose a successor to Benson, it was reported that statesmen hardly dared to ride on a railway train for fear of the moral effeet. Charles Curtis of Topeka, who has been

A THIRTY-D

IN 24 RAILROAD ACCIDENTS, FROM DECEMBE
KILLED, 156 WERE INJURED, AND THOUSAN



A freight train on the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. was run into by a switching engine at Presqu' Isle, Me., January 25. Two firemen killed, one engineer badly injured





TRAIN WRECKED BY DYNAMITE EXPLOSION

A car loaded with dynamite blew up as a "Big Four" passenger train was passing at Sandford, Indiana, January 19. The tender was blown 60 feet from the locomotive. Twenty-three people killed outright, 6 fatally injured, 32 others severely injured

This list is incomplete, being made up from newspaper reports. Complete records would show, in addition, a number of minor wrecks

Date	*Road*	*Killed*	*Injured*	*Cause*
Dec. 30	Baltimore & Ohio	59	50	Signal system defective
Jan. 1	Oregon Short Line	1	2	Negligence of operator
Jan. 2	Rock Island	35	40	Operator was a youth of 18 who had been on duty 36 hours
Jan. 3	Union Pacific	0	0	Snowstorm obscuring view of track
Jan. 5	Southern Pacific, Portland Express	2	0	Washout
Jan. 12	Buffalo, Rochester, & Pittsburg	1	0	Head-on collision, due to misinterpretation of signals
Jan. 12	Central New England	1	4	Head-on collision
Jan. 13	Rock Island	5	8	Open switch
Jan. 15	Rock Island	4	3	Open switch
Jan. 15	Nickel Plate	1	2	Non-observance of signals
Jan. 16	Boston & Maine	0	0	Two trains derailed by engine jumping track

NO ONE WAS KILLED IN TI



A ROCK ISLAND R. R. TRAIN C

Train No. 29, about one mile west of Volland, Kan bound, running down grade at about 40 miles an hou through the roof of the first chair car. Fire broke o



DINING CAR ON THE SEABOARD AIR LINE TRAIN, WHICH WAS WRECKED JANUARY 16, WHEN



THE ENTIRE TRAIN OF PULLMAN CARS WAS DI

AY RECORD

906, TO JANUARY 30, 1907, 188 PEOPLE WERE
DOLLARS IN PROPERTY WAS DESTROYED



T DUE TO HEAVY SNOW



AFTER A HEAD-ON COLLISION

A. M., January 2, was run into by No. 30, east-age car of No. 29 telescoped the smoker and came d both trains were soon burning from end to end

An examination of the causes given shows that in a majority of cases these accidents would have been avoided by vigilance

Date	*Road*	*Killed*	*Injured*	*Cause*
Jan. 16	Seaboard Air Line	0	0	Defective switch
Jan. 16	Philadelphia & Reading	5	0	Boiler exploded
Jan. 17	New York Central	0	2	Rear-end collision, caused by snow-storm obscuring view of track
Jan. 19	Rock Island	0	7	Washout
Jan. 19	"Big Four," Queen City Special	20	10	Head-on collision, owing to fog
Jan. 19	"Big Four"	40	0	Explosion of powder-car on nearby freight train
Jan. 21	'Frisco, "The Record Train"	0	7	Spreading rails
Jan. 21	Lake Shore	1	4	Open switch
Jan. 21	Reading, "Atlantic City Flyer"	3	0	Explosion of boiler
Jan. 21	Baltimore & Ohio	0	2	Locomotive jumped track
Jan. 22	Atlantic Coast Line	1	4	Open switch
Jan. 24	Baltimore & Ohio	3	0	Spreading rails
Jan. 29	Boston & Maine	6	11	Faulty signal system



A locomotive jumped the track on the morning of January 20 and blocked the entrance to New York's Grand Central Station most of the day. No one was injured



THESE LOCOMOTIVES MET ON THE SAME TRACK

The Queen City Special, on the "Big Four," ran head on into a freight train near Fowler, Indiana, on the morning of January 19. Twenty people were killed, and the entire train was consumed by fire. Cause: engineer failed to see signals owing to fog



BY FIRE, THE LOSS APPROXIMATING $90,000



THE LOCOMOTIVE JUMPED THE TRACK. CAUSE: DEFECTIVE SWITCH. NO ONE WAS KILLED

in Congress since 1892, has not been a rabid fighter of the railroads, but no one questions him when he says that he is, and will continue to be, free from their domination.

Curtis had come nearer to earning promotion than any other Kansas Representative. He is part Indian. His mother was of the Kaw tribe, a "quarter-blood," and his father an army officer. He began life as a newsboy, became a jockey, then drove a hack in Topeka. Studying whenever opportunity offered, he left the driver's seat at sixteen to enter a law office. At twenty-four he was prosecuting attorney of Shawnee County; at twenty-eight he first tried for a seat in Congress; at thirty he succeeded. In his fourteen years in the House he has worked hard. The most important Indian legislation since the Dawes land allotment act of 1887, the Curtis bill for the breaking up of the tribal governments in Indian Territory, was credited to the Kansas Representative in 1898. His industry is indicated by his statement that in his campaign for renomination in 1904 he wrote twenty thousand letters. He is a friend of the pension seekers—in his Washington office is a directory of applicants for pensions which contains six thousand names, with notes as to the status of each claim.

More perhaps than any other Kansas Congressman, Curtis has the good will of the Administration. The railroads may be behind him, but so is the President.

Norris Brown, who takes the place of Joseph H. Millard, regards his election to the Senate as the culmination of the long fight that has been waged in Nebraska against the railroads. As Attorney-General of the State, he has fought for the effective enforcement of the laws against special privileges. The anti-railroad agitation has won his seat for him. He says that it is not a passing fancy, and has put himself on record, along with other young and aggressive freshmen in the Upper House, as favoring the President's railroad-curbing activity.

William E. Borah of Idaho has displaced one of the most forceful and picturesque figures in the Senate. Fred T. Dubois has always been the strongest champion of the anti-Mormon sentiment of the Northwest. He is a man of strong convictions, undoubted honesty, and is a strong figure in debate. His part in the Smoot investigation was that of the man who believed intensely in the necessity for getting rid of Mormon influence.

Borah himself is an orator and a brilliant lawyer. He conducted the prosecution of the Cœur d'Alène dynamiters in 1899 and is associated with the prosecution of Moyer and Haywood of the Western Federation of Miners for the alleged assassination of ex-Governor Steunenberg. Tacitly he has the indorsement of the Administration. Borah has the Mormon support, though the Senate will not hold that against him.

Joseph M. Dixon comes to the Senate from Missoula in the western half of Montana. Both Senators Clark and Carter are opposed to Dixon. In Montana, it is something of an achievement to win against the Clark-Carter combination. Dixon has done it, and there has been no breath of bribery in connection with his election.

Not quite forty, a man who "does things," a known friend of the President, the new Senator represents a distinct gain to the Senate. He will join the growing group of "Roosevelt Senators" from the West that are not afraid to call a land thief by his proper title.

The First Senator by Direct Vote

A WESTERN man who makes his first appearance in Congress as a Senator is Jonathan Bourne of Oregon. He is the first man ever elected to the Senate by direct vote of the people—ratified by the State Legislature—a method of election destined to become much more general.

Russell A. Alger's successor in the Senate, William Alden Smith of Grand Rapids, is a railroad lawyer. He lacks two years of being fifty, and has served twelve years as a Representative from the Fifth Michigan District. Alger's illness kept him inactive. His prestige waned steadily since he was Secretary of War. Whatever may be said of Smith's quality, his industry is unquestioned. Like Curtis, he began life as a newsboy, but, instead of riding race-horses, he became a page in the Michigan House of Representatives. Law and the railroads have been the rungs of his ladder since.

In the South, one more "old time, ante-bellum statesman" has been retired in favor of an aggressive, fire-eating modern. James H. Berry is a Confederate veteran; his successor, Jefferson Davis, was born in 1862. While Berry is all dignity and conservatism, Davis is impulsive and high tempered. His platform brawls have made him notorious. He is a graduate of Vanderbilt University law school, and a brilliant man.

Robert L. Taylor of Nashville succeeds Edward W. Carmack as the result of a spirited primary fight last year in which the question of local option against State prohibition of the liquor traffic played a leading part. Carmack is the abler man, but his speeches in the Senate and his fierce criticisms of the President have detracted from his popularity in Tennessee. Taylor, on the contrary, has increased his great popularity in his State by making the anti-corporation cry his own.

"Fiddling Bob" is a nickname that the new Senator from Tennessee won in his campaign for Governor in 1886, when his Republican opponent was his brother, Alfred A. Taylor. In the mountain districts "Bob" Taylor's fiddle won as many votes as his voice. Taylor is fifty-seven. He has been pension agent, Congressman and Governor, and he is editor of "Bob Taylor's Magazine." The Senate loses a statesman and gains a picturesque personality by the retirement of Carmack.

At sixty-nine, Jos. C. S. Blackburn of Kentucky, who has served ten years in the House and twelve in the Senate since 1875, retires, and Thomas Hardin ("Hurricane") Paynter takes his seat. Paynter is fifty-five, a big, aggressive man who has won every political honor in his State that he has coveted. He served three terms in Congress as a Representative between 1888 and 1894. While he was at Washington his breezy manner and his luxuriant mustache attracted the notice of Nast, who pictured him with his mustaches wrapped about his ears, and labeled the picture "Thomas Hurricane Paynter."

From the House Paynter went on the Kentucky Bench, He was serving on the Bench when he entered the Senatorial race as Blackburn's opponent. In every political fight that he has made, except when he was chosen for a second term as Judge of the Court of Appeals, Paynter has had strong opposition. His hardest fight was his last. Blackburn has for years held Kentucky under the spell of his oratory and his strong personality. But, like Berry in Arkansas, Blackburn has found that his State no longer responds to the appeals of the ante-bellum statesman.

MEXICO WILL CONTROL HER RAILROADS

INTENDING to protect her transportation system against possible foreign interference and to have her railroads managed in the interest of the people and the nation, the Mexican Government is about to take absolute control, through majority stock ownership in a great holding company, capitalized at $225,000,000, of more than two-thirds of the entire existing railroad mileage of Mexico.

The project is a bold one. It is undertaken as a crucial piece of national policy. Porfirio Diaz, the Peter the Great of Mexico, stands for it. At his request the Congress of Mexico prolonged its session to pass legislation giving the executive branch of the National Government the necessary authority to carry out the plan proposed.

Let us first get some appreciation of the importance of what Mexico is doing with her transportation problem. Only so can we fully comprehend the magnitude of the undertaking as it affects that nation. The railroad system of Mexico to-day comprises 10,840 miles of line. Under the plan already virtually consummated and to be given full effect just as soon as necessary details can be arranged, the Government railroads will aggregate 6,724 miles of line in the consolidated system. With the Tehuantepec National Railway the national controlled lines will be 6,935 miles.

Suspicious of United States Bankers

THERE have been two great trunk line railroad systems in Mexico, the so-called National Lines, with 3,368 miles of line operated together, and the Mexican Central Railway with 3,356 miles of line. These two systems are to be made into one. As such the consolidated railroads will hold a commanding position, their lines being geographically so located as to put the transportation facilities of Mexico, present and future, completely in the hands of the National Government. The immediate strength of this position will be comprehended when it is stated that there will remain in the whole country only three uncontrolled railroad companies operating more than two hundred miles of line each.

Mexico is accomplishing nationalization of her railroads with comparative ease. The United States could scarcely take control of its railroad system in the same way. This is because railroad development in the two countries has been along different lines. To a very great extent the Mexican Government has helped to create the railroad system which President Diaz early perceived was a prerequisite to the successful carrying out of his great policy for making Mexico and her people into a homogeneous nation.

Subsidies, exemptions from taxation, and grants of exclusive railroad privileges in specified sections of the country have been the substantial kinds of assistance which Mexico has given to railroad enterprise. While doing all this the National Government has kept its hand on the railroads to an extent and with a success not paralleled in the United States, so that taking actual control of them now involves comparatively little effort.

About three years ago the Mexican Government took its first great step toward railroad ownership on a large scale. That step was taken as a piece of national policy directed to prevent one railroad system from becoming dominant in Mexico to the probable hurt of the industrial development of the country and the material welfare of the Mexican people. In the move then made the National Government extended its power not to put any handicap on the big railroad system, but to help in creating another which should operate as a balancing force.

Such was the purpose of the Mexican Government, when, on October 31, 1903, to make possible the carrying out of a financial plan to provide capital for standard-gaging old lines and building much needed new railroads, it acquired as a treasury asset $29,972,700 or nearly forty-eight per cent of the total outstanding capital stock of the National Railroad Company of Mexico.



MAP OF ALL THE RAILROADS IN MEXICO

The black lines show the lines recently taken under control by the Mexican Government. There are 6,935 miles of them. The dotted lines show the railroads which are still run by private companies. There are but 3,905 of these. The roads run by private companies are short and disconnected

When that deal was made the Government turned over to the company controlling securities of the Interoceanic Railway of Mexico, Ltd. The National Railroad Company of Mexico also holds stock control of the Mexican International and the Hidalgo and Northeastern Railroads. These four companies together form the so-called National Lines of Mexico. This appellation is about to be made still more appropriate with respect to a railroad system of double the size.

Within a few months certain banking interests in the United States got control of a great part of the stock and other securities of the Mexican Central Railway Company, Ltd. These securities had been always rather closely held, so that it was not difficult to get them together. Then was developed a situation which President Diaz saw might easily result dangerously for Mexico. He was unwilling to risk absorption of this second great Mexican railroad by any foreign railway system.

Minister of Finance Limantour, working with the banking interests, then evolved the consolidation plan by which the National Government is to obtain control of both the big railroad systems of Mexico. The railroads do not become national property. They continue their corporate existence, and will be operated in all essential particulars like other and independent railroads in Mexico.

Keeping Out United States Railroads

WHAT the Government of Mexico does is to acquire a majority of the stock of the new holding corporation. This stock ownership, of course, carries with it absolute and indisputable control of the management of the properties owned by the corporation and its subsidiary companies.

This result is to be accomplished without cash outlay or the issue of any public debt securities by the Government, but Mexico virtually underwrites the new company. There is to be an exchange of securities by which the Government will turn over its present stock holdings in the National Railroad Company of Mexico. For extensions and improvements of the consolidated railroad system, bonds will be issued as the board of directors, the majority being in Mexico, may see fit.

By this deal the Mexican Government expects to accomplish three chief things; first, to prevent any railroad system in the United States from absorbing the important Mexican Central Railway property; second, to avoid friction between the two big and largely competitive companies in one of which the Government already held a virtually controlling interest, and, third, to reduce the cost of transportation and to improve the service rendered through the economies and better arrangements possible with consolidation under one management.

The UNAVAILABLE OPULENCE OF IRBY TUEL

A LIMITED SUPPLY OF CASH DRAWS A CLOUD ACROSS A HONEYMOON

By GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE

"SISTER CLUTCHER, ever sence I wedded that gal o' yourn to Irby Tuel, I've laid off to speak my mind concernin' the way you raised her."

"Juletty's my baby chile, Elder Mayhall; an' I shore fotch her up to regard prope'ty—ef that is yo' meanin'. I says to all my chil'en, says I, 'When ye wed, I want ye to wed prope'ty—an' a plenty.' An' they hain't nary one on 'em gone ag'in me. Julet' she done the best; but hit ain't every day that a mounting gal meets up with a feller with seb'm hundred dollars in his right hand."

"For a perfessin' Christian, you do sho'ly think too much o' riches, Sister Clutcher," said the preacher sharply. "You want to study more about layin' up treasures whar thieves cain't break th'oo an' steal."

"That's true, Brother Mayhall, ef a body has money on this earth look like they's allus a passel o' folks tryin' to git it away from 'em," agreed Elvira Clutcher, impervious to the reproof in her pastor's words.

"Well, I tell you and Sister Tuel," said the outspoken old man, "that I never wedded a pair with a more sinking heart. You women jest sp'iled 'em plumb rotten. That thar boy needs for to be showed that the gal he's got is jest a human—or more so. Juletty ort to know that Irby Tuel ain't nothin' but a sinful man—an' young at that. An' they both need to be convicted of the truth that riches—eb'm seb'm hundred dollars—is but a fading gloss that takes unto hitse'f wings an' leaves nary thing but a heap of ashes behime at the last."

"Lemme see the paper," quavered Mrs. Tuel.

"Ah—law—huh! Brother Mayhall. I reckon Irby an' Julet' is bound to need all they' smartness for to keep what they got away from them thievish town folks. Some on 'em must 'a' done hearn tell about Irby an' his riches; fer they've even gone so far as to git up a bogust telegraft an' send hit to me for to try kin they locate that thar money and steal hit!"

Slowly and weightily she drew out and unfolded a yellow paper, every eye eagerly upon her; it was a rich moment. She had reserved this delectable bit of gossip for a later part of the meeting; but the preacher's remarks seemed to make its production now almost dramatically opportune.

Mayhall took the yellow slip and read:

"'*Mossy Cove, June 5. Out of money. Where is the seven hundred dollars? Answer. Irby Tuel.*'"

"Now, don't that show how folks has to watch out when they've got money?" Tuel's mother-in-law inquired triumphantly.

"How long sence you got this?" countered the preacher abruptly. "Hit's dated more'n a week ago. You sho'ly answered? Hit's from Irby."

"You' a-jokin'; you' sho'ly a-passin' yo' jokes on me, Brother Mayhall. You know I never answered that fool thing. I sensed mighty well an' cl'ar Irby had nothin' to do with hit.

"Hit ain't no telegraft. Hit ain't from Irby, nohow, Sis Tuel. Hit's jest a printed letter that them thar roguish town folks uses to fool ye. Don't you take on," Mrs. Clutcher urged. "Irby had fo' dollars an' eighty cents, he had; mighty nigh five dollars! That's a plenty, anyhow. Looks like he couldn't no way have spent that much in a week."

But the Rev. Mr. Mayhall had been to Mossy Cove—and further—more than once. He gasped at the thought of this mountain boy and girl stranded in a town—even a town of that size—with the few coins which might have been left out of their four dollars and eighty cents by the time of their arrival.

"If the rest of you women can finish here," he cut in, "I'm a-gwine to take Sister Clutcher an' Sister Tuel over to my house. I'll git them to tell me the rights of this business; and then, if I have to, I'll go plumb to Mossy Cove and hunt up them pore chil'en. Hit's no manner of use to telegraft now, for a week has done went by, an' Lord only knows what they' ay."

BEFORE one of the shop-windows strung along the single straggling business street of Mossy Cove, a young couple stood looking in—scarce more than boy and girl, plainly fresh from the mountains, and each of them showing in face and figure marks of weariness and dejection.

"I'd laid off to buy me a belt time we got to the settlemint," the girl was murmuring to herself, half mechanically. "I've been a-wantin' that thar belt—jest adzackly that-un in thar—fer more'n a month, I reckon. Irby," she continued, turning to the lad beside her and raising her voice sharply: "Irby, that's the belt I want"—it was probably the twentieth time she had addressed this observation to her young husband. She pointed to a cheap gilt girdle of linked plates.

"Know hit—ye said that afore, honey. Jest wait tell we have some breakfast, and I go to the telegraft office—mebbe I kin buy it fer ye by then."

"An' you said that afore!" pouted the bride, with a tempestuous heave of the pink-calico-clad bosom, and a mutinous glance at her legal lord and master. "I named hit to you a-yesterday when we come a-past this hyer winder; and you said them very same words. I want to know, right now, don't ye aim to never buy me nothin'? What ye pesterin' 'round that old telegraft office fer all the time? I could 'a' bought my belt with the money ye fooled away thar a-yesterday. Why don't we go on to Mountain Junction whar we're a-gwine? Seems like you act quare."

A quick red rose to the young fellow's freckled face. That sandy poll of his meant irascibility. "Always been told a woman's as full o' curiosity as a aig is o meat. Eve in the Bible upsot the whole business by trying to find out what was never intended for her to know," he grumbled, going back to a very old grievance. He was looking haggard and worn—and there was just twenty-five cents in his pocket. A wife of longer standing would have felt intuitively that this was a time for amiability. But the handsome, star-eyed gipsy, who had almost to run to keep up with his long stride, had a pretty little temper of her own.

"I think hit's about time you told me who ye sent that telegraft to—an' who you expect to hyer from, an' what about me—a wedded wife!" she stormed.

Irby Tuel faced about in his tracks. He was but a boy, eaten by his first great anxiety—and breakfastless.

"Ef ye must know," he burst out, "I've done lost the seb'm hundred dollars, an' hit tuck nigh onto the last money I had to telegraft to yo' mammy—"

"*My* mammy?" echoed Juletta between scorn and amazement.

"Yes, yo' mammy," doggedly, and with a yet redder face. "She had the keepin' on it last I knowed, and she orter 'a' give it to me befo' we started. I never noticed till a-yesterday—I—I wasn't studyin' about—" his voice trailed and faltered. He saw the figure he cut in the eyes of his bride. He gulped and half turned away with clenched hands. "Mebbe they's a telegraft this mawnin'," he muttered.

With a sudden clutch upon his coat-sleeve Juletta restrained him. Primitive woman that she was, with much of the young savage in her, she looked him over from head to foot with curiously widened dark eyes—this husband of hers who lost his money and seemed about to weep therefor.

"You've lost hit—seb'm hundred dollars!" she said.

Irby refused to look at her. His eyes sulked behind thick blond lashes and down-drawn brows. "Turn me a-loose!" he growled. "I ain't got but twenty-five cents in my pocket; but I'm sho' a-gwine to git me some breakfast—an' you too," he added hastily. "I'm as hongry as a hound-dog that's run for it's life. I cain't do nothin' no ways tell I've had sompin' to eat. I want my breakfast—"

"An' I want my belt," flung back his bride. "Looks like men allus has to be a-eatin'—got to eat whatever comes or goes; got to eat ef they was to die the next minute; got to eat—an' eat quick—ef everything else is plumb lost and ruin't!" She loosed his arm, adding a decided push to the action, and faced him fairly blazing. "I want my belt. The Lord knows hit's little enough. Hit costs but a quarter—a quarter!" with a stinging scorn from which the boy winced so sharply that he might almost be said to have dodged. "An' you ain't bought me ary gift sence we've been wedded!"



She loosed his arm and faced him fairly blazing

Nobody could be more painfully aware of this fact than Irby Tuel—the wealthy Irby Tuel, who had planned through the weeks and months of his courtship what he should buy for her, how he should dress her and deck her out, in what generous style he should do things, when they came to Mossy Cove on their way to the little mountain station where they should leave the railroad and go by wagon out to look at the farm which this inheritance of his was to buy and stock.

"Ye talk like A begretched ye the belt," he said resentfully. "I'd git it for ye—I'd 'a' got it fust time ye named it to me—ef I had the price. I didn't jest natchally *aim* to lose the money. I never lost hit at all, myse'f—hit was yo' mammy what would come a-meddlin' into the business, a-werryin' me an' a-talkin' on, 'lowin' hit warn't safe for me to pack sech a sum in my pocket that-a-way. She tuck it an' said she'd fix fer me to tote it. An' then Preacher Mayhall was a-comin', an' they hollered that the folks was waitin', an'," with a sudden rush of feeling, "I thest seed you, Juletta, an' you was so pretty an' sweet 'at I plumb forgot about the money for one while."

"Oh—law—purty an' sweet!" gibed Juletta, with a toss of the head worthy of her mother. "Ef that's all you got to say, you needn't come a-nigh me. What do you reckon I wedded ye fer?"

The boy looked hungrily at her. Juletta had been a most captivating sweetheart—a responsive, a royal lover. And he longed very much for a little kindness from the one creature he knew in what seemed to him a big, bewildering, heartless city. But she laughed cruelly, and answered to his look as though it had been words.

"No, I didn't, neither. Ef I'd 'a' wanted a man, I'd a wedded one; but I jest hones after riches—an' you had 'em. That's what I wedded ye fer, Irby Tuel—fer yo' riches. I reckon I was a fool, but that's what I tuck *you* fer!"

"Hit is, is it?" said the young husband slowly, and even Juletta's valor faltered a bit before his look and tone. "Ye seem to be mighty oncommin'—mighty peart, an' forrud—about tellin' hit to me now," he went on with heavy bitterness. "'Pears like hit don't werry ye a bit to say yo' whole mind to me, free, about hit. But this is the fust I've heard on it. I wish't you'd a-had the goodness to give me a sorter hint like this fo' months ago, when—"

He was about to fling their courtship in her teeth—to taunt her with her towardliness—her readiness to be won—it was intolerable! And as they went along a quiet back street toward the station and the telegraph office, Irby stunned, sullen, bewildered, the furious Juletta hung like a small active craft upon his quarter, pouring into the bigger, heavier vessel a galling and incessant fire of taunts, precepts, and maxims with which her mother's teachings had loaded her—not good, honest shot, but chewed bullets, slugs, rusty bent nails, that tore and lacerated and poisoned. There was scarce a street corner in their itinerary upon which she did not stop and loudly threaten to leave him.

Irby, naturally slow of speech, and now bleeding from a score of wounds, made but few clumsy and muttering replies; yet these were aimed with a boy's frank brutality. In this sort they came to the station platform, and together entered the office where the station-agent performed the duties of telegraph operator. The man looked up and laughed as soon as he saw them.

"Nothing," he said, forestalling poor Irby's question.

"I'm gwine back to the ho-tel," announced Juletta abruptly. "Ef you hain't got the money for to buy nothin' I want, nor to go on to Garyville—I'm gwine back to the ho-tel." And she turned and flounced out of the room.

"Yer gal's mad," commented the functionary amiably. "Them folks up at Hepzibah don't seem to answer you very fast about that cash. They's nothin' in this world, I reckon, that a feller can git rid of quicker an' easier than—"

But Irby Tuel did not hear the conclusion of these philosophic observations; he was out at the back of the station, examining a vast pile of cordwood. With his hands in his pockets he moved about seeming to seek something, found it, squared his broad shoulders, thrust his hat back, and whistled softly under his breath as he lightly ran an interrogating thumb along the edge of an ax. When the agent put his head out at the back window, young Tuel glanced up at him with a look at once so frank and so appealing that the fellow's heart must have been a little touched, for he failed to laugh again at the mountain boy's query: "Aim to have this hyer stuff chopped?" and only answered:

"Yep. Want the job?"

"I reckon so," said Irby. "What ye pay?"

"'Bout a dollar a cord," said the other briefly. He turned back into the room, reappearing a moment later to toss out a smooth pine stick. "Thar's the measure o' the stove. Watch out ye don't git hit any longer'n that—hit's jest right."

The boy's healthy stomach clamored upon him for breakfast. But the mountaineer's dignity was his. He fingered the coin in his pocket thoughtfully. He dared not spend it for a breakfast and anticipate wages which some accident might intervene to prevent his receiving. Besides, there was Juletta. The coin went deep into his pocket, and his hand came out; the hat was jammed down tightly on that hair which a body might call red; a moment later the ax flashed high above his head, in long glittering curves, and bit savagely into the wood, sending out great chips with every stroke. Never in all his twenty-two years had Irby Tuel worked for hire. Always he had been the employer. As the grief and humiliation of that morning surged back upon him, and he recalled Juletta's looks and words and tones, the strokes fell faster, the ax flashed in swifter, wider arcs, and bit, each time it fell, more and more deeply into the wood. . . . She'd never 'a' took up with him but for his riches. . . . The seven hundred dollars—that's all she wedded him for. . . . Ef she'd 'a' wanted a man . . . a man . . . a man. . . .

Thus, in the dazed, stung, bewildered young brain, the refrain chimed on hour after hour. Well, he'd show her that he was a man, yet. A man could make money—he could earn it—and buy back what was lost.

And so Irby Tuel chopped and split, and chopped and split, all day—breakfastless and dinnerless.

Toward dusk he held brief converse with his employer, who was not a bad fellow; and, having received from him the pay for his day's labor, and permission to occupy an unused pallet in a corner of the freight room, he called at the decent little country hotel where he and Juletta had been boarding, paid what was owing, told the landlady his wife would stay there for the present, but that he had got work which would keep him away.

To say of Juletta, the girl who had dismissed him—who had announced herself quit of him forever—on seven different street-corners that morning, who had hung at the window for hours that afternoon watching from behind the ragged shade for his approach, who had witnessed it, slipped doubtingly, hopefully downstairs, and caught the import of his talk with the landlady—to say of her that she now regarded him with terror would be but to put the truth mildly. When her tantrum had subsided it left her rather shamed and disposed to be contrite. Now, she was like a kitten that has boxed its first mouse—the mouse that it meant to keep and play with forever—too hard in its enthusiasm and killed it outright. She watched with fear-dilated eyes while Irby paid the woman for her board; she crept away unseen and went forlornly back up to her room—that room so lonely, so big and empty and gaping with Irby out of it—to spend the long, long evening, and the long miserable night alone.

For five days this curious state of affairs went on. Irby Tuel had found the man's cure for trouble, disappointment, heartache—work; and he applied it as vigorously as the individual with hair which a body might call red is apt to. He chopped the agent's whole pile of cordwood; he passed on from it to the cordwood of the station agent's friends and acquaintances. Only son of a doting mother who was well-to-do for the mountains, Irby had never been driven to severe and prolonged labor; and during the last three months of his courtship of Juletta he had, like a petted, spoiled boy, almost entirely relinquished work of any sort, occupying his time very comfortably with his wooing, so that this exigency, which came upon him abruptly and addressed him in imperative terms, found him somewhat unfit. But he made up in dogged resolution what was lacking in muscular hardness. His hands, which blistered at first, calloused over in the palms manfully; his back, which had ached of an evening as though it would break in two, grew once more supple and strong; his eyes lost their grieved, angry, dazed look. He was very literally working out his first big problem.

Tired Irby could usually sleep soundly, despite his misery; but Juletta's pillow was wet with her tears till long after midnight. Day by day she watched feverishly for some sign of her young husband; and every night, when it was too late for him to come, she told herself: "He's done lef' me. He won't never love me no mo'! Oh, Lord, and I cain't blame him nary bit. Ef I was a man an' my woman spoke to me like I did to Irby, I'd whup her sure, an' then I'd quit her!" She wept dolefully. "An' that's what he's a-fixin' to do—quit me—soon as he airns money enough to send me home to maw;" and the rest was tears.



Juletta suddenly appeared to him

But if Juletta had faults, she had also the qualities of those faults; she was scarce one to let the thing loved and desired slip from her without a gallant struggle. And so, on the sixth day after their curious parting, it came about that just at sunset, Irby lingering for a few moments at the back of the station before going for his bit of supper and then to his lonely pallet, Juletta herself suddenly appeared to him, walking hastily, yet uncertainly, halting with nervous abruptness as she reached him. He picked up a bit of hickory bark, and stood crumbling it between his strong fingers as he looked at her.

"That you, Irby?" she inquired unnecessarily.

The young husband shook the aromatic shreds from his strong, steady hands and drew nearer, noticing that her breath was coming short, as though she had run far, that her mouth trembled, that her eyes were swollen and reddened. And the boy's heart within him—which had been learning so fast in this last week to be a man's heart—yearned to her as he answered:

"Yes, Juletty; hit's nobody but the feller ye wedded fer his riches—an' turned yo' back on him when them thar riches lost theirselves."

They glanced about them. The station-master's back window was closed; the little, sequestered spot, grassy underfoot, with the homely suggestion of the chip-pile and the corded wood, with the scrubby trees half a stone's throw off to one side, was as familiar seeming as the back yard of the mountain cabin which had seen so much of their courtship. Seclusion to them did not mean a quiet parlor with a closed door, and consideration from those about; it meant the kitchen doorstep—the bars down at the pasture lot—the milking pen—it meant just such a scene as this. Juletta took courage, and came a step nearer to her husband. "Ef I ever said—ever said 'at I'd quit ye—" she began bravely.

"Ye shore said hit—I 'low ye said hit mo'n twenty times," he returned promptly, but without rancor.

"Well, I reckon I was mad;" she looked at him half archly, half piteously, as she thus hid behind the privilege of her sex. "When I'm mad, Irby, I'm thes' plumb devilish. Maw, she's 'lowed mo'n once at that temper o' mine—hit—" She shook her head, and again looked at him. Would he help her out?

"You was mad, honey," the boy whispered softly; "an' I don't blame ye greatly." He timidly touched one of her trembling hands. It seemed to move toward him. He took it eagerly.

"Ye look mighty purty when you' mad," he whispered huskily.

She raised brimming eyes to his.

"But ye look a sight purtier, an' sweeter, when ye ain't mad, honey!" Then the words burst from him before he was aware: "Do ye love me?"

A sob was his only answer. The kindly back window remained closed; no footstep woke an echo on the dusty turf; no eye was there to see, as the two young creatures sprang together, clung together, choking, murmuring regret, and love, and forgiveness, between kisses.

Long they stood so, finding each other out for the first time, making acquaintance, he of the heart of the girl he had not known, she of the real man she had wedded. They were so greatly richer than either had been aware; it was a happy, happy hour.

"Let us never fall out no mo'," murmured Juletta at last, offering the sweet old fallacy that Eve must have proffered to Adam just as the closing gates grazed her heel.

And Irby responded as heartily as the first man might have done: "We sho' never will. I ain't never a-gwine to werry ye, nor to give ye no cause to fuss at me whiles I live!" He fumbled with his left hand in the breast of his coat, and presently drew out something that shone and sparkled in the dim light. "I—I be'n a-countin' all along, to see when I'd git enough to pay the boa'd, an' leave the price of this; an' I thes' got that fur to-day; so I went an' bought hit for ye. Hit's the cutest little trick—mighty few gals hit'd go around."

The tears rushed afresh to the girl's eyes as she bent over the trinket—the little gilded belt which had, only a week ago, seemed to her worth taunting and miscalling him for—crying: "Ye jest make me 'shamed, honey! But, Irby, I come down to tell ye 'at I've got a job, too." He stared in surprise, and she hurried to explain: "Hit's a nice job, makin' beds an' cleanin' up right thar at the hotel; I went right back that—that fust day—and axed 'em didn't they have somin' fer me to do, an' this evenin' they give me the job. Hit'll pay the boa'd for both of us; an' we can save all 'at you airn. I thes' love to do it—hit ain't hard one bit. An' now, ef ye'll only have me back again, like we used to be—"

She lifted her face with its red lips, its swimming eyes, and they sealed a new and better betrothal.

Just as Tuel's arm released her they heard the clamor of the incoming train. By a common impulse they went forward through the waiting-room to see its passengers alight. There was but one getting off, a tall man with a carpet-bag, who turned and revealed to their astonished eyes the welcome, friendly countenance of Preacher Mayhall!

"Well, hyer you air!" he cried, with outstretched hand. "I 'lowed I might have to s'arch for you two—an' hyer you air. How ye both comin' on? Your mother got a telegraft," the reverend gentleman explained cautiously, as they walked down the platform toward the street. "She 'lowed you mentioned a loss. But from yo' looks I reckon you've done found the—"

"No, sir, no, Mr. Mayhall, I hain't found the seb'm hundred dollars that I telegrafted to Juletty's maw about; but I've found somethin' that's worth a heap mo' to me," with a fond look at his bride.

"Hah!" Preacher Mayhall stopped and faced them in the way.

"I'm a-airnin' money an' suppo'tin' my wife—"

"Yes, an' I've got a job, too," cut in Juletta jealously.

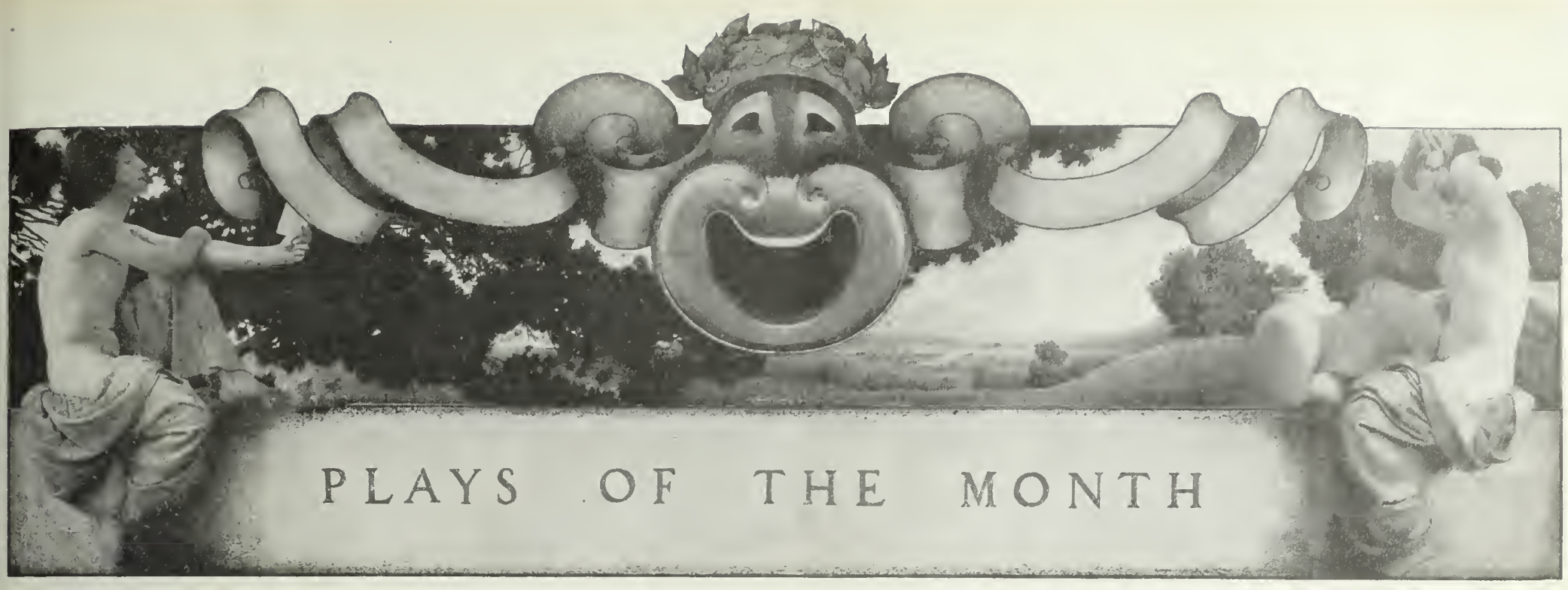
"An' ye've had yo' fust fallin' out along o' losin' the money, and done made it up again," the preacher said, looking kindly from one radiant young face to the other. He laid an affectionate hand on the boy's shoulder. "Son, you've done found a real woman, an' a good wife; Juletty, you've diskyivered a sho-enough man, an' a kind husband. When I wedded you spoilt chillen they' was nothin' but a fool saphead of a boy, an' a biggitty, ill-tempered, onchristian gal—an' might be yit—might be yit—a-startin' off to brew up trouble for yo'selves; like enough a scandal an' a disgrace, endin' up in one o' them divo'ces what's a-gittin' to be so fash'nable; hadn't 'a' been for the—er—the losin' o' that thar money."

They were at the hotel door now, and Mayhall was going on to the house of his Mossy Cove kin. "Ye hain't axed me yet did I bring a answer to yo' telegraft," he suggested. "I don't believe you-all air a studyin' about hit; but Sist' Clutcher said to thest rip the lower left-han' cornder—hyer? Sist' Clutcher *said* 'at she sewed the whole seb'm hundred dollars in thar—an' then disremembered to tell you-all!"

Like a flash Irby's hand went to the indicated portion of his clothing. "Lord!" he said; "Lo-o-ord!"

The two young people looked in each other's eyes, and burst into happy laughter.

1



PLAYS OF THE MONTH

By ARTHUR RUHL

Of the various results of Mr. Belasco's latest adventure in atmospheric melodrama the most impressive is its general prettiness. Mission gardens and mission bells, tinkling mandolins, Latinized vowels, confetti, señoritas, sunshine, silken shawls—all these are pretty things, and the "Rose of the Rancho" gathers them behind the footlights into that live picturesqueness for which Mr. Belasco is celebrated. In his particular field he has never been more successful. Few places or periods offer a more engaging contrast to contemporary America than the old California of the dying Spanish days, and without jamming tricky and purely accidental phenomena of local color down one's throat he brings back its countenance of this vanished time and much of its feeling, truly and with unusual charm. The drowsy, sun-drenched air of the mission garden is there as well as the good padre and the mission bells; señoritas and cigarette-smoking gallants talk Spanish and laugh Spanish instead of being merely glorified cigar-box lids. There is a really beautiful confetti-throwing scene which some of our Latin-American friends say takes them straight back to the carnival days at home. There is a commendable abstinence from that familiar reaching out and fairly grabbing the applause of the gullible, the people of the play—except for a somewhat incorrigible habit of dropping on their knees and being picturesquely blessed—behave with no more eccentricity than is traditionally considered good form in the society of melodrama. Mr. Belasco even eludes the bed toward which he normally flies as the iron filing to the magnet in the more acute paroxysms of his art. The nearest he gets to it is to cause his shy heroine to tell her new American suitor—with a peculiarly Belasconian ingenuousness—about the bedclothes and lovely nightgowns which are part of the trousseau of every Spanish bride. It may almost be—as the critics are so fond of saying of playwrights—"a distinct and definite step forward in his grasp of his art."

A Play for Pan-Americans

THE framework of the piece was a play written by Mr. Watson Walton Tulley of California, and already acted in the West. It deals with the clash between the original Spanish settlers of California and the gringo pioneers who rushed in and tried to "jump" the lands. Such was the "land-jumper" Kinkaid of Beaver, Nebraska—a character of—for Mr. Belasco—unusual reality, and impersonated by the very capable Mr. John W. Cope, with such delightful humor and authenticity that this mild villain stood out as quite the most plausible person in the play. Kinkaid, with his gang of a hundred ruffians, was about to seize the rancho of Señora Doña Petrona Castro, whose daughter Juanita, was known as "La Rosa del Rancho." Young Mr. Kearney of Washington, in California on Government duty in connection with disputed lands, had fallen in love with the young lady, and she with him, and he was naturally anxious to foil Kinkaid. So he got from Juanita the boundary papers, gave them to a young militiaman named "Sammy," and sent him off to ride like mad to the land office, register the claim and return with help. Meanwhile, by pretending to join Kinkaid, he hoped to delay the eviction and the consequent ruffianism or worse which would follow the turning loose of the land-jumper's gang. Meanwhile, also, the *fiesta* in honor of Juanita's approaching marriage to that gay caballero, Don Luis de la Torre, whom Juanita loathed, was celebrated with much confetti, guitar-playing, and general gaiety. To the audience this scene is infused with romantic irony and suspense, because of the fact that Kinkaid's gang is likely to smash into the patio of the ranch-house at any minute, and because Juanita, for appearance' sake, has to go through the betrothal rites with a man she despises; and this suspense and irony becomes, of course, something terrific when Kinkaid's gang does burst in at last, and honest and gallant Mr. Kearney, in order to save Juanita and her family—*My God, Sammy! Why don't you come!*—must pretend that he has deceived Juanita and is going to join Kinkaid in driving her family out. The suspense lasts for an act and a half—certainly one of the longest cases of the sort on record—until Sammy, at last, *à la* "The Girl I Left Behind Me," arrives with the trusty militia boys, covered with alkali dust, saves the day, and permits Juanita to fall on the sturdy bosom of Mr. Kearney.



Miss Frances Starr and Mr. Charles Richman in "The Rose of the Rancho"

The Rose, Mr. Richman, and Other Blossoms

AS for the players, not a little gratitude is due to those ladies and gentlemen, some nameless and some not, who smiled, danced, made eyes, or otherwise helped to construct the Spanish atmosphere with such vivacity and conviction. Of the men, Mr. Cope's Nebraskan "land-jumper" was such a finished piece of "amurican" characterization that it fell almost into another class than the other more merely-picturesque people of the play. Mr. Charles Richman was cast as the young Mr. Kearney. This required him to speak a number of lines in a firm, masculine voice, a feat in which he was successful. He was also expected to be the sort of man who could, offhand, tell a vivacious señorita that she was "young California laughing in the leaves." None but an imaginative genius of the highest order could picture Mr. Charles Richman doing anything like that, and audiences are, unhappily, rather ordinary people. Miss Frances Starr, who shows a great advance—not only in the more obvious technique, but in that less tangible sort which passes for what is called "feeling"—since her appearance last winter in "Gallops," was the "Rose of the Rancho." She had prepared herself by learning to talk English with an unusually neat Spanish accent, to move with a sinuous glide, and to do things with her eyebrows and mouth which a Spanish-American señorita might be supposed to do. It was a more than usually authentic impersonation of a Spanish type and, although over-elaborate in its sweet grimacing, almost too consciously "fascinating," it was yet, on the whole, very charmingly done.

Miss Nazimova in "The Doll's House"

ANY tremors that may have been felt lest Miss Alla Nazimova should fail to do justice in English to the genius she had so conclusively shown in Russian, were dispelled by her performance in "The Doll's House." She not only reassured the faithful, but even justified the extravagant praise of those who, unfamiliar with her work in her native tongue, were hypnotized in "Hedda" by the splendid novelty of her personality. Without having seen Mme. Duse, one feels safe in saying that so vivid a presentation of this somewhat baffling character and one more plausible has not been seen here nor anywhere else.

All that superb vitality and flexibility of physique which, misapplied, made her Hedda a sort of morbid, tailormade Cleopatra, was transmuted here into the very flesh and spirit of the part. It was hard to believe that that elongated Oriental wraith, and this exuberant little Nora, in her brisk Scotch-plaid suit, could be the same. Her laughing April-wind animality was irresistible. She rolled on the floor with the children, romped into Torvald's lap, threw herself on the sofa—not in sections but in one gesture as you would wave your hand—with the roly-poly abandon of a healthy St. Bernard pup. There are big, swift, sure ways of doing things—the way Sargent paints, for instance. This Nora threw back her arms and head and cried: "Oh, I am so happy!" and the gesture had all the crisp commanding sweep of a violinist's bow which seemed to be playing into one's very ears, so to speak, the music of Nora's happiness and vitality.

There was a moment in Miss Nazimova's "Hedda" to which none could be indifferent, however far her general impersonation was from Ibsen. It was when she learned the truth about Lovberg's suicide. She was seated, the long black snaky torso held erect, on her pale face the morbid exaltation of believing that he had killed himself "beautifully,"—that is to say, shot himself through the heart. Then came Brack's quiet, rasping, "Not in the heart,—in the bowels." At the word the erect torso, softly strong, snapped shut like a jackknife and her pale hands clutched convulsively an imagined wound. It was as quiet and quick as lightning, yet the psychological suggestion was so complete and vivid as fairly to stab one's physical nerves. The ability to give this sort of "bite" to a situation is an example of what, knowing nothing whatever about Slavs, I shall call her Slavic vigor and emotional frankness, merely to distinguish it from the paler methods of our Anglo-Saxon actresses. It could hardly have occurred to one of them to do this just as Miss Nazimova did it. If it had it might not have seemed to them exactly "pleasant." Well, Ibsen's idea is not pleasant. Similar in emotional understanding and vividness, but of infinitely deeper suggestion, was that shudder which seemed to come up from the very soul of the disillusioned Nora when she saw the real relation between herself and Torvald.

More detailed comment must be postponed, but one may, at least, say a general word of that gratitude which the public must feel to a woman who, by merely taking the trouble to learn a foreign tongue, has brought a genius to the English-speaking stage.

THE FURY OF THE ELEMENTS

FLOOD, FIRE, AND TEMPEST CAUSE GREAT DAMAGE IN WIDELY SEPARATED SECTIONS



THE SOUTHERN END OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, SUBMERGED BY THE HIGH WATERS OF THE OHIO RIVER



More than one-third of the city of Beaufort, South Carolina, the business section principally, was destroyed by fire, January 19, with a loss of nearly $1,000,000



Two million dollars' damage was done in Buffalo, N. Y., by a windstorm, January 21, whicb tore five large lake steamers from their moorings and cast them high on shore



LOOKING EAST FROM THE "BIG FOUR" BRIDGE OVER A FLOODED PORTION OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

A POSTAL CURIOSITY

THE commission, headed by Senator Penrose and Representative Overstreet, which had been studying the thorny question of second class mail matter for four months, brought in its report on January 28. The commission found that there was a total lack of accurate information upon the financial aspects of all branches of the postal service. Nobody could tell what it cost to do anything. "The difficulty in this respect," it said, "is fundamental. It lies in the very system upon which the Department is organized and in the methods by which its whole business is carried on. It must not be taken as reflecting in any degree upon the present personnel of that Department. . . . A system of expenditures, bookkeeping, and accounting which may have been adequate in the primitive stages of the service is now wholly unequal to the task. . . . The result is, in short, that the accounts kept by the Post-Office Department do not furnish data for any real analysis of its operating expenses. . . . The Post-Office Department is not now able and has never been able to furnish statistics as to the cost of various classes of mail matter class by class."

Having thus shown that the data for intelligent legislation did not exist, the commission proceeded to recommend an elaborate scheme of new rules governing second class matter. The rates were to be revised so that eight ounces, if sent in one piece to one address, would cost three-quarters of a cent, but if divided into four packages and sent to four different addresses, would be handled for half a cent in all. Publications admitted to second class privileges were not to consist wholly or substantially of fiction, nor to devote more than fifty per cent of the superficial area either of the whole periodical or of any section of it to advertisements, nor to print any part of a different size, form, or weight of paper from any other part, nor to print advertisements in supplements, or anything else except matter running over from the main body, nor to give premiums included in the subscription price. This would abolish all the "help wanted," "real estate," and other advertising sections of the daily newspapers, eliminate the Sunday magazine features, and compel the monthly magazines to give up printing the finest illustrations, since they could not afford to print all their text and advertising pages on the quality of paper such illustrations require.

But the members of the commission do not appear to be absolutely set upon these remarkable propositions. The thing they are most interested in is the very desirable point of obtaining more light upon the working of the postal service. Mr. Overstreet, who is the Chairman of the House Committee on the Post-Office and Post-Roads, has embodied two of the commission's recommendations in the Post-Office Appropriation bill. One of them provides for a six months' weighing of the mail matter carried, segregated by class, number of pieces, and length of haul. The other authorizes an investigation of the Post-Office Department's methods of doing business. The rest of the commission's bill is expected to remain in the museum of Congressional curiosities.

A considerable reduction in railway mail pay is to be effected at this session for the first time in a generation. If in addition to this the business methods of the Post-Office Department are so revised as to give the postal service proper credit for the work done by it for other departments, the deficit will be replaced by a handsome surplus, which will be still further increased if steps are taken to make the rural free delivery system pay its way by doing a local parcels post business. The question of second class matter may then be considered in a calmer spirit.

EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT
WITH CARTOONS BY F·T·RICHARDS

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THE END OF DRYDEN

THE Prudential Insurance Company and the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey have resolved not to seek a reelection to the Senate. After a long and wearing deadlock Mr. Dryden announced his withdrawal. In a letter to State Senator Frelinghuysen, who had put him in nomination in the Republican caucus, Senator Dryden said:

"I have had a strong ambition to represent New Jersey in the Federal Senate for another term; have felt that I would promote its welfare and that of the nation in so doing. I can not, however, allow my personal ambition to stand in the way of the party harmony or the welfare of the State, and being satisfied that a continuance of the present deadlock would tend to injure both the party and the State, I have decided to do what I can to end it by asking you to withdraw my name as a candidate." In a later letter he made an elaborate "apologia" for his career as a life insurance president and as a politician, declaring that his enormous profits are no more than his hard work deserves.

Mr. Dryden had intended to win over in a public conference the eight Republican legislators—three Senators and five Assemblymen—who had put him in nomination, but the strain of the campaign broke down his health and he did not feel equal to the task. There was no probability that he could have succeeded in any event. The outcome of this case shows that the tide of sentiment against commercialism in politics has not yet begun to recede. Of all the States in the Union New Jersey is the most conspicuously corporation-ridden, and in all New Jersey Mr. Dryden is the chief representative of corporate power; yet he has not been able to command a majority of what two or three years ago would have been a humbly subservient Legislature. The Colby "New Idea" has been signally revenged for its check at last year's primaries.

THE JAPANESE DANGER

THE comfortable belief that the Japanese school trouble in San Francisco had blown over suffered two rude shocks at the end of January. On the 29th the California Senate, "on behalf of the whole people of the State of California," adopted a resolution "most strenuously" protesting against the interference of the Federal Government, and requesting the Governor and the Attorney-General to "do all things necessary to protect and save the rights of the State." On the same day Viscount Hayashi, Foreign Minister of Japan, delivered an ominous and singularly illogical speech upon the subject in the House of Representatives at Tokyo. "Having the sympathy of the American Government," he remarked, "Japan must remain a looker-on until a decision shall have been reached in the test case. In the event of an unfavorable decision the anti-Japanese movement in California will be considered to represent the opinion of the whole United States, which would require diplomatic adjustment."

These remarkable words seemed to indicate that we were heading straight for a collision. It is certain that the courts of the United States will not be moved by considerations of diplomatic policy. They will construe the law exactly as they find it. Furthermore, there is excellent reason to believe that the people of California, whatever may be said of their conduct from the moral point of view, have acted strictly within their constitutional rights. If that be true the courts will not interfere with them. Japan's discovery of that fact, according to her Foreign Minister, would lead her to consider that the whole United States had turned anti-Japanese, and to take diplomatic action in that spirit.

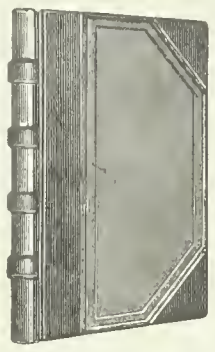
It is obvious that such an attitude promised an abundance of trouble for both countries, and especially for Japan. It is a fact of which the Mikado's representatives here should have kept their Government informed, that there is at present no anti-Japanese sentiment in this country outside of the Pacific Coast, but just the reverse. But it would not be hard to create some. It would be asking a good deal if Japan should request us to amend our Constitution to suit her views—it might even cause some irritation. But that would be a modest suggestion compared with a demand that our courts should violate their oaths by declaring that the language of the framers of the Constitution, adopted sixty-five years before an American foot was allowed to touch Japanese soil, meant something it was not intended to mean, on pain of having us all branded as enemies of Japan.

The dangerous situation into which the two countries seemed to be drifting produced a sobering effect on both. The President held a conference with the members of the California delegation, and talked to them so plainly that they united in a telegram to the Governor of California asking him to induce the Legislature to suspend all further anti-Japanese action for the time. Their request was heeded, and a resolution protesting against any plan for the naturalization of Japanese was allowed to rest. At the same time the President of the San Francisco Board of Education and the Superintendent of Schools were invited to go to Washington to discuss the situation with President Roosevelt. They were informed that if San Francisco would make concessions on the school question, which was utterly unimportant to her, but a point of honor to Japan, it would be possible to obtain a treaty giving what California desired above all else, the exclusion of Japanese laborers. The members of the Board of

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Education were inclined to be defiant at first, and were even said to have pledged themselves not to yield an inch, no matter what arguments the President might advance. Presumably they would let slip the dogs of war rather than allow eighty or ninety children of Japanese blood, a third of them native, to study under the same roofs with Polish and Hungarian children. But Mayor Schmitz promptly took command again, as at the time of the fire, announced that he would go to Washington himself and take the whole Board with him, and intimated that if it became necessary to sacrifice a smaller point to gain a greater or to promote the national welfare the thing might be done. At the same time the press and the public men of Tokyo adopted a more conciliatory tone, scouting the possibility of war with the United States, and Viscount Hayashi explained away the speech that had seemed so menacing.



SECOND THOUGHTS IN FRANCE

Possibilities of compromise between the warring authorities of Church and State

AFTER firmly rejecting every proposition of the French Government looking toward a peaceful acceptance of the Separation law, the Vatican finally made a counter-proposition of its own. With the approval of the Pope the French bishops prepared a model contract, which, if accepted by the civil authorities, would permit religious services to continue. By this arrangement the mayors of all the communes in France would lease the churches to the parish priests. The leases would be nominally for eighteen years, but a provision for indefinite renewals would make them practically perpetual. They would stipulate that the civil authorities should not interfere with the church administration, would require the explicit authorization of the bishop of the diocese for their validity, and would become void in any parish if the priest of that parish should lose the bishop's approval. No rent was to be paid, and the agreement was to be accepted in all the thirty-six thousand communes of France or was not to go into effect at all.

The Government at first rejected this offer, Minister Briand curtly calling it "unacceptable," and complaining of "the threatening tone and the brutality of the declaration of the bishops." But later he became more conciliatory, and as Premier Clemenceau remained obdurate there was almost a split in the Cabinet. A reconciliation was effected between the two excitable statesmen, and there appeared to be a fair prospect of reaching some agreement with the Church. M. Briand issued a circular on February 2 instructing the prefects of departments that churches might be leased to parish priests and requiring the priests to be in good standing with their ecclesiastical superiors as an essential condition of their capacity to enter into a contract. This left the "all or nothing" requirement of the Vatican the only serious cause of dispute. M. Briand's action created a favorable impression at Rome.

WORKING FOR THE CANTEEN

At last there are women who are willing to prefer the good of the army to a theory



A DELEGATION of the Woman's Army Canteen Club No. 1 of Washington visited the White House on the last day of January and was warmly welcomed by the President. The abolition of the canteen, with its resultant increase in drunkenness, vice, and disease, was brought about by women who did not know what they were doing. Now that other women who do know are organizing on the other side there is a chance that something will be done toward correcting that disastrous blunder. Of course the opinions of the soldiers, the officers, and the army surgeons do not count, but many of the officers have wives, and these have had opportunities of seeing what the actual effects of the substitution of low dives for well-kept post exchanges have been. They are beginning to take active steps now to undo the evils wrought by their ignorantly sentimental sisters. The President is enthusiastically in favor of the restoration of the canteen, and so are Secretary Taft and his subordinates. An immense amount of evidence has been gathered showing the ruinous effect of the abolition of the canteen upon the health and morals of the army. It is probably too late to accomplish anything at this session of Congress, but the evidence will keep on piling up during the year, and by the time the next Congress meets the mass is expected to prove irresistible. A majority of the members are already convinced that the canteen ought to be restored, but the presence of a few reasonable women in the galleries to balance the disapproving glares of the unreasonable will have a bracing effect.



THE KINGSTON INCIDENT ENDED

President Roosevelt certifies that Admiral Davis was all right, and Swettenham regrets his letter

THE question whether there might not after all have been a possibility that Admiral Davis had given some provocation for Governor Swettenham's caddish snub at Kingston has been authoritatively settled by President Roosevelt. The Admiral's report has not been made public, but after studying all the facts in the case, the President wrote officially to the Secretary of the Navy:

"I have read carefully the report of Admiral Davis submitted by you, together with the report of Admiral Evans commending the actions of Admi-

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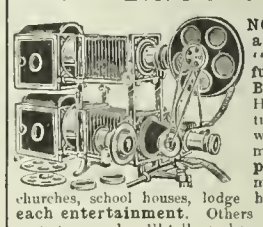
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W. C. Lindsay a year ago was drawing less than one-third the money as salary that he is making now.



W. C. LINDSAY
Court Reporter
Tacoma Bldg. CHICAGO

In a recent letter he says:

It was through the shorthand taught by you and the training received from your course that enabled me to start in an independent business as court reporter, at which I am earning more than double any salary previously secured by me.

W. C. LINDSAY.

George H. Harden was a commercial stenographer, earning $100 a month. Here is an extract from a letter from him:

Your course has made it possible for me to "hold the lid" down on my present job as official court reporter at this place. My previous salary in commercial work was $100 a month, and through your correspondence course I have been enabled to escape the drudgery of office work and double my salary. G. H. HARDEN,
Hattiesburg, Miss.

These people have been taught expert shorthand by The Success Shorthand School. Can you not do what they have done?

Then there are others—many of them—who owe their success in life to this school. Many of these had no knowledge of shorthand before taking up this course. C. W. Pitts, the official reporter at Alton, Ia., began the study with this school. Seven months thereafter he was official reporter at the above place—a position worth $3,000 a year. Throughout the United States, Mexico and Canada stenographers have been perfected for this expert work by the expert reporters at the head of this school. In every instance they have been benefited.

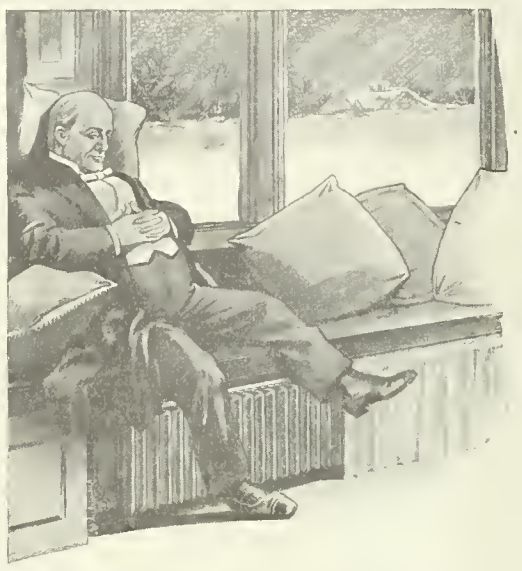


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Official Reporter
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NOTE. W. L. James and Robert F. Rose edit and publish THE SHORTHAND WRITER, the most instructive, inspiring and interesting shorthand magazine ever published. Price $2.00 a year. Send 25 cents for three months' trial subscription.

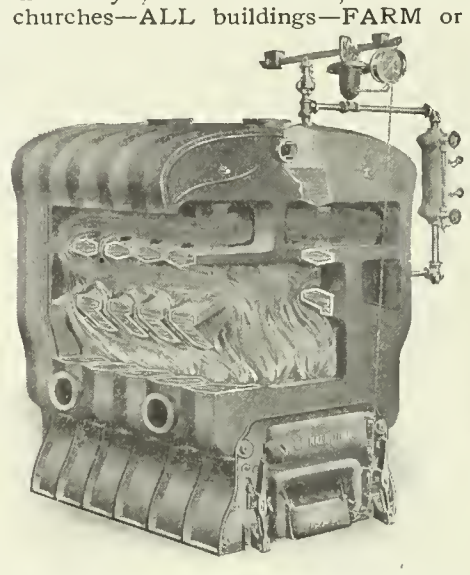
For a June-like Winter



No need for old age to give up the refreshing nap at the favorite sunny window-seat in zero weather, for every part of every room is made as balmy as on the sunniest June afternoon in the houses warmed by

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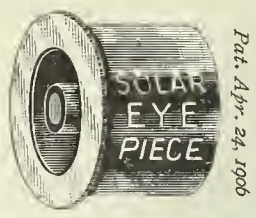
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THIS long powerful achromatic Telescope is provided with an adjustable eye piece, fitted with a solar dark glass lens. With this wonderful solar eye piece you can look the sun squarely in the face on the brightest and hottest day. Never before was a telescope with such an eye piece attachment sold for less than $8.00 or $10.00. This eye piece alone is worth more than we charge for the entire telescope. Remove the solar eye piece lens and you have a good practical telescope for land observations, etc.

Positively such a good telescope was never sold for this price before. These telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe, measure closed 12 in. and open over 3½ feet in 5 sections. They are brass bound, brass safety cap on each end to exclude dust, etc., with powerful lenses, scientifically ground and adjusted. Guaranteed by the maker. Heretofore, telescopes of this size have been sold for from $5 to $8. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments; and no farmer should be without one. Objects miles away are brought to view with an astonishing clearness.

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WORTH MANY TIMES THE PRICE

The Saxon, New York.

Messrs. Kirtland Bros. & Co.

Gentlemen: I had with me on my recent European trip, one of your Excelsior Solar Telescopes, with which I had the pleasure of observing an eclipse of the sun. At the Austrian Tyrol it was almost 80 per cent. concealed. It was fortunate I had the Excelsior Solar Telescope with me, otherwise I would have missed the opportunity of studying an eclipse which was the most remarkable I ever saw. Your solar eye piece is a great thing. Its value to me on this occasion was many times greater than the entire outlay for the telescope. Yours truly,
L. S. HENRY.

SUPERIOR TO $15 ONE

Fred Walsh, of Howe Island, Ontario, Canada, says:

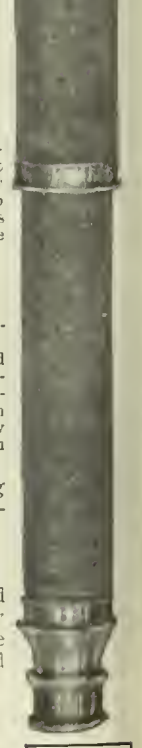
Gentlemen: I have just received your Telescope, and must say it surpasses all expectations. It is far superior to one which we have had, which cost $15.00 some years ago. Just a few sights I have seen with it are worth more than double what it cost me.

Hundreds of others saying good things about these telescopes.

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ral Davis at Kingston. I return them herewith, and desire that you express to Admiral Davis my heartiest commendation of all that he did at Kingston. I approve his entire action. He upheld the best traditions of our navy in thus rendering distinguished service to humanity."

Neither the President nor Secretary Metcalf, who also praised the Admiral's work, made any reference to his friction with the British Governor, but Admiral Evans praised "the very dignified and masterly manner in which he conducted a situation which was, to say the least, somewhat embarrassing."

Sir Alfred Jones and his party, on their return to England, indignantly denied the charges of inhumanity to American refugees, and defended Governor Swettenham. Mr. Greenwood, M.P., remarked suavely that the "puerile criticism" of the Governor's letter to Admiral Davis was "simply the latest case of criticism of the strong man on the firing line by the fat fool in the armchair at home"—the fat fools presumably including the Archbishop of Jamaica, with the Mayor and most of the people of Kingston. Mr. Greenwood added a lament that the "might and majesty of the British Empire" was to be "withheld from her distinguished representative and to be prostituted to an outburst of the Yankee boss."

The Yankee boss, whoever he may be, having been properly rebuked for his impertinent "outburst" of relief for the Kingston sufferers, matters might be thought to be satisfactory, but just at this pleasing juncture Governor Swettenham has weakly withdrawn his letter to Admiral Davis and apologized for writing it.

EIGHTY MILLIONS FOR WATERWAYS



New records in quantity and quality to be made in River and Harbor appropriations

THE most remarkable River and Harbor bill in our history has been reported to the House by Chairman Burton of the Rivers and Harbors Committee. It authorizes improvements to cost $83,466,138, of which it appropriates $34,631,612, leaving $48,834,526 to be provided for later under continuing contracts.

Although the bill contains hundreds of items, running down as low as $1,500, its backbone is found in a few great and costly schemes of national importance. For the Mississippi River it appropriates $5,135,000 outright, including $190,000 for a survey for a deep waterway from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico, and authorizes contracts for $9,800,000 more. For the Great Lake channels at the St. Mary's and Detroit Rivers it appropriates $3,350,000 and puts $9,820,000 into contracts. For the Ohio River it gives $1,723,966 in cash and allows contracts for $2,300,000. These three improvements absorb nearly a third of the cash and half the credit allotted by the bill.

Other large projects are the completion of a thirty-five foot channel at Boston Harbor, which will cost $4,394,000 in all; the Ambrose Channel at New York, $1,148,510; the Delaware River, $1,445,000; the Patapsco River and channel to Baltimore, $2,215,000; the channel from Hampton Roads to Norfolk, $1,132,000; the harbor of Savannah, $1,000,000; the Black Warrior, Warrior, and Tombigbee Rivers, Alabama, $2,192,000; Galveston Harbor and channels, $1,210,000; Cleveland Harbor, $1,123,000; and the Columbia and Lower Willamette Rivers, $2,750,244. Our old friend Cheesequake Creek, New Jersey, whose name used to be the classical argument against the River and Harbor "pork barrel," comes in along with half a dozen other creeks, rivers, and bays along the Jersey coast for a total appropriation of $68,000. An interesting item is one of $10,000 for removing the water hyacinth from waters in Louisiana and Texas. The beautiful pest that began work by choking the rivers of Florida has gone that far west now, while the boll weevil is coming east.

Although this bill provides appropriations for thirty-eight States and Territories, it has not been prepared by the old log-rolling methods, but each scheme has been considered on its merits. And large as the proposed outlay is, it represents less than one-sixth of the cost, exceeding $500,000,000, of the projects recommended by the Government engineers.

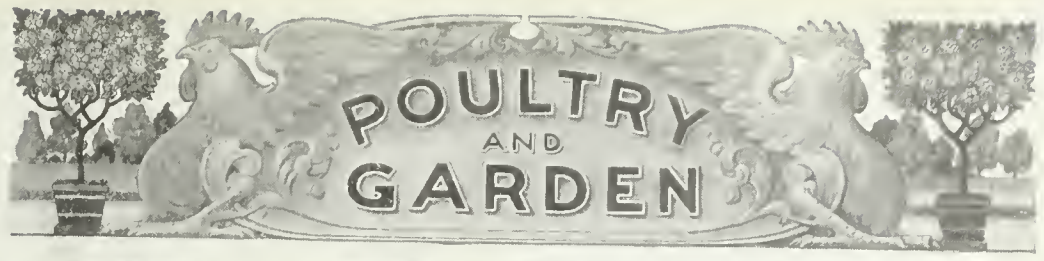


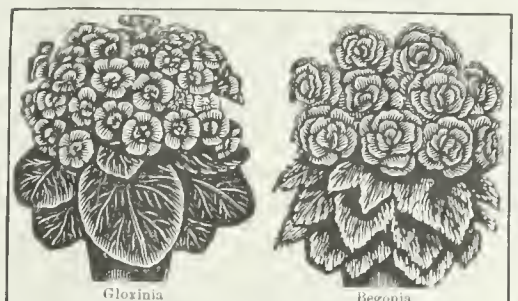
AN INDUSTRIOUS STATESMAN

Nobody shall protect either the public pocket or the public health if Mr. Crumpacker can help it

THE Government is growing so perniciously active in protecting not only the public pocket but the public health that the Congressional representatives of the powers that prey are becoming cruelly overworked. After pushing his Postal Fraud Order bill through the House, Mr. Crumpacker of Indiana had no time to rest. He had to turn at once from the Post-Office Department to the Department of Agriculture, which had been persecuting the makers of impure food and noxious drugs, many of whom are said to have their habitat in his district.

The Agricultural Appropriation bill contained an item enabling the Secretary of Agriculture to investigate the character of preservatives, coloring matter, and other substances added to food, to determine their relation to digestion and to health, to establish the principles which should guide their use, and to publish the results of such investigations when deemed advisable, subject to the proviso that before making any adverse publication notice should be given to the owner or manufacturer of the articles in question, who should have the right to be heard and to introduce testimony before the Secretary or his representative, either in person or by agent. Mr. Crumpacker thought that a dangerous power to lodge in any department officer. He felt as keenly about it as he did about fraud orders in the Post-Office Department. Probably he could not have induced the House to agree with




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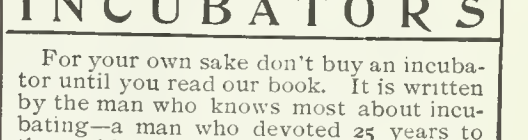
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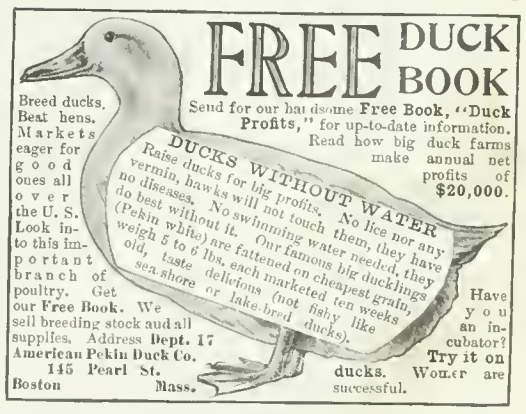
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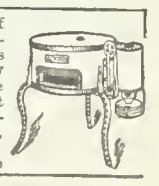


$4.88 UP

THE NEW METHOD

Means that our new application of Nature's own method hatches better, stronger, brighter chicks. That's the reason for the **New Method Incubator.** The story of how and why it does it, is fully told in our new **free** catalog—send for it and learn the New Method secret.

The New Method Incubator Co.
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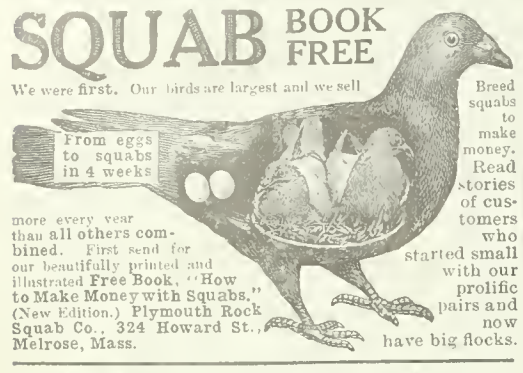
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Reliance Nursery, Box W, Geneva, N. Y.

POULTRY AND GARDEN

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We were first. Our birds are largest and we sell



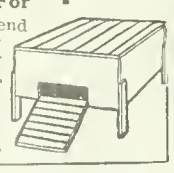
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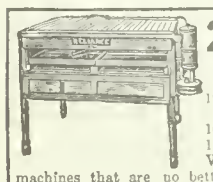


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240-EGG INCUBATOR $10

120 Egg Incubator	$6.50
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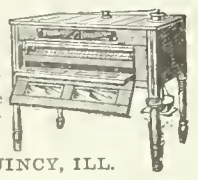
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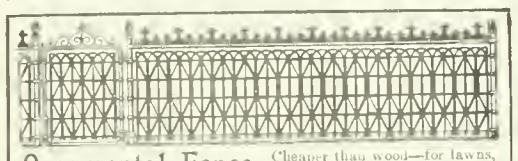
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281 Main Street Dansville, New York

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him on a direct vote, but he raised the point of order that the provision was new legislation, and succeeded in having the Chairman rule it out.

There was another provision in the same paragraph, "to enable the Secretary of Agriculture, in collaboration with the Association of Official Agricultural Chemists, and such other experts as he may deem necessary, to ascertain the purity of food products and determine what are regarded as adulterations therein, and to establish standards therefor." Mr. Crumpacker got that ruled out in the same way.

Another paragraph appropriated $20,000 "to enable the Secretary of Agriculture to investigate and report upon the nutritive value of the various articles and commodities used for human food, with special suggestions of full, wholesome, and edible rations less wasteful and more economical than those in common use, including special investigations on the nutritive value and economy of the diet in public institutions." Mr. Crumpacker killed that too.

COLLIER'S has recently been enabled to test the trustworthiness of this industrious statesman by information within its own special knowledge. A constituent in Indiana wrote to Mr. Crumpacker asking an explanation of his attitude toward postal fraud orders. The Congressman in reply referred to the "gossip" in the papers (all based on official documents), and then told the remarkable story that the editor of this department of COLLIER'S had said to a New York member of Congress that he had never read the Crumpacker bill or the committee report and knew nothing about its provisions, but had received "instructions from headquarters to jump on to it." Of course this whole preposterous yarn, New York Congressman and all, was Mr. Crumpacker's own invention. Nobody ever told him any such story, for the simple reason that nobody but himself would have had any motive for concocting it. It was the product of the same fertile imagination that led him to say on the floor of the House that he did not know whether the Postmaster-General favored his bill or not, when he knew that the whole force of the Post-Office Department was arrayed against it.

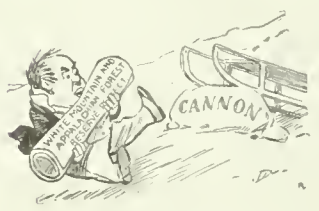
THE PRESSURE FOR HIGHER SALARIES



Congressmen try to close the door behind them, but they can't keep it shut

AFTER raising their own salaries from $5,000 to $7,500 a year on the perfectly reasonable ground that the increased cost of living made the raise necessary, Congressmen have developed a streak of virtuous economy in dealing with the salaries of other public servants not less deserving than themselves. The Chief of the Bureau of Entomology in the Department of Agriculture is a scientific expert who has charge of the war against the boll weevil in Texas and Louisiana, the white fly in Florida, the gipsy moth in New England, the pear blight in California, the grape rootworm in the Central West, the San José scale almost everywhere, and an infinite variety of other insect pests. He has to keep the whole world under observation to see where he can find beneficial insects to fight the native marauders. The financial interests dependent upon his ability and energy amount to hundreds of millions of dollars a year. His salary is $3,250. The House Committee on Agriculture tried to raise it to $3,500, and the increase was knocked out on a point of order. Dr. Wiley, the head of the Bureau of Chemistry, who has charge of all the delicate analyses required in the enforcement of the Pure Food law—and that is just one of his multifarious and responsible duties—gets $3,500. The committee tried to raise his salary to $4,500, but the deadly point of order did its work there too.

Realizing the need of dealing with this question of salaries in a systematic way, Senator McCumber of North Dakota has introduced a bill providing for the creation of a commission to investigate the whole subject. The commission is to be required to take into consideration the advanced cost of living, the general advance of salaries for like services in private employment, and the advance in compensation for other classes of services since the rates were last fixed. It is to finish its work by January 1, 1908, and report a bill covering the salaries of the President and Vice-President, the members of the Cabinet, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the judges of the other Federal courts, United States district attorneys, marshals, members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, diplomatic and consular officers, officers of the army and navy, internal revenue and customs collectors, postmasters, postal clerks, rural and city mail carriers, department employees, executive officers of the District of Columbia, registers and receivers of land offices, and all other officers and employees the commission may deem it advisable to consider. If this scheme should be carried out upon the same scale upon which Congressmen have raised their own salaries, every session would be a "Billion Dollar Congress."



NO MONEY FOR EASTERN FORESTS

The White Mountain and Appalachian Forest Reserves project has hard sledding in the House

THE friends of the proposed White Mountain and Appalachian Forest Reserves tried to take at least one short step in the right direction when the Agricultural Appropriation bill was under consideration, but without success. The establishment of the reserves had been urged by two Presidents, by the Secretary of Agriculture, by the Forest Service, by twelve State Legislatures, and by the people of the regions affected. It had been shown that the cost of the whole system would equal only two months' waste from floods alone in the section drawing its streams from just one of the two forest areas to be acquired, to say nothing of the enormous interests at stake in other directions. Bills creating the reserves had passed the Senate three times, and the pending measure, after passing that body and being favorably reported by the House Committee on Agriculture, had been held up by Speaker

POULTRY AND GARDEN



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You can make good money from poultry if you follow the plan that has made Mill... hook Poultry Farm the greatest pure bred poultry farm in the world. All told in our new 128 page book

"Poultry For Profit"

Pictures and describes all breeds; gives plans for poultry houses and full directions for feeding, mating and caring for fowls, with lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, feeds and all supplies. Book free for 10 cents postage.

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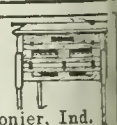
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1907 tells all about pure-bred poultry and describes and illustrates 60 varieties. 10 beautiful natural color plates. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs; tells how to cure diseases, kill lice, make money. This valuable book only 10 cts. B. H. GREIDER, Rheems, Pa.

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shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution.

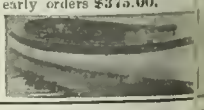
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Insist on having the Everstick fitted closely the foot. Accept no substitute. See that e name **Everstick** is stamped on the lining.

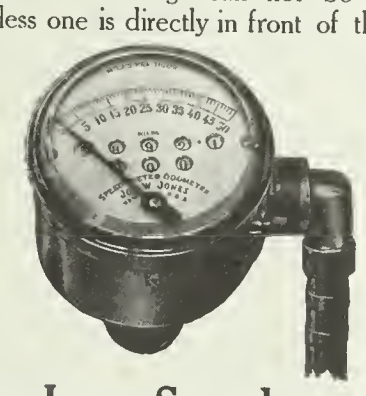
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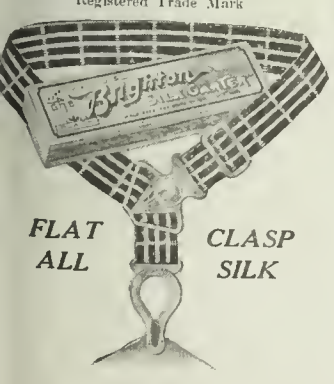


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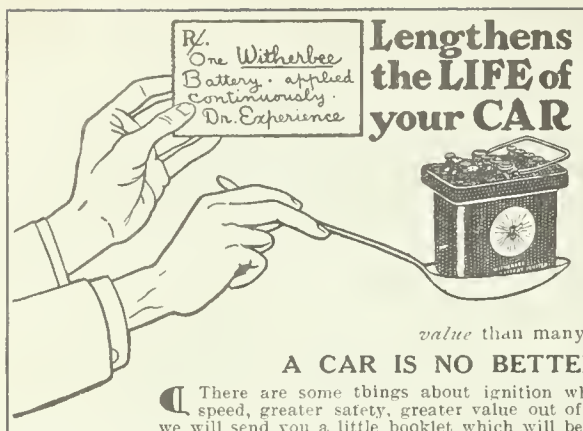
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THE WITHERBEE BATTERY provides the only perfect ignition system. It will make a $2,000 car give more actual *road value* than many an $8,000 car which has imperfect ignition.

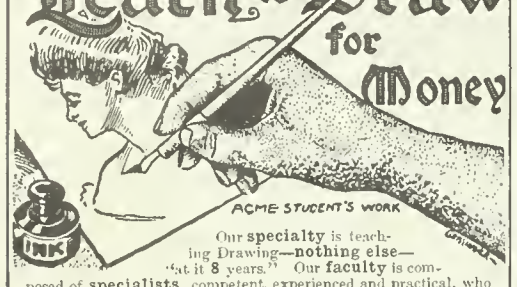
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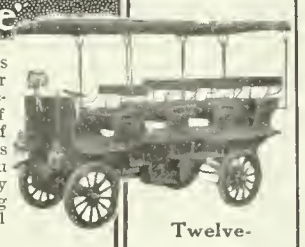
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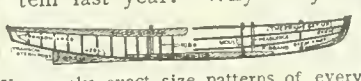
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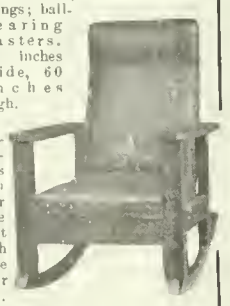
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Cannon. Representative Lever of South Carolina tried to run the blockade by having the substance of the bill inserted as an amendment in the Agricultural Appropriation bill, but the proposition was ruled out on a point of order. Mr. Thomas of North Carolina then moved another amendment, merely appropriating $50,000 for surveys, but that went out in the same way. He afterward introduced a new bill to the same effect, and it is possible that the Speaker may relent so far as to allow this to be substituted for the Senate measure providing for the immediate establishment of the reserves.

RIVAL COAL-LAND BILLS

Two "Administration measures" by La Follette and Nelson, and where they differ



SENATOR NELSON of Minnesota has introduced a bill "to provide for the reservation of the coal, lignite, oil, and natural gas in the public lands," and for leasing the mining rights. If Senator La Follette had not already introduced a much more complete and definite measure covering the same ground this would appear very attractive. It withdraws all mineral fuels from entry and reserves the title in them to the United States. The Secretary of the Interior is authorized to issue mining licenses on areas not exceeding 160 acres for periods of not more than five years, on such terms as in his opinion will safeguard the public interests. He is also authorized to give leases to the discoverers of mineral deposits for tracts not exceeding 640 acres on terms in his discretion. Finally, he may grant leases to the highest bidders for tracts of not more than 4,800 acres, for periods not exceeding twenty-five years, at not less than the minimum rates of royalty previously fixed by himself.

The only trouble with this bill is that it leaves everything to the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior. With Roosevelt for President and Hitchcock or Garfield for Secretary everything would go well. But what if Fairbanks were President and Carter Secretary of the Interior? Some people think that at the end of such an administration there would not be a coal bed or an oil deposit in the United States which would not be tied up by leases to corporations on their own terms. The La Follette bill specifies every condition in advance, and safeguards the public interests beyond the possibility of executive abuse. Both the La Follette and the Nelson bills have been described as Administration measures. The truth is that what the President wants is to have the essentials of public ownership of the mines embodied in a properly constructed law. He does not care whose bill it is so long as it covers the ground. As it happens, though, he already has practically all the powers that the Nelson bill would confer upon him; he has already withdrawn the coal lands from entry, and he can continue to hold them out until Congress gives him a satisfactory law.



THE TROUBLESOME TARIFF

There is not enough standpat soothing sirup in Washington to make it stay quiet

NOTWITHSTANDING all the assurances that the sacred Dingley schedules are not to be disturbed, tariff agitation keeps cropping up in the most unexpected places. Even Secretary Shaw, high-priest of standpatters, has launched a scheme for free ports in which manufacturers would be allowed to make goods of every kind for export, bringing in all their materials without duty. Of course this would emphasize the difference between the prices of things sold to foreigners and those of the same things sold to Americans by the same makers, which would not tend to increase the popularity of the tariff in general.

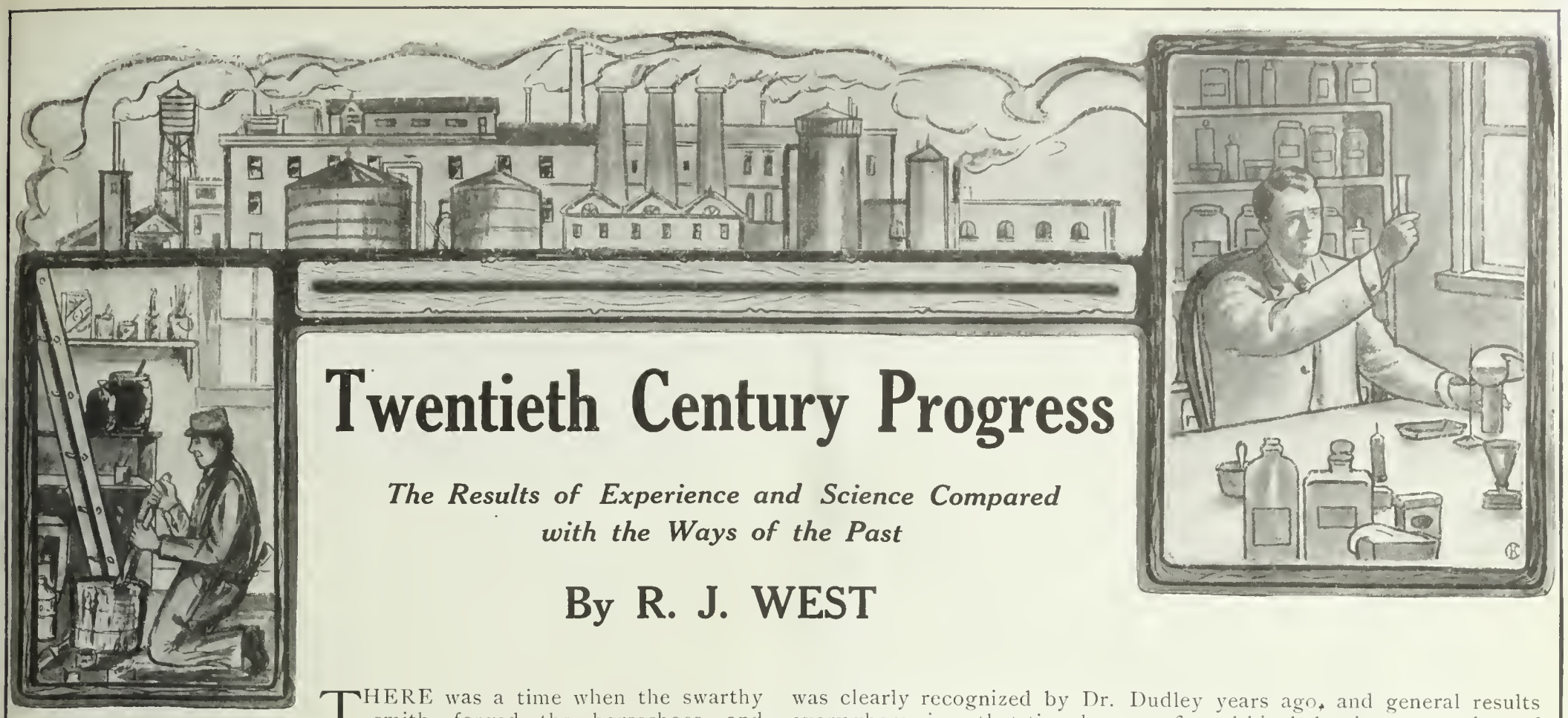
In the House, when the Agricultural Appropriation bill was under consideration, Mr. Lacey of Iowa, another eminent standpatter who will not be in the next Congress, pleaded for an amendment requiring the Secretary of Agriculture to sell timber from the forest reserves at reasonable prices, and "only to persons not connected with any trust or combination entered into to control the product or prices of timber." He complained that the remorseless lumber trusts had been doubling, trebling, and quadrupling prices, and urged that the Government should do something for the oppressed consumer. Thereupon Mr. Fitzgerald of New York suggested that some relief might be given by taking the duty off lumber and giving the consumer a chance at the Canadian supply. Mr. Lacey asked pathetically whether the gentleman thought it proper to inject politics into the question, but Mr. Fitzgerald insisted that there was nothing political about it, and that if the conditions were as bad as represented members should disregard politics and "meet on the common ground of a desire to benefit the people of the entire country and to relieve them from the exactions of an unholy and cruel trust."

The next day Mr. Long, the Republican Senator from Kansas, presented to the Senate a concurrent resolution of the Republican Legislature of his State praying for the abolition of the duty on lumber. The Kansas memorial cited figures to show that the price of pine had increased 100 per cent in ten years, which increase was made possible by the tariff that restricted the supply and acted as a direct tax on the user. At the same time Senator Long presented another resolution of the Kansas Legislature, calling not only for the abolition of the duties on lumber, but for a reduction of the tariff on iron and steel and their products, and the enactment of a law providing for a system of reciprocal trade agreements that would admit our agricultural products to foreign markets "now practically closed to them by reason of the tariff wall existing between this and foreign countries."

And Kansas speaks for the Republican West.

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Twentieth Century Progress

The Results of Experience and Science Compared with the Ways of the Past

By R. J. WEST

THERE was a time when the swarthy smith forged the horseshoes and shaped the nails that he used; when the wise old doctor rolled the pills and prepared the potions that he prescribed; when the handy housewife spun and skeined the flax and wool for the family raiment. They were wise in their day and generation.

But now! The smith buys ready-made (factory-made) shoes and nails; the doctor prescribes ready-made (factory-made) pills and potions; the housewife has discarded the wheel and the distaff, and her family are attired in factory-made clothing from factory-made fabrics.

The smith is no longer a shoe-maker—he employs his time more profitably as a shoe-fitter. The energy that was formerly consumed in the making of shoes is now turned to better account, and we have the expert horseshoer.

The doctor of to-day is a student; his time is too valuable to be spent in gathering and steeping herbs, and in compounding bitter doses. He is no longer a mixer; that is another profession in which men are skilled to a greater degree than is the physician.

The housewife has too many cares to give more than a thought to the ways of the past. She is more the companion of her husband, the mother of her children, and less their slave, than were her mother and grandmother. What they did in a more or less crude way, and with infinite patience and labor, is better done by machinery and by those trained to perform that work alone.

But what we have said applies only in a general way. There are still some old-fashioned people who are wedded to the ways of the past. They look with suspicion on everything new, and in this they are encouraged by those who have a mercenary interest in deceiving them.

It is most unfortunate that in the important matter of paints, old-time prejudices should be kept burning by the misrepresentations of those who control, practically, the production of one important paint constituent—white lead.

White lead was never made purer than it is to-day. In fact, there are many well-informed paint men who believe that its present-day purity is responsible for its short life, as compared with the white lead of fifty years ago. "The purer the lead, the poorer the paint," has become a trite saying.

But whatever white lead is used in paint should be of the best quality, and there should be used with it other pigments to correct the faults of the lead and to make up for its deficiencies. That white lead has faults and deficiencies is as well known as its good qualities. The shortcomings of white lead have long been recognized by large paint consumers and by practical chemists, as well as by the manufacturers of Patton's Sun-Proof Paints. As proof of this we quote from an article recently published in the *Scientific American*, written by Dr. Robert Job, chief chemist of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad:

"For many purposes, of course, dark-colored pigments are inadmissible, and pure white or the lighter shades are desired. In such cases white lead is naturally selected as a base owing to its opacity, but as the composition of pure white lead varies within considerable limits, and as the physical condition of the pigment sometimes differs greatly, the mere statement of purity is by no means necessarily a reliable index of quality. Moreover, paint to-day is generally exposed to sulphur fumes, particularly upon railways and in towns and cities, and a pigment composed wholly of white lead is generally undesirable, since blackening results rapidly. A mixture with zinc oxide or with some inert pigment is more lasting, owing to slower chemical action between pigment and oil, and also the whiteness is retained for a much longer time. Paints of this type have good covering properties and give good general service.

"The great value of the so-called inert materials for paint purposes was clearly recognized by Dr. Dudley years ago, and general results everywhere since that time have confirmed his deductions, assuming, of course, that the physical condition of the inert material must be properly regulated in order to insure the most efficient service."

We should explain that Dr. Dudley is, and has been for many years, chief chemist of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the largest consumer of paint in the world.

And the opinions of the experts mentioned above are supported by the eminent authority, Professor W. G. Scott, a practical paint chemist of national reputation. In a recent lecture before a convention of Master Painters, Professor Scott stated that white lead's "chief value lies in its covering and hiding capacity, its elastic toughness, and great frictional body. It is not much affected by the air, but gas containing traces of sulphur turns it brown or black in the course of time.

"Oxide of zinc," Professor Scott said, "is a splendid pigment unaffected by light, air, gas, or water. Its hiding capacity, bulk for bulk, is not equal to lead, but by weight the resultant coat is opaque and dense. Zinc oxide is extremely white and possesses light volume, two desirable qualities. Owing to its fine texture it has a tendency to form an enamel coat in time, consequently if applied over wood containing moisture it is liable to scale off. This fault can be remedied by adding five to ten per cent of silica, which will leave the paint porous enough for the water to escape."

The manufacturers of Patton's Sun-Proof Paints were the first paint makers to proclaim to the public the paint excellence of a combination of lead, zinc, and silica ground in strictly pure linseed oil. For years and years they have advertised that the white base of Sun-Proof Paint was composed of pigments that now have the endorsement of men who are qualified by education and experience to determine paint values. It is true that the text-book chemists, as a class, have not given their endorsement to modern paint combinations, but that is hardly to be expected, inasmuch as they are influenced by old-time theories and are not as well informed as are the practical chemists who have devoted lifetimes to research work and practical paint problems.

It must be conceded that white lead has great opacity or covering qualities, and it is equally true that of all white paint pigments white lead is the most susceptible to destructive influences. Gases and atmospheric elements that do not harm other white pigments soon blacken or destroy white lead. Our old-fashioned friend will say "they didn't used to," and they didn't, or at least not to the extent that they do to-day, because less painting was done, and because the destructive influences were less prevalent. House owners can better afford to paint to-day, and there are tons of coal consumed now where formerly pounds were burned.

But when we concede to white lead everything that is its due, we must recognize its deficiencies as a paint. It does not help the sale of a commodity to make unwarranted claims for it. The truly good factory-made paints are gradually supplanting the old-fashioned, hand-made, paddled mixtures, because consumers are being educated in paint values and recognize the worth of the paints made by experts.

And it takes experts to make good paints, although any one can paddle lead and oil together. The experts are guided by a thorough knowledge of the chemical and physical properties of the various paint ingredients. They know why this and that pigment should be used; they have determined by chemical research, careful experiments, and practical demonstrations the proper proportions to use of lead, zinc and silica, linseed oil and turpentine drier. They produce paints of beauty and permanence—paints properly balanced in pigment and liquid—if they can't do that they are not experts.

The experts that make Patton's Sun-Proof Paints are anxious to disseminate reliable paint information. Interesting literature and beautiful color charts can be obtained free by addressing the Patton Paint Company, 216 Lake Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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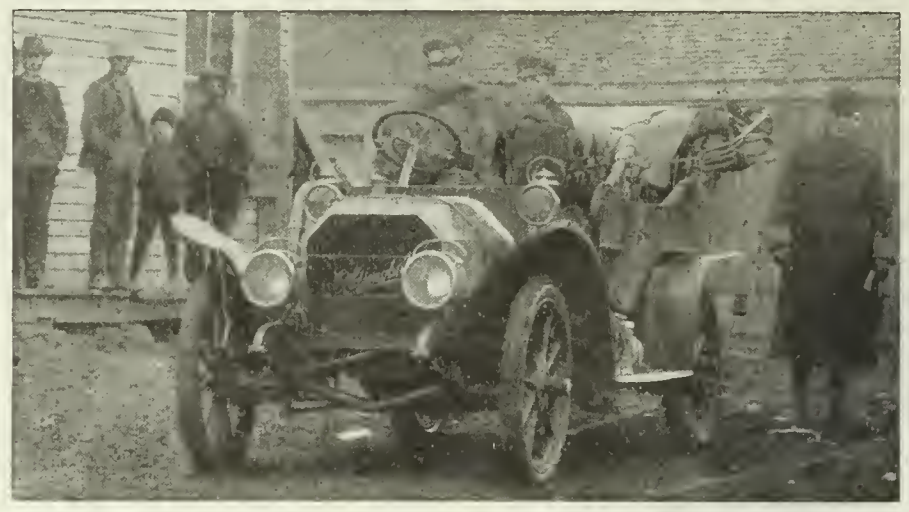
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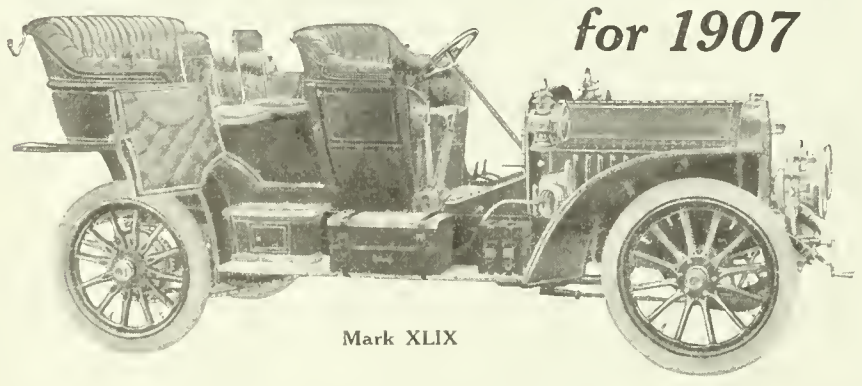
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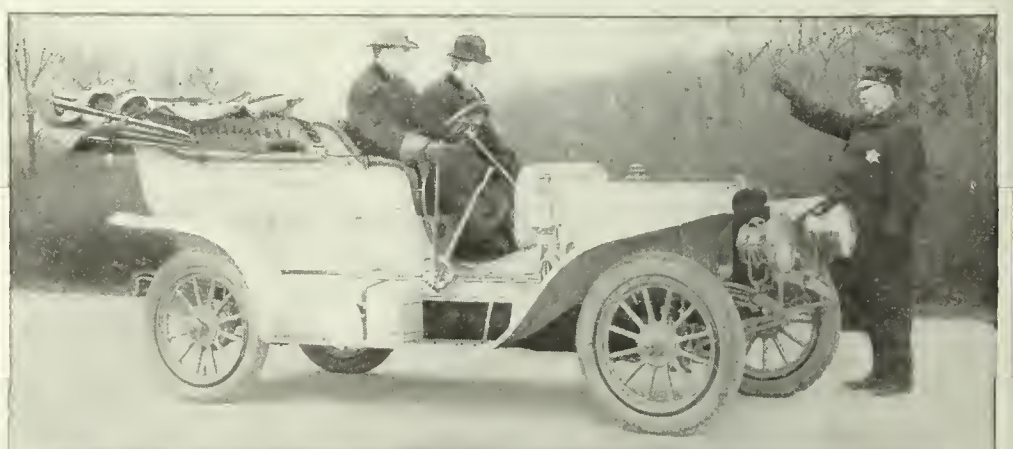
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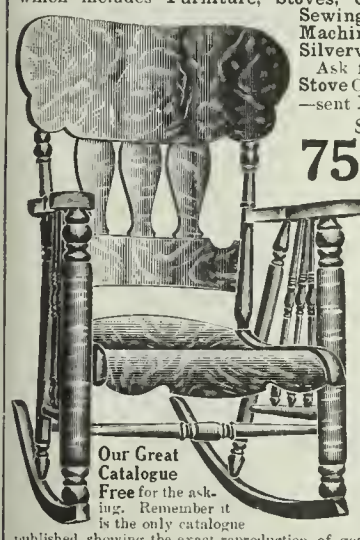


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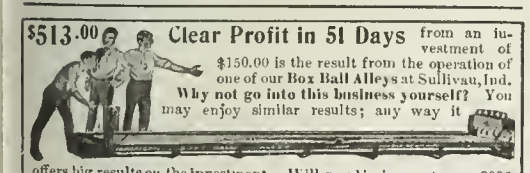


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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1907

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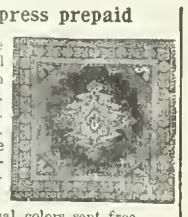
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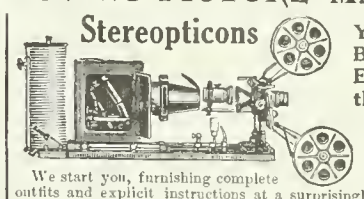


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Regal Shoe Company

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The Regal Shoe Company has an authorized capital stock of $5,000,000, of which $2,500,000 is 7 per cent. Preferred and $2,500,000 is common, par value of each share $100, full paid and non-assessable. Only $1,500.000 of the Preferred Stock is offered for public subscription.

This Preferred Stock is preferred both as to assets and dividends, the dividends being payable quarterly on the first day of January, April, July and October of each year.

This stock is not issued to liquidate any indebtedness. The present owners—the founders—are not selling out the business. ***Every dollar received from this sale of 15,000 shares of 7 per cent. Preferred Stock, at the par value of $100 a share, will be turned into the Treasury of the Corporation, and used for the immediate extension of its factory capacity, and for taking care of the business which is already assured.***

In September, 1893, the Regal Shoe Company was started by a young man whose sole capital consisted of $1,500, a practical knowledge of the shoe business, indefatigable energy, and an idea. The original investment of $1,500 has grown into a business, the tangible assets and good-will of which are worth more than $5,000,000.

The Regal Shoe Company up to the present time has located its chain of stores in the most difficult places—as far as competition is concerned—in the large cities of the country. Yet, in spite of this fact, it has achieved an unparalleled success.

In New York City, where retail shoe competition is keenest, $32,000 worth of Regal Shoes have been sold to individual purchasers in one day for cash at the standard retail prices—a record never equalled by any other shoe retailer. Across the continent, in San Francisco, far from its base of supplies, one retail store of the Regal Shoe Company sells $250,000 worth each year, which is the largest specialty shoe business in San Francisco.

The net earnings of the business for the last eleven years have been more than enough to pay above seven per cent. on the total issue of Preferred Stock, $2,500,000, for the entire period, and it is estimated that the new capital will double the present net earnings.

The Regal business has shown an annual average increase of ***49 1-2 per cent.*** *each year of its existence, selling only through its own exclusive stores and a few established agencies. And yet, today, with our 122 stores and agencies, we are reaching only one-fifth of the population of the United States.*

The few exclusive agencies we have been able to supply show an increase in volume of business for the year 1906 over 1905 of ***129 per cent.*** *On December 31, 1906, we had on file* ***7,369 applications*** *for agencies, but up to the present time, on account of manufacturing limitations, only forty could be accepted.*

By increasing the capital so that the manufacturing and selling facilities can be enlarged adequately and immediately, Regal stores and agencies will be located in every city and important town in the United States, and thus the already-created demand for Regal Shoes in the vast territory outside that now reached by the existing chain of Regal Stores will be supplied.

An Exceptional Investment Opportunity

A better opportunity to share in the profits of a thoroughly established business has never before been offered to the public, because never before have there existed conditions similar to those which make this offer of stock desirable.

The exceptional security of an investment in Regal Preferred is proven by tangible assets—property in plain sight that can be seen and felt and counted. The Corporation owns and operates at Whitman, Mass., the largest and most completely equipped factory devoted exclusively to the making of fine shoes. All cash on hand, buildings, box factory, shoe dressing laboratories, power, heat and light plant, all real and personal property, machinery and equipment; all shoes and leather; supplies; all the Regal chain of retail stores from London to San Francisco; are owned by the Regal Shoe Company, free and unencumbered; no mortgages, no bonds. All these assets, together with a large surplus and depreciation fund already accumulated, positively secure the holders of Preferred Stock.

The holders of Preferred Stock are further protected by the provision of the charter:

"No mortgage or other lien shall be placed upon any of the property of the company without the consent of holders of a majority in interest of the Preferred Stock of the Company."

The Preferred Stock is further secured by the good-will of the Regal business, foreign and domestic patents, and the trade mark "Regal" having a value in the open market equal to more than the full amount of the total issue of Preferred Stock.

A statement by the Treasurer and Managing Director, E. J. Bliss, certified to by disinterested chartered public accountants and appraisers of recognized authority, will be furnished to each purchaser of Preferred Stock to the effect that the corporation owns free and unencumbered, real, tangible assets of more than $100 for each and every share of Preferred Stock sold, not including the value of good-will, foreign and domestic trade marks, patents and other similar assets owned by the Corporation.

The net earnings for the past 11 years have been in excess of the amount necessary to pay 7 per cent. dividends on the total issue of Preferred Stock, $2,500,000, for the entire period. The latest years are the best. The current earnings are the largest in the history of the business.

Present Owners—the Founders—Not Selling Out

Up to the present time the Regal Shoe Company has been a close corporation, its ownership being vested exclusively in its founders, and each one has a keen interest in perpetuating the great success achieved.

The men actively engaged in the present management are young men in the prime of their powers, which fact eliminates for a long time the possibility of loss of prestige and earning capacity through the loss of the genius that created the business. They will continue to work on the same principles, and according to the same methods, which have been responsible for the rapid and profitable development of the business up to this date.

The present owners are not selling out the business. The interest which is held by them, represented by the Common Stock, cannot receive one cent of dividend until the full dividend has been paid quarterly at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on all the Preferred Stock outstanding.

The Regal Shoe Company is recognized by the shoe trade, by leading newspapers, and by other periodicals, like World's Work, System, National and McClure's, as being the leading shoe concern in the world, founded on most successful and practical principles. It is frequently referred to by well-known writers on business system as having the most efficient and systematic organization for the handling and perpetuation of its business.

All who are interested in this offer are cordially invited to inspect the factory at Whitman, Mass., and to make a thorough investigation of the books, files and records of the Regal Company. *Every facility will be afforded to all prospective purchasers of stock, or their representatives,* who may come to the general offices of the Company to satisfy themselves of the soundness of the investment.

Fifty-three Leading Banks in Largest Cities

from Boston to San Francisco, from St. Paul to New Orleans, have consented to act as depositories for the receiving of subscriptions and the delivering of stock certificates. A complete list of these banks will be mailed free on request. Or subscribers may remit direct to E. J. Bliss, Treasurer, Regal Shoe Company, 707 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Remittances should be made by express or money order, or certified check.

Subscriptions will be filled in order of their receipt. Money will draw interest from the date the subscription is received by us. The Regal Shoe Company reserves the right to reject any application or to award a smaller amount than is applied for.

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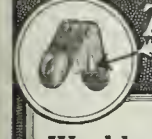
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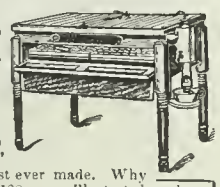
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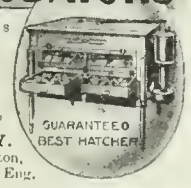


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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1907

A Flyer in Futurities

¶ Apropos of this week's airship features in Collier's we might note some changes in sentiment. A few years ago when you talked about flying from Liverpool to Minneapolis your neighbors told you to go write it in a book. Jules Verne *did* write it in a book—but he couldn't make an airship fly. To-day science is getting tired of automobiles; carriages can be made to go without horses—can not ships be made to soar on wings? The practical aeroplane is, undoubtedly, the next great scientific sensation. It is one of the dreams of the gods. Can not American genius make this dream come true? It is up to the Millionaire Philanthropists' Club to offer a prize—something like a bonus of half a million dollars—to the first American inventor to fly from New York to San Francisco. This is a gratuitous tip to Mr. Carnegie, who, by offering a prize along the airship line, might do a great deal. If he really desires to "uplift humanity" here is his chance.

That $1,000 Prize

¶ To such of our readers as are writers we want to talk about that $1,000 prize. Do you know that there is another quarterly contest now on and that Collier's prize will be given to the best story received and accepted before March 1? In addition to the $1,000 bonus the writer of the favored story will be paid at the rate of five cents a word up to six thousand words. We put the limit of payment at six thousand words, as manuscripts of greater length are inconvenient. Of course, if a story exceeding six thousand words comes to us and proves too good to refuse we are willing to inconvenience ourselves for the sake of the story. Authors who have maintained rates above the five-cent scale will receive their regular prices. Collier's has a booklet with full particulars on our quarterly contest, and this may be had by addressing the Fiction Department.

For and "Agin"

¶ Collier's does not agree with the favorite Bowery adage that "one knock equals two boosts." And yet criticism is humbly courted in the hope that Collier's may improve thereby. Two or three musicians write saying that a recent Leyendecker cover entitled "The German Band" portrays a trombonist playing his instrument with the wrong hand. "A Friend" says that we are bilious, and an admirer of Hearst says "how cheep you pore rivals must feal, your paper shal never be tolerated in my residents again." F. J. Dunne of Chicago does not think that Collier's is worth ten cents, and Dr. M. E. Fuller of Wauconda, Ill., disagrees with our editorials. The fact that our circulation does not decrease is owing, no doubt, to warm Pro-Collierites like the following:

Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dear Collier's:—I wish to express, in this direct, personal way, my appreciation of Collier's; of its excellent presentation of current history in "What the World is Doing; its able and fearless editorials; its admirable and particularly helpful articles, such as Mr. Ruhl's "The Other Americans;" Mr. Adams's "The Great American Fraud" series, and Frederick Palmer's papers on Panama. Such papers, with many others as able, interesting and helpful, together with fine photographs depicting happenings of the week, give one a feeling of knowing thoroughly what is going on.

I especially admire and enthusiastically endorse Collier's policy of exposing rascality in high places, of fearlessly speaking out for the right and good.

Wallace Irwin's prose and poetry always find in me a delighted reader.

But best of all, to the thousands of us who can not go away to see art galleries, are Collier's pictures. I am making a collection of them and have already several hundred.

In conclusion allow me to say, Collier's is always eagerly looked for on this Iowa farm and brings to us much valuable information and pleasure.

J. H. P. Petersen.



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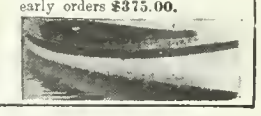
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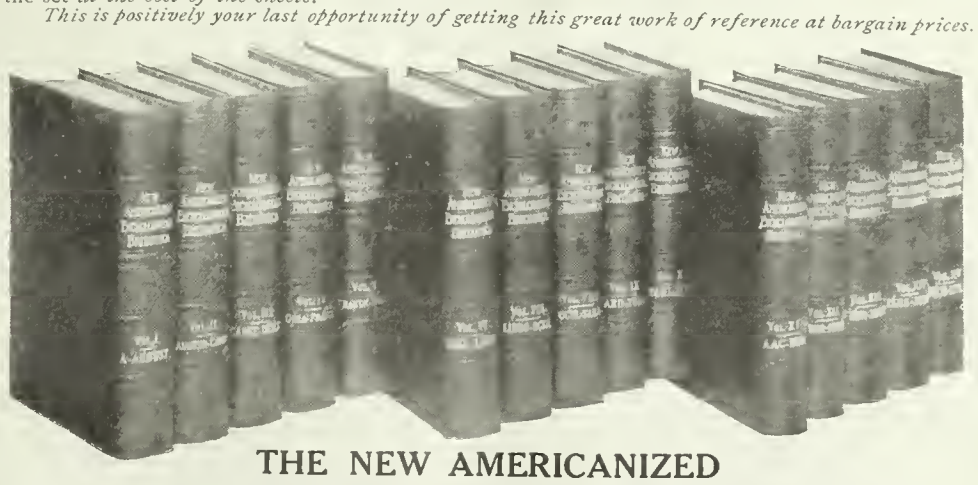
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products and see that you get them. The aim of fifty years' experience has been to place our products on your table as pure and wholesome and rich in flavor as the day they were put in the tin. A trial will enable you to appreciate our success. Order these by name.

Paris Sugar Corn

retains all the rich sweetness and rare flavor of the finest sweet corn that grows; it is gathered prime and delivered to you as fresh and juicy as it comes from the garden. You find it really delicious and quite different from ordinary "canned corn."

Extra Quality Baked Beans

The choicest hand-picked beans, baked in the good, old New England fashion, with or without tomato sauce. Our beans are the equal of the best home-made—some people prefer them to their own baking. Try them and judge for yourself.

Scarboro Beach Clam Chowder

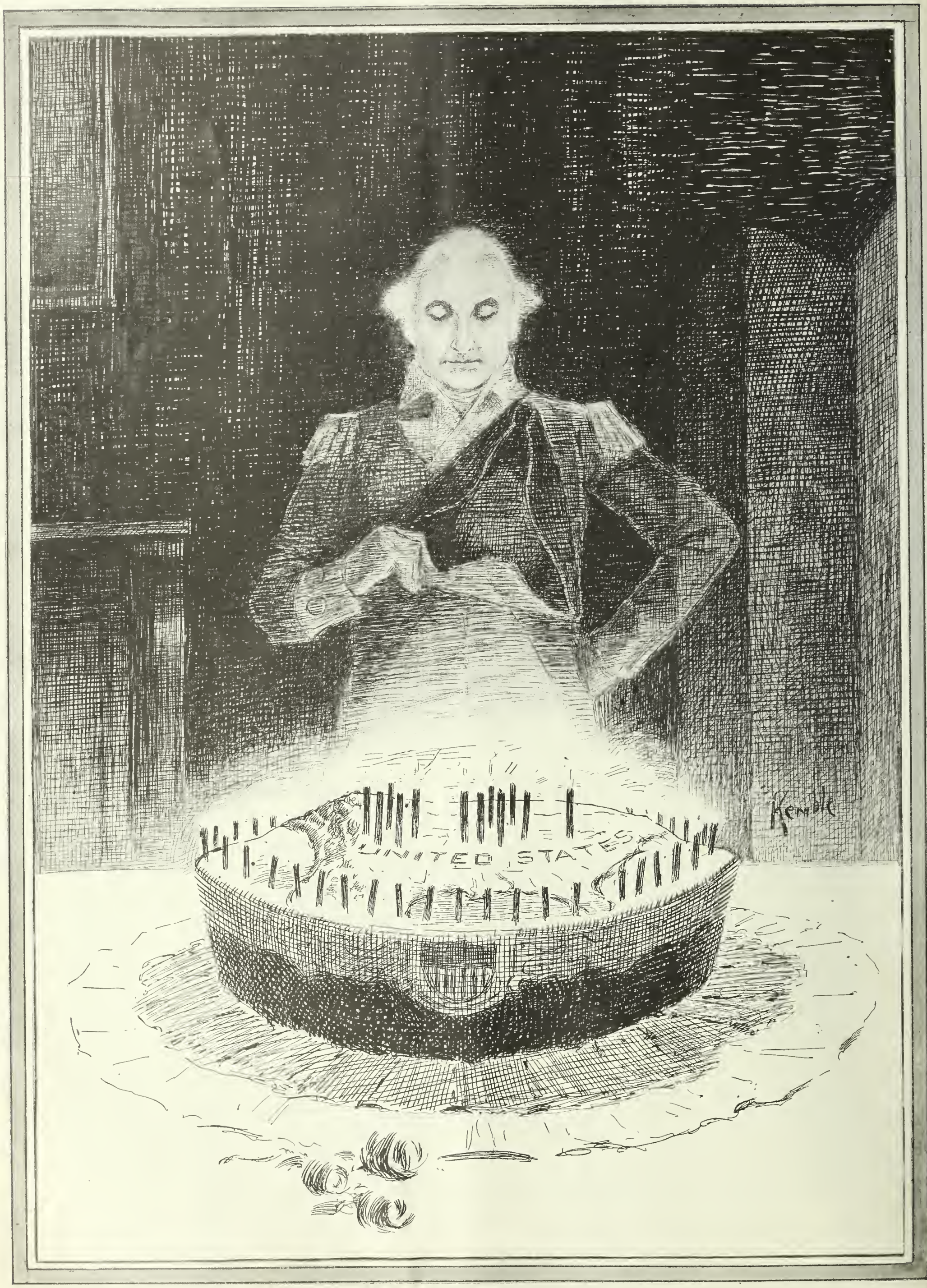
A real Maine Coast Chowder, with everything in just the right proportion. You have only to heat and add a little milk if preferred and you may serve on your own table as delicious a clam chowder as you ever ate at a seashore "fish dinner."

Scarboro Beach Clam Juice

From the white sand clams of the Maine Coast. Makes a dainty luncheon course and delicious clam broth or bouillon. Our clam juice pleases the most critical housewife.

Your dealer knows that Burnham & Morrill Co.'s Food Products are the finest that he can buy—ask him. An interesting booklet **"Five Foods Ready to Serve"** will be sent on request.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
Portland, Maine



HIS 175TH ANNIVERSARY

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WAR IS SAFE, a mere holiday recreation, a sort of life insurance, compared with railway labor in America. Any brakeman or engineer could increase vastly his chance of living by going to the scene of greatest military danger. Even a passenger, unless he is able to travel in a Pullman, has every right to become a competitor for the Carnegie hero medals. If you happen to be rich, and ride in sleepers or parlor cars, the danger is not much greater than in football, because those cars are usually neither crushed nor ignited, and all you have to complain of is a dislocated bone, but if you are poor the opportunity will be given to you to learn by experience how a nest of ants feels when a hunter's hoof lands energetically in their midst. How specially American is your opportunity may be indicated by the fact that we injure and kill between five and six times as many per thousand as Great Britain. Her percentage has decreased, while our chance of getting rid of sorrow or of part of our anatomy has about doubled in a decade.

CARNAGE

AS ONE SMASH-UP follows another, the directors of the railways explain, and explain, and explain. Sometimes they blame the engineer for disregarding some regulation which they have persistently forced him to disregard. "Any engineer who doesn't take chances is looked upon as a grandmother" expresses the actual truth. Sometimes the directors speak of insubordination and inefficiency of employees—an answer which must be considered with our minds full of knowledge about what the directors exact or expect of their employees in the way of hours of labor, manner toward the public, and methods of making schedule time. Conspicuous railway men have blamed the public for desiring too much speed—even as the sellers of cocaine to shop-girls allege that they are only giving what the shop-girls want. The railway directors are not required to murder so many passengers as they do on so flimsy a pretext as the desire of people to ride fast. After a recent accident in Indiana, apparently caused by a mixture of recklessness and avarice, a station-master testified that if he had been provided with even a stick of dynamite he could have made a noise signal which would have stopped the express in time. A spirit of arrogance and contempt leaks down fast from directors to every employee on the road and finds expression in the conduct of every detail of management. We feel safe in observing that the greatest number of accidents occur on those roads of which the directors are still most deeply imbued with the noble old business principles that their business belongs to them, and that the public is a species of merchandise which has the insolence to make a trifle more trouble than the hogs and cattle make.

EXCUSES

IF $2X=Y$, do the railways exterminate most by collisions, or by contaminated drinking water, lack of ventilation, aisles lined with tobacco and similarly expectorated substance, dry sweeping, and plush upholstery? The secretary of the Minnesota State Board of Health announces calmly that the frequency of deadly drinking-water is well known. As to ventilation, for which many lines rely on windows, and some lack even transoms, Dr. BRACKEN praises the Pennsylvania for introducing fresh air under the seats. The Pennsylvania is one of those strange roads, however, which believe in health and comfort for the public. Speaking generally, the answers of the railways about safety are very weak. Nearly every argument, in the final analysis, comes down to this: that our railways can not afford to do what the railways in European countries do, and for this there can be but one reason, and that reason is H_2O.

FIND THE ANSWER

0

$100 WILL BE GIVEN by this paper for what we deem the best article, not over one thousand words, on "Life in Our Town." We may publish others besides the winner. If we do, $25 will be paid for each. You need not exhaust the possibilities which are suggested by the rather extensive title. Any aspect of life will do, good, bad, pleasant, or distressing; bill-boards, divorce, traction, weather, politics, dirt, noise, parks, matrimony, flats, children, newspapers, or fleas. In short, be an artist and express what is on your heart, and express it with as much brevity as you can.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

FOR SOME TIME a rather especial attempt has been made by this publication to secure better fiction than used to come our way. We happen at the present time to be taking a mental account of stock—to be reflecting on the paper generally—and as an incident to our cerebral efforts we should like a representative set of opinions about the stories which are being published in the paper. No doubt enthusiasm would prompt many replies, but as the human race rather enjoys shooting at a target we hereby offer $25 for that letter which happens to seem to us to contain the idea or ideas most useful to us. For the rest, our thanks.

FICTION

TRUTH RANKLES. Even as the noble redskin camped industriously on the foeman's trail, so do sundry newspapers lurk in ambush for this journal. St. Louis, where now there is some excitement about the volume of immoral advertising, contains a powerful publication known as the "Globe-Democrat," which was much displeased with our patent-medicine crusade. When, therefore, the associate editor of the "Star-Chronicle" died recently, the "Globe-Democrat" printed on its first page a diagnosis of his case, which traced his demise directly to our door. On March 31, 1906, he made a "vitriolic" speech, it seems, defending the St. Louis newspapers from the charge of docility to the Proprietary Association of America. The next day he had a congestive chill. He recuperated, apparently, but late in December he acquired bronchitis, and on January 27 he died of hemorrhage of the stomach. The "Globe-Democrat's" case appears to be complete. We regret most sincerely our friend's untimely end, and especially the fact that any patent-medicine attacks of ours were responsible, in the course of a year, for congestive chills, bronchitis, nervous debility, and hemorrhage of the stomach.

DELICACY

FROM NORTH DAKOTA comes a protest, not bitter but full of grief. An article of ours, it seems, would lead "an average subscriber to think that North Dakota in general was suffering from winter conditions." Another letter states that "COLLIER'S is always eager for sensational news and anything that tends to retard the growth of the West." This is a grievously sinful eagerness in COLLIER'S. It ought not to go about retarding growth. Another man opines that "the State is getting too much adverse advertising." From Devil's Lake, North Dakota, comes the following: "While it is true that we have one of the worst snow blockades that this country has ever seen, still there is nothing that would show up for a picture that would do justice to the present situation in the slightest degree." Moreover, "we have not had what would be called a hard windstorm all the season, and consequently the snow is evenly distributed and lies evenly on the prairie at a depth of from three to four feet. The railroad grades up in places, but almost everywhere the track looks like one long deep ditch which constantly fills in as fast as it is cleared out, and this is what makes the

IN THE FORUM

trouble." As to other aspects, "our streets are about four feet high, but they are level, and where it is traveled the most is pretty well settled, so it does not look as bad as it really is." On the whole we feel inclined to apologize for having suggested that "winter conditions" prevailed in North Dakota. Our only excuse is that we accepted the despatches sent out from that State, not being able, unfortunately, to be everywhere at once.

THE MAYOR OF BOSTON, Honorable JOHN F. FITZGERALD, has changed his mind. This is frequently an excellent thing to do, and to Mr. FITZGERALD belongs the credit of ability to see new ideas as they are presented to him. The Associated Bill Posters and Distributers of the United States and Canada had a great conception. They hatched a scheme. They offered to make Boston "bigger, better, and busier" by posting its qualities on fences all over America. Mayor FITZGERALD, delighted, said he would furnish the paper for these placards.

BILL-BOARDS

The Twentieth Century Club of Boston thereupon protested with volume and vivacity. Movements against the nuisance have been started in Kansas City, Cincinnati, Denver, Chicago, Buffalo, Rochester, Springfield (Massachusetts), Seattle, Elmira, Montreal, St. Paul, Omaha, Colorado Springs, Washington, and Los Angeles. Boston wished to be with this movement, not against it. Mayor FITZGERALD retired frankly from his position, and the offer of the bill-posters' association to paste Boston all over the universe has been declined. Score one for the teachable official and one for the wide-awake organization that voiced the protest.

OUR FAMILIAR old nursery rimes are in need of revision again. This time a Scotch school inspector would replace "Little Jack Horner," "a combination of sensuality and self-conceit," with "Little John Cable," who, sitting at the table serving Irish stew,

> ". . . heaped up the plate of his small sister Kate,
> Saying, 'What a good girl are you!' "

Miss Muffet, of spider fame, is to become Mary McDoull, and, safe on her stool, is to go calmly on with her meal. If this Scotch expert could combine with the Boston publisher who issued an expurgated Mother Goose and the Chicago savant who would turn the old jingles into elementary lessons in chemistry, our grandchildren might pity us. Think how moral to replace "Charlie loves good brandy" with "Charlie loves good candy," and how the phrase gains in elegance by substituting for "Is John Smith in? Yes, stripped to the skin," the shorter "Is John Smith in? Yes, that he is!" One scientific father croons:

MOTHER GOOSE

> "Bye, baby buntoid,
> Mother found an asteroid.
> Father finds by angulation
> The angles of its inclination.
> Bye, baby bunting,
> Mother's gone star-hunting."

With so many revisionists hammering at the old rimes, why do they persist? Why does SHAKESPEARE survive the attacks of HALL CAINE and BERNARD SHAW?

LIKE GRIM SENTINELS problems hover at the door of our sanctum and remind us that there are two or three things in astronomy and politics that we had better settle up before going to press. When we think of these problems our once flawless brow bunches and wrinkles up like a relief map—and yet we feel no relief. What, for instance, are we going to do with Mr. ROOSEVELT after this stormy Presidential voyage is over? It is all very well to mention him as a Senatorial possibility from New York—but suppose Mr. TOM PLATT doesn't consider Mr. ROOSEVELT a proper person to represent the greatest State in the Union? What then? A member of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions has suggested that THEODORE be given a linen duster and a green umbrella and sent to the Far East (farther East than Boston), where he could spread the gospel among the poor benighted heathen in the Skalliwag Islands and the Zig-Zag Archipelago. That idea is something. With THEODORE after him, what pagan would dare bow down to wood and stone? The heathen could not get a chance to rage, because T. R. would do all the raging for any one island. After a week of Rooseveltian exhortations all the joss-houses, mosques, pantheons, and bangoree-temples would be cleansed, whitewashed, and turned into Bureaus of Public Education, hatless Hindus would be at work on the Panama Canal, and pantless Igorrotes would be wearing khaki.

PUNCHES FOR PAGANS

WHAT DID DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN drink at a certain banquet in San Francisco? There be Schmitz editors and Abe Ruef statesmen who can not account for Dr. JORDAN'S attitude toward Japanese school-children. In a public speech he said some things about justice to all and education to nearly all. He declared that, as president of Stanford University, he knew the Japanese to be worthy of all the education they could get. Then the pipe-organ of Japophobia belched forth saying: "Dr. JORDAN was flustered—he had dined too well." We doubt if all our readers appreciate the magnitude of this joke.

CARRIE NATION never lifted a sharper hatchet against the Demon than that dignified pedagogue wields unceasingly. His temperance talks are notorious. It is a joke among his undergraduates that he can not begin a lecture on the heartbeats of the Bermuda catfish without shifting the talk ingeniously to his hobby, rum-shunning. "That is no true joy which leaves a dark-brown taste in the morning," is his favorite epigram. Nicotine is, to him, the first assistant secretary to the Demon. If he had his way he would have the sign NO SMOKING graven in imperishable bronze on the archway of Stanford University. Tea and coffee he counts among the seven deadly drugs, and he does not believe in taking ice-water with his meals.

TEMPERANCE

THE NEW STATE of Oklahoma is having so much trouble before lining up with her forty-five older sisters that in poetic justice her future should be peaceful. The idea that there is a "ground floor" there seems to be prevalent. Congress has been asked to look into the proposed consolidation of several railroad systems that operate in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, and to compel its postponement until the new State is erected and has a chance to investigate. Far more serious is the friction over the question of retaining or removing restrictions on land in the Indian half of the State. It is obviously necessary to protect the majority of the Indians in their tenure of land, since they are without experience in buying and selling. But restricted land means, in this case, untaxed land. The Oklahoma half of the new State is puzzled to know how the Indian Territory half is to contribute its proper share of the cost of running the government. On one side, therefore, a pool is forming to wager that the restrictions will be removed. Senator MCCUMBER of the Indian Affairs Committee describes how these thrifty souls are making "a house-to-house canvass" through the Indian Territory, "with their notaries accompanying them, and hired by the month," to secure contracts for deeds which they hope to see validated when Congress listens to their plea. Opposed to these gamblers in Congressional complaisance are the 24,000 full-bloods among the 90,000 Indians and a conscientious minority of the 510,000 whites who are living on Indian land. The mixed-blood owners may back either side. Statesmen should stand firm for land restriction, even though Oklahoma feels an added burden for a time.

OKLAHOMA TROUBLES

YELLOW FEVER and the Black Plague will some time be classed together as causes of death and suffering in Dark Ages. The crusade against the germ-bearing mosquito, now being continued in New Orleans, Panama, and Havana, is a blessing due to the Spanish-American War, for the United States Marine Hospital Service, in cleaning up Havana, discovered the source of Yellow Fever infection. Officials have stopped referring to diseases as "visitations of God," and now see them as follies of filth. New Orleans has begun its second annual antimosquito campaign, that of last year having kept the city free from fever. Sink-holes and surface pools where mosquitoes breed are being drained and oiled, and the same precautions on the part of our Latin-American neighbors will stamp out the disease. Then, once the Canal has been dug, the lovely regions of the Gulf of Mexico will be

VICTORIES

the home of a new and higher civilization. The Central American states profess alacrity to aid the work, and the outlook is very bright.

A CASE IS KNOWN TO US of a young man, residing near an army post, who had studied for the West Point examination, but failed of appointment owing to adverse political influence brought to bear on his Congressman, as he believed. Much depressed, he told his troubles to the commandant at Fort Thomas, who advised him to enlist and fight his way up. His father and older brother were clergymen, another brother held a good place in the civil service, and all were opposed to the suggestion, but he persisted. Within a year he was a corporal; a little skirmish in the Philippines gave him another lift; and he received his commission as second lieutenant in less time than if he had gone through West Point. Of the forty-one men who were commissioned second lieutenants on January 31, after having risen from the ranks, many might tell much the same story. Such facts seem likely to make the work of our recruiting officers less disheartening.

A QUICK ROAD

THE FIGHT which CALEB POWERS is making for his life, against evidence which the Kentucky Court of Appeals has thrice held to be insufficient, is one of the most dramatic in the annals of American criminal law. POWERS is again on trial; HOWARD and YOUTSEY, convicted of the murder of WILLIAM GOEBEL, of which POWERS is also accused, are in the penitentiary; ex-Governor WILLIAM TAYLOR is still "a fugitive from justice" in Indiana; $100,000 appropriated by the State as a reward for the conviction of the murderer or murderers has never been accounted for; and the circumstances attending the shooting of Governor-elect GOEBEL are as much a mystery as ever. Three times POWERS has been convicted of the murder and sentenced to be hanged. Three times the Court of Appeals has ordered the case to be tried again. On a point of law it has been heard in the United States Circuit Court, reviewed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and by the United States Supreme Court, in which final tribunal Mr. Justice HARLAN, himself a Kentuckian, while remanding the cause to State jurisdiction, actually pointed out means by which the Federal courts might acquire jurisdiction. There, apparently, lies the unfortunate man's only hope. As long as the Goebel machine rules the State it is hardly to be expected that another trial will result in a different verdict.

CALEB POWERS

THE OPEN-MINDED, observing both Mormon and Gentile in their unhappy lack of neighborliness in Utah and Idaho, can ask each to get rid of bigotry and passion born of past wrongs. Let the Gentile make up his mind to be uninfluenced by the tendency to regard an unknown and alien religion as something mysterious and terrible. Let him sternly rebuke those Gentile leaders who shriek "Mormon," not because of Mormon morals, but because it is a winning battle-cry in politics; who raise the cry of "Mormon" through the East, not because of outraged virtue, but to get the pressure of outside opinion which will enable them to drive a hard bargain with the Church in Utah. Let each side forget the other's murders. Let the self-righteous Gentile rid himself of the most cruel of all hatreds, the malice of the persecutor for his victim; let the Mormon forget the bitter resentment of the persecuted. A Mormon correspondent writes: "My father died from pneumonia contracted while being hunted during the 80's, when the raid was at its height; my father's father was lined up and shot in front of his home in Missouri; my mother's father was murdered while on a mission; my mother suffered nervously from being hunted out of her home weekly. I remember an old aunt who was always on crutches because she had been hit in the back by a stone heaved through her window during the Missouri persecutions. And I recall, as a boy, waking up to be tumbled out of bed while United States marshals searched under it for the man of the house." Let Mormons forget these things. The day will not return when fanatics killed JOSEPH SMITH at Carthage and those not fanatics shot Mormons for amusement. It would be well could we call them by another name, by any combination of two vowels and five consonants never before uttered, that we might be unclouded by any fog of prejudice or bias, or hatred based on past misdeeds. Consider the indictments against them, and whether those indictments are proved. But, first of all, before the Mormon Church can have much hope of securing respect or tolerance, it also must cease to play the game of politics; it must become a church and not a party organization.

MORMONS

ICE-CREAM CAUSES LOCKJAW, and the fresh-water clam is in danger of extinction. Washington, the undisputed centre of scientific discovery, sends out warning and regret. The way to prevent lockjaw is to stop eating ice-cream; but what are we to do about the clam? As an Indiana poet might have sung:

> Oh, voiceless, tender-bodied, mud-breathing clam,
> Who can watch thy passing without a certain qualm?

The case of the fresh-water clam is not one to excite the gourmet. Its mission has been to supply buttons to his undershirt rather than inches to his girth. In Congress sits one friend of the "mussel." Mr. DAWSON of Iowa remembers the day when the fresh-water clam thrived in the Mississippi. Now he is compelled to go to the Wabash or the Red River to feel the caress of the "mussel-shell" on his bare toes as he wades in chin-deep before striking out on the yellow flood. Mr. DAWSON explains what the silent clam could never have told us. When the high tariff law of 1897 put a duty on pearl buttons, the native clam of the Missouri and the Mississippi was torn from its bed of mud by our button makers and urged to meet and repel the pauper clam of Europe. Mr. DINGLEY had his way, but at what cost to the "mussel-beds" of the Middle West! A tradition persists that the "mussel" is mined from the ooze for the occasional pearl that is incubated in its shell. But the adventurer after the jewel for our ladies' throats is no more threatening than a sucking dove. It is the ravening wolf in the guise of the button manufacturer that has roused Mr. DAWSON and us to demand a Government investigation. ST. PAUL, as CHAMP CLARK reminded the House the other day, wrote to TIMOTHY: "If any provide not for his own, he . . . is worse than an infidel." The fresh-water clam is Mr. DAWSON'S own. The clamless Mississippi is nothing but a waste of turbid water to him. Will Congress listen to his pleading and restore to him those dumb and native beauties of the mud?

NATIVE CLAMS

MAY THE CIRCULATION increase of that journal which believes that there is a musical theme in the street-rackets of our big cities. Its editorial rooms are set next to an elevated road, so that the editor must needs call it music or go mad. The editor is doubtless an enthusiast for a special school of music. Probably he knows that a tank-load of milk-cans colliding with a fire-engine would serve admirably for a rough-house motif. A certain crowded avenue at eleven o'clock in the morning is a symphony—or, more strictly speaking, a "descriptive piece." The composition begins with the steam-hammer motif and works up, gradually, through various successions of riots, ambulances, bargain-sales, automobile accidents, and falling beams from half-naked skyscrapers to an explosion in a subway. To the soul properly attuned nothing is ugly; ash-barrels, bricks, wreckage, theatrical posters jumble together into a picturesque unit, suggesting the ruins of Troy; the aroma of automobiles, soup-kitchens, and subterranean exposure mingles in an attar of many gardens:

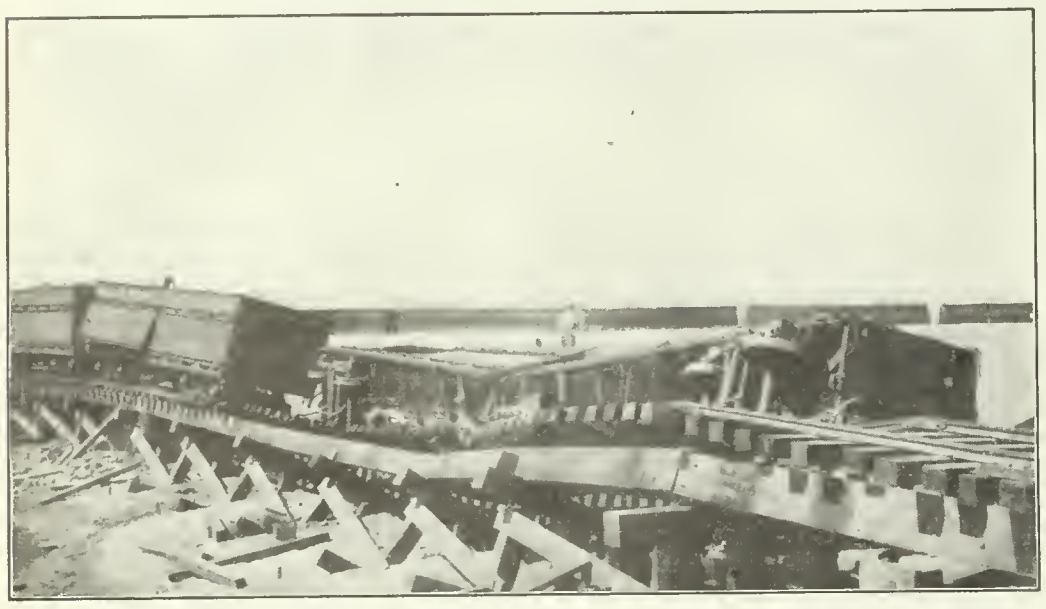
FORTISSIMO

> "If music be the food of love, play on;
> But now and then I bid thee, softly, John!
> So many thousand motifs surge around
> I can not hear the Music for the Sound."

VAN DYCK, RUBENS, AND VAN DER WERFF are adjudged indecent in Omaha, if report is not deceptive, and the sale of the Judgment of Paris, Diana and the Golden Rain, and the Magdalen has been prohibited; thus proving that the New England conscience is not to be washed out in passing the Mississippi. This matter is one necessarily subject to regulation, but one addicted to leading the public authorities into absurdities more obvious than those which they commit in most departments of their activities.

DRAWING THE LINE

A RIVER RUN AMUCK



Wreck on the Southern Pacific Railroad caused by water eating under the trestle



The town of Mexicali, with the river approaching



The rising water gradually cutting away the town of Mexicali



Map showing location of the Salton Sink in Southern California



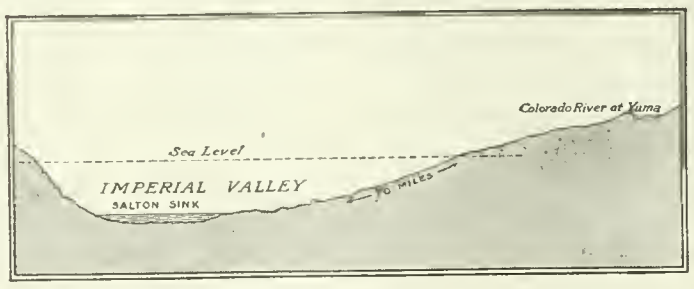
Before the break this was seventy miles from the river

IMAGINE a cup-shaped hollow in the earth. And imagine up along one side of the rim of the cup a great river running. How the river came to be away up there, four hundred feet above the valley, is a story of geology, too long and complicated to tell here.

The cup-shaped depression was the Salton Sink. At its bottom it was 365 feet below sea level, and just 483 feet below the Colorado River. Men walking in the valley used to look wonderingly up at the river as men look at clouds. And all that kept the river in its course, all that stood between it and the Sink, was a frail bank of silt.

There was never a drop of water in the Sink; but there was fine, powdery black loam, marvelously rich. Also the temperature was 170. This situation could not help but be suggestive to reflective minds. With water—and that soil and that heat—you would have simply a hot-house, with no expense for coal. Crops?—

So they tapped the bank of the river high up the side of the valley, and ran an irrigation canal into the Sink. Settlers poured in—2,000 families and 12,000 people. Such crops



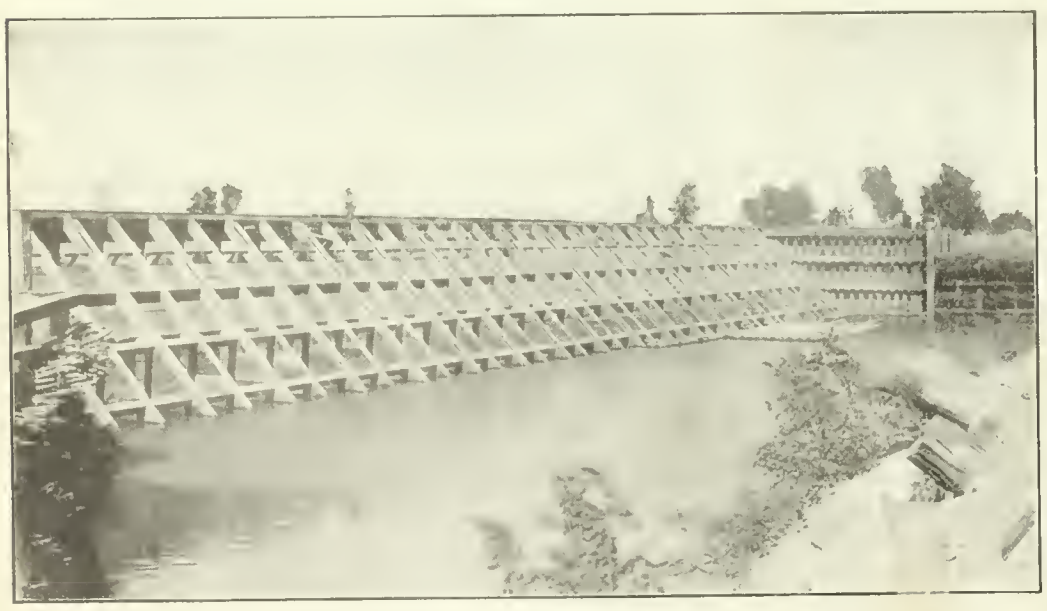
Profile map showing level of sink, sea, and river

were never heard of. Every six weeks they harvested a crop of alfalfa. Such fruitfulness excited cupidity, and settlers came faster and faster—so fast there wasn't enough water—so they tapped the Colorado, high up the valley side, a little more. Then towns sprang up, and the Southern Pacific laid a branch in to carry the crops to San Francisco. More settlers, more need for water, more tapping of the Colorado.

Finally they tapped once too often. While they were at work a flood came down the river. The work of the tappers was like the finger-hole in the dike. The hole grew larger and larger. Finally, the whole Colorado River just abandoned its old course and turned right into the Salton Sink—just as if the Mississippi should leave its banks at Davenport and start 'cross country to Springfield.

That was in 1904. The river has been pouring into the Salton Sink ever since. There is no outlet for it. The plain end of it is a new lake bigger than any within the United States—as big as Lake Ontario. Already a space half as big as Rhode Island is covered, some of it from 80 to 90 feet deep. The farms and the wonderful alfalfa crops are submerged, and the slowly rising water has compelled the railroad to move back, and farther back, for 40 miles.

And all these two years men have done their best to stop the river and turn it back into its old course. First they drove piles and filled in with brush and bags of sand. But, without going into details, there have been six separate attempts, and all unsuccessful. Lately, Congress has appropriated two million dollars to do the work.



The Rockwood Gate, later torn away, an unsuccessfnl check



The Colorado cutting away the soft earth in its new bed

Collier's for February 23 1907

THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR

RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE, D.C.L., F.R.S.

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

AS A DISTINGUISHED BRITISH AUTHOR, A WIDELY INFORMED CORRESPONDENT, AND A STUDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, MR. GIBBON IS ESPECIALLY FITTED TO TELL OF THE NEW AMBASSADOR

EVERY one knows of James Bryce; his name is part of one's equipment of general knowledge, like the big facts of history; but there are not many people who can tell why he is famous and why he is so generally known. It is not for his books, outstanding though they are, nor for his learning, nor for his politics. He has never made a definite bid for a foremost place in the public eye; yet at the age of sixty-eight, when he comes with all his laurels to the portals of a new career, the world acknowledges him as one who has made for himself and filled a great place.

And this, in some measure, is characteristic of the man. He gives the impression of one who cherishes the discretion, the form, which give dignity to action; who seeks efficacy and results, but never stoops to take the profits of the conscious and professional altruist. He is an old man, close to the boundary of the three-score years and ten, but withal instinct with the glow of purpose, strong with the habit of action. His splendid head is white and erect; there is a habit he has, when a visitor comes into his room, of sitting upright at his desk, his chin high, his chest full, in a fine, leonine manner. His face, in repose, is grave, with a shadow of meditation; but there remains always the mobile eyebrow and curved mouth (under the trim silver mustache) of the humorist. He is alert and vivacious; for all that he is a scholar of the highest rank, a lecturer of whom Oxford was proud. Mr. Bryce has the briskness and lightness of a man deft in affairs, wise in the small arts which decorate life, and skilful in the interchange of social existence. He is a capable host, and a delightful guest; he has at command a thousand resources of intelligence, and nobody can claim to know him who knows him not in his playful mood.

Lawyer, Author, Diplomat

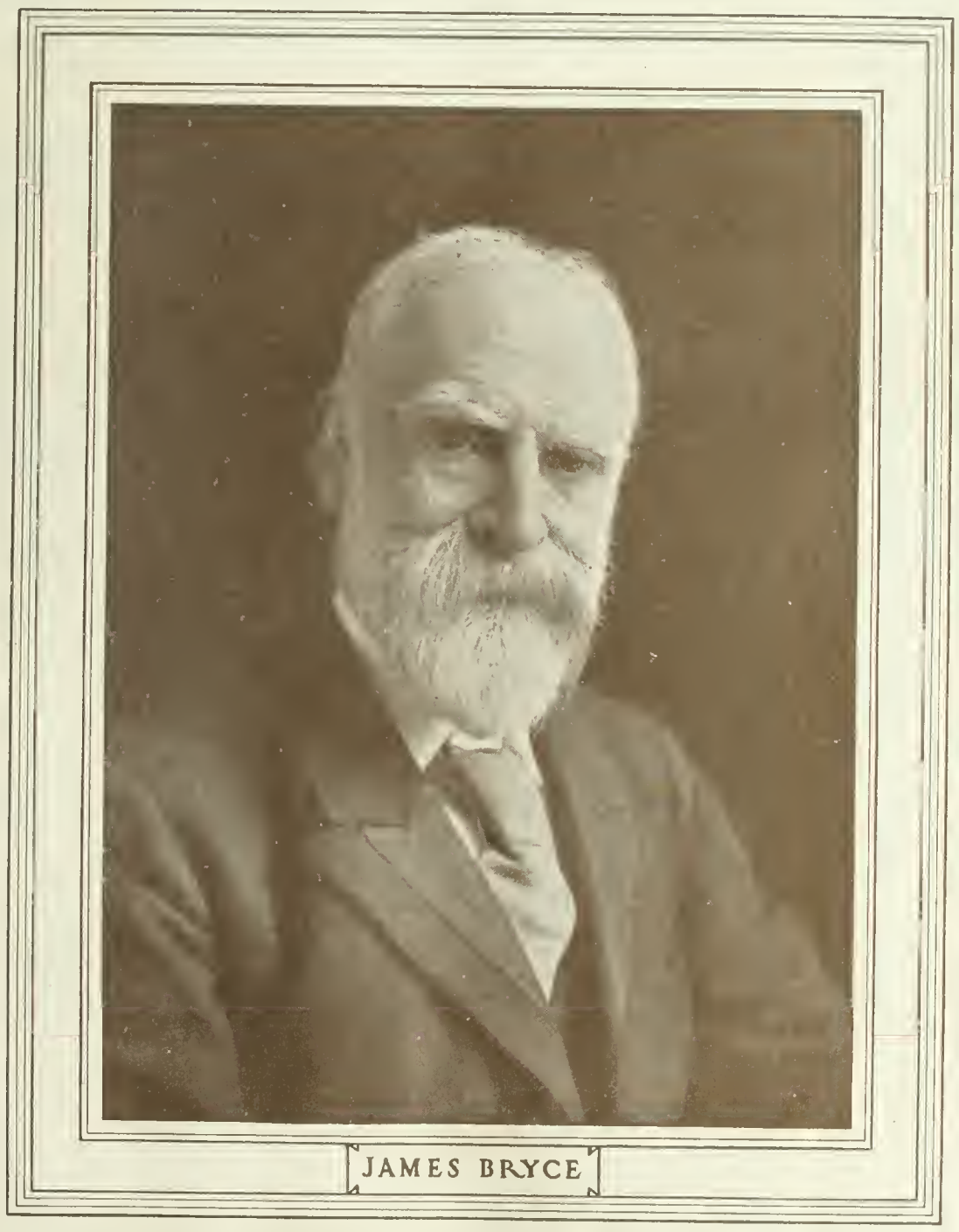
HIS career has been a strange one, a standing illustration of the versatility of a strong mind. People have forgotten his successful practise at the bar in the seventies, when he made a sterling reputation for sound law and brilliant oratory. He had a career there at his hands; anything up to the Lord Chancellorship was obviously within his reach; but he chose to relinquish it. Possibly the consciousness of a greater destiny drove him then as it has driven him since. He was already a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and he went back to the serene shades of that university as Regius Professor of Civil Law. Oxford has a charm to draw such men as James Bryce, for it can give or withhold at its will a fame that never penetrates far from its colleges, but endures there forever. He became one of its great lecturers, teaching law with authority, and lending the subject the illumination of his own sympathy and understanding. He has the faculty of making his lectures read like epics; he speaks a narrative. Oxford prized him, and not the less that he found time to adventure into public affairs while he remained in the Regius Chair. He went into Parliament as the Liberal member for the Tower Hamlets in 1880, and became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1886.

Those were great days for men of ardent purpose. Gladstone towered at his height; Liberal and Conservative were at issue over great destinies. Bryce brought his powers to the aid of Gladstone. He has ever worn something of the complexion of a Don Quixote; no quality in him has been more conspicuous than a certain aggressive chivalry. When he entered the House of Commons, the question of the Turkish alliance was the great topic of the day. It had been regarded for years as Britain's sheet anchor in the Near East; but now that the Armenian atrocities were at their height, Gladstone attacked it. His was the courage that laid bare the abomination, and of his followers none was more ardent than Mr. Bryce. He was already a man of weight; the world had heard of him; and he joined the campaign to fine effect. He spoke at a great meeting on Newcastle Town Moor. There was a prodigious crowd to hear him, and at first his manner of an instructor, of a lecturer, left his audience cold. But he was no mercenary, no hired advocate; the passion of the cause was in his heart, and presently, his facts established, his premises laid down, he unsheathed the power of his personality and rammed his strong convictions through the consciousness of every man that heard him. Speaking as inspired, he electrified that crowd; in one speech he massed the North of England on the side of the Armenians, ranked the sturdy workers against Abdul the Damned. And the rest is a matter of history.

That was his début, where he came first into the lime-light. He had many other matters on hand, for he was a worker of feverish industry. He had already written widely; at the age of twenty-four he published that great work, "The Holy Roman Empire," a contribution of the first importance to history. He had begun to travel and to learn languages. As a mountain-climber he is eminent; he ascended Ararat at a troublous time without a guide, and published "Transcaucasia and Ararat" in 1877. But most important of all, he had added to his own usefulness long visits to the United States, where he made many friends. He had studied its problems and conditions in the light of his unexampled knowledge of other countries and times, and his gain was apparent when he threw in his lot with Gladstone again on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. He had seen how a great country may be made up of practically autonomous states and yet lose neither unity nor honor. A separate Parliament across the Irish Channel had no terrors for him, apart from the fact that he was born in Ireland of an Irish mother. And the cause was an especially compelling one for him; he worked for it as he worked against the Coercion Act and the act which made it a penal offense to carry arms in Ireland. In short, it was a cause that made its appeal to that sensitive generosity of his, and he supported it nobly. With all his dignity, his splendid and graceful deference to academic form and the grave code of honorable politics, James Bryce has fervor, vigor, tenacity, and a good fighting strain of venom when he chooses. It was a cause that he suffered for, since he shared the downfall of his great leader; but he was no man to count the cost.

But it helps little to catalogue the bare bones of his achievements. The whole can be summed up by saying that he worked. He worked magnificently always for the ends he appointed, tilting at more than one windmill and at a giant or two as well. He will be welcome in America were it only for the services he has rendered to women. He did as much as anybody to secure to a mother the custody of her own children; and the act which reserves to a married woman the control of her own property is a monument to him. But it was not a mere sentiment that guided him in this. The incomparable lawyer which counts for so much in his composition saw the abuses to which women were subject, recognized their injustice and their lack of cogency to the body of the law of Britain, and evolved the remedy. But the propagandists of female suffrage have not been able to move him. He will not help women to get votes.

His great work, "The American Commonwealth," was issued in 1888. It stands alone, authoritative and sympathetic. Mr. Bryce has that understanding of America and its people which comes of just judgment. He has that quality so rare in men of profound learning—imagination, the faculty of being illogical and right. He was able to bring the United States into focus, so that no group of merits or demerits showed beyond its due proportions.



JAMES BRYCE

His American Book

HE was able to see how the rawness of a young people, grasping at a magnificent fate, vitalized and condoned their contempt for traditions, for all the hamper which civilizations gather about them as they grow old, as old maids collect cats. He made such a study of America as no other man has made; its triumphant success on both sides of the Atlantic confirmed and justified it.

When last year the Liberals swept into power in England, Mr. Bryce took his place in the Cabinet as Irish Secretary. He is a good friend of Ireland and the Irish, a fact which had weight in his selection for the post of British Ambassador to the United States. While he had no occasion for spectacular activity in this office, he has maintained the best relations with that volatile equation, the Irish party in the House of Commons. And now he closes his career to open another.

"Bryce knows everybody and everything," said Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman recently. It is true; he has been the most learned man in Parliament since Lord Acton's day, and his popularity is universal. The news that he was to be Ambassador took everybody by surprise, but it was not long before everybody acclaimed the appointment. Britain could afford no clearer token of recognition of America's place in the world—a place not always adequately estimated by European statesmen—than sending her James Bryce to be his Majesty's representative at Washington. His experience of the forms and punctilio of diplomacy is small; but his grasp of the things diplomacy aims at is without parallel. And he is a great man, carrying a superb list of honors from nearly every civilized country; a statesman of Cabinet rank. His achievements make a stirring record, and all of that record points to sincerity, single-minded honesty, and the finest qualities of mind and heart. He has a splendid dignity, a good, sober presence, and a saving salt of humor. America welcomes that type of man. If there are laurels to be had in Washington, his Excellency James Bryce will bring some of them back.

THE SKY PIRATE

By WALLACE IRWIN



Mr. Pickell tottered to the rail

"TUSH!!!" exclaimed Icarus Jones, the Sky Pirate, as he stood on the cyclone deck of his two-funneled aeroplane, the *Jolly Flapjack*, while his crew started so far aback that they almost tipped into the Hudson.

And the *Jolly Flapjack* was, indeed, as dubious a craft as ever skimmed the clouds. She was a hammer-nosed, fresh-air clipper with six electric fans fore and aft and an old-fashioned gas-reservoir. Her deck was littered with empty bottles, her galley-roof had been patched with fragments of the captain's arctic overshoes, and the *Jolly Flapjack* was altogether very much down in the wheel. The skull and crossbones fluttered at her masthead.

"Mr. Spotts," snapped the commander in a dyspeptic subbasso as he turned to his mate, "what manner of craft would you call that just passing by yon thundercloud to the west?"

"Avast, sir!" roared the mate, "yonder's a hummer. She's the eighty-foot air-yacht *Skylark*, belonging to W. Dill Pickell, the celebrated catsup magnate of New York. Her freight is especially valuable, as Mr. Pickell's beautiful daughter, Miss Lilly Pickell, has just married the notorious Count von Frump, and the Pickell airship holds the wedding party and the happy father—"

"We shall hold them for ransom!"

"Not necessary, sir," responded the unscrupulous Spotts. "The hold of yon vessel is jam-pack crammed with wedding presents. There are eighty barrels of diamonds, a bushel of rubies, a set of Flemish oak furniture, and two hundred and eleven duplicate berry-spoons. Shall we have at them, sir?"

"Bide your time," murmured the captain as the *Jolly Flapjack* rested on the calm air. Brooklyn lay below.

THE bride and groom stood looking down on the Flatiron building, over which the ship was then passing.

"Darling, do you love me?" inquired the heiress abruptly.

"Yes and no," replied the cautious nobleman, for the Von Frumps were seldom quick of speech. "Tell me first, dearest—didn't we leave anything behind? Are the eighty barrels of diamonds safe?"

"Yes, my husband," answered the heiress proudly. He took her to his arms.

Below them they could distinctly see Broadway like a rut full of ants. At Twenty-eighth Street a mob had collected to cheer on a policeman who was arresting a dead man for obstructing the sidewalk. From the high cliffs surrounding Wall Street a flock of small air-craft shot up now and then, closely pursued by deputies mounted on air-cycles and waving subpœnas toward the Jersey Gibraltars.

Suddenly across the bows of the *Skylark* appeared the black nose of the *Jolly Flapjack*.

"'Vast and overhaul there!" came a sneering staccato.

"Who's there?" called the haughty catsup millionaire.

"Captain Icarus, the Sky Pirate," came the response. For it was none other than he. "I've got me air-guns trained on ye. Deliver up them weddin' presents or I'll bust yer electric fans, and spill ye into Fift' Avenoo!"

Mr. Pickell tottered to the rail. Without the wedding presents, he knew the Count could never be his. Already that proud noble was filling in a blank divorce coupon.

"I shall never yield! Take me, but spare the duplicate berry-spoons," Pickell shouted through his megaphone.

No sooner were the words spoken than the crew of the *Jolly Flapjack* began boarding the luckless *Skylark*.

But the beautiful Lilly Pickell was too smart for them. Quick as lightning she darted into the hold, opened a hatchway, and emptied her forty barrels of diamonds and two hundred and eleven duplicate berry-spoons into space. Just as she was in the act of throwing a cut-glass bathtub and a lariat of pearls overboard she was observed by Old Ick.

"Woman," he thundered, "you have thwarted me—but beware! Bos'n, run out a springboard and make this weddin' party walk the plank!"

So the fatal plank was prepared and the three victims arrayed in procession according to the order of their ages. The Count, being youngest, came first, the beautiful Lilly second, and the weeping Pickell third.

"Now walk along there—step lively!" commanded the monster, with the cruelty of a car conductor. The count stepped forward, walked to the edge and plunged into space.

Lilly Pickell was the next to be called. The pirates were breathless with pleasant anticipation. What a pretty dive she would make! One, two, three steps she advanced, when—

"Halt!" Old Icarus the pirate looked up, grinding his teeth. From out the clear sky not one hundred yards away the United States armored flying-machine *Ozone* was dropping down on them. Captain Ick fell trembling on his knees, Lilly Pickell fainted away, and her poor father cursed softly when he thought of losing the Count after all that expense.

What followed is too thrilling to be worth our while. It suffices to say that the desperate crew of the *Jolly Flapjack* were all arrested for disorderly conduct and sentenced to sixty days' hard labor. Which was no more than right.

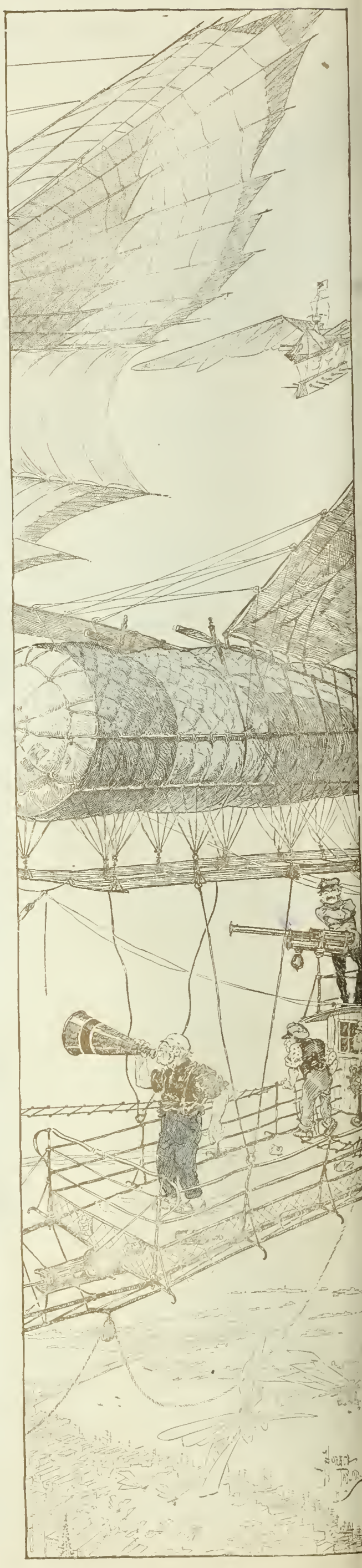
As to the lovely Lilly, she was married next day to the dashing commander of the *Ozone*, Lieutenant Juggins.

As to old Icarus, the Sky Pirate, he was hanged to the guide-rope of the *Skylark*. Unfortunately his neck was tougher than the rope, which broke and allowed the criminal to escape with a few bruises.

As to the Count, he was saved from instant death by the lightness of his head. After floating in midair for a few days he was caught by a stiff breeze and wafted back to Germany, his military mustaches acting as sails. He soon got a divorce by presenting a coupon to the Emperor.

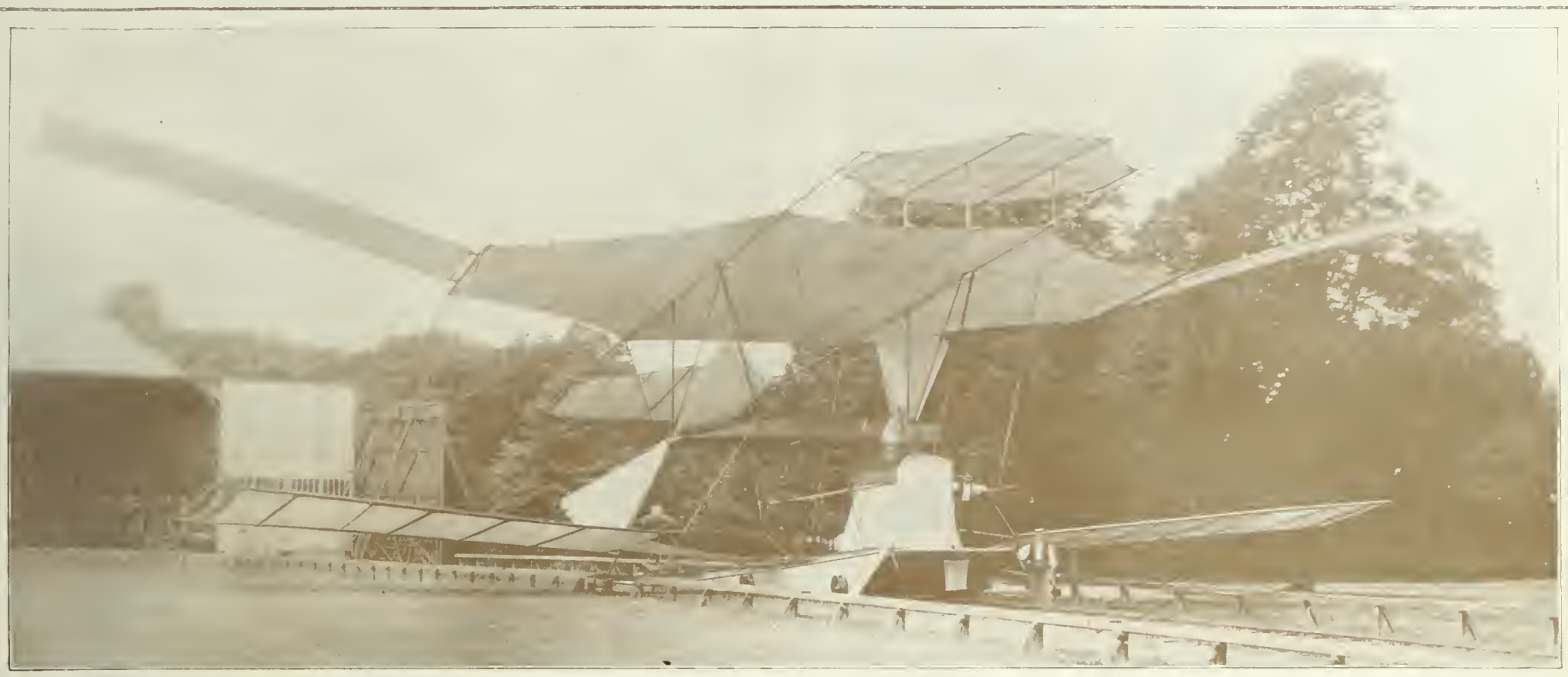
As to the wedding presents, they were scattered all over New York and benefited many poor people. Almost everybody got a duplicate berry-spoon. One poor newsboy picked up a Koh-i-noor which made him rich enough to buy his old father out of State prison and into the State Legislature.

A cut-glass punch bowl fell into Wall Street and hit a Financier on the wrist just in time to save him from turning a gold mine into a lake. It was a lucky day altogether.



"I've got me air-guns trained on ye!"

WHEN SHALL WE FLY?



Maxim's flying machine, which weighed 8,000 pounds and had an engine of 243 horse-power, standing on the ways before its unsuccessful flight

By ISRAEL LUDLOW

THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE, A LAWYER OF NEW YORK CITY, HAS BUILT A NUMBER OF AEROPLANES AND DEVOTED HIS LEISURE FOR YEARS TO THE STUDY OF MECHANICAL FLIGHT

WE can lift ourselves off the earth without the aid of a balloon; we can sail like a bird from hilltop to valley; we can propel ourselves through the air with a motor-driven aeroplane at the rate, for a short distance at least, of an express train. We can do almost everything but flap our wings like a bird.

It would be too much to say that the problem of air-navigation has been solved—even though many who have given their best thought and work to it believe that flying-machines will soon be as common as automobiles. The difficulties of maintaining equilibrium must yet be perfected away. We must have aeroplanes which will *stay put*, not turn somersaults or dive or swerve about in a circle; machines whose equilibrium resides in themselves and not in the intuitive skill of a clever operator. All this is yet to be. The important thing is this—that the problem of supporting a man and a machine without the aid of a gas-bag, and of propelling and guiding them, is no longer a problem. We do not need to invent new material lighter than any we now have. Steel frames will do quite well enough. All the essentials of aerial navigation we now have—in a crude state. It merely remains to perfect them.

Mechanical flight, then, not drifting in a balloon, is the goal of aerial navigation. The balloon arrived very nearly at its present perfection a hundred years ago. Of late years it has been elongated, sometimes almost to the length of a modern ocean steamship, and a motor and propeller added to push or pull, but without some revolutionary discovery the limitations of the dirigible balloon seem to have been very nearly reached. Tremendously impressive and picturesque these great floating bags are—such a one as Count Zeppelin's, for instance, hovering over the Lake of Constance, 420 feet long, and driven by two 83 horse-power motors. They make one think of Kipling's "With the Night Mail"—that wonderfully vivid story of a trip by airship from England to Quebec in the year 2025. *Postal Packet 162*, as you may recall, was 240 feet long, though "the liners of her day were nine hundred by ninety-four." She was equipped with "Magniac's rudder, by raising which three-eighths of an inch *No. 162* would yaw five miles to port or starboard before she came under control again." She also had "Fleury's Paradox of the Bulkhead Vacuum"—the vacuum "where Fleury's Ray danced in violet-green bands and whirled tourbillons of flame." It was "the very heart of the machine," Mr. Kipling assured us, "a mystery to that day. Even Fleury, who begat it, could not explain how the restless little imp shuddering in the U-tube could, in the fractional fraction of a second, strike down the furious blast of gas into a chill, grayish-green liquid that drained (you could hear it trickle) from the far end of the vacuum through the eduction pipes and the mains back to the bilges. Here it returned to its gaseous, one had almost written sagacious, state and climbed to work again." But we have no magical Fleury gas to-day to lift a machine built strong enough to shoot through the air, like *No. 162*, at eighty miles an hour. These great bags are very costly, the enormous air pressure against their surface makes them impracticable as a general type of navigable machine, and the frail fabric of the envelope, sensitive to snow and temperature changes, will probably not endure the strain of a greater speed than twenty-five to thirty miles an hour.

An aeroplane must move through the air as fast as twenty-five miles an hour to fly at all, and the extent of its possible increase in velocity is unknown. Outracing the migratory birds in their flight of one hundred miles an hour will not be an incredible performance, air being to all intents and purposes frictionless; and such a feat is no more wonderful than the fact that, by mechanical aid, man has outdistanced every animal on land.

The Price of Progress

"BUT," smiles the skeptic, "suppose something happens to your aeroplane, when you are shooting like that through the air?" That is something we are not worrying about; it will be provided for in due time by inventors of the future. We must first learn how to fly. There have, indeed, been plenty of tragedies along the line of march of improvement. Men have risked their lives, and lost them, too, in the working out of this as well as the others of the world's great mechanical problems. [Ed. Note: Mr. Ludlow speaks *con amore*, not yet having completely recovered from a fall he received eight months ago.] There was Lilienthal, the German professor, the first—so far as we authentically know—to fly with a machine heavier than air. Lilienthal used a pair of huge wings with which he sailed from a height toward the ground. The wings were not flapped—it was merely a single-plane aeroplane, constructed as near as possible like the outstretched wings of a soaring bird. He brought to the art scientific research and mathematical formulæ; he made many successful descents from heights and a brilliant future lay before him; but one day a treacherous gust of wind tipped the wings upward. Lilienthal, suspended midway, in much the position of a bird's body, managed to throw his weight forward enough to bring the wings back again, but he brought them too far, and, dipping suddenly downward, they shot to the ground. Lilienthal was killed. Pilcher, a young Englishman, a member of a firm of wealthy manufacturers, with everything to live for, met death in a similar way in a similar machine. In short, long experiment has pretty definitely proved that the single-plane wing type of aeroplane is not safe enough to be practicable.



Soaring in Wright's early model

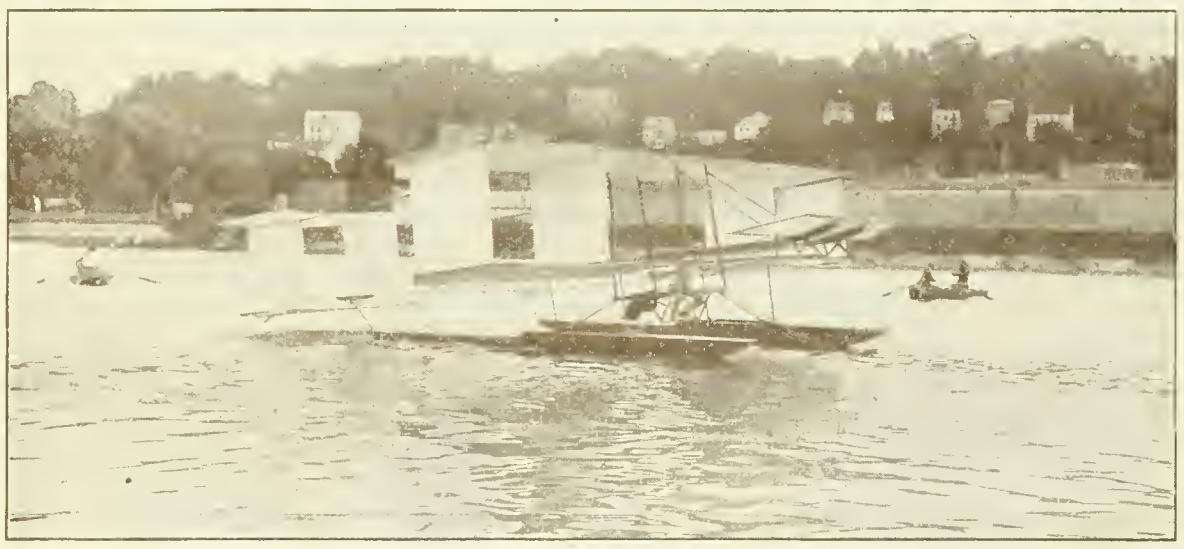
Henry C. Rodemeyer, a conscientious workman, known for his ingenious and exact imitations of bird flight by means of kites and aeroplanes, though compelled to be at his business at seven o'clock in the morning, invariably rose before daylight and went to some swamps beyond Jersey City to observe birds in their natural haunts. He was killed recently while on one of these expeditions, by a train at a railroad crossing.

Space forbids calling the long roll of those who have made material sacrifices or who have even been careless of life itself in their enthusiasm for the cause of aerial navigation. There is one, however, whose tragic death causes more than usual regret, and whose valuable services in his lifetime entitle him to the praise and honor that should be given to these pioneers in this science. I refer to M. Penaud of France, to whose inventive fancy credit is to be given for two popular toys: the flying winged butterfly made of tissue paper, and the small propeller wheel, which, set whirling by the unwinding of a string, sails skyward. Penaud left many papers. His arguments are clear and forcible; the principles he set forth are definite and easily understood; and his grasp of the subject was so large that much which has been done since seems but repetition. At times his writing seemed inspired, yet people laughed at his ideas, and in a garret, surrounded by his models, he died, before he was thirty, of starvation and a broken heart.

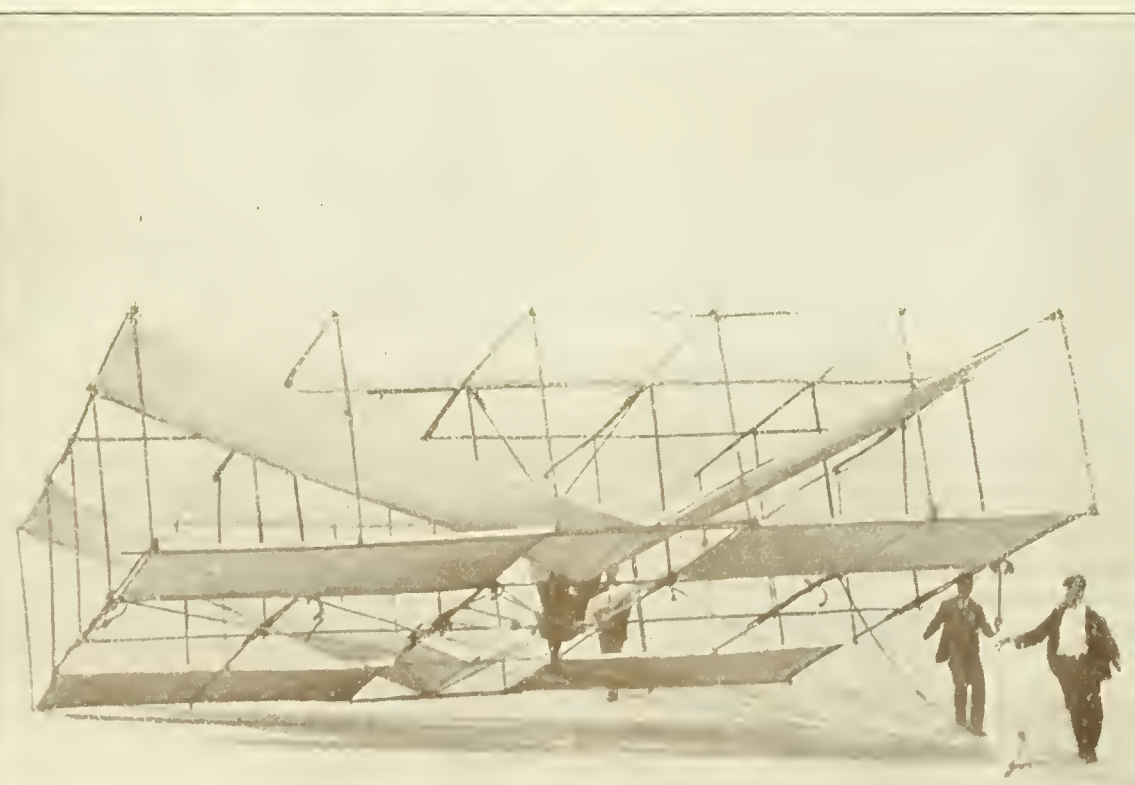
After all these experiments we can "point with pride," as the politicians say, to the fact that the most successful attempts to fly have been made by two young Americans, Wilbur and Orville Wright of Dayton, Ohio. These young inventors run a bicycle machine-shop on the outskirts of the town. Newspaper reporters, special correspondents, and Sherlock Holmes photographers hover about this place more or less continuously, but the Wrights go on serenely and, thus far, have kept descriptions of their machine and pictures of it from the public prints. They have taken out no patents, and, except for some dealings with war departments, have shown no desire to put it on the market. It is generally believed, however, that they have constructed an aeroplane which has flown, on several occasions, at the rate of forty miles an hour for a period of nearly an hour. Nothing equal to this has been done either here or abroad. Santos-Dumont, who recently deserted his balloons for motor-driven aero-



SANTOS-DUMONT'S "14-BIS" JUST BEFORE THE START



THE ARCHDEACON AEROPLANE STARTING FROM A PONTOON-BOAT



THE LUDLOW AEROPLANE ON THE BEACH NEAR JACKSO[illegible]LE, FLA., JUST BEFORE THE FLIGHT

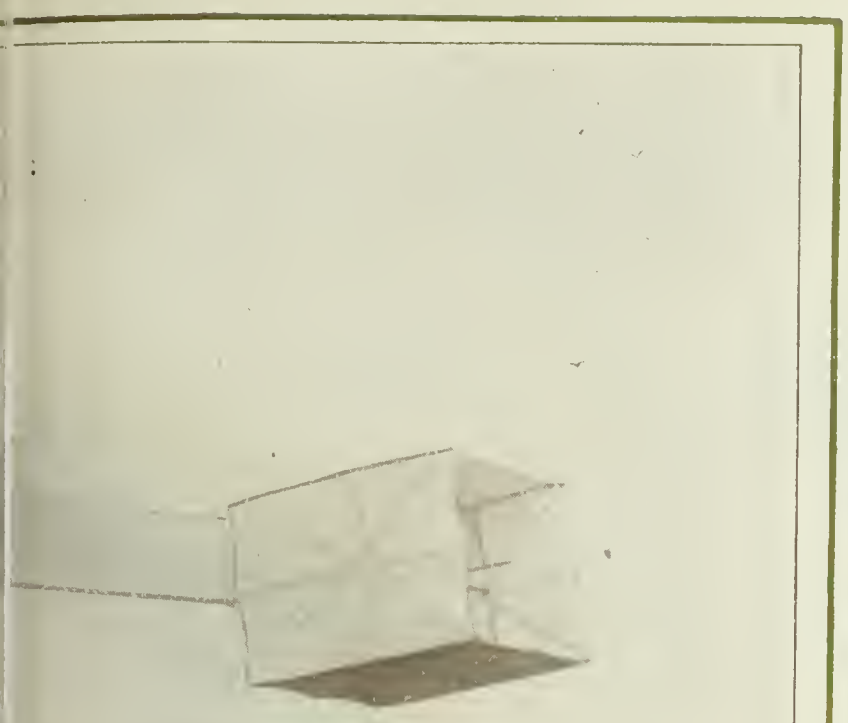


M. SANTOS-DUMONT MAKING

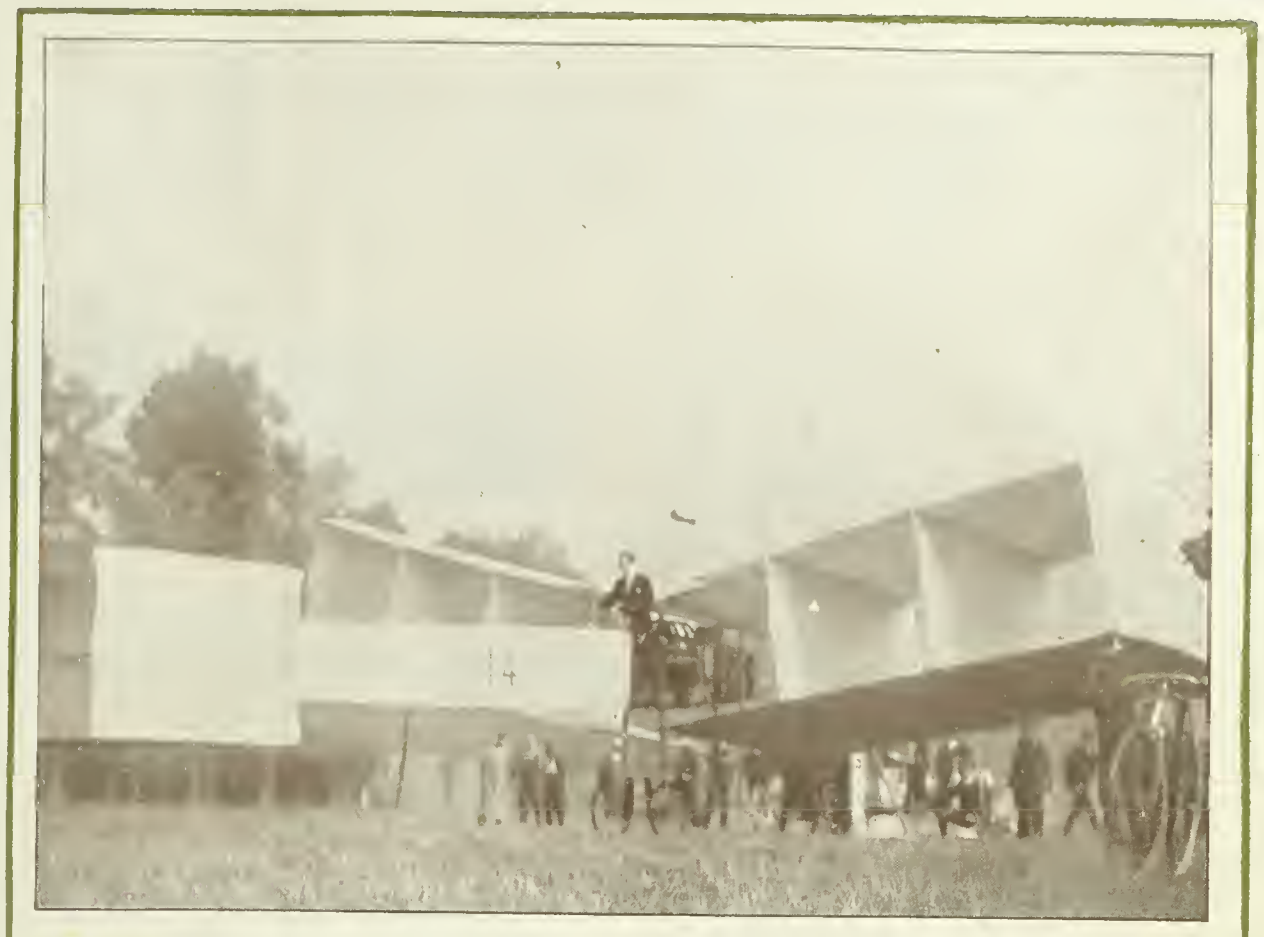




THE LUDLOW AERO



SFUL FLIGHT NEAR PARIS



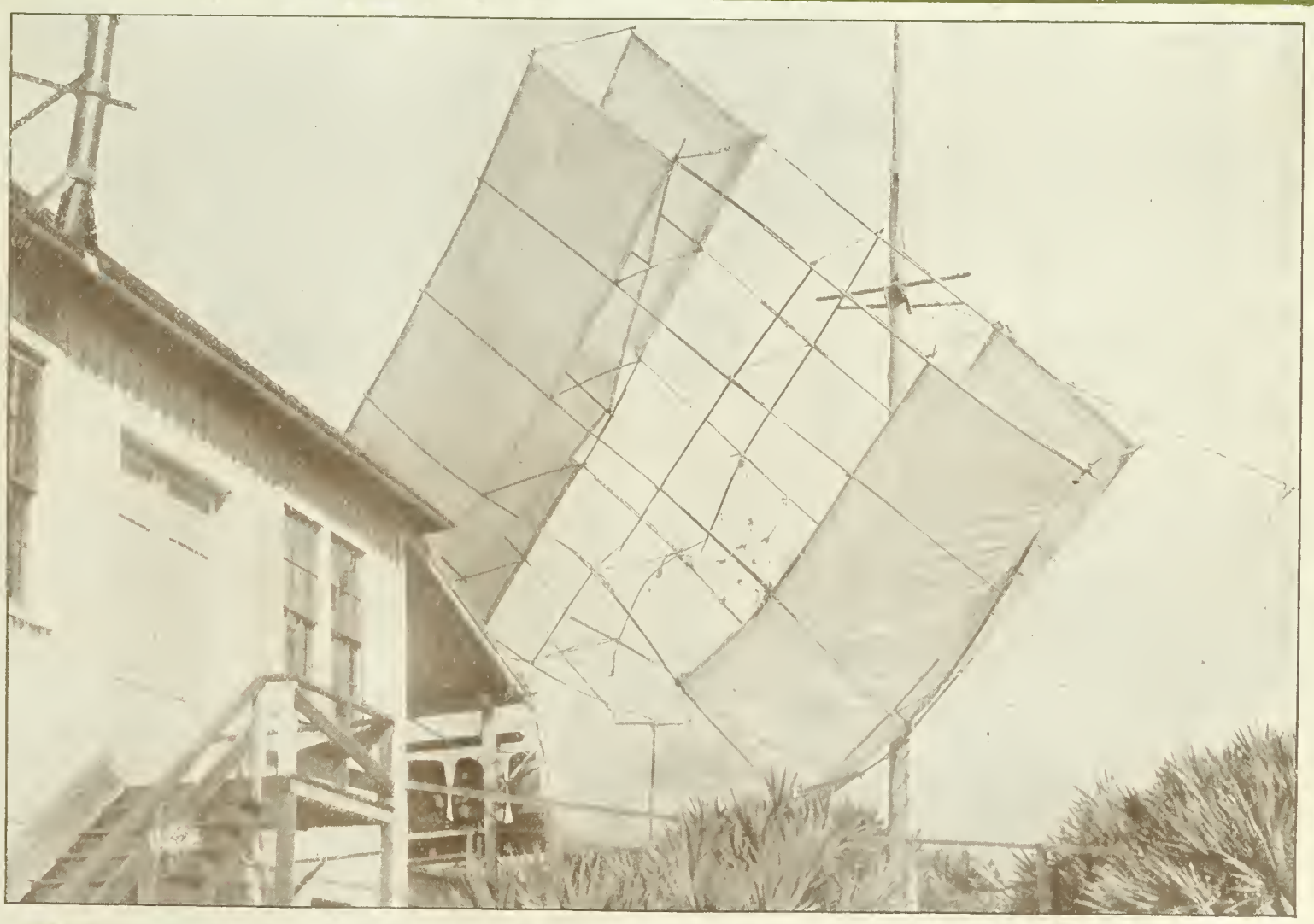
SANTOS-DUMONT AND THE "14-BIS" GETTING UNDER WAY



THE BLINOT AEROPLANE ON THE LAKE OF ENGHIEN







THE LUDLOW AEROPLANE IN COLLISION WITH A FLAGSTAFF

G AS A KITE

planes, has flown in a straight line a distance of about eight hundred feet, but he was unable to keep his machine from turning in a circle, owing to the gyroscopic effect of a single propeller.

The Wright brothers began their experiments in 1901. One of them, confined to his room by a long illness, amused himself by reading all that he could find on the subject of aerial navigation. When he was well, he and his brother went to work. They found from their experiments in the field that many of the accepted theories did not work out, and gradually they worked out laws for themselves. They constructed a gliding apparatus, similar to the one shown on the preceding page, with which they made successful soaring descents from hilltops. The operator lay on a sort of cradle amidships, with the rudder for steering up or down in front of him, and by shifting the position of his body the two superimposed planes could be slanted to the prevailing air currents, and thus the equilibrium of the machine, to a certain extent, controlled. It is interesting to compare this early Wright aeroplane with Santos-Dumont's latest. With the exception of the vertical partitions in the two "wings," the two machines are of much the same type; that is to say, two superimposed planes with a rudder projecting in front. The exact appearance of the present Wright aeroplane can not be described in detail, but it is generally understood to follow the main lines of this early model. The "tail," scarcely noticeable in the early model, has been elongated and, by means of ball-and-socket joints at either end of the uprights and tiller ropes, the adjustment of the planes to air currents has been made easier and more accurate.

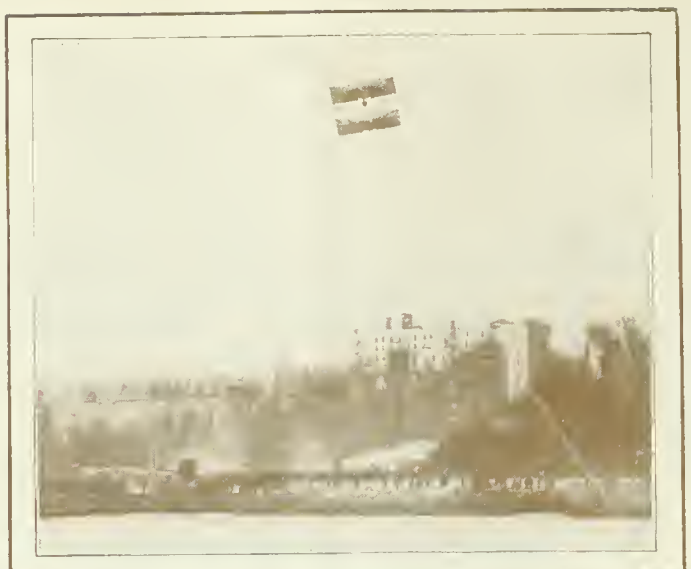
The Wright "flyer" of 1903 weighed, complete with the operator, 745 pounds. Its four-cylinder gasoline motor, with water, fuel, etc., weighed a little over two hundred pounds. Its longest flight was of fifty-nine seconds with a speed equivalent to thirty miles an hour. The "flyer" of 1904 weighed about nine hundred pounds, including a load of seventy pounds in iron bars, and a speed of more than thirty-four miles an hour was maintained for a distance of three miles, with an expenditure of seventeen horse-power. The "flyer" of 1905 weighed 925 pounds. It traveled twenty-four miles at a speed of more than thirty-eight miles an hour. As a result of their experiments the Wright brothers have said that "even in the existing state of the art it is easy to design a practical and durable 'flyer' that will carry operator, supplies, and fuel for a flight of over five hundred miles, at a speed of fifty miles an hour."

The Mysterious Brothers Wright

THERE have been many surmises as to the cause of their secrecy, but there appears to be no doubt that they have done what they have claimed to do. The inventors are said to have stated that if individuals with a technical knowledge of aeronautics saw their invention they could duplicate it, and the reward which should rightly be theirs would go to others. There are a large number of patents on aeroplanes and kites, and it is not unlikely that if the details of the Wright brothers' invention were known they would, rightly or wrongly, be swamped with infringement lawsuits and other legal complications. Or it may be possible that no patent could be obtained, the form of their apparatus, perhaps, being another instance of Solomon's saying, "There is nothing new under the sun." This should in no wise dim their credit for being the first individuals actually to have flown with a motor-driven aeroplane, for, even if their aeroplane had been previously built by others in a model form, there is a very wide difference between building a small-sized model which will fly and constructing a full-sized aeroplane which will repeat the performance carrying a passenger.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, has been greatly interested of late years in aerial navigation, and has made many experiments with his tetrahedral kites. This is undoubtedly the lightest form of aeroplane known, when the ratio of weight supported by a given extent of surface is considered. A large kite of his construction, called the *Frost King*, weighing only sixty-one pounds, carried a man holding on to the kite string about thirty feet into the air, which, of course, was not the limit of height he might have reached had he desired to go higher.

To the late Professor Langley, who was secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, we are indebted for the first compilation of reliable tables showing air pressure on an aeroplane at different speeds and at various

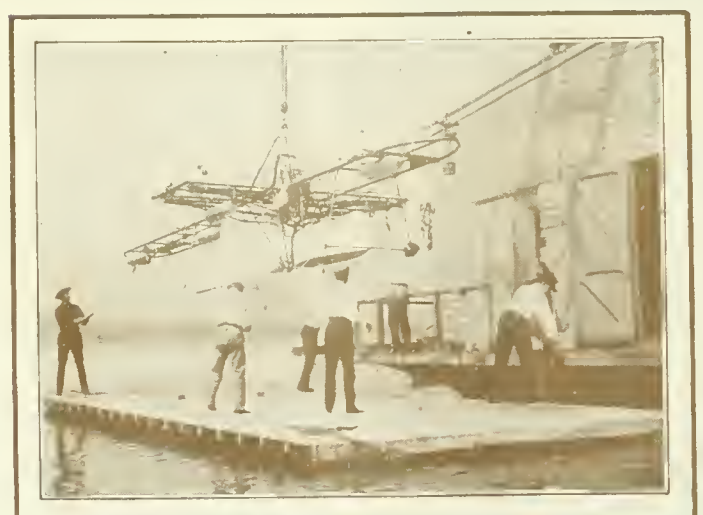


Ludlow's Aeroplane in the air

angles of inclination to the surface of a moving plane and other basic facts. Owing to his enthusiasm and earnestness, Congress was impressed sufficiently to pass an appropriation a number of years ago of fifty thousand dollars to promote aerial navigation. With this money at his disposal, Professor Langley conducted a series of experiments, and statistics as to the amount of supporting surface and necessary speed of travel of an aeroplane are at the disposal of any experimenter on application to the Smithsonian Institution. Experimenters will find that these laboratory tables do not always jibe with their work in the field, but they are, nevertheless, extremely useful.

Professor Langley constructed several model motor aeroplanes; one flew a distance of three-quarters of a mile. He then constructed a full-sized aeroplane, and twice launched it, with C. M. Manly, a mechanical engineer, as aviator. The launching apparatus, whose object was to give initial speed to the aeroplane, resembled somewhat in principle an ancient cross-bow. On both occasions the aeroplane was caught and partially wrecked by some part of the launching apparatus. Mr. Manly states that the launching apparatus for the model aeroplanes worked successfully thirty or forty times, and that the larger launching apparatus was its exact duplicate on an increased scale, and was the point where failure was least expected. The Government funds were exhausted. Professor Langley had none of his own to use for that purpose, and the experiments were discontinued. Shortly afterward he died, firmly believing that he had constructed a practical man-carrying aeroplane.

The equilibrium of the Langley aeroplane was good, but this type, in which two planes are merely set one back of the other, is not as strong as the double-decker, superimposed-planes type. Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim gun, built an aeroplane weighing eight thousand pounds, capable of carrying three passengers, with a steam engine of 243 horse-power. A trial flight was attempted which was unsuccessful. The machine rose in the air, fell sidewise, and was wrecked.



Hoisting Langley's Aeroplane to the launching stage

Many expedients have been adopted to raise aeroplanes from the ground, that their equilibrium in flight might be tested. Professor Montgomery of California carried his aeroplane one or two thousand feet up in the air by a hot-air balloon and then cut loose. Chanute of Chicago jumped from the top of the sand-hills, and others, like Dr. Bell, flew their inventions as kites.

My own aeroplane, flown as a kite over the Hudson River with a tug to tow it, carried Charles K. Hamilton, a professional balloonist, on one of its trials to a height of six hundred feet. This aeroplane, though it differed considerably from a bird-like form, had many of the principles of bird and fish movements in it. It consisted of two sets of superposed planes, set one behind the other. By the use of truss-bracing with steel wires it was possible to obtain 680 square feet of supporting surface in an aeroplane weighing 150 pounds.

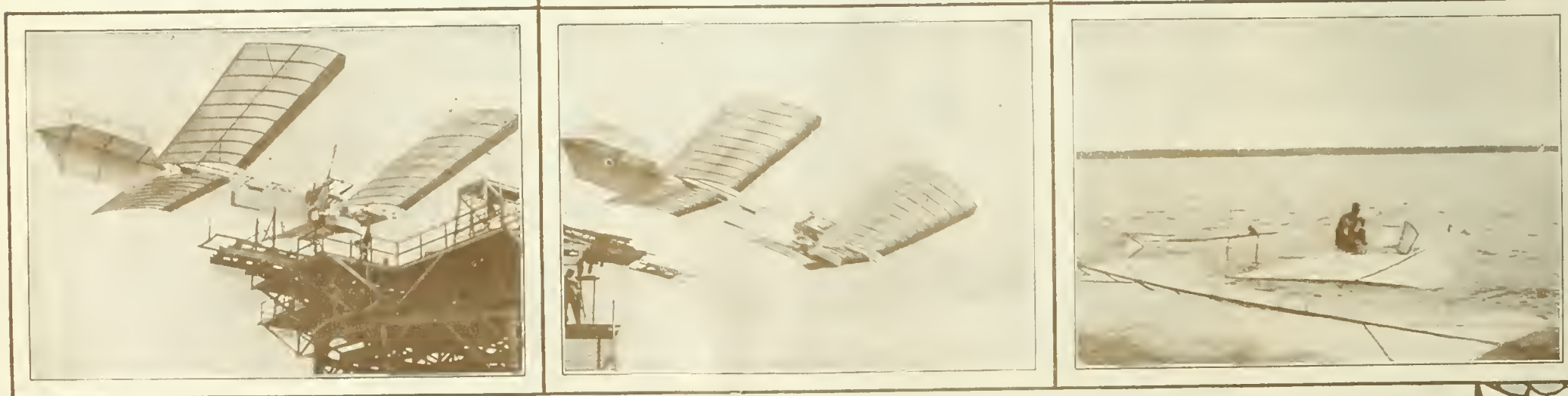
Mr. Hamilton was engaged to fly the aeroplane in Florida last summer on the beach near Jacksonville, but as the result of a pleasantry two members of the automobile club and myself decided to try a flight together. At the last moment I insisted on trying the machine alone first. The aeroplane, attached by a long rope to two automobiles, rose when they started, like a kite. The line of movement was the arc of a circle, and when the apex was reached the aeroplane came to an even keel and rode steadily, with a slight rolling motion, as if it were riding feathery billows. It was exciting and rather alarming, but in a few moments the feeling of exhilaration dominated, and I seemed to be floating, easily and securely, upon the air. I was just becoming used to the rush of wind past the planes and through the braces and beginning to look down at the automobiles and get my bearings generally, when there came a crack just to my left in the rear of the forward set of planes. A wire brace had snapped. One wire after another gave way, the forward planes bent upward, and the machine, losing its buoyancy, began to fall. I had no sensation of falling. In the few moments that elapsed between the breaking of the wires and striking the beach, a little over a hundred feet beneath, I watched the wires snap, the bamboo frame break, heard the confused shouting of the spectators, and then came the sensation of a tremendous blow.

One cause of the break was that I had been compelled to use iron instead of steel wire in construction; another was the swift air current, which in Florida, a short distance above the ground, blows at a greatly accelerated speed. It was into this swift air current the aeroplane sailed, and if it had not been tied fast to the automobiles, it might have risen higher without collapsing. Here was a defect that, obviously, could be remedied by building of stronger material. I believe that when a motor and propellers are added to this aeroplane it will be a successful dirigible flying machine.

Public Interest in the Quest

INTERESTING as all flying-machine experiments must be to those who make them, from the point of view either of science or sport, the greatest good to the greatest number requires that real advances in the art should become public property as soon as possible. It was with this end in view that the Aero Club of America recently began to raise by subscription a large fund from which it will offer a prize and expend money for experimental purposes. Among other prizes which are now awaiting successful "flyers" are the following: "London Daily Mail," $50,000 for a flight from London to Manchester in twenty-four hours; "The Car," $2,625 for the longest distance in Great Britain during the year 1907; Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, $12,500 for a flight of three miles; Barnum & Bailey, "$10,000 and an engagement"; Adams Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of the Antoinette engine, $10,000; Ruinart Père & Fils, $2,500 for a flight across the English Channel; Paris "Matin," $50,000 to the winners of an aerial race in France in 1908; the "Deutsch-Archdeacon," $10,000 to the first aviator who flies a kilometer in a closed circuit.

When the goal of aerial locomotion has been gained a change in civilization and human customs will take place greater than that brought about by the locomotive and the steamboat. A new world, the sky, will be opened; a new point of view will be given to the painter and the poet, and there will be an awakening to a broader and closer international fellowship.



Professor Langley's Aeroplane, on the launching stage, starting its flight, and, a few moments later, resting on the Potomac

THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

BY RAYMOND M. ALDEN

THE stage from San Luis Obispo brought that day only a single passenger bound for Cayucos, a trim little woman in a brown veil, about whom the driver found it very hard to make up his mind. To most of his remarks, delicately worded so as to give an opening for information as to whence and why she had come, she replied by questions. Was that really the Pacific Ocean on the other side of the sand-dunes? and what kind of trees were those on the mountains at the other side? All this made it very clear that she was a stranger, but nothing more.

When they had passed Morro Village, however, and would soon be at Cayucos, she spoke in a different way, though still interrogatively.

"Do you know whereabouts Barton Hopkins's house is?"

"Barton Hopkins!" the driver repeated. "Are you sure you've got the right name?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I've got the name all right, and he's somewhere around here, but perhaps you're not acquainted with him. I think likely he lives somewhere outside the village."

"I guess if I'm not acquainted with him he's a good ways off from the county road," said the driver. "But I do know him, ma'am; only he don't go by the name of Hopkins around here. It's just Barton he calls himself. I shouldn't have known he had any other name, if a package hadn't come for him once, and he let on to me that he was Barton Hopkins. But I never told any one else; if a man wants to give a piece of his name the go-by, says I, whose business is it but his? Is he a friend of yours, ma'am?"

"I knew him in the East, and I want to find him now."

"Well, the fact is, he ain't very get-atable just at present, ma'am. He's taken a cabin up above one of these cañons—I'll show you the very one, in two or three minutes—and nobody's seen him for quite a spell."

"Why not?"

She asked it so peremptorily that the driver turned in his seat and looked at her.

"Well — you're a stranger, ma'am. Have you heard anything about the Underground Line?"

She shook her head.

"Well, it runs over toward Santa Margarita from this coast country; we crossed it a while back, for that matter. It's just a trail, you understand — for cattle, chiefly, though quite a pack-train's been known to go over it, when there was business that required it. Now the men that run the line—nobody claims to know just who they are, and mostly they don't interfere with anybody, except these stray cattle that don't seem to have no owners for the time being; you understand, ma'am?"

"Is Mr. Hopkins one of them?"

"Well, you see I told you their names aren't published, as you might say; but if you should ask me my opinion, I'd say no, Barton ain't one of the Line. But there don't anybody live in that cabin where he is, unless they want him to, so it looks as if he was doing business for them one way or another. The place is too near their trail to suit them when just strangers is in it—folks that might not be friendly. There was a man used to live there, and he was warned to get out; found a note stuck up on his door one day when he came home. But he stayed right on; he said it was none of their business. Maybe 'twasn't, but it was his."

"What happened?"

The driver made a vague gesture with his free hand. "I don't know. But he's gone, and some say that he'll never have a funeral. So you see, ma'am, why any one that lives up there don't have many callers."

"Do these Underground people do anything besides steal cattle?"

It was strange by what pointed questions the passenger seemed almost to compel straightforward answers.

"Well, ma'am," said the driver, "it may not be the same parties, but there's a general idea that when cattle business is dull they sometimes do something in the way of dealing in goods that never go through the formalities of the custom house. Anyhow, there's vessels that turn in here and come to anchor out beyond the Morro Rock, and there's a good cove just a little piece behind us that's handy to the village and to the trail; so it all looks reasonable enough, though *I* don't know anything about it. It ain't likely to happen much more, though, they tell me."

"Why not?"

"Because they've had some kind of a falling out with Cap'n Tipton—he's the Deputy Collector. Up to this time it looks like he must have stood right in with them, but now they tell me that he's reported things to the Collector at San Luis, and he ain't as particular about mentioning names as might be thought polite. So it's very likely your friend Barton—you said he was a friend of yours, did you?"

"I said I knew him in the East."

"Yes; well, it's very likely that, even supposing he's in the Underground, hereafter he'll strictly confine his interest to cattle. And that's a very respectable business, ma'am. I expect if we was ever to know the names, you'd find some of the first families in this county among 'em, ma'am."

He turned again in his seat, to give his hearer the benefit of an incipient wink, but almost immediately went on:

"Here's the very cañon, ma'am—the one that this creek comes down from. Barton's cabin is up there near the top of the first ridge, in a little clearing back of those cypress trees; you can see the dark line of 'em, can't you?"

"Wait!" said his passenger. "Just stop a minute, will you? Did you say this cross-road goes right up there?"

"No," he said, pulling in the horses," the road goes up the cañon; but there's a trail from it to the cabin."

"Well, I guess I'll get out here, and go right on up. It's not too far to walk, is it?"

"Not if you're anything of a walker. But do you think you want to go up there alone, ma'am?"

"There's nobody to hurt a woman, is there?"

"Oh, no, no danger at all; but it might be sort of lonesome."

"I shouldn't mind that. Could you tell me where to find the trail?"

"Yes; it goes right up from the end of a little footbridge over the creek. But you'd find it no joke to go up there with your hand-bag."

"I'm a stout climber," she said. "And since the first thing I want to do is to see Barton Hopkins, and you say that's the only place where he's likely to be found, I think I'd rather go right now. I can pay you here for my trip just as well, can't I?"

"Sure," said the driver. He jumped down and came around to help her out of the stage; then, as she thanked him and started off at a brisk pace, he stood by the wheel for a moment gazing after her in wonderment more marked, if anything, than his curiosity of the hour before.

The woman went steadily up the cañon road, which at first was unshaded and level, but which presently began to climb among the trees as the cañon narrowed between the foot-hills. On each side of her now was a considerable growth of chaparral, manzanita, and scrub-oak, and the chaparral was all in bloom after the heavy spring rains, while among its white blossoms there appeared at intervals the purple of the wild lilac. It was a brilliant day, and the sun brought out the delicious smells of the woods. Now and then she sniffed the unfamiliar odors, with a vague sense of alien beauty that only made this strange land seem the stranger. She was now quite out of sight of the sea, but its voice was always in the background, the plashing of the separate waves having faded into an even, pervasive murmur, which seemed to surround her on every side rather than to come from a single direction. Was it her knowledge that this was the voice of the Pacific—a strange ocean, always before far distant and related to mysterious ancient lands—that made it seem so unlike the voice of the other ocean that she knew so well?

There was no difficulty in finding the trail that led up the side of the cañon in zig-zag fashion from the little foot-bridge. She pushed into it, still at a good pace, and, though her breath presently began coming a little hard, she did not really pause for rest until the cabin was in sight. It stood above her in a bit of clearing; a shabby, one-room affair, seeming to lean against a rough chimney. There was no smoke coming from the chimney, or any other sign of life within.

She now rested for a moment, leaning against a tree while she fully recovered her breath. Then she went on to the cabin door and knocked. No answer coming, she tried the latch, and the door opened easily. Inside it was pretty dark, for there was only a small window at either end. She seated herself on a rawhide chair near the door, and let her eyes grow accustomed to the dimness. The furnishings of the cabin were no better than could have been expected from the exterior. On either side the fireplace was a couch or bunk, and at one end of the room a table bearing some dishes. The walls wore decorations of considerable variety, suggesting that successive tenants had not disturbed the preferences of those who had been before them; gaudy calendars of several years, a group of cigarette pictures, a brilliant lithograph showing a spiked sun sinking into a purple sea, and—grotesquely out of place in its serene respectability—a cracked cardboard motto saying: "God Bless Our Home." A man's coat hung on a nail in the corner, and there were other signs of the same solitary occupant.

The woman sat still for several minutes, her hands lying in her lap, for she was really very tired. When she arose, it was to begin an attack upon the disordered



The family meal had thus strangely begun

room. A dilapidated broom furnished a weapon, and she swept the dust out of the door as if seven evil spirits went out with it. This done, she turned her attention to the table. By the time the cabin had been put in such order as the means at hand permitted, the daylight was beginning to lessen; for the cypress trees outside shut off the sun even before it went behind the foot-hills. With the shadows came the sudden evening chill of the coast country, and the woman went out to find some wood with which to kindle a fire on the hearth. When she came in with it she was shivering, whether with the cold or a new sense of loneliness it might be hard to say; and she made a movement as if to draw the bolt in the door, but stopped herself. What right had she to shut out any who might claim entrance?

Her next task was to see if anything was at hand for supper, exploring the shelves behind the table; and the result was that a half-hour later the cabin was not only brightly lighted by the leaping flames in the chimney, but was filled with odors meet for a hungry man to smell, such as it would be safe to suppose it had not known for many a day. It was at just this time that a man's figure emerged from the shadowed trail into the clearing, stopped for an instant in amazement, and then pushed on to the door.

She started—though it was what she had been waiting for all the time—as he lifted the latch, and then quieted herself as she turned to meet him. He stood still on the threshold—a man of perhaps thirty-five, with a delicate skin that refused to tan even when exposed to the weather, and which now glowed pink in the firelight. A reddish beard obscured the lines of his mouth.

"Is that you, Barton?" The woman was the first to speak.

"Is that you, Lib?"

"Yes, it's me." She came nearer by a step or two. "I don't know as you want me here, but having come so far, your house was the only place I could feel right in."

"I"—he found difficulty in answering, but now managed to close the door as he saw that the draft made the fire smoke. "How in the world did you get here, Lib? It seems's if I might be dreaming."

"No, you ain't," she answered. 'You'll shake hands, Barton, just to make sure I'm not a spirit?"

He offered his hand mechanically, withdrawing it at once, with a curious survey of her face.

"You don't hold any grudge against me, then, Lib?"

She did not answer directly, but began gathering up some dishes that she had set by the hearth to keep warm. Then she said: "Are you ready for some supper? I guess it's pretty early, but I didn't have any dinner; I only thought of it a few minutes ago."

He hung his hat on a nail, and came over to the table.

"Yes, I can eat all right, but I'd rather have you tell me what you're doing here and how you got here."

"Well," she said, "if I should go back to the beginning of that, it would be that Uncle Joe died, and left me his farm. That was in the fall. And I sold it for three hundred dollars, so's to come to California. I came right through to San Francisco, except where I had to change cars, and I had a pretty good time of it, all things considering. Then I took the boat down to Port Harford, and left my trunk at San Luis Obispo."

"Been alone all the time?"

"Mostly. I won't deny it was a little lonesome, but I've had remarkable good luck. And the three hundred dollars will last me home again."

"Are you going right back?"

She paused before answering, looking him straight in the eyes. "That depends. But you don't mind my staying here while I'm making up my mind, do you?"

He gave a short laugh. "Not if you can be comfortable. It's not much of a lay-out."

"Are you getting on well here, Barton?"

He shifted uneasily. "How do you mean?"

"I mean whatever *you* mean. Are you having a good time, Barton?"

"I don't know's I've ever had a very good time," he said, somewhat sullenly; "or got on much, either."

"I ain't asking just from curiosity. I wanted to put it to you how you'd feel about coming home."

He started a little, and looked at her much as if she had offered to strike him.

"You needn't think I'm going to bother you about it," she went on. "I ain't very sentimental, you know; sometimes I've thought I wasn't sentimental enough. But I've done a lot of thinking since you went away, and I made up my mind if I got a chance to find out just how you were getting on, and you weren't pretty much satisfied, I'd just put it to you whether you mightn't do well to come back."

"You don't know what you're talking about, Lib," he said impetuously.

"Yes I do. I'm going careful enough. And before we say anything more I want to tell you about *her*."

He gave the same startled, avoiding look. "About who?"

"Her; you know; the woman. I've been to see her—in San Francisco."

"To see her? Good God!"

"Yes; don't get excited, Barton. I didn't go to get up a quarrel or anything of that sort. You see I never did really hate her, the way some women might; but I did have a kind of curiosity to see her, and besides, I wanted to find out whether she was really through with you. It was Tom Simmons that helped me. You remember him, don't you? He's been in San Francisco this good while, just writing home when he got hard up and needed money; so his folks gave me his address, and he came right around to see me when I sent word to him; seemed to be real glad to see somebody from home. Then I found he'd seen you when you was in the city, and what was more, he knew her, too; so I was pretty lucky. I made him promise to take me to see her, though he didn't want to at first. You don't mind my telling you about it, do you?"



Something very like a sob seemed to shake his frame

Barton shook his head. She had now seated herself opposite him at the table, and the family meal had thus strangely begun.

"Well, we went to one of those shooting galleries, where they have rabbits and things jumping by machinery across the back of the room, and machines to tell your fortune, and I don't know what else; and the girl was at the counter taking money from the men, and helping them to have a good time. She was real pretty, I could see that right away, but there was something about her that I don't believe I'd ever have really liked, no matter where I saw her. Tom told her I'd like to speak with her alone, and she went into the little office with me. And I said: 'Are you the girl that came in a schooner to Castine three years ago, and stayed there at Cap'n Bostrom's for part of the summer?' And she didn't deny it. 'Well,' I said, 'I'm Mrs. Hopkins, the wife of the man you came back West with.' Then she flared up, supposing I'd come to make some sort of a scene with her, but I explained to her right away that I hadn't, and I told her the verse about not casting the first stone, you know, but I don't think she knew it. Then I said: 'All I've come to ask you now is, whether you think my husband still cares for you?' And she said: 'Not unless he's even a bigger fool than I take him for.' I suppose you don't mind, now, hearing just exactly what she said.

"Well, I can't tell it all, anyway; only I remember that she looked down on me—and she certainly was a fine big woman—and said: 'Your husband's a good boy, honey; a lot too good for this country,' she said. And I thanked her, and told Tom I was ready to go. She invited us to stay longer, but Tom seemed about as anxious to take me off as I was to leave; and he said as we came away: 'Do you know, Mrs. Hopkins, this is the nearest place to hell that you can buy a ticket to?' So then he told me how to find you, of course, and I came on as soon as there was a boat going; and here I am. I don't know just what you're doing, or how well you like it, and I don't want you to think I've followed you up to make you any bother. But I just put it to you, as I made up my mind to do, if you wouldn't like to think about coming home?"

He looked across at her in silence for a moment. Then he said slowly:

"I suppose you know you could get a divorce, Lib?"

"Oh, yes. I've had some lawyers take it up with me, and some of the neighbors have dropped remarks; but I told them all I was just as free as I wanted to be, and that you might be back any day, for that matter. There was a summer boarder that stopped to look at me one day as she was going by, and, when I came out to see if she wanted anything in the store, she told me she was pitying my pathetic state. 'Pathetic?' says I. 'I suppose you mean because my husband's been away so long. He went out West for his fortune, when it was hard times, and he knew I could get on all right with the store. But there's two or three women in this town that their husbands stayed at home and let them work for 'em; if you're looking for pathetic sights, go and call on them.' I suppose it was just pride that made me talk that way; but it never did anybody any harm. And I tell the folks all the big stories I hear about California, as if it had gold lumps sticking up everywhere in the ground. I guess maybe you thought that way yourself, a little, when you first came out. Do you like California, Barton?"

"Yes," he said. "It's a great country, Lib. You haven't any idea how it gets hold of you."

"I don't suppose I have. But I can see that it's wonderful enough. I thought to-day, when I was driving along in the stage, seeing the ocean on one side and these hills on the other, with the sunshine just laid thick on everything, like molasses, instead of the maple sirup kind of sunshine we have down East—I said to myself then that I knew just how you'd care for it all, just as I said when I saw *her* up in San Francisco that I knew how you'd been carried away with her. She was sort of rich and warm and big, like California; and I said to myself, I'm just like the State of Maine by the side of her, and Barton never did like our climate; he always cared for bright, pretty things more than most of us. So I said to myself, it's no wonder at all."

Barton had leaned his arms on the table, and his head upon them; now something very like a sob seemed to shake his frame. He had hardly supposed that his wife could forgive him; now he knew that she had done far more—she had understood him.

"But there's two sides to everything," her steady, prosaic voice went on. "You've found it so with her—she didn't last, after all; and I have an idea you might find the new country seem the same way. Some time you'd sort of hark back to the town, and the store, and a fire in the coal stove with a northeast wind blowing, and me getting supper—oh, I know they won't ever seem like the things you dreamed about when you was young, but they'd sort of stay by you more, like plain victuals and drink."

She had now given utterance to all that she had carefully thought out in her plan for stating the case to her husband. Having done so, she rose and began clearing off the table. For a time there was no sound save that of the dishes, Barton keeping his seat and gazing steadily at the floor. A falling chunk in the fireplace at last seemed suddenly to rouse him, and he started up, looking at his watch as he did so.

"I'd forgotten what time it was getting to be," he said. "I'm late—I have to be going, Lib."

"Going where?" She shut her lips tightly.

"Down the road a little way. I—there's some business I've got on hand. It may take me a good part of the night, and I don't exactly like to leave you here alone; but there's nothing for you to be afraid of, and I can't go back on my word."

"I'm not afraid," she said. "But, Barton—I didn't like something that the stage-driver said, when I was asking about your house. Are you in with bad men that will get you into trouble before you know it?"

His face flushed at the question.

"What are bad men? Was my grandfather a bad man—and yours, too, for that matter, doing the sort of business they did on the coast of Maine?"

"I don't know, Barton. It ain't for me to say. But times have changed since then."

He laughed a little. "Not in California, I guess. Anyhow, you needn't be afraid. I'm not in business for myself; I'm just working for other men for a while and getting the first good pay I ever had in my life. It won't last long, anyhow; this may be my last job. I shall come back before morning, Lib; and I'll bring you in some more wood before I go."

She did not answer, but busied herself again about the room, while he went out for the wood and came in to pile it by the hearth.

"Good-night, Lib."

"Good-night, Barton."

They had scarcely said more than that, even in the old days. But when the door had shut behind him, and she realized that she was to be left alone in this wilderness, she felt a sudden desire to have another word from him. She flung open the door and called after him.

"What is it, Lib?" The daylight was now quite gone, but there was a half-moon, now somewhat past the zenith, and the clearing was lighted by it so that she saw him turning back from the entrance to the trail.

"I want to ask you something, Barton. You'll think it's queer, but I can't help it. I want to ask you, when you saw the table set to-night, and the fire burning, and supper waiting for you, didn't it seem real good to you, just for a minute? Didn't it make you think of the old times in our house on the Bay?"

He hesitated; to such a woman one could not lie.

"Yes, Lib, I guess it did. I'm certain it did. Is that all you want?"

"Yes, that's all."

Turning back into the cabin, she threw herself on one of the bunks, realizing for the first time how completely the day had tired her. Before she knew that she was drowsy she had fallen asleep.

A loud knock on the door roused her, and she sat up, for an instant too startled to know where she was. Then she went forward and opened the door somewhat tremblingly. Two men stood there—one of them slight and elderly, the other a bluff stout person of barely middle age. Her worst fears subsided at once, for they had none of the look of ruffians, though she caught the gleam of a six-shooter in the belt of the younger.

"I'm looking for Mr. Barton," said the younger man abruptly, though removing his hat.

She hesitated a single instant. Then: "I don't know any Mr. Barton around here."

"Are you sure?" he asked ironically. "Whose shack do you call this, then?"

"My husband's—Mr. Hopkins'."

"Where is he?"

"He went to the village, and hasn't come home yet."

"I don't suppose you'd mind, ma'am, if I took a look inside—just so's to admire your furniture, *et cetera?*"

She made way for him to pass her, and remained facing his companion.

"Do you know the country around here very well?" he asked her.

"Not so very; we haven't lived here long. We're from the East."

"Is there any other house near here?"

She shook her head. "Not any nearer than the next cañon, I guess."

The younger man now reappeared, showing some disgust. "It's no use," he said, "for you to try any game on us. He'll get a darned sight rougher handling from some other folks than he will from us."

"Not so fast, Bob," said the other. "I reckon you've got the wrong shack this time. You said yourself you hadn't been up here for six years, and that wasn't by moonlight. This family's only been here a short time, and you know well enough the man you want hasn't any woman around."

The other shook his head. "I wouldn't bet on this 'family,'" he said scornfully. "But I'll admit there's nothing doing at present."

Slowly they moved away. She watched them disappear into the shadows above the cabin, as if perhaps looking for the trail leading across to the next cañon, and meantime strained every nerve to hear what they might be saying. A single sentence came floating back.

"If Tipton had come with us instead of in the revenue cutter, we'd know better where we're at."

Tipton! Where had she heard the name before? It was only after a moment that she could remember; then the stage-driver's words about the Underground people and the Deputy Collector came to mind. Why in the world had she not repeated them to Barton? If she had thought of it, to be sure, she would have hesitated to let him see how much she knew. Yet now, if he had any idea of what was on foot to-night, it might make a difference.

For perhaps five minutes she sat in the little chair before the fire, thinking hard. Then she rose as briskly as if there had come a new summons, and began putting her few possessions back into her little bag. It might be that they would never find it well to return to that cabin. With her hand on the latch of the door, she turned for an instant and gave the fire-lighted room a sweeping glance, as one does in taking leave of home. Then she shut the door behind her and hurried into the trail.

The moon was now dipping close to the ridge, but it gave light enough to see the trail with little difficulty. She had reached the cañon road before she realized it, and indeed at an extraordinary pace; for her thoughts were surging so fast that they seemed almost to push her along before them. Now she turned instinctively toward the left—that is, toward the sea, and after the road had made another turn, in following the creek, the broad western sky opened up for her, and the moon, no longer having to break through the trees, flooded the road ahead. Then, with a sense of relief, she came out into the open spaces below the foot-hills.

Once at the junction with the county road, however, she had a new sense of helplessness. In which direction should she go? There was only one clue. The stage-driver had spoken of a cove this side of Morro Village, as the place where the smugglers landed their goods from the vessels, and from the stolen word about the revenue cutter she believed that to-night's work was of that character, rather than in the way of stealing cattle. Yet how small was the chance that she could find the cove, or, finding it, discover Barton in time! Since it was the only plan she could think of, however, she was not long in deciding to make the effort.

For a time she followed the stage-road toward the south; then, as it bent away from the shore, she crossed a low sand dune and reached the beach itself. The tide was low, and a broad hard stretch of sand, such as could easily have been used for driving, made fast walking easy. Beyond the sand were occasional rocks where the water broke into perpetual foam, but the night was windless, and the sea for the most part seemed quite at peace. The wet sand just left by the ebbing waves showed a glint from the moonlight, which now came almost horizontally across the water.

A mile out from shore the dark outline of the Morro Rock could be seen standing out of the water like a derelict Gibraltar; and just at the edge of it the woman thought—but could not be sure of herself—that she saw the masts of a vessel. She could note all these things while still walking swiftly, and as she did so she began to seem to herself a part of some strange story, rather than of commonplace reality—walking here in this eerie light, on the very edge of the world.

Presently the shore bent outward again, forming a tiny promontory, and to save time she kept straight ahead, leaving the water and climbing a dune on the other side of which she ought to find the shore line again. Her hand-bag, though small, was beginning to be decidedly heavy, and she had some thought of leaving it on the beach in order to make better time. But when she had crossed the dune she suddenly guessed that she was near the end of her journey.

She was looking down on the southern end of a little cove. Its circling beach was perfectly smooth, and the approach from the sea was free from rocks. There on the sand, not a quarter of a mile distant, lay a surf-boat, almost deserted by the retreating tide, and near it was a little group of men. Of course, she could not see whether Barton was among them, but she felt certain that they would at least be friends, and pushed on without giving herself time for thoughts that might have frightened her.



The dip of the oars was soon drowning the murmur of the waves

He saw her approaching, when she was still some fifty yards away, and ran toward her, instantly guessing, rather than seeing, who she was. He might well have been forgiven for being both angry and ashamed that she should have followed him here; but she gave him no time to say so.

"I have things to tell you," she said. And she described the two men who had come to the cabin, repeating the sentence about Tipton and the revenue cutter. It was clear from Barton's face that he did not think the news trivial. He called to Captain Weber to join them.

Captain Weber had been a gentleman in his younger days, and even now considered himself a gentleman adventurer; so he knew how to meet a lady without being awkward about it. He questioned her keenly, and was as clearly impressed as Barton had been. It seemed from their talk that the coming of the trouble was not altogether unexpected, but that they had hoped to get their work over in time. They had been at Morro Village, making arrangements for disposing of their goods, and were waiting for the lighter which was to start shoreward from the vessel when the moon set. Now, with Tipton and the cutter expected by water, and the inspectors working on shore, there was evidently no time to lose.

"We'll have to give up the job this time, Barton," said the Captain, "and be getting right off. And you, old man, had better give your cabin a wide berth for a good spell. They're evidently laying for you. The best thing you can do is to come right on with us to 'Frisco. The folks at the village will be glad to look after your wife."

"If my husband is going to San Francisco," said Elizabeth promptly, "I should like to go along. There is no place here where I want to stay."

The Captain hesitated an instant. "Well," he said, "we should be greatly honored, of course, if we could make you comfortable. We're not a bad lot, Mrs. Barton, even if we don't keep exactly square with Uncle Sam. But you'd have to put up with plain seaman's fare."

"I guess I'd do as well as I've done going to Key West and Cuba on my brother-in-law's vessel," she said confidently.

"Well, the fact is"—the Captain turned to Barton—"it might be the safest thing all round. They might make trouble for her on shore, now that they've seen her at your place. Unless you know something better for her to do. You fix it up between you, while I look after the boat. One thing's certain, whatever you say we'll stand by; for if it wasn't for Mrs. Barton we might all be boarding at Uncle Sam's hotel before long."

So he left them, with the instinct of a gentleman as well as of a captain of hazardous enterprises. Barton was still silent. His wife touched his coat-sleeve.

"It's just for you to say what I'll do," she said. "If you want to get rid of me, or don't want to come back home, I'm not afraid to go to the village overnight, and I can go back to-morrow just the way I came. I've no call to stay any longer in California. And you needn't be afraid that the officers would get anything out of me to do you any harm. But if you'll go home, then we'll go to San Francisco together in this vessel, that seems to be sent here just as if it was meant to take us off. I've got my return ticket East here in my clothes, and money enough to get one for you, too, if you haven't. So I'll do whatever you say."

He looked down at her upturned face, still silent, feeling, rather than seeing, the long sweep of coast lying in the purple and yellow light of the low-hanging moon, and hearing the voice of the Pacific all around him—the voice that had so laid hold of him with its witching bigness and freedom. At the same time he tried to think just what he should be returning to, if he went back to Elizabeth: a little pent-up town on the New England coast, where the sea seemed to be forever driving one indoors instead of inviting by its friendliness and charm. Yet it was the town where he had wooed this woman, and where she had been waiting for him.

"Well, how is it, old man?" called the Captain.

Barton turned to her and touched her hand. "Come on, Lib," he said. "I guess we'd better go."

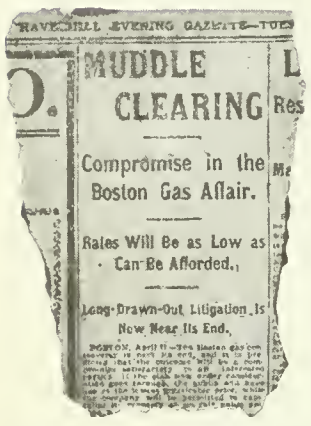
The boat was ready, and the men lifted Elizabeth into it that she might not be wet. Then Barton and the Captain took their seats, and the regular dip and push of the oars was soon drowning the murmur of the waves on the beach, though on the rocks in either direction the endless roar of the water sounded in the background. They would not be able to reach the vessel before the moon had set, but they would signal the lighter and send her to her wharf at Cayucos—where she was known as an eminently respectable craft, doing business with Port Harford. Now the moon rested on the water's edge, for the sea was wonderfully free from fog; then it flattened out for an instant, as if to save itself from sinking, and disappeared. The stars were so bright that the outline of the coast range was still distinct to those looking shoreward; but in ten minutes this was shut off by the huge blackness of Morro Rock, as they passed behind it and came in sight of the lights of the vessel.

Two hours later the U. S. revenue cutter *Alicia* rounded Pacho Point, and, passing Morro Village, threw its searchlight into the little cove; and at the same time there came quietly down the shore road a little group of deputies who knew the time when the work of the Underground should be in progress. But their men were not there; the lighter was safe at its moorings five miles away; Morro Village was wrapped in innocent slumber; and the turning tide, conspiring with the voyagers, who were now moving steadily northward, had washed their very footprints from the darkened beach.

"TAINTED NEWS"

Corporations and large business interests employ "publicity agents," "press bureaus," and subsidized Washington correspondents. The purpose of these is to get into the news columns of papers all over the country matter favoring the cause of the corporation. Very often the newspapers are deceived and print this matter in good faith, believing it to be legitimate news

I.—THE SUBSIDIZED WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT


HAVERHILL EVENING GAZETTE—TUES

MUDDLE CLEARING

Compromise in the Boston Gas Affair.

Rates Will Be as Low as Can Be Afforded.

Long-Drawn-Out Litigation Is Now Near Its End.

Tainted news paid for by the Boston gas interests

"THE Standard Oil Company," said the Interstate Commerce Commission in the report it issued the other day, "buys advertising space in many newspapers, which it fills not with advertisements, but with reading matter prepared by agents kept for that purpose, and paid for at advertising rates as ordinary news. The assumption is that this literature furnishes many of the ideas touching the great benefits conferred upon the public by the company."

This charge is open to the objection that specifications are not furnished. Doubtless the Interstate Commerce Commission can supply the details when occasion arises. As a historical matter, in the course of these articles, the relations between the Standard Oil Company, Malcolm Jennings, and certain Ohio newspapers will be told. The Standard has many ways of influencing public opinion, among which the maintenance of a well-known press agent at 26 Broadway, New York, is merely the most obvious.

Influencing Public Opinion at Its Sources

THIS practise of the Standard Oil Company is illustrative of a transition stage in the attitude of corporations toward public opinion. The corporation is not an outcast, and business is not unclean. No enlightened community will, for any length of time beyond the period of a hysterical spasm, take the position that the burden of proof is against "business." Business touches intimately and continuously the daily life of the community. Of the lives of nine-tenths of society it is the largest interest. In making society's laws business is entitled to the same unprejudiced consideration as are the agencies of education or religion.

In the past, business has sought its ends by short cuts which will never again be tolerated. To secure legislation which should hasten its purposes, and to forestall hindering laws, it maintained the lobby. But the lobbyists, the Andy Hamiltons, and the "yellow dog" funds are gone. Passing rapidly, too, are the next means by which business sought what it considered its rightful preponderance in law-making—the campaign contribution.

The New Way

BUT business must be heard—it must have its day in court; and with its two main reliances passing, there is to be witnessed today this interesting transition. Business, deprived of its old reliances, is feeling its way toward making a direct appeal to public opinion. The "General Solicitor" in large corporations is no longer a man skilled in manipulating Legislatures; no longer is he selected because he is in hail-fellow-well-met cahoots with the party boss; he is less and less one skilled in the law; more and more is he a man who understands the art of keeping his client square with intelligent public opinion.

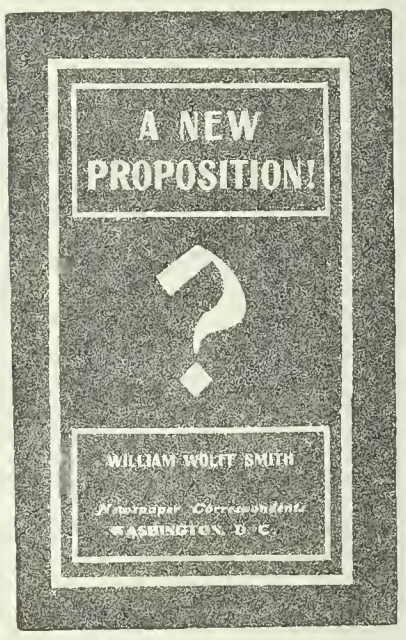
In adjusting themselves to the new order many corporations and large business interests have been unable to break away from the ancient tradition of stealth. Recognizing that they can no longer deal direct with the law-maker, nor yet with the next force behind the law-maker, the party boss, these interests have addressed themselves to the individual citizen; but they have considered it wise to make their appeal in disguise, by subterfuge, using methods devious and gumshod. But the farther-seeing have made the appeal openly and frankly.

For example, when a rival telephone company sought a franchise in New York, both companies cast away stealth, and frankly used the advertising pages of the New York papers. The old company, in half-pages and large type, told the disadvantages of a dual telephone system; the new company used the same means to tell how much it would do for the public if the city would grant a franchise.

"News" at a Dollar a Line

THIS was an example of a frank, direct, and legitimate use of the press by large corporations to influence public opinion primarily and legislation ultimately. On the other hand, when the Consolidated Gas Company of Boston and the Public Franchise League of that city were at strife concerning a gas statute pending in the State Legislature, the Gas interests sent out to the daily papers of the State an article supporting their side of the fight. Accompanying the article was a letter which read in part as follows:

"Enclosed you will find copy for a reading-matter ad. to be used in your paper. It is understood that this will be set *as news matter, in news type, with a news head, and without advertising marks of any sort.* . . . Please send your bill at the lowest net cash rates to the undersigned."



Circular distributed by William Wolff Smith, a Washington "publicity agent"

This offer was accepted, and the matter was printed in the manner required by the contract, in the Springfield "Union," the Haverhill "Gazette," the Lynn "Item," and various other Massachusetts newspapers. The article, of course, was calculated to make voters believe that the Gas Company was right in opposing the statute favored by the Public Franchise League on behalf of the people.

Between these two extremes lies a wide variety of shades of frankness and stealth in the use of the newspapers to reach and influence public opinion at its sources. When the hearings of the Armstrong Insurance Investigating Committee were being held in New York, and the evidence brought out by Mr. Hughes was feeding a flame of indignant wrath in New York City, the public in Toledo, Boston, St. Paul, Wilmington, and many other cities outside New York was being fed with corrupt despatches which told what a splendid impression Mr. McCurdy made on the witness stand, and how he had safeguarded the interests of the Mutual Life. These tainted despatches were paid for at the rate of a dollar a line—out of the policy-holders' money—through two agencies which have for years conducted a large business in securing, for various corporations and business interests, the insertion of "news" despatches in large and important newspapers throughout the country.

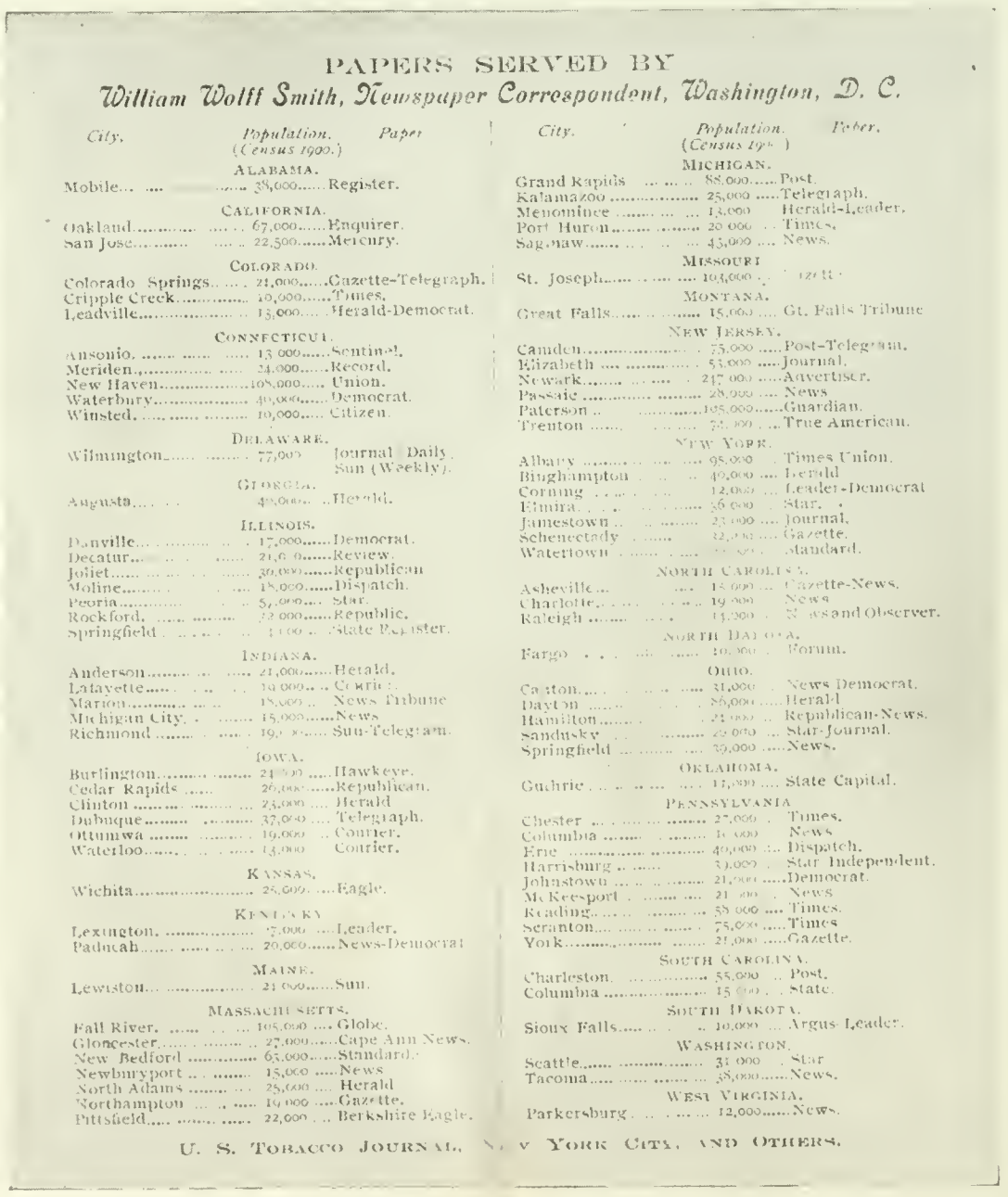
When the railroads were endeavoring to prevent the passage of the railroad rate bill at Washington they entered into the business of using the news and editorial columns of newspapers to corrupt public opinion on a scale never before or since equaled. They employed for the purpose two men named Michaelis and Ellsworth, who did business under the titles: "Press Service Company," "Publicity Bureau," and "Industrial Statistics." In this vain effort the railroads spent upward of one hundred thousand dollars. The full story of that and other schemes is, however, for a later article.

Without a doubt the corporations and the great business interests are entitled to a hearing in the public press. Whatever justice their cause may have it is their right to present to public opinion through the only available channel. But, equally without doubt if they make the effort through stealth and in disguise, the sign is that their cause is not righteous; and their effort must, on exposure, defeat itself.

The Subsidized Washington Correspondent

MOST of the bureaus maintained by the great corporations to taint the news and corrupt the public opinion of the country harbor at Washington. Of these Washington agencies for disseminating corporation propaganda, the most conspicuous and the longest in business—indeed, he may be said to have invented the career just at the time when conditions were ripe for it—is William Wolff Smith.

Smith maintains ample offices in the Munsey Building, with a number of stenographers and several young men whom he calls "reporters"; in the evening he may be seen in the New Willard corridors and dining-rooms. In addition to these two bases of operations he creates the impression of having, now or lately, some sort of headquarters within the very Capitol Building itself. In a fulsome circular which he sends out concerning himself, his work, and his success, he is described as being located "behind a curtained-off space . . . at the Capitol." For the promoting of his business, he makes much of the fact that he has a quasi-official connection with the Government as one of the secretaries of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle



PAPERS SERVED BY

William Wolff Smith, Newspaper Correspondent, Washington, D. C.

City.	Population. (Census 1900.)	Paper.
ALABAMA.		
Mobile	38,000	Register.
CALIFORNIA.		
Oakland	67,000	Enquirer.
San Jose	22,500	Mercury.
COLORADO.		
Colorado Springs	21,000	Gazette-Telegraph.
Cripple Creek	10,000	Times.
Leadville	13,000	Herald-Democrat.
CONNECTICUT.		
Ansonio	13,000	Sentinel.
Meriden	24,000	Record.
New Haven	108,000	Union.
Waterbury	40,000	Democrat.
Winsted	10,000	Citizen.
DELAWARE.		
Wilmington	77,000	Journal Daily, Sun (Weekly).
GEORGIA.		
Augusta	40,000	Herald.
ILLINOIS.		
Danville	17,000	Democrat.
Decatur	21,000	Review.
Joliet	30,000	Republican
Moline	18,000	Dispatch.
Peoria	57,000	Star.
Rockford	23,000	Republic.
Springfield	34,000	State Register.
INDIANA.		
Anderson	21,000	Herald.
Lafayette	20,000	Courier.
Marion	18,000	News Tribune
Michigan City	15,000	News.
Richmond	19,000	Sun-Telegram.
IOWA.		
Burlington	24,000	Hawkeye.
Cedar Rapids	26,000	Republican.
Clinton	23,000	Herald
Dubuque	37,000	Telegraph.
Ottumwa	19,000	Courier.
Waterloo	13,000	Courier.
KANSAS.		
Wichita	25,000	Eagle.
KENTUCKY.		
Lexington	7,000	Leader.
Paducah	20,000	News-Democrat
MAINE.		
Lewiston	21,000	Sun.
MASSACHUSETTS.		
Fall River	105,000	Globe.
Gloucester	27,000	Cape Ann News.
New Bedford	65,000	Standard.
Newburyport	15,000	News
North Adams	25,000	Herald
Northampton	19,000	Gazette.
Pittsfield	22,000	Berkshire Eagle.

City.	Population. (Census 19[illegible])	Paper.
MICHIGAN.		
Grand Rapids	88,000	Post.
Kalamazoo	25,000	Telegraph.
Menominee	13,000	Herald-Leader.
Port Huron	20,000	Times.
Saginaw	45,000	News.
MISSOURI.		
St. Joseph	103,000	[illegible]
MONTANA.		
Great Falls	15,000	Gt. Falls Tribune
NEW JERSEY.		
Camden	75,000	Post-Telegram.
Elizabeth	53,000	Journal.
Newark	247,000	Advertiser.
Passaic	28,000	News
Paterson	105,000	Guardian.
Trenton	73,000	True American.
NEW YORK.		
Albany	95,000	Times Union.
Binghampton	40,000	Herald
Corning	12,000	Leader-Democrat
Elmira	36,000	Star.
Jamestown	23,000	Journal.
Schenectady	32,000	Gazette.
Watertown	[illegible]	Standard.
NORTH CAROLINA.		
Asheville	18,000	Gazette-News.
Charlotte	19,000	News
Raleigh	13,000	News and Observer.
NORTH DAKOTA.		
Fargo	10,000	Forum.
OHIO.		
Canton	31,000	News Democrat.
Dayton	86,000	Herald
Hamilton	23,000	Republican-News.
Sandusky	20,000	Star-Journal.
Springfield	39,000	News.
OKLAHOMA.		
Guthrie	11,000	State Capital.
PENNSYLVANIA		
Chester	27,000	Times.
Columbia	10,000	News
Erie	40,000	Dispatch.
Harrisburg	39,000	Star Independent.
Johnstown	21,000	Democrat.
McKeesport	21,000	News.
Reading	58,000	Times.
Scranton	75,000	Times
York	21,000	Gazette.
SOUTH CAROLINA.		
Charleston	55,000	Post.
Columbia	15,000	State.
SOUTH DAKOTA.		
Sioux Falls	10,000	Argus-Leader.
WASHINGTON.		
Seattle	31,000	Star
Tacoma	38,000	News.
WEST VIRGINIA.		
Parkersburg	12,000	News.

U. S. TOBACCO JOURNAL, NEW YORK CITY, AND OTHERS.

Circular used by a "publicity agent," showing the papers to which he has access

WASHINGTON NOTES.

Wherein Our Special Correspondent Takes Up Various Matters of Public Importance.

From William Wolff Smith.

While it is generally admitted that strained honey is sometimes more or less adulterated, those interested in the production of honey insist that the presence of honey in the comb is absolute proof of its purity. This fact would be accepted by all, say the honey men, if it were not for a state ment made twenty-five years ago Dr. W. W. Wiley, now chief of t Bureau of Chemistry of the Dep ment of Agriculture, in a sci aper in which he gravely a commercial honey w

Heading of one of Smith's articles, puhlished in the "Star" of Peoria, Illinois. The article contains a severe attack on Dr. Wiley, the Government chemist and pure-food champion

Practise. This Board is composed of officers of the army and navy; the Assistant Secretary of War is its president; and it enjoys a Government appropriation. Smith's connection with it may be, from the standpoint of the Board, desirable or not; from the standpoint of Smith it is extremely useful. It gives him, for the purpose of sending reports of the Board's rifle matches to newspapers, the use of the Government

Two telephone systems in New York would mean for business men, two books to consult, two bells to answer, two bills to pay.—[Advt.

An example of the legitimate use of the newspapers hy corporations seeking or opposing franchises. This advertisement is from the New York "Evening Post." It was inserted by the New York Telephone Company at a time when a rival company was endeavoring to get a franchise in New York. Large page and half-page advertisements were used hy hoth companies, the one to show the advantages and the other to show the disadvantages to the puhlic of a new telephone company

frank—brings him in touch with newspapers all over the country, and contributes to the prestige and standing which Smith finds useful both in soliciting what he calls "clients" and in securing an entrée into newspapers for inspired propaganda in advocacy of the private interests he represents.

Smith sees nothing in his occupation to apologize for—looks with favor, indeed, upon both himself and his business. Both are described at length in the circulars he sends out soliciting business. "The old type of legislation grafters," declares Smith's circular, with pious unction, "has vanished, or nearly so, and with them has disappeared much that was evil. In their place has risen up a more artistic tribe . . . Their plea is made through the medium of the types, for it is the public press upon which they depend for results."

How a "Publicity Agent" Works

FOR a succinct statement of his business, see this same circular to prospective clients: "Suppose, for instance, you are the head of a big concern which will profit largely by the enactment of certain legislation. You arrive in Washington and find the situation adverse. You are seriously disturbed at the outlook and are calculating the amount of your loss should the legislation you favor fail. At this juncture the press agent appears. You engage him, furnish him with facts and figures, and next morning, in various newspapers, you are surprised and delighted to find articles that are bound to help your cause. The day following interviews are published with prominent men favoring your scheme, and the mill of publicity is thus kept going, the people educated to look upon what you propose as a good thing, and the members of Congress soon begin to reflect the sentiment of their constituents. Practically all the varied large interests that received attention at the last session of Congress sought the aid of this new brand of lobbyist."

The backbone of Smith's ability to further the interests of the corporations which employ him, the most important of his methods—and this applies to others of his kind—is the "Washington letter." Of all the newspapers in the United States, less than two hundred out of twenty-two thousand consider themselves rich enough to maintain at Washington a special correspondent of their own; every newspaper, however, is glad to print a "Washington letter." Of this desire, among the thousands of newspapers too poor or too unenterprising to maintain a Washington correspondent, Smith takes advantage. The newspapers which enable him to make a lucrative living in this way are chiefly

dailies in the smaller cities. In the aggregate their circulation and influence—which Smith controls and sells to the corporations which employ him—are greater than those of the large dailies which have correspondents.

Smith, with the aid of several reporters whom he employs, gets up a "Washington letter." And it is a very good letter. The first paragraph will be a well-phrased and interesting comment on affairs in Congress; the next will be an entertaining bit of gossip about some Senator or Congressman; the third perhaps will be the latest story about some Government official. All these are interesting, timely, and of a character to win the approval of any editor. And they are all quite innocuous. But then will come a paragraph containing what Smith calls the "doctrine." It will point out the great need for adding to the navy several submarine boats—Smith is employed by the Holland Submarine Boat Company; or it will explain with great force and cogency just why a certain tax on tobacco should or should not be changed—Smith is employed by certain tobacco interests; or this paragraph will explain why a certain section of the Pure Food law is all wrong—Smith was long employed by lawyer Hough, the Washington representative of the blended-whisky interests which have for years fought Mr. Wiley, the Government chemist and pure-food champion, and which obstructed the passage of the Heyburn-Hepburn Pure Food bill. This will be the paragraph for which Smith is paid by the corporations that employ him.

One Example of Smith's Washington Letters

HERE is one of the letters. It is printed in the "Star" of Peoria, Illinois; and it is headed: "Washington Notes—Wherein Our Special Correspondent Takes up Various Matters of Public Importance." A good deal of the letter is entertaining but innocent gossip about Mr. Longworth as a violin player, anecdotes of Blaine and Conkling, and statistics of growing commerce. But the point of it is a viciously severe attack on Mr. Wiley. He is called a malicious liar, who "will have a posthumous reputation second only to Ananias." This, of course, is the paragraph for which Smith sends the whole letter. For getting this paragraph published in the hundreds of newspapers open to him the interests which opposed the Pure Food bill were willing to pay the money which maintains Smith's expensive plant.

The newspapers of the country—at least those of them which accept Smith's service regularly—must know that there is something in the wood-pile back of his willingness to send them a daily or semiweekly letter in return for nothing more than a free copy of their paper. And yet, in instances where the real inwardness of Smith's business has been brought home to them, they have repudiated him in ardent language. When the "Herald" of Lexington, Kentucky, was informed that it was being used to oppose the Pure Food bill, it printed an editorial from which the following is taken:

"The efforts made to use the columns of newspapers by those interested in directing public attention to certain matters or creating public opinion along certain lines sometimes lead to very curious results, and require the greatest watchfuness on the part of the newspapers to keep from having their columns used in improper ways. Those who have large financial interests at stake, recognizing the advantage of having articles containing statements favorable to their interest to appear in newspapers in different sections of the country resort to various and diverse plans to secure the insertion of such articles. One of the com-

HOUSE . . . . . No. 499.

Bill accompanying the petition of A. S. Parker Weeks and another for legislation relative to the publication as advertisements of articles purporting to be news matter or editorials. Mercantile Affairs. January 22.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

In the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Six

AN ACT

Relative to the Publication as Advertisements of Articles purporting to be News Matter or Editorials, for which Money has been paid.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECTION 1. Whenever articles are printed purporting to be news matter or editorials, for which the proprietor, publisher, or any one representing him, receives money payment, in a newspaper, the word "advertisement" shall be printed in a conspicuous manner at the end of such articles.

SECTION 2. Any person, association or corporation violating any provision of this act shall be punished by a fine of not more than one thousand dollars.

An act proposed in the Massachusetts Legislature to label all advertising and thus prevent the tainting of the news

THE HERALD DEMO

HIS MIND MOVES LIKE LIGHTNING

Recent Characteristic Documents Given to Public From Genius Of White House

Washington, June 10.—(Special.)—Roosevelt and Bryan—are these to be the opposing candidates in 1908? Stranger things have happened and as the tide of Democracy is flowing toward the feet of the "Peerless Leader" so there are little chips in the current which show that some one else is "sawing wood" even if not "saying nothing." No one will question that Roosevelt is the most remarkable man that has occupied the White House—certainly since the time of Andrew Jackson. His understanding of the public mind seems to have been acquired with a plumb line. Every important move he makes is done as though by gauged public sentiment with mathematical accuracy. The celerity and the directness with which he handles public questions

Heading of one of Smith's articles. The term "Genius of White House" is ironical. The article belittles the President and deals sneeringly with the Neill-Reynolds report on the packing-houses in Chicago

monest and one of the most successful is the maintenance of a special correspondent who sends to papers all over the country well written, carefully prepared, readable articles entitled 'Special Correspondence,' either charging nothing for them or just enough to keep from arousing the suspicion of the editor of the paper. For some months we have been receiving a series of articles, all exceedingly well prepared and quite readable, from a correspondent who signs himself William Wolff Smith, and who is located in Washington, D. C."

Then the "Herald" told its discovery that these articles were written "for the purpose of aiding those who are fighting the Pure Food bill," and expressed the hope that "it will not be long until those"—Smith and others—"who are sending out these articles will be so exposed that their real purpose will be revealed and the newspapers will be put on their guard."

Smith's most conspicuous client just now is the combination which is advocating an act to do away with the sending out of free seeds by members of Congress. In the past he has represented the De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company, the Holland Submarine Torpedo Boat Company, the corporations which opposed the eight-hour bill, the beet-sugar interests, and many other corporations.

Newspapers Should Suppress the "Publicity Agent"

"TAINTED news" raises questions interesting to every editor and publisher. Street-car, telephone, electric-light, and other corporations are going to seek city franchises; railroads and other large business interests are going to seek favors from the Legislature; corporations, like the Beef Trust, which come into intimate relations with individuals, are going to seek public good-will. All these are anxious to reach and influence public opinion. Since the lobby direct and the campaign contribution are no longer tolerated, they must use the newspaper. And it is for the newspaper to say whether that use shall be frank and legitimate, or stealthy and corrupt.

For the newspapers, both ethics and profit lie in the same path. The frank way is the most profitable way. Insist that the corporation, if it wishes to reach public opinion, must buy large blocks of advertising space. Let it fill that space with its arguments. This was the means used by the street railways during the franchise fight in Detroit, by the telephone companies during the franchise fight in New York, and by the New York street railway interests when they had a strike. When this is done, the public is not deceived, and the corporation is put to no more expense than it would pay to subsidized press agencies and lobbyists.

No honest newspaper, of course, will sell its news space, and corporations which use that means are corrupting newspapers as they formerly corrupted members of the Legislature. As to the subsidized "publicity agent," it is to the financial as well as the ethical interest of newspapers to guard against his "sneaking" his propaganda into their columns. As an institution he is the enemy of both the public and the newspapers, and the farther-seeing corporations must soon discard him, rather than run the risk of the suspicion on the part of the public which must follow when their stealth is exposed. The money which the "publicity agent" gets for worming his way into the publisher's news columns might legitimately go into the publisher's pocket for display advertising if the publisher were on his guard.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

THE JAPANESE PUZZLE

MAYOR SCHMITZ and the San Francisco Board of Education reached Washington on February 8 and held a conference with the President the next day. Although all hands were pledged to secrecy on the proceedings at this meeting and it was announced from the White House that any story purporting to tell what was done would be a lie, the San Francisco newspapers the next morning informed their sensitive constituents in the largest possible type that the delegation had deserted labor for the Japanese. That drew down upon the heads of the Mayor and his associates about three hundred telegrams from alarmed and indignant San Franciscans, including one from the president of the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League, conveying the information that President Roosevelt could not "coerce free Californians to bow in submission to the will of the Mikado." Mr. Schmitz replied that the stories were false, that he was a loyal Californian trying to do his duty to his State, but that he could not succeed if hampered by the hostile press of San Francisco.

This is an example of the sort of difficulties that stood in the way of a settlement. If any delegation of a dozen fairly reasonable men from San Francisco, not excepting one from the labor unions, or possibly even from the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League, had visited the President with power to discuss the question quietly it would not have been hard to come to a satisfactory agreement. But with agitators three thousand miles away, determined to see no side but their own and bombarding the negotiators with frantic telegrams, the path of negotiation became arduous.

The delicacy of the situation was enhanced by the state of mind in Japan. The only possible basis of a settlement was one by which San Francisco should agree to abolish the segregation of Japanese children in the public schools and Japan should agree to a mutual restriction of the immigration of laborers. But some of the Japanese papers have begun to shout that Japan must stand on her treaty rights in the matter of her school children, and must not sacrifice her honor by allowing that matter to be mixed with the question of immigration. As there is every reason to suppose that Japan has no treaty rights in the public schools, and the only ground on which the subject can be handled to any advantage is one of good-will, this is practically an invitation to a deadlock.

Some industrious mischief-makers have found another difficulty even more absurd than that. They say that the Senate would not dare to ratify a treaty providing for the mutual exclusion of laborers, since the American working man, although he does not want to go to Japan, would not stand being told he must not go. The people who have raised this delicate point of honor are not working men. Of course it would put us in an utterly indefensible position before the world to insist upon applying a rule to Japan which we were not willing for the Japanese to apply to us. There is no class question involved—it is simply a matter of agreeing not to compete with each other in manual labor.

The net result of the conferences between the President and the San Franciscans was an understanding that the school discrimination, which was a matter of very small consequence to San Francisco, but one of very keen interest to Japan, should be abolished as far as small children were concerned, provided some satisfactory arrangement were made to check coolie immigration.

EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT
WITH CARTOONS by F·T·RICHARDS

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THE SECOND DUMA

THE Russian elections, which have been dragging painfully along for several weeks, have gone far enough to make it clear that in spite of all the Government's manipulation of the voting lists, by which scores of thousands of citizens have been disfranchised, the new Duma will have a strong Opposition majority. Premier Stolypin admits as much, but expresses the hope that new leaders will be found, ready to approach the country's problems with unbiased minds and cooperate with the Administration in carrying out a program of constructive legislation.

There is some ground for this hope. The leaders of the progressive movement realize the mistake that was made by the first Duma in refusing to have any dealings with the Government and throwing away its chance to root itself among the established institutions of the country. Their desire now is to postpone a break as long as possible, passing as many reform laws as they can in the meantime. The only question is whether they will be able to control their followers. As to that there is considerable doubt. The feeling among the Social Democrats and other extremists is so strong that the Ministers may be hooted down as they were in the former Duma. In that case the life of the new body is likely to be no longer than that of its predecessor, and the failure of two Dumas in succession will put a dangerous strain on Russia's infant constitution.

The Parliamentary leaders are not likely to have at any time a more reasonable Premier to work with than M. Stolypin. If they can not get along with him the fact will be a practical announcement that any *modus vivendi* with the monarchy is impossible, and that nothing is left but war. But if they proceed cautiously, doing as much real work as possible, and accustoming the people to look to Acts of Parliament instead of to imperial edicts as the sources of law, they will gradually make the Duma an indispensable part of the machinery of government. The introduction of ministerial responsibility and the transformation of the autocracy into a parliamentary monarchy will then appear as easy stages of progress. Habit counts for everything in Russia, and the great thing for the friends of representative government now is to get the people into the habit of looking up to a Parliament as well as to the Czar.

A NEW POLICY

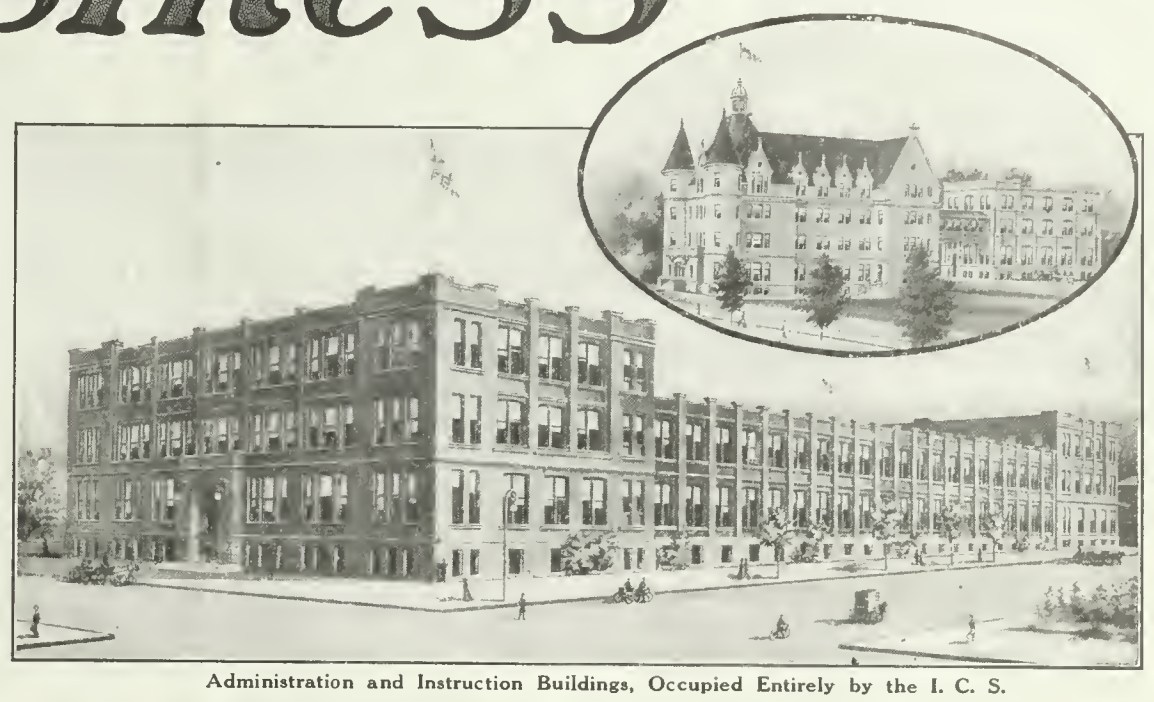
AS the Fifty-ninth Congress nears its end, one great fact emerges from the pathless jungle of its thirty-three thousand bills. The Government is entering upon a new policy—the policy of conserving its remaining resources for the benefit of the whole people, instead of scattering them prodigally among the first-comers. This decision comes too late to save the bulk of the national property, but there are still vast assets that may be devoted to the public good. The value of the standing timber on the existing forest reserves, for instance, is estimated at $700,000,000, and the reservations themselves are worth almost twice that amount. There are coal and oil lands, not yet alienated, whose value probably runs up into the billions. There are scores of millions of acres of irrigable land and streams capable of developing hundreds of thousands of electrical horse-power.

The new policy has been sharply challenged by the advocates of the old grab-bag plan in both branches of Congress. It was hostility to this idea that was largely responsible for the persecution of Secretary Hitchcock in the Senate. The issue was sharply defined during the debate on the Agricultural Appropriation bill in the House. "The objection which I have," said Mr. Smith of California, "and which the West and probably the entire country would have to this line of legislation is the fact that it is predicated upon an entirely new policy which I think the country will not support, and that is that the Federal Government is going into a profit-making business. From the beginning of this Government it has been the unvarying policy to give to the people the natural resources of the country as nearly absolutely free as possible." "The people," of course, meant the few lucky persons whose hands happened to be within reach of the spoils. "And now," continued Mr. Smith, sadly, "it is boldly announced by the Department—and I think it is included in the President's message—that the forests, the grazing lands, the coal mines, and everything that is left in the hands of the Government shall now be converted into a money-making scheme."

Mr. Mondell of Idaho satirically observed that while a logging crew in Maine or Minnesota or Wisconsin could "go forth armed with saws and axes and cant-hooks and such implements of industry"—the industry of destruction—in Idaho under the new régime they went forth "armed with garden rakes and pitchforks, for the purpose of cleaning up chips and pine needles and leaving the rugged mountain forest, hundreds of miles from railroads and the nearest habitation, as clean, tidy, and well kept as the lawns of the Capitol." Mr Mondell thought that a "ridiculous and sinful waste of energy and money." Similar views were expressed by his colleague, Mr. Heyburn, in the Senate.

The timber resources in the hands of the nation are sufficient, when properly regulated, to curb the exactions of the Lumber Trust, although one great Western grievance just at present is that the Government helps the trust by holding its own timber at too high a price. New Zealand has found Government competition to be the most effective method of trust regulation, and that is a method we shall be able to apply not only in lumber, but in coal, oil, water-power, and the production of a great variety of valuable minerals. The fortunate chance that gave so much of the Western half of the continent the name of a desert has preserved its resources for us until we have begun to have sense enough to use them. The greatest capitalist in America is still the

The Business of this Place is to Raise Salaries



Administration and Instruction Buildings, Occupied Entirely by the I. C. S.

THAT sounds queer, doesn't it? And yet there is such a place in reality—a great institution the entire business of which is to increase the wages of poorly paid men and women.

Sixteen years ago Thomas J. Foster, a country editor, then unknown, but now recognized throughout the land as one of the greatest benefactors of working men, conceived a unique plan of helping poorly paid men to earn more in their chosen occupations. Some people scoffed, as some people always do, but the plan expanded because there was a real man and a real purpose back of it. Today the International Correspondence Schools, as it was early christened, has a working capital of many millions of dollars, and occupies three large buildings, covering a floor space of seven acres. To carry on the work, it employs 3,000 trained people, every one of whom has one object in view—to make it easy for men to earn more. Truly, then, can it be said of the I. C. S., *The business of this place is to raise salaries.*

The Record for One Month

EVERY month in the year an average of 300 I. C. S. students voluntarily report that their positions have been improved and their salaries increased as the direct result of the help they have received from the Schools. Of the 312 reporting advances for the month of October 1906, 3 had become superintendents, 17 foremen, 10 managers, 2 proprietors, 7 contractors, 2 architects, 3 chief draftsmen and 1 chief chemist. The balance had become engineers, draftsmen and bookkeepers. These are the actual statistics for one typical month. And it must be remembered that only a fraction of the men who advance in positions and salaries report to the Home Office.

One of the great advantages of the I. C. S. system is that a student need not complete his course before advancement begins. This point is clearly illustrated in the case of Harry J. Lebherz, of Frederick, Md.

On leaving school at the age of 16, Mr. Lebherz enrolled for the Electrical Engineering Course. That was in 1900. After studying hard for four months, he secured a position as tracer with the Ox Fibre Company. At the end of one year he designed an automatic machine for making fibre brushes. In January 1903 he was advanced to the position of head draftsman and designer, with an increase of 500 per cent over his first salary. In July 1906 he became an assistant superintendent of the same concern, his salary having increased to 800 per cent of what he first received. During all this time Mr. Lebherz continued his studies with the I. C. S. Can you think of an investment that would pay a young man better?

Triples Salary in Nine Months

ANOTHER case in no way exceptional for an I. C. S. man is that of Frank A. Fuller, Corry, Pa. In February 1906 Mr. Fuller enrolled for the Surveying and Mapping Course which he completed in July. During this time he was employed 10 hours a day in a shop. Three weeks after completing his course he secured a position as draftsman in the Department of Internal Affairs, State of Pennsylvania, at double his former salary.

He thereupon enrolled in the Civil Engineering Course, of which Surveying and Mapping is a part. On October first, he notified the I. C. S. that his salary had been advanced to $1,400.

Think of it! Here is a young man, a machine hand earning $40 a month, who enrolls with the I. C. S. After studying five months he steps into a position paying double his former salary. Three months later his salary is $116. In other words, having been enrolled for less than a year and having completed only about one-third of his course, he is now earning $1,400 a year. How many college graduates earn that even within two years after graduation?

Employers appreciate the value of a man who studies, and when his qualifications become known, are quick to promote him or give him a position. An example of this fact is Eugene Popper, 544 Clark St., Chicago. Mr. Popper applied to Ernest F. Smith, Superintendent of Sub-stations, Chicago Edison Co., enclosing with his application a letter from the I. C. S. Students' Aid Department. In giving him the place, Mr. Smith said:

"I had 200 applicants for this position, but I am going to give it to you because you have such a good reference."

In commenting on this remark, Mr. Popper writes:

"My reference was an I. C. S. letter of recommendation, and that was all. Now you can see what the largest companies in the United States think of the I. C. S."

Mr. Popper's I. C. S. letter was simply a statement based on the record of studies he had completed. The Students' Aid Department stands ready to endorse any man who has shown his qualifications for the position to which he aspires. It has been instrumental in helping thousands of young men to advance and will gladly help you.

No Limit to Progress

WHEN men in any walk of life put themselves under the I. C. S. training and become aroused to the opportunities lying at their very doors, there is seemingly no limit to their progress.

The attention of E. T. Luce, a machine hand at $1.25 a day, was called to the I. C. S. Mr. Luce asked an old man who worked beside him for advice. The old man told him that he would, like himself, probably work at the machine all his life and never earn more than $15 a week, unless he learned something that would lift him higher. Mr. Luce enrolled with the I. C. S. and is to-day designer and patent expert of the Lombard Company of Boston at a lucrative salary. He attributes his success to the I. C. S.

Here is a former mill-hand, C. H. Burrows, Carthage, N. Y., who was earning $2 a day when he enrolled for the Mechanical Course. Through I. C. S. training, Mr. Burrows has steadily advanced to his present position as Superintendent of the Champion Paper Company of Carthage, at a salary of $2,500 a year. He says:

"Without the benefits derived from my I. C. S. course, my advancement would have been impossible. Any one who takes a course in the I. C. S. and sticks to it will never regret it."

Every Man Reaps Some Advance

THE experience of Mr. Burrows with the I. C. S. is that of every I. C. S. man who does his part faithfully. No man ever availed himself of what the I. C. S. has to offer without reaping some advance in salary or position, or both. Emphatically the business of the I. C. S. is to raise salaries.

Thousands of letters from every part of the country bear witness that it succeeds. The I. C. S. has put into a book the stories of a thousand men whose salaries have actually been raised with the assistance of this wonderful institution, giving names and addresses. This book will be sent for the asking.

In a recent speech, on "The Wage Earner's Opportunity," John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers, said:

"I have known hundreds and hundreds of men who have received splendid assistance from the I. C. S., until they are now in positions of trust and responsibility."

That the I. C. S. can and does do these things no one who has seriously investigated the matter doubts for a moment. That it can do it for you, *you do not doubt.*

In Line for an Increase

THE question is, what are *you* going to do about it? Are you going to be content to lag along at the same old wages? Or are you going to come into the I. C. S. line for an increase? No one who has come into that line on the right basis was ever disappointed.

Perhaps you don't see how, but the I. C. S. does. That is its business—to raise *your* salary.

To learn how *you* can do it, indicate your willingness by selecting from this list as directed and notifying the I. C. S. by letter or postal at once. It costs you nothing to find out how the I. C. S. does it; it puts you under no obligation whatever. It is simply a request to be shown. Will you let the I. C. S. *show you?*

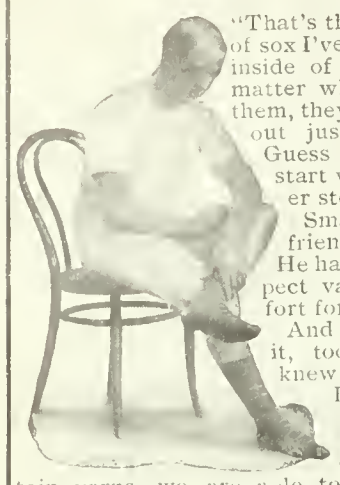
Here is a List of Good Positions

Select the one you prefer, write a postal to **The International Correspondence Schools, Box 1198 W, Scranton, Pa.**, and ask how you can qualify to fill it at a good salary.

Be sure to mention the position you prefer:

Bookkeeper	Telephone Engineer
Stenographer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Advertisement Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Show Card Writer	Surveyor
Window Trimmer	Stationary Engineer
Commercial Law	Civil Engineer
Illustrator	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Architect'l Draftsman
Chemist	Architect
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Bridge Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman	

Are Your Sox Insured?



"That's the second pair of sox I've gone through inside of a week. No matter what I pay for them, they seem to wear out just as quickly. Guess I'll have to start wearing leather stockings."

Small wonder our friend is disgusted. He has a right to expect value and comfort for his money.

And he would get it, too, if he only knew of Holeproof Hosiery.

By a new process of combining certain yarns, we are able to manufacture hose which are not only most comfortable and attractive in appearance, but which we guarantee *to wear six months without holes.*

OUR GUARANTEE:

"We guarantee to any purchaser of Holeproof Sox or Holeproof Stockings that they will need no darning for 6 months. If they should, we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within 6 months from date of sale to wearer."

You pay no more for them than the ordinary kind, but get five to ten times longer service.

Holeproof Hosiery

Guaranteed to Wear for Six Months Without Holes

Men's Holeproof Sox

Fast colors—Black; Tan (light or dark); Pearl and Navy Blue. Sizes 9 to 12. Egyptian Cotton (medium or light weight) sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—6 months' guarantee ticket with each pair. Per box of six pairs . $1.50

Women's Holeproof Stockings

Fast colors—Black; Tan. Sizes 8 to 11. Extra reinforced garter tops. Egyptian Cotton, sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six months' guarantee with each pair. Per box of six pairs . $2.00

How To Order

Most good dealers sell Holeproof Hosiery. If yours doesn't, we'll supply you direct, shipping charges prepaid upon receipt of price. Look for our trade mark—don't let any dealer deceive you with inferior goods.

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

Write for Free Booklet

If you want to know how to do away with darning and discomfort, read what delighted wearers say. The booklet is free for the asking.

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This Refrigerator BREATHES

The Odorless is the only refrigerator built on the new principle to breathe out foul air as soon as formed. It absolutely keeps the air in every compartment pure, dry and chilled. It expels all chemical gases that foods and liquids throw off, and because of this it keeps your foods pure and healthful longer.

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Send for one. Stock it with food. Compare its qualities with your old one, and if for any reason it does not fulfill every claim we make—if it does not operate to your entire satisfaction—send it back.

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Our catalogues illustrate and describe every size and tell the prices. It will interest you also to receive our booklet, "A Woman's Idea," telling how this new principle of refrigeration, causing the foul air to be breathed out, was discovered. Write a postal today, while you think about it.

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Make concrete building blocks. Large profits and permanent business. Small capital required at first and easily expanded as business increases—The

Pettyjohn Machine

is the standard. Simple, cheap and thoroughly practical. Sent on trial—fully guaranteed. "This equipment will convert a sand bank into a gold mine." Particulars free



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D. and C. Roses

are the best. *Always on their own roots.* Plants mailed to any point in the United States. Safe arrival guaranteed. Over 50 years' experience. Flower and Vegetable Seeds a Specialty. Write for

NEW GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE

for 1907—the leading rose catalogue of America. 114 pages. Mailed free. Describes over 1,000 varieties. Tells how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. Est. 1850. 70 greenhouses.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

United States. The development of its resources on sensible business lines would help to meet its growing expenses and sensibly reduce the burdens of taxation. It has taken a long time for this fact to penetrate the general consciousness, but the realization seems to have come at last.

MUST THE LORDS GO?

The Liberal Government in England begins a campaign against hereditary lawmakers



SEVEN hundred years ago the House of Lords was the Parliament of England. Now the elected members, whose intrusion it once tolerated, are saying that it lags superfluous on the stage and must go. Many individuals had said this before. Even Ministers had warned it of possible trouble in the future. But it was not until February 7, 1907, that a representative of the Crown definitely announced that an official campaign against the House of Lords was actually about to begin. That date will be memorable in English constitutional history.

The declaration was made in a speech at South Leeds by Attorney-General Sir John Lawson Walton, who said that the Liberals were entering upon a grim and serious work which would mean revolution, and would involve two or three dissolutions. He described the House of Lords as entirely out of harmony with modern democratic institutions, and asserted that it must go down, like a lingering tooth, or some old castle on the seashore, disappearing before the rising tide. Whether anything would be left of it, and if so in what form, he did not undertake to determine. The Attorney-General predicted that if the House of Lords set itself against the national will it would be like a heap of sand setting itself against the rising water. Forecasting the course of the coming struggle, he said that the Government would try to carry out the will of the people by means of bills which the Peers would throw out, from which would follow a combination between the Crown and the people to defeat the aristocracy. This would mean a rearrangement of constitutional and political forces.

This decision may have been largely a matter of political strategy. On all the great measures of Liberal policy, such as labor legislation, education, and Home Rule, there are internal dissensions that threaten to damage party prospects. But if the campaign can be shifted to the issue of democracy *vs.* hereditary lawmakers it may be possible to raise again the tide of progressive sentiment that swamped the Balfour Government a year ago.



THE RAILROAD BLOOD TAX

Nearly twenty thousand American passengers and employees paid it in three months

THE returns of the Interstate Commerce Commission show that in the three months ending September 30, 1906, there were 19,850 casualties to passengers and employees, an increase of 2,913 over the preceding three months. This does not include accidents to so-called "trespassers" and other outsiders, among whom the mortality is greater than among all other classes combined. In the three months under consideration there were 1,891 collisions and 1,781 derailments. That is to say, two trains crashed together on an average every hour and nine minutes, and a train ran off the track every hour and fourteen minutes. Accidents of the former class were due largely to the practise of overworking employees, which Senator La Follette's Hours of Labor bill is designed to stop; those of the latter to cheap and defective equipment, as well as to undermanned inspecting forces.

A STATE RIGHTS REVOLT

The House Judiciary Committee slaps Senator Beveridge, Secretary Root, and perhaps one higher up



THE House Committee on the Judiciary has administered a severe check to the growing tendency to find a cure for all social diseases in the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. It has decided by a unanimous vote that Congress has no power to regulate the labor of women and children in the States. It holds that the jurisdiction over that subject falls exclusively under the police power of the States, and not under the commercial power of Congress. "It is not extreme or ridiculous," it adds, "to say that it would be just as logical and correct to argue that Congress can regulate the age, color, sex, manner of dress, height, and size of employees, and fix their hours as to contend that Congress can exercise jurisdiction over the subject of woman and child labor." The suggestion that such a thing can be regulated under the power of Congress over interstate commerce shows, in the opinion of the committee, "how rapidly we are drifting in thought from our constitutional moorings."

In fact the committee becomes really excited upon the subject. It says the matter is "not a debatable question," just as if Senator Beveridge had not debated it for three days. It asserts that such legislation "would be a reflection upon the intelligence of Congress," apparently overlooking the fact that it is thereby casting a reflection upon the intelligence of Mr. Beveridge. It says that the failure of the States to act would "not justify unconstitutional action by Congress," as if Secretary Root had not warned the States that a failure on their part to do their duty would lead to constructions of the



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Manning-Bowman

"METEOR"

Coffee Percolator

It's boiling the grounds that spoils Coffee. The Manning-Bowman method filters the water through the Coffee, extracting the flavor and leaving the tannic acid and bitter grounds behind. **Saves One Third** because *all* the good of the Coffee is taken out.

At leading dealers in the urn style with alcohol burner or **Coffee Pot Style** for use on gas stove or range. Over 100 styles and sizes. Write for descriptive booklet. "A 23"

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Send No Money

Simply drop us a postal card giving us your name and address and we will send this newest Spring style dainty white Victoria lawn Shirtwaist express prepaid. You need not send us a cent in advance. Merely say you want "Style B"; tell us your bust measure, and we will forward the waist. Examine it carefully. If you do not find it all we claim, and worth fully $3.00, return it at our expense. Don't pay a cent. But, if you're pleased with it, pay expressagent $1.45. That pays everything—express and all. Made of fine quality White Victoria Lawn. Yoke is beautifully made with vertical rows of narrow tucking and 3 rows of extra fine quality of Valenciennes Insertion. The front is formed of eight two-inch panels of heavy embroidery, divided and bordered with Valenciennes Insertions, as shown. Three half-inch plaits at shoulders extend to waist line. Short sleeves. Cuffs and attached collar trimmed with Valenciennes Lace Insertion and Edging. Open back, eight quarter-inch plaits extending down the back from shoulder to the waist line. The very latest correct Spring style. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. White only.

This Waist Only $1.45



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Of all druggists, 25 cents

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When the children get hungry and try to think of something extra good which they would like to have, then comes the pungent recollection of the last time mother had Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce for dinner.

It's a memory that makes their little mouths fairly water

For what is so good to the childish taste as a steaming hot dish of Van Camp's, with its savory odor and all its appetizing deliciousness?

And what is so nourishing to the child s body as the nutritious, healthful vitalizing Van Camp beans cooked in the Van Camp way?

You know, that beans are one of the most healthful of all foods—and Van Camp's beans are the most nutritious of all beans.

Van Camp's beans are 84 per cent nutrition.

Van Camp's beans are filled to the bursting point with nitrogenous elements—the muscle-building—brain-developing elements that make healthy bodies and bright minds.

Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce are just the food for growing children.

And you never have to coax children to eat Van Camp's, but you always have your hands full satisfying the clamor of their healthy young appetites for more and still more Van Camp's.



How they revel in the appetizing goodness of the nutty-flavored Van Camp beans—in the piquant tang of the delicious Van Camp Tomato Sauce, made from vine-ripened Tomatoes fresh from the garden! And then there's the succulent slice of tender pork crowning the whole with its juicy richness—just enough richness for flavor and health.

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And be sure you order and get Van Camp's.

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Indianapolis, Indiana



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The ABOVE FIXTURES, Design P-25, can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating $175.00—not counting freight, labor or piping—and are described in detail among the others.

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The "Acme Quality" kind includes *Everything That Goes on with a Brush*—making it easy for anyone, anywhere, to secure with absolute certainty the Perfect Paint for Every Purpose, by simply looking for this

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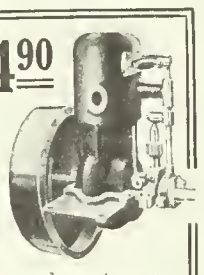
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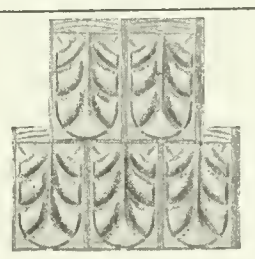
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A Miniature Grand Piano

Played with keys like a piano and having a similar action.



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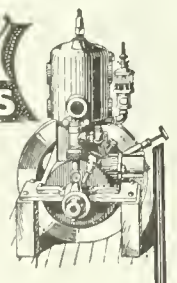
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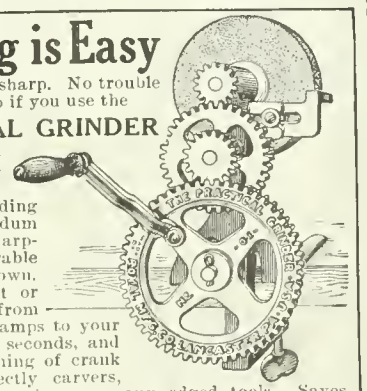
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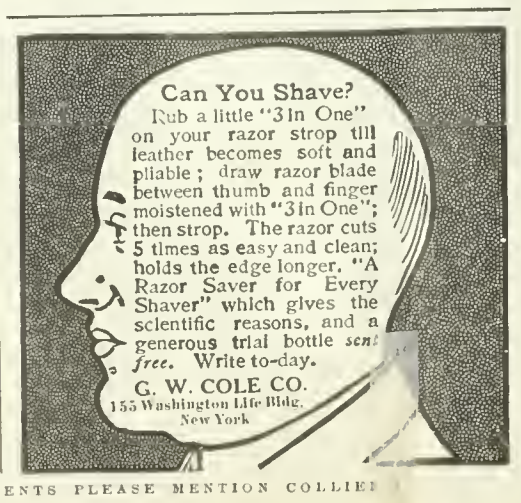
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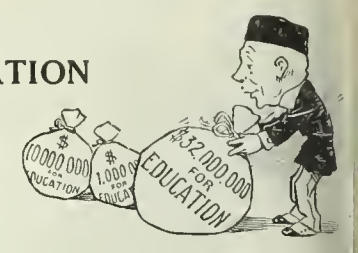
Rub a little "3 in One" on your razor strop till leather becomes soft and pliable; draw razor blade between thumb and finger moistened with "3 in One"; then strop. The razor cuts 5 times as easy and clean; holds the edge longer. "A Razor Saver for Every Shaver" which gives the sclentific reasons, and a generous trial bottle *sent free.* Write to-day.

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Constitution that would enable the National Government to do it for them. It declares warmly that "the assertion of such power by Congress would destroy every vestige of State authority, obliterate State lines, nullify the great work of the framers of the Constitution, and leave the State governments mere matters of form, devoid of power, and ought to more than satisfy the fondest dreams of those favoring centralization of power."

All of which makes it evident that there will be no child-labor legislation by this Congress, except the law, already passed, providing for an investigation of conditions.

FORTY-THREE MILLIONS FOR EDUCATION



John D. Rockefeller outdoes Carnegie by the most gigantic gift in the history of the world

BY a *tour de force* that deserves to rank as an effort of genius Mr. John D. Rockefeller has lifted himself out of the morass of "tainted money" and compelled the world to take him seriously as a philanthropist. When a man modestly announces that he is about to give thirty-two million dollars for one object in one lump—the greatest single gift in human history—you can not throw his offering back in his face. That is what Mr. Rockefeller did on February 7, when through his son he informed the General Education Board that he would turn over to it interest-bearing securities to that huge amount, one-third to be added at once to its permanent endowment, and the rest to be applied to the board's objects under the giver's direction until his death, when the remainder would also be added to the endowment.

Mr. Rockefeller had previously given $11,000,000 to the General Education Board, making his gifts to that body $43,000,000 in all. "This," says the board, in accepting the benefaction, "is the largest sum ever given by a man in the history of the race for any social or philanthropic purpose," and its administration "entails upon the General Education Board the most far-reaching responsibilities ever placed upon any educational organization in the world."

It is expected that the Rockefeller endowment will be used principally to help small colleges, a field in which Mr. Pearson has made a few millions accomplish so much good. Eighteen such institutions have already been helped with the income of Mr. Rockefeller's former gift of $11,000,000. The board requires every college aided to raise three dollars for every dollar received from the Rockefeller fund. That, carried out systematically, would represent the equivalent of an endowment of nearly $200,000,000. A large part of the work is to be done in the South, and much is to be devoted to strengthening higher education in the cities.

Although Mr. Rockefeller has made a larger single gift than anybody else he is still a little behind Mr. Carnegie in the grand total. He has given $21,417,000 to the University of Chicago, and the aggregate of his benefactions, as far as they can be recalled, amounts to $93,765,000. Possibly he may have given enough unrecorded chicken feed to raise the total to $100,000,000. Mr. Carnegie's gifts amount to considerably more than that.



AN AGE OF MIRACLES

The eight million people of New York find a voice in the Senate

MONDAY, February 4, 1907, will always be marked with a white stone in the annals of American statesmanship. On that day the imperial State of New York was represented in a Senatorial debate, and creditably, although not extensively, represented at that. This historical event deserves to be recorded at length. The small State of Idaho has two Senators of great activity and influence. One of them, Mr. Heyburn, is sometimes active in good ways and sometimes in bad. This was one of his bad days. He was condemning the efforts of the President and of Secretary Hitchcock to guard the public lands in the West. He had reached the subject of forest reserves, and was telling how the welfare of the miners was hampered by the inability of the local authorities to run roads at short notice through the national forests, when the Senate was startled by the interruption thus baldly set down in the Congressional Record:

"MR. DEPEW. Mr. President—

"THE VICE-PRESIDENT. Does the Senator from Idaho yield to the Senator from New York?

"MR. HEYBURN. Certainly.

"MR. DEPEW. Would the Senator be in favor of the local authorities having the right, without scrutiny from the general Government, to run roads as they please through forest reserves?

"MR. HEYBURN. Certainly. . . . The land in a State is the inheritance of the people who go to the State, and not the people who sit back three thousand miles away. . . .

"MR. DEPEW. Then would not the Senator's theory, if carried into practise, destroy the whole system of forest reserves?"

Mr. Heyburn responded at some length that he didn't know and didn't care, that the system of forest reserves as now operated was so vicious that anything that would destroy it should be welcomed as a blessing, and that the protection of the forests could be safely entrusted to the "American patriots" of the West. Whereupon New York spoke again:

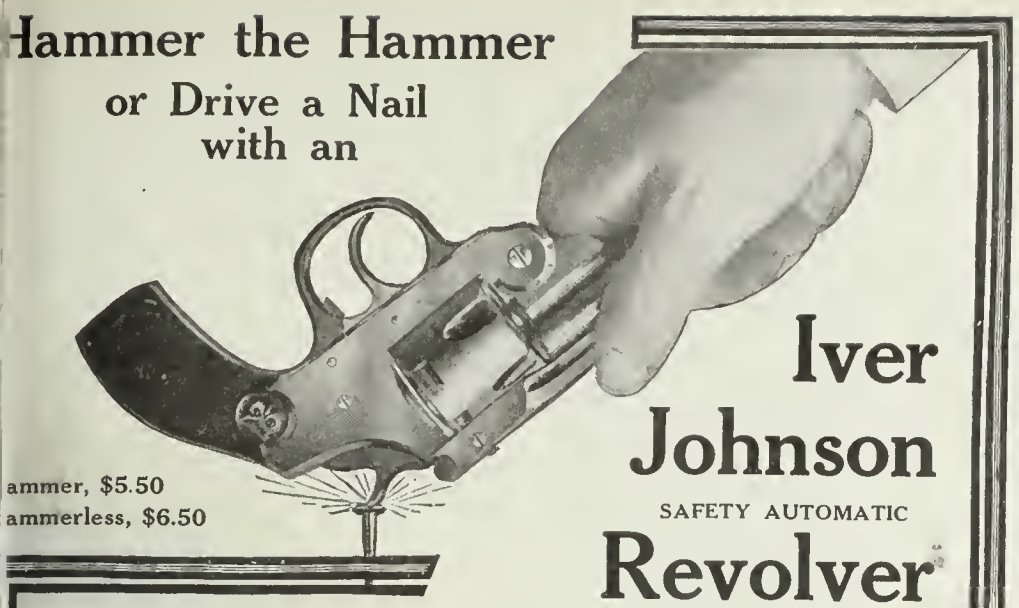
"MR. DEPEW. May I again interrupt the Senator?

"THE PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. McCumber in the chair). Does the Senator from Idaho yield to the Senator from New York?

"MR. HEYBURN. I yield to the Senator.

"MR. DEPEW. Is it not a fact that not the people of the Western States

Hammer the Hammer
or Drive a Nail with an



ammer, $5.50
ammerless, $6.50

Iver Johnson
SAFETY AUTOMATIC
Revolver

but don't try it with *any* other. The Iver Johnson is equipped with our automatic safety lever that *must be in place before the hammer can touch the firing pin* and the lever cannot be in place unless you purposely pull the trigger all the way back.

Pull the trigger and an Iver Johnson is just as sure to fire as it's sure *not* to go off any other way.

For absolute reliability, accuracy, finished protection in every detail of material and workmanship, the Iver Johnson has few rivals and no superiors. It is made and guaranteed by the largest manufacturer of revolvers in the world. We make and sell almost as many revolvers as all other American makers combined. The quality of our goods is the reason.

Send for Our Booklet "Shots"

It's full of firearm lore; gives important facts that every owner of firearms should know, and goes into the details and illustrates by sectional views the peculiar construction of the Iver Johnson.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge - - **$5.50**

These revolvers can be fitted, at extra prices, as follows: blued finish, 50c.; 2-in. barrels, no extra charge; 4-in. barrel, 50c.; 5-in. barrel, $1.00; 6 in. barrel, $1.50. Pearl stocks, 22-32 caliber, $1.25; 38 caliber, $1.50; Ivory stocks, 22-32 caliber, $2.50; 38 caliber, $3.

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What Barney Oldfield says about Goodyear Detachable Tires On Universal Rims



The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., New York City. September 28, 1906.

Gentlemen: After many misgivings as to the practicability of the GOODYEAR NEW DETACHABLE TIRE, I finally decided upon its use in July, '05. Since that time I have driven in seventy-two *heats* and *races* on circular tracks, and have *never* had a tire accident or tire trouble of any description. With my *Green Dragon* I hold every world circular track record from one to fifty miles, and these records have *never* been in danger, nor have I been defeated in *a* trial heat or race since I began using GOODYEAR TIRES. Before my cars were equipped with GOODYEAR TIRES, it was a *common* occurrence to wear a tire *through* to the danger line in a *five or ten* mile heat. On my *Green Dragon*, at the present time are *two complete tires*, one front and one rear, that have been in *constant* use for the past *fifteen months* without being *touched*, except to inflate. My success with the GOODYEAR TIRE has been the *wonder* of the past season in connection with circular track racing. My touring car, which has been equipped with the *same tire*, has covered over *six thousand* miles since I began to use them, and have given *perfect satisfaction*.

In my estimation, there is *no combination* of *tire* and *detachable* rim which is *so perfect* and *so simple*. (Signed) You know me, BARNEY OLDFIELD.

The Terrific Racing-Pace



is the hardest possible test for the auto-tire. The *life* of the *average* tire, racing on a circular track, is *fifteen miles*. The GOODYEAR DETACHABLE is the only tire that could make such records as Barney Oldfield tells of. If you would know why it stands such severe tests, our Free book "How to Select an Auto Tire," will tell you.

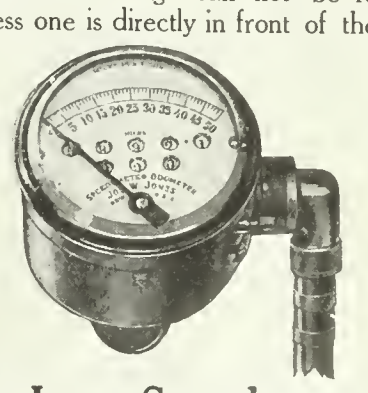
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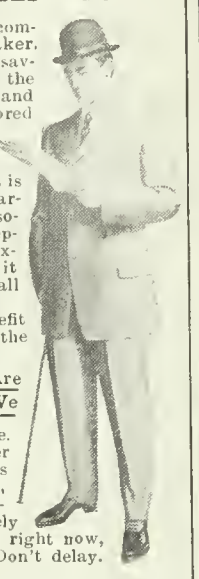
Mechanical Drawing, Architectural Lettering, Pen and Ink Rendering, Architectural Drawing, Perspective Drawing, Shades and Shadows, Roman Orders of Architecture, Working Drawings, Machine Drawing, Shop Drawings, Machine Design, Tinsmithing, Sheet Metal Work, Skylights, Roofing, Cornice Work, etc.

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Just Now We Are Making a Specialty of Blue and Gray Worsted Suits $12.00

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Place yourself at once in direct communication with the wholesale maker. You can hardly realize the great saving it means to you. $12.00 does the service of $20.00. These Blue and Gray Worsted Weaves are all tailored in the approved new spring models for men's wear. Lined with guaranteed silk finished Venetian or French serge and your suit is sent under the broadest, legal guarantee of money back if not absolutely satisfied. The cloth is exceptionally good, the tailoring so exquisitely done that you can't tell it from a $20.00 suit, and $12.00 is all we ask for it.

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It's the greatest offer ever made. A big line also of higher and lower priced materials in plain blacks and fancy weaves. Samples, Spring 1907 Fashion Guide, tapeline, measurement chart, all entirely FREE. Better write for samples right now, while it's fresh in your mind. Don't delay. Address

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Extra Fine Lucca Olive Oil is the purest olive oil imported into this country and is guaranteed to be the first dripping before pressing from the finest selected sound ripe olives. For forty years C. Maspero has been a recognized food expert and his name has stood for absolute purity and unexcelled quality in food products.

Pure Olive Oil

is nature's food and a necessity—not a luxury. Maspero's Extra Fine Lucca Olive Oil is made in Lucca, from olives grown in Lucca, the finest flavored olives in the world, and has that rich, delicate nutty flavor which it is impossible to secure in oils made in any other locality. It is made and packed under the most cleanly and hygienic conditions, conforms in every way to the Pure Food Laws and is tested at the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture and by the Italian Government.

CANS—1 gal. $3, ½ gal. $1.60, ¼ gal. 85c., pt. 50c.
BOTTLES—Case of 1 doz. $7, case of 2 doz. ½ bottles $7.50, case of 2 doz. ¼ bottles $5. Per bottle 65c., 35c. and 25c. Delivered free New York City.

SAMPLE FREE. If your provisioner does not have it, send his name and address and I will send you a sample bottle free.

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Bankers, Doctors, Lawyers, Merchants—you need signs. Write me to-day stating your needs. My advice and suggestions with sketches are absolutely without cost to you and besides I will send you my helpful book "Sign Talk" showing a large variety of brass and metal signs printed in colors. It tells you why some signs are good while others, costing nearly as much, soon wash out and are disappointing. It may save you Some Sign Money

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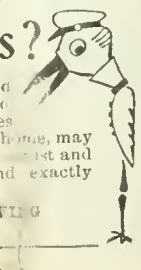
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THE LEDERER SCHOOL OF DRAWING
Chattanooga, Tenn.

but large companies, capitalized largely in the East, have denuded those States of the forests which are absolutely necessary for their agricultural maintenance and production?"

There was a little more of the colloquy on the same lines. Encouraged by the success of this essay in debate, Mr. Depew took a still more active part in another discussion the next day, arguing on grounds of high public policy against the practise of tacking general legislation to appropriation bills. The spectators rubbed their eyes, and some of them almost expected to see signs of activity behind the desk of Senator Platt.

THE KAISER'S "VICTORY"



He secures a temporary majority in the Reichstag by the votes of a minority of the German people

THE second elections for the German Reichstag, on February 5, confirmed the indications of the first. The Kaiser could hardly contain his happiness—a happiness due rather to a sense of the danger escaped than to the magnitude of the victory actually won. As a matter of fact the Government's triumph is by no means overwhelming. The Socialist strength in the Reichstag, it is true, has been reduced from seventy-nine seats to forty-three. But the Socialists have increased their popular vote from 3,008,000 to 3,250,000. Casting about thirty per cent of the total vote of the empire, they were fairly entitled to nearly or quite a hundred and twenty seats, which would have made them the strongest party in the Reichstag as they are in the country. That the Government has succeeded in depriving them of nearly two-thirds of their proper representation can not be considered a moral victory. It is at best a triumph of manipulation. Its only effect must be to inspire the Socialists with a bitterer resentment and make them fight more fiercely than ever.

Of the three groups that united to defeat the Government in the late Reichstag, the Clerical Centre will have 105 members in the new one, the Socialists 43, and the Poles 20, or 168 in all. There are 397 members in the whole body, of whom 199 form a majority. If the Government should try to get along without the help of the Centre it would have to form its "bloc" out of the following materials:

Conservatives	80
Agrarians and Anti-Semites	29
National Liberals	55
Radicals, of various groups	46
Alsace-Lorraine party	7
Independents	10
Guelph	1
Dane	1

That means that Chancellor von Bülow will have to find a policy acceptable alike to the Conservatives, the Agrarians, and the Radicals. It is possible, indeed probable, that a temporary majority can be stuck together out of such elements, but the Chancellor will need a sticking-plaster of unusual adhesive powers if he expects to make it hold for any length of time.

THE PRESIDENT BACKS HITCHCOCK



Land-grabbers must dispose of Mr. Roosevelt before they can destroy the Secretary

FOR some time Secretary Hitchcock has been subjected to a fusillade of criticism from certain Western Senators, notably Carter of Montana and Heyburn of Idaho, on account of the strictness of the methods he has thought it necessary to adopt to keep the public domain out of the hands of land-grabbers. This has covered his holding up of patents for investigation, his advocacy of leasing instead of selling coal and oil lands, and his withdrawal of forest lands in the Indian Territory. His action in the last matter was condemned by the sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Public Lands, and led to threats of impeachment.

On February 5 President Roosevelt vindicated the Secretary by sending to the Senate correspondence which showed that every step that had been criticized had been taken with the President's full approval, and still had that approval after all that had been said. With regard to the forest reservation for which Mr. Hitchcock's enemies had declared he should be impeached, the President said: "I approve of the action you took with the object of preserving to the Indians and the country at large the rapidly disappearing timber. I feel that the Department had the right to make the withdrawal and that it would have been a dereliction in duty for it not to have acted as it did act."

President Roosevelt warmly commended Indian Commissioner Leupp's plan of putting the Indian land titles into corporate form. Secretary Hitchcock expressed the opinion in this correspondence that to withdraw governmental supervision over oil and gas leasing in the Indian Territory "would open an unobstructed way to the concentration of the entire and wonderful oil belt to a single ownership."

While the Montana and Idaho Senators were harrying the watch-dog of the public domain, new and startling series of land frauds were exposed, carrying their trail across the continent. In one, New York barkeepers, barbers, and cab-drivers were found to have fraudulently entered thousands of acres of coal lands in Wyoming. In another, men of wealth and influence in California were caught robbing the public domain from one end of the unusually long State to the other.

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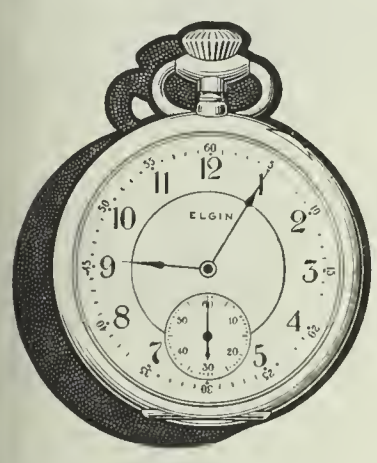
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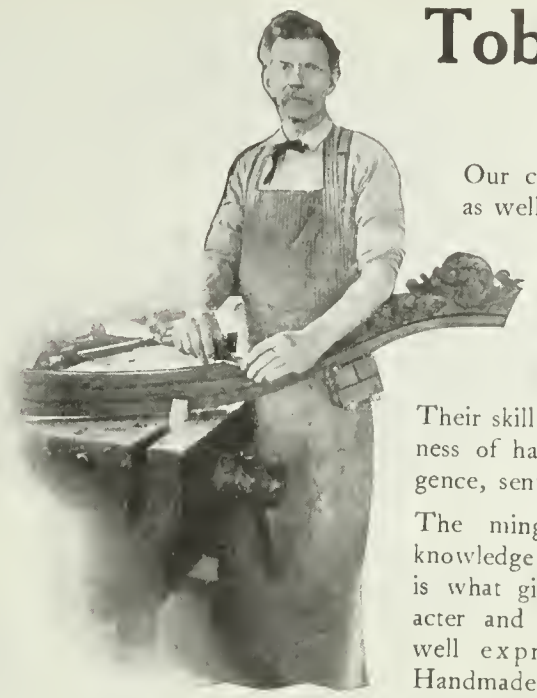
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Tobey Cabinetmaker
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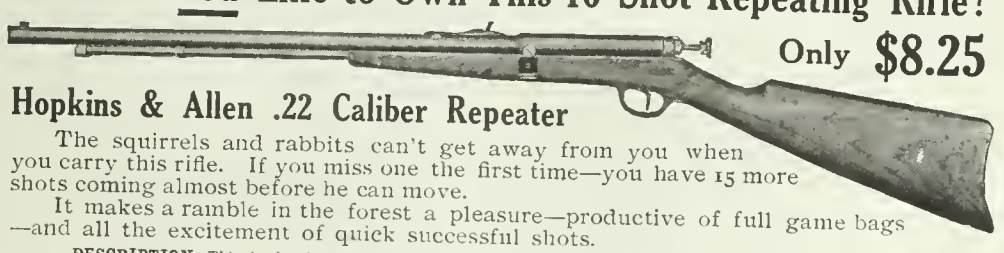
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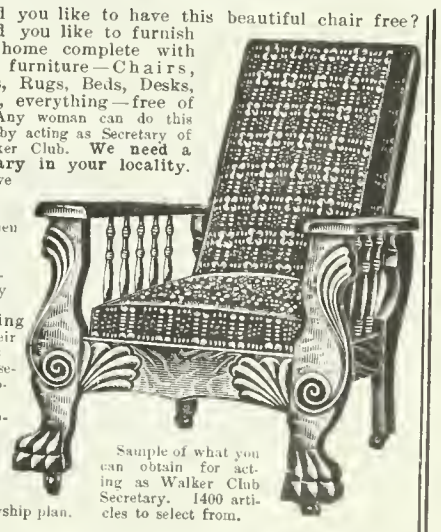
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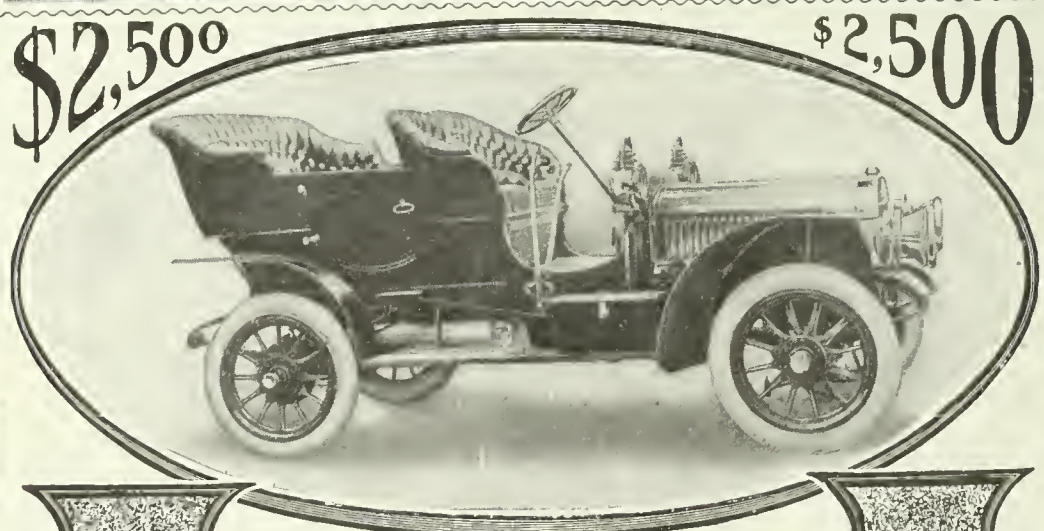
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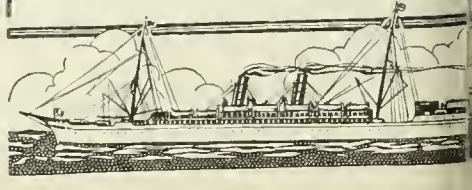
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908 Market St., San Francis





"Literary Card Party"

THIS form of entertainment presents many delightful innovations. It is appropriate at any time of the year and is easily carried out. The following directions taken from our book, "Entertaining with Cards," will give you an idea of its attractiveness.

In giving a Literary Card Party, let your invitations read something after this fashion:

To Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arnsley.
Greeting:
"Lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold."—*Hamlet.*
"Sir (and lady), you are welcome to our house
It must appear in other ways than words. Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy."—*Merchant of Venice.*
"Say what abridgment
Have you for this evening?"—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*
"Whist will be the pastime—passing excellent."—*Taming of the Shrew.*
"If your love do not persuade you to come, Let not my letter."—*Merchant of Venice.*
April Twenty-first, at eight o'clock.
Mr. and Mrs. John Villiers.

Score cards should be in the style of a book with one leaf for each game played. Partners may be found by the name of a book on one score card and the author's name on another. This inscription is appropriate for the cover:

"With cards I while my leisure hours away,
And cheat Old Time, yet neither bet nor play."

The first tally leaf bears this:
"If all the year were playing holidays."
—*Shakespeare.*

The second—
"Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure."—*Dryden.*

The last two—
"I played at cards and never missed the time,
It fled so pleasantly away."—*Holmes.*
"All's well that ends well."—*Shakespeare.*

Congress Cards

Prizes may be books of poems—the latest novels—a gold pen—writing case, etc.

Directly after awarding the prizes, or whenever you wish to serve refreshments, hand each guest a small card with these quotations upon it:

"Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends."
—*Taming of the Shrew.*
"What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?"
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

For the menu there are many appropriate quotations which are found in our book, "Entertaining with Cards."

The playing cards should be Congress Cards with portrait backs, etc.

They should be **Congress Cards** because Congress Cards are the aristocrats of playing cards. Congress Cards have individuality—in design—in finish—Congress Cards have that delicacy that is the partner of refinement.

Congress Cards are firm, flexible—it is a pleasure to handle them, so let your cards be Congress Cards. The entertainment cannot fail to entertain if Congress Cards are placed upon each table. Get them from your dealer. There are a hundred different designs and color schemes to select from. Or if your dealer cannot supply the back you want, send 50c for sample pack.

Send us three two-cent stamps for mailing expenses or the inside wrapper from a pack of Congress Cards and we will send you our book, "Entertaining with Cards," and illustration of Congress Card designs.

We will send you a handsome pack of cards if you will suggest any new and suitable form of card entertainment or any novel feature for card parties not found in our book.

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Station A2 Cincinnati, Ohio.





The more critical the smoker, the more emphatic is his appreciation of

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The distinctive character of the Murad—produced by expert skill in the blending of the finest Turkish tobaccos—has made it the choice of the most discriminating smokers, until it is everywhere recognized as

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Our handsomely illustrated

Free Catalogue

will explain fully the superiority of **The Duplex.** Don't allow anyone to persuade you to buy any other make of phonograph without first sending for our catalogue.

The Duplex is not sold by dealers nor in stores. We are **Actual Manufacturers,** not jobbers, and sell **only direct** from **our factory** to the user, eliminating all middlemen's profits. That is why we are able to **manufacture** and **deliver** the best phonograph made for only $29.85.



Each horn is 30 in. long with 17-in. bell. Cabinet 18 in. x 14 in. x 10 in.

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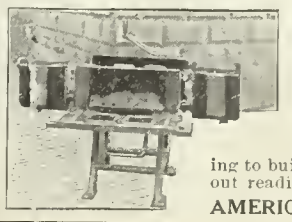
We allow you seven days' free trial in your own home in which to decide whether you wish to keep it or not. If the machine does not make good our every claim—volume, quality, saving, satisfaction—just send it back. We'll pay freight charges both ways.

No Money in Advance

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Our Free Catalogue will interest you.

Duplex Phonograph Co., 127 Patterson St., Kalamazoo, Mich.



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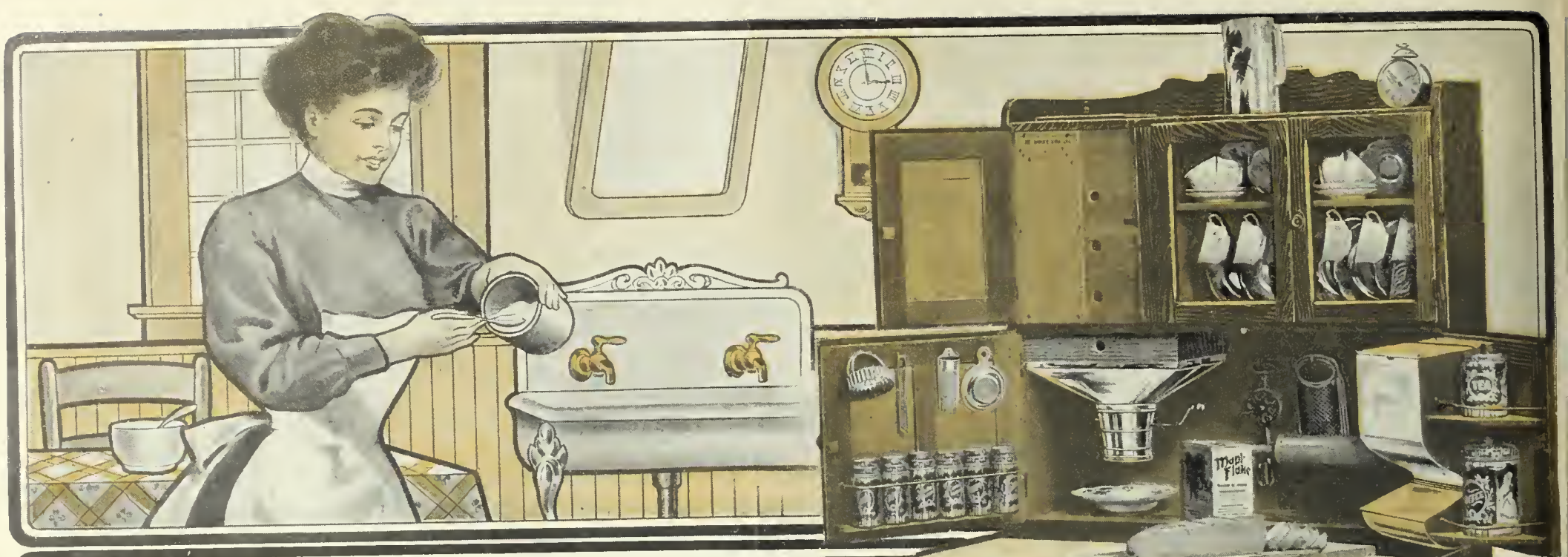
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AMERICAN FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY, Box 102, Leipsic, Ohio



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The old fashioned way—you know it only too well.



The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet

A Pantry—Cupboard—Work-Table Combined

is a practical cabinet—the flour is put in at the top and every bit comes out through the sifter at the bottom of the bin—none is wasted nor becomes musty by remaining in the corners—the sugar is in the dust-proof bin at the right and works on the same principle—the spices are in the cans at the left—the package goods in the cupboard above—all utensils are before you or in the cupboard below—everything is in its handy place, leaving the big aluminoid work-table free to use.

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They are sold by 2000 furniture dealers. If there is one in your vicinity—you will see his advertisements in the local papers the week this announcement appears. Go to him without fail and see for yourself the good points of Hoosier Cabinets. He has them to suit all purses—all sized kitchens.

The Hoosier Catalogue—A Valuable Book

Whether there is a dealer in your vicinity or not, don't fail to send for the Hoosier catalogue. It tells how you can do your kitchen work so much more quickly and easily—how you can always have a neat, orderly kitchen and why we can sell the Hoosier at such a low price. Although the catalogue is free it contains other kitchen information too valuable for any housekeeper to be without. Write for it without fail.

Many people buy Hoosier Cabinets after seeing the other kinds—few buy other cabinets after seeing the Hoosier.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE MORNING WALK

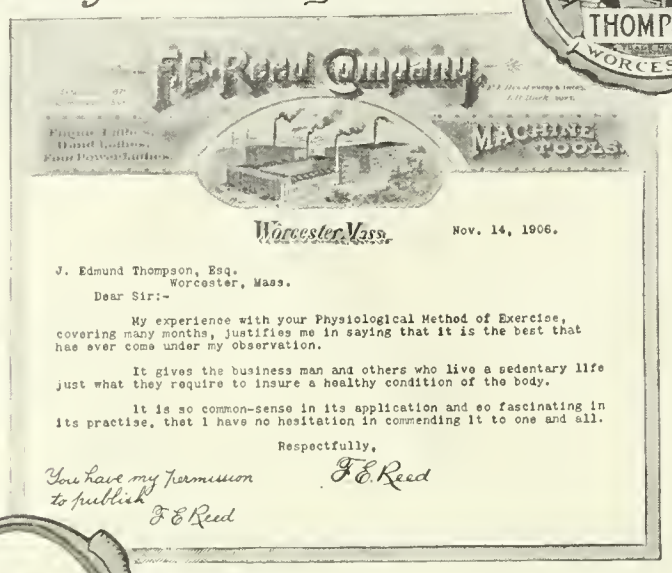
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MARCH 2 1907

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It gives the business man and others who live a sedentary life just what they require to insure a healthy condition of the body.

It is so common-sense in its application and so fascinating in its practise, that I have no hesitation in commending it to one and all.

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I Have Something To Say To Every Business & Professional Man In This Country

I Can Make You A BETTER Man—Physically. No doubt you believe yourself a well man now. No doubt you think that the fatigue which follows a hard day's work is natural; that the indigestion, constipation and headaches which you and most other business men suffer from are inevitable; that the nervousness and occasional insomnia is something to be expected; that there is no relief from the added flesh that comes with advancing years.

BUT YOU'RE WRONG. Every one of these things is unnatural and unnecessary. I have proved this to hundreds of men by teaching them how to improve their physical condition to such a degree that the hardest day's work brings no fatigue, indigestion, constipation, and headaches are alike unknown, sleep comes as regularly as the night, and excess flesh gives place to healthy tissue. Any one of these men will gladly confirm my statements, and the letter I reproduce above is but one of many that I have on file.

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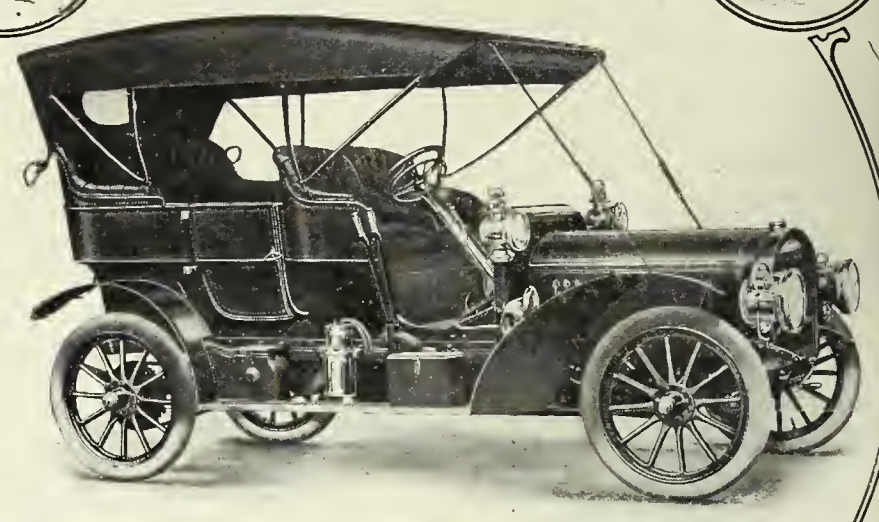
Write me something of your present condition and I will send you, without charge, a letter telling exactly what I can do for you. I will also send you my booklet, "*How To Keep A Good Grip On Your Health*," which tells all about my method. You incur no obligation, and I promise you immunity from annoying solicitation.

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and thousands of them will be found in frames of various materials, particularly the unique Japanese Wood Veneer, in the best American homes.

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FOR MARCH, APRIL, MAY AND JUNE

we shall issue numbers of SPECIAL attractiveness. The March number will be a wonderfully beautiful book, replete with new effects in color and, among other attractive features, a magnificently illustrated article on picturesque Mexico. Plans for the following numbers embody so much that is new in beautiful art work as well as a wealth of exquisite portraits of celebrities and unusual landscapes, you may well afford to miss any magazine rather than the BURR McINTOSH MONTHLY.

TWO SPECIAL AND VERY LIBERAL OFFERS

THE BURR McINTOSH MONTHLY is 25 cents a number, except the double Christmas numbers, which are always 50 cents a copy. If you will send $3.00 to our address below for 12 months' subscription beginning with the March, 1907, number, we will send you absolutely free the November, 1906, and January and February, 1907, numbers; and for good measure we will also send the Christmas, 1906, number, conceded to be the most superb work of pictorial art ever issued in magazine form.

OFFER No. 2 If you prefer to know a little more about this superb magazine before subscribing for a full year, send us $1.00 and we will send you March, April, May and June, 1907, numbers, and the Christmas, 1906, 50-cent number.

If you wish to know the magazine before accepting this offer, send 25 cents for February, 1907, number or buy it of your newsdealer. It is a gem.

BURR PUBLISHING COMPANY, W-4 West 22d St., New York



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Recently a State Senator on a dining car asked the waiter to bring him "a cigar." The waiter brought two boxes—one was a "Triangle A" cigar, and the other an unknown brand.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1907

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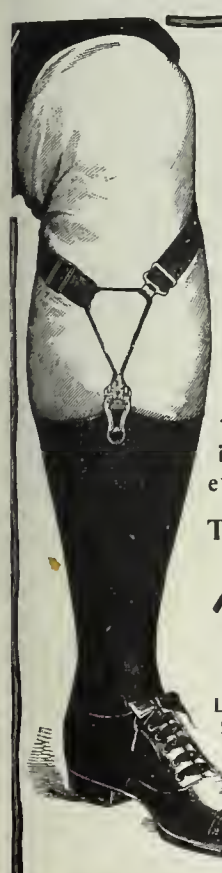
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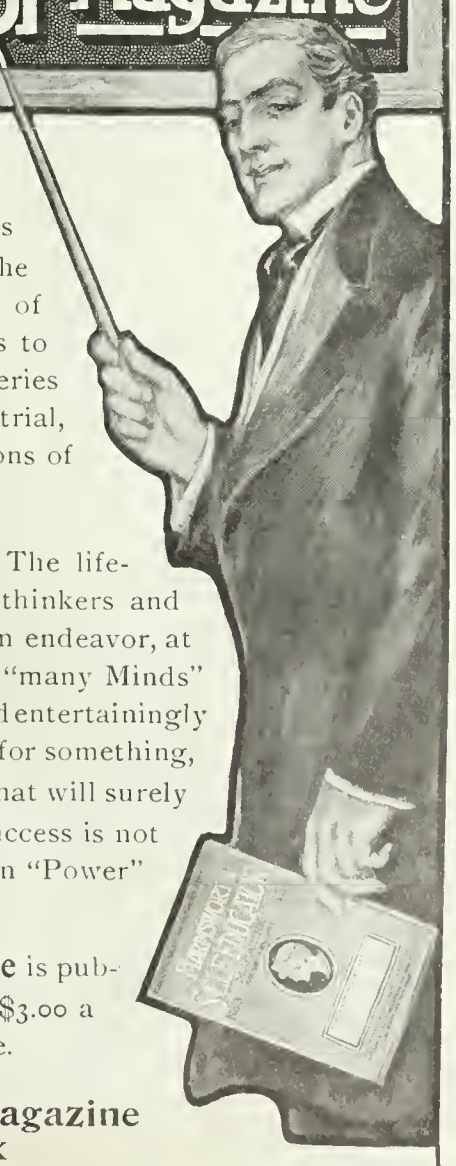
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SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1907

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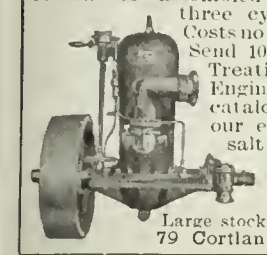
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1907

Footprints of Prosperity

¶ In Canada there is now just one transcontinental railroad. In about two years there will be four. The three new ones are now being built. South of Canada, in the United States, there are now six transcontinental railroads. In about three years three more will be built. The country was thirty-five years completing these six. The construction of the new three will cover a period of only five or six years. Nothing could illustrate better the prosperity of the country and the business activity of the Western States. An authoritative article, showing the routes of the new roads, the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific, Mr. Hill's new line, the St. Paul, the Western Pacific, the Kansas City and Orient, will be published in Collier's within a few weeks. The same article will contain pictures and other illustrative material, intended to portray vividly the business activity of the Western States.

Yellow Bow-Wows

¶ Collier's prefers to take its readers by the hand and lead them gently up to the Truth. This is better, it seems to us, than molding the Truth into sandbags and whacking our readers over the head with it. In the matter of tainted news this paper wishes, as clearly as possible, to give the public a glimpse of the Octopus in the act of tapping at the door of the editorial sanctum. In Collier's for February 23 there appeared the first article on this subject, showing how the regularly retained publicity agent of various private interests prejudices news paragraphs at Washington and starts the taint of perverted facts to circulating from the heart-centre of the country. "News," as Collier's first article pointed out, is often paid for from non-editorial sources at the rate of a dollar a line—a very liberal rate for even high-class fiction.

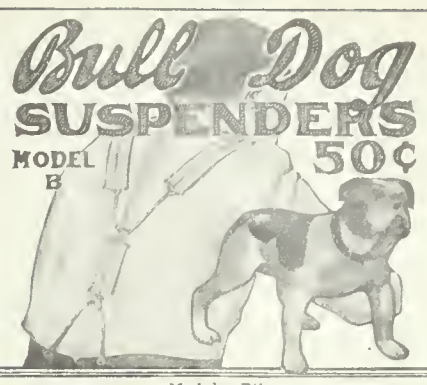
"Queer" News in Ohio

¶ The second instalment of "Tainted News" will go more specifically into conditions in Ohio, where, according to the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a Standard Oil sack is being emptied into the news columns of the daily papers. This, to a great extent, is undoubtedly true. Collier's will be able to show a copy of a contract between the Jennings Advertising Agency (representing the Standard Oil interests) and various Ohio newspapers. This contract provides, financially, for news articles intended to defend, whitewash, and beautify gum-shoe, gas-pipe, underground, and black-hand finance. Incidentally, mention will be made of how a certain scholarly treatise on the benefits of monopoly control was bound into book form and circulated, at the Standard's expense, among the influential clergymen of the State. So much for Uncle John's efforts to unite Church and State At the Sign of The Dollar.

Bunco in Bottles

¶ There comes a pungent odor of mixed narcotics from the laboratories of the fakirs in many back rooms. The Brotherhood of Protected Poisons imagines that Collier's is done with its justing among the patent-medicine labels—but, unfortunately, there are some words yet to be said in the matter. In the case of Peruna *vs.* Common Sense, for instance. The New York State Excise Commission recently had a druggist fined $500 for selling the good-for-what-ails-you remedy. The hapless apothecary was convicted of trading in bad whisky. Collier's will present some facts along this line.

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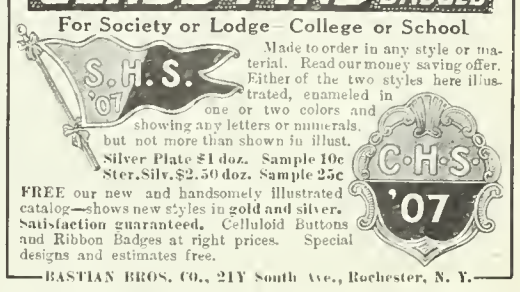
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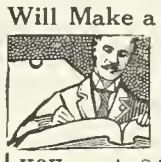
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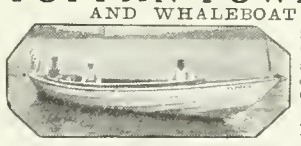
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THE FIRST GENERATION

PAINTED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE MAN WHO SEEKS his own safety at the cost of wife or children reaches the dregs. The woman who grudges sacrifice when her child is in distress is a failure most entire. Like to these calls of nature are the responsibilities given by certain occupations. The engineer of a locomotive is no man if he does not put the safety of his passengers before his own. The captain of a ship has upon him the most absolute of obligations.

COURAGE

> "A ruddy drop of manly blood
> The surging seas outweighs."

If a captain's blood is not manly, he is the most abject of beings. We are compelled to know, occasionally, that there are officers, even commanders, who in time of trouble do less than they might for even the women on their ships. Such failures bring out the glory of righteous death; the ignominy of living at the price of all that gives life worth.

DEEDS OF VALUE, of energy, and right purpose lie about us always, to cheer us on the better way. Of Senator DRYDEN's effacement we have said nothing. In spite of the need for his uprooting, we have been aware of things in his career and character which encourage us to a little indulgence in the greatest of the virtues. Like others whom a justly angry public opinion has put in the stocks, he is the victim of altered standards. His pilloried name is a moral milestone. Instead of barking just now at DRYDEN, it is our pleasure to print, with what conspicuousness we may, eight names:

A ROLL OF HONOR

G. L. FAKE of Bergen County,
J. DEVINE of Bergen County,
W. W. SMALLEY of Somerset County,
RANDOLPH PERKINS of Union County,
W. R. DRAKE of Middlesex County,
E. R. ACKERMAN of Union County,
E. W. WAKELEE of Bergen County,
EVERETT COLBY of Essex County.

These men went into caucus and refused to be bullied there into an act which they knew to be the opposite of patriotic. It takes courage to defy a majority which may reduce you to future insignificance. Mr. COLBY and Mr. ACKERMAN, going further, refused also to vote for BRIGGS as DRYDEN'S heir, and thereby they proved themselves still braver than the other six. It requires not genius to be useful to one's kind. It requires no more than clearness, honesty, and daring.

A FRIENDLY CRITIC in St. Louis desires to know if we are the American lamb that shall lie down with the British lion. Are we not in the pay of perfidious Albion? Else, inquires our correspondent, why our attitude toward Great Britain, and why our attitude toward her ally, Japan? The query startles us. We were not aware that we had any attitude toward Great Britain. And we do not see anything either peculiar or venal about our attitude toward Japan. We have praised the little brown islanders for their courageous, self-controlled conduct of themselves as victors in a great war. We have not taken sides entirely with them as citizens of San Francisco because, as Mr. PALMER has maintained, and as many intelligent Californians have urged, when it comes to a matter of bringing together two races, as temperamentally opposed as the Japanese and the Caucasians, one is almost necessarily in subjection. If Japanese coolie labor is menacing white labor on the Pacific Coast, then justice is being satisfied in present legislative measures. We agree with the Japophobiacs to the extent that we can not see the morality of sending full-grown men of any race to school with young children. We endorse the attitude of the Japomaniacs in so far as they declare that we owe an education to any resident race which proves itself to be equal to us in ability to think and act. We sympathize with the Californians who object to being overrun by a race whom they can not assimilate. But the time is past when American diplomacy can with safety and success address a mikado like an emperor of Senegambia. "If you're goin' to treat me like a dog," said Ginger McGinnis, "don't fergit that I'm a dog of yer own size."

MERE SENSE

THE MINING CONTROVERSY rages merrily about our heads, subscribers and newspapers vying in energy of attack. Calmly, nevertheless, we call attention to a double-page advertisement in a recent issue of "The Mining Investor," which pictures and describes the Whale mine and its "vast bodies of gold, silver, and lead ore." Uncertainty is not predicated of the Whale: "We expect to complete our 50-ton mill September 1st, next, and 90 days after it is in operation we will pay dividends. Mind you, it will not be one small dividend, but regular quarterly dividends of from 2 to 3 cents a share." Shares are offered at 15 cents apiece. "Isn't that a magnificent return on a 15 cent investment?" More than magnificent. By a curious logic, the Whale offers these 50,000 treasury shares, par value $1, at this low price, because it is "a live, going, paying, producing mine," with $100,000 worth of ore on the dumps and $300,000 worth "measured up, blocked out and in sight in the Lane tunnel alone." The Whale's owners, instead of taking this sure thing to some greedy capitalist, and making him pay a fair price, offer it to poor laborers who would benefit from having their investment bring in from 53 to 80 per cent per annum. "What will you do?" ask the Whale's owners. "Will you act to-day?" The "Mining Investor's" advertising pages contain at least 250 other opportunities which to our untutored mind are at least as marvelous and hypnotic as those offered by the Whale.

THE WHALE

TO SECURE GOOD ARTICLES is difficult. One of those we most desire we probably should be most unable to secure, thanks partly to proprieties of diplomacy. Our wish is keen that the new Ambassador from England might illuminate these pages with his thought concerning a question in American statesmanship. A scant two decades ago, in his "American Commonwealth," he wrote: "An American may, through a long life, never be reminded of the Federal Government except when he votes at Presidential and Congressional elections, lodges a complaint against the Post-Office, and opens his trunk for a Custom House officer on the pier at New York when he returns from a tour of Europe." After reviewing the immense compass of State functions, Mr. BRYCE decided that "JEFFERSON would seem to have been not far wrong when he said that the Federal Government was nothing more than the American department of foreign affairs." The author who wrote this returns to find his American in touch with the Federal power in some of the most ordinary minutiæ of daily life—when he buys a pound of meat, goes to the druggist for medicine, buys coffee at the corner grocery, or secures a railroad ticket. Soon the age at which his child may go to work promises to be regulated at Washington; and one subject, bankruptcy, has been transferred bodily from Mr. BRYCE'S list of State functions to the expanding scope of Federal activities. An essay on the whither and the why from the pen of Mr. BRYCE would be a valuable contribution to the flood of thought which was recently increased by Mr. ROOT. Should he write it, we hope this paragraph will make him imagine himself under a moral obligation to publish it in COLLIER'S, where it would probably be useful and would certainly be welcome.

STATE AND NATION

THE LAWYERS of public service corporations are accustomed to do their share in politics. One of them was answered recently by the Voters' League of Chicago with a pointedness that might serve as an example. The League censured those aldermen who voted to grant certain privileges to an electric company. Who protested against this criticism? Not the aldermen. It was the attorney for the company. The League replied that it was ready to hear either the company or the aldermen; but as to the aldermen, "we refuse to do them the injustice to assume that you have any right to speak for them." In the lawyer's long essay-letter he declared that the League was looked upon by substantial business men as tainted with increasing radicalism. The answer is that if by radicalism is meant watchfulness of public interests, and an effort to obtain aldermen who are not only honest, but able and efficient enough to cope with representatives of public-service corporations, the impeachment is admitted. The lawyer urged that the "gentlemen in charge" of the electric companies were just as much interested in the welfare of the city as were the members of the executive committee of the Voters' League. The reply is that in this matter these business men are no more disinterested than the lawyer was when before the Illinois Legislature he opposed the passage of the act empowering cities to regulate the price of electricity. Altogether he seems to have received his reply in full.

ANSWERED

LET US DWELL for a moment on Senator CARTER of Montana. We are willing to back him for poetry against the other orators who have diversified the short session of Congress. In his late impassioned attack on Secretary HITCHCOCK, Mr. CARTER told the Senate how deep his interest is, and how strong his faith, in the toiling pioneer. He is of the pioneer class, he said. "I have been with and of these people, and. witnessed them felling the trees and grubbing the stumps on the Ohio River bottom. . . . I was with this band of wanderers when they turned the sod of Illinois. . . . I saw them working to reclaim from a condition of nature the great, grand, rolling prairies of Iowa, and I am with them and of them still on the table-lands of the Rocky Mountains." Ohio had been a State for fifty-one years before Senator CARTER was born; Illinois sent LINCOLN to the White House only six years after the stork brought baby CARTER to Scioto County, Ohio, and Iowa was made a State in 1846, six years before this throbbing patriot and universal pioneer saw the light. CARTER is a poet. LONGFELLOW described Hiawatha as so strong of arm that he could shoot ten arrows upward, and the first had not fallen when the tenth left the bowstring, and so fleet that he could outrun one of his own arrows. A London critic proves that Hiawatha must have been able to run two hundred and sixteen yards in seven seconds. The Montana Senator is at least one hundred and fifty years old; but he is entitled to the poetic license of the higher statesmanship.

CARTER, PIONEER

MR. BARTHOLDT OF MISSOURI voices in Congress a swelling flood of protest against the military and naval features of the Jamestown Exposition. Twenty bishops are alarmed, and the young men of our country are likely to get an exaggerated idea of the importance of our fighting forces. Senator MCCUMBER of North Dakota, in opposing a proposition to allow reduced rates for the transportation of army and navy men, becomes sarcastic. His heart bleeds, he says, for the poor officer who drives "with his wife and his family in his carriage to the depot." It bleeds when the footman jumps down and opens the door. And it bleeds most freely when he sees this fur-clad officer pay the same price for railway tickets as other citizens pay. But—and here the Senator drops his irony—his heart suffers intensest agony when he thinks of the poor fellow out in the North Dakota sod shanty who must make up the deficit if rates are lowered for "this aristocracy that we are building up." Finally comes the demand that the engineer officers of the army be sent down to direct the digging of the Panama Canal—the inference being strong that they rot in idleness. Make them earn their living. They are dudes. Again we murmur timidly that the devices of oratorical phraseology and conception in our Congress are not extinct.

THE MILITARY

AMONG THIS OFFICE'S chief reliances for gaiety is the monthly coming of the "National Rip Saw," edited by Colonel DICK MAPLE in the interests of a party which he calls the "Populistic Socialists." The "Rip Saw" has had a controversy with the "Yellow Jacket." It began with a difference about creed, an intellectual refinement of definition in the higher reaches of discontent. There was talk of personal encounter, but the editor of the "Yellow Jacket" could not get away from Moravian Falls, North Carolina, and Colonel DICK was tied to the editorial grind at St. Louis. Painful as this disagreement may be to the sensitive contestants, the literature of vituperation is the richer. Among the long-distance epithets are "one-sided damphool," "human fungus," "little swelled up egotist," and "public nuisance." Outside the field of personal controversy, in the calmer heights of its Populistic-Socialist propaganda, the "Rip Saw" avers that BRYAN is no longer the "same old BILL," but has become "a sniveling hypocrite" and "a hot-air box from the Platte." One can not avoid the wish that this power of invective might be turned against Dr. Curts' Sure Cure for Blindness, Dr. Blosser's Sure Cure for Catarrh, Dr. Johnson's Sure Cure for Cancer, and divers other quackeries—all of which advertise in the "Rip Saw." All that vasty breed of sheets which beat the air for the dawn of the Better Day, from "Wilshire's Magazine" and Mr. HEARST'S "Cosmopolitan" up, will continue to spell humbug so long as they use the largest type in their shops to tell their guileless readers to patronize the frankest frauds. Intellectual quackery in editorial columns and medical quackery in advertising pages naturally keep in step. Muddy minds yield to both their dollars and their faith.

A PUNCH

HAS NOT THE CHEAPENING of the mere ability to read and write put the salaried clerk, rather than the day laborer, in the lowest ranks of wage-earners? Certainly he comes far below masons, bricklayers, and many classes of artisans. The plight of the clerk on a fixed salary is told graphically in the last report of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, FRANK A. HITCHCOCK: Among the twenty thousand Post-Office clerks whose pay runs from $600 to $1,000, resignations during the month of October were at the rate of twenty-one per cent a year. During the present year probably one out of four of these clerks will have resigned, a surprising reversal of the tradition concerning Government employees. These men do not give up a life job on impulse. They can not live on the pay they get, and commercial positions, while prosperity is at high tide, will pay them more. Mr. HITCHCOCK pleads for higher salaries and a definite system of gradual promotion. In the boastings of prosperity, much painful irony must be seen by two classes, persons living on fixed incomes from investments, and these salaried clerks. The employer has secured his share of prosperity by putting up prices from twenty to fifty per cent; the "dollar a day man," as he used to be called, and the wage-earner have joined the union and forced ten per cent raises from time to time. The clerk has no union; meantime he must pay the high prices which his boss, and other bosses, have fixed for food and clothing.

CLERKS

THE "ENDLESS CHAIN" letter, for money-making ends, is barred by that useful "fraud order" power of the Post-Office Department which CRUMPACKER and other Congressional friends of scotched swindlers are seeking to abolish. The same device, when originated for philanthropic purposes by childish and officious busybodies, can only be stopped when its victims exercise common sense, and that rather rare courage which decides upon a request from an acquaintance on the basis of its propriety. For many months this paper has heard of an "endless chain prayer," silly in its wording, which is passed along accompanied by a coarse inexactitude to the effect that it was started by Bishop LAWRENCE of Massachusetts. "The one who will pass this on to nine others," reads the letter, "will on the tenth day experience some great joy; one who does not will suffer from some great misfortune." Men have written to say the feminine members of their families, anticipating motherhood, or with minds made apprehensive by other causes, have been plunged into mental suffering and often serious physical distress by the implied threat. We know not whether

SUPERSTITION

the person who started this was a malicious mischief-maker or a plain lunatic. As to those who keep it living, their status is clear but not interesting.

WE OUGHT to be arrested. We have been cruel to the horse. We have accused him of being dead, but he has arisen with a mighty "Nay, Nay!" Since we wrote those careless, almost snippy, words agreeing with JOHN BURROUGHS that the horse is a brainless anachronism, our nights have been haunted with demon dreams. "Who delivers your milk in the morning?" inquires an accusing voice. "Who brings your groceries—when they come? The horse! Who gives dignity to Death? The undertaker's horse! If you contemplated funeral processions composed of puffing automobiles, would you look forward to the occasion?" Even as the cold perspiration of regret beads our forehead there comes a reproachful letter from Garrison, Iowa. A Lover of the Horse writes us saying there are no horses grazing among the sunflowers in the vacant lots of Garrison. The horse does the chores there during his allotted period of onescore years and ten, and when he dies he is given decent Christian burial, and thus saved from the Beef Trust. Horses are getting better prices every year in Garrison, and when a man runs an automobile there he is looked down upon by his neighbors as either too poor or too stingy to get a horse. Secretly we rejoice at this news. We thrill with the knowledge that all the centaurs are not riding in the tonneau. Poetry may still be written by horsepower. Not yet shall we use a gasoline motor to scale Parnassus.

A HORSE ON US

WHEN A DISTINGUISHED chief of state was still in minor office, and a hunting expedition led him West, he stopped at Fort Sill to see GERONIMO. The old Apache in those days professed the Dutch Reformed faith. He professed likewise to have forgiven all of his enemies, except the Mexicans, but when asked his opinion of the white man, GERONIMO replied briefly, and the interpreter hesitated. Pressed to translate, he said: "GERONIMO say white man heap hot air." Abstractly considered, hot air is a term of disrepute in America, and pure air is favored, but in practise this valuation is usually reversed, both in public business and conveyances and in private dwellings. Therefore we score several points for smoky Pittsburg. In the Carnegie Library extension there a new electric ventilating plant has been installed. It supplies and exhausts six hundred thousand feet of fresh air a minute. Students in the library will no longer grow drowsy so readily, or so quickly acquire the prevailing headache. In churches, theatres, schools, courts, and other American places of assemblage hot air is regarded as an absolute necessity and pure air is considered uncomfortable and dangerous.

HOT AND PURE

WHILE CONGRESS in its infinite wisdom seeks to impair the value of the Pure Food laws by depriving the Department of Agriculture of funds with which to enforce them, the agitation for honest dealing in food supplies continues, from Massachusetts to Nebraska. Most of the States are endeavoring to supplement the Federal law, which applies only to interstate commerce, by the regulation and inspection of domestic food sales. Instances of extraordinary official optimism are manifest during this period of legislative activity. It is gratifying to hear from Dr. CHARLES HARRINGTON of the Massachusetts State Board of Health that "for years neither chromate of lead, chromate of potassium, nor any other poison has been found in Massachusetts candy." Vigilance will always be required. There will be formaldehyde in milk the moment inspection is relaxed. But although self-interest needs to be watched, it is frequently enlightened. One of the most hopeful signs we have noted lately lies in the actions of various commercial bodies. The Retail Grocers' Association of Nebraska, for instance, is supporting a pure-food bill before the Legislature. It declares, through its attorney, that not one out of every hundred of the package goods sold in the grocery stores to-day contains full weight. These grocers ask the simple privilege of having laws which will make it possible for them to be honest, both in quality and in amount.

WHAT WE EAT

LONGFELLOW

1807—February 27—1907

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

O GENTLEST kinsman of Humanity!
Thy love hath touched all hearts, even as thy Song
Hath touched all chords of music that belong
To the quavering heaven-strung harp of harmony:
Thou hast made man to feel and hear and see
Divinely;—made the weak to be the strong;
By thy melodious magic, changed the wrong
To changeless right—and joyed and wept as we.
Worlds listen, lulled and solaced at the spell
That folds and holds us—soul and body too,—
As though thy songs, as loving arms in stress
Of sympathy and trust ineffable,
Were thrown about us thus by one who knew
Our common human need of kindliness.

EVER SINCE BIBLICAL DAYS, when tax-collectors were classed with sinners, respectable people have sought to evade taxation. No moonshiner is convinced, even when doing time, that it is immoral to evade the Federal tax on whisky. This is true, when in other respects the moonshiner is the man sought by DIOGENES with his lantern. Likewise generally honest are some of the plutocrats who prefer to pay taxes in Rhode Island and the directors of corporations which seek the mildest treatment in New Jersey. Although one of America's richest women has just had a consignment of French paintings held up, on the ground that she had undervalued it in her statement to the Custom House, and although one of the most widely known women of Chicago is charged with seeking to evade taxes on $500,000 in railway bonds, tax-dodging really knows neither sex, time, nor nationality. A recent exposure indicates that millions of American securities have been sold on the Paris bourse in such a manner as to escape taxation. The new French income tax will lead to large investments here by those French capitalists whose patriotism does not descend to their pockets. To frail human nature much should be charged that is often attributed to America and the present day.

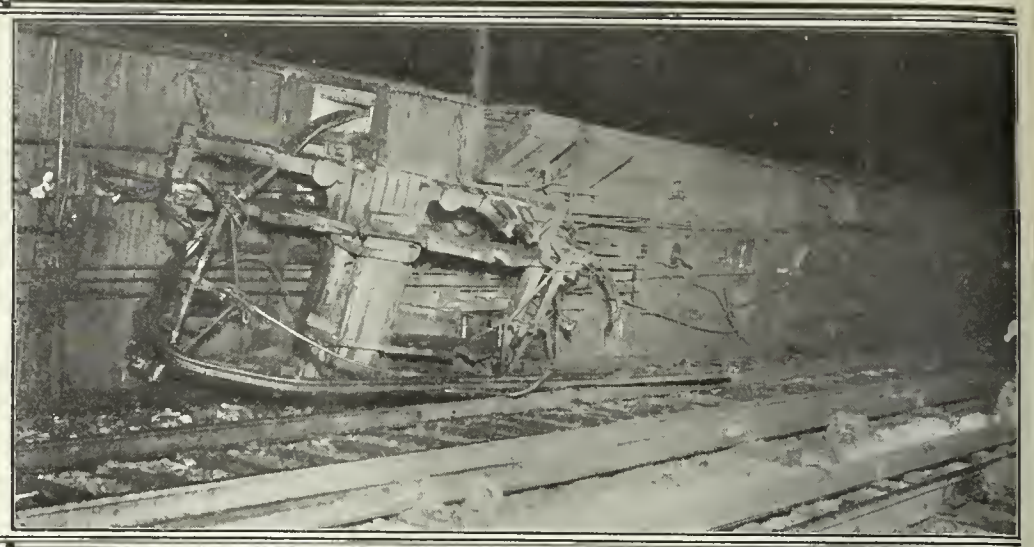
THE FALL OF ADAM

CHINA'S EFFORT to check the opium habit in her people meets obstacles everywhere. Difficulties inherent in the home situation are large enough, and they are increased by the habit which business has of fixing up arguments to back its "interests," by which, among all conceivable interests of the human race, money is always meant. That organ of the British Government, the London "Times," says that the English people would sacrifice much if they were convinced the opium habit could actually be extinguished. "What they can not fairly be expected to do, and what they ought not to do, is to make concessions which must seriously affect an important branch of the Indian revenue, without proof that those concessions will bear the fruit which they desire." A mean obstacle to poor old China is this convenient skepticism, and a telling spectacle to the world.

HARD LUCK



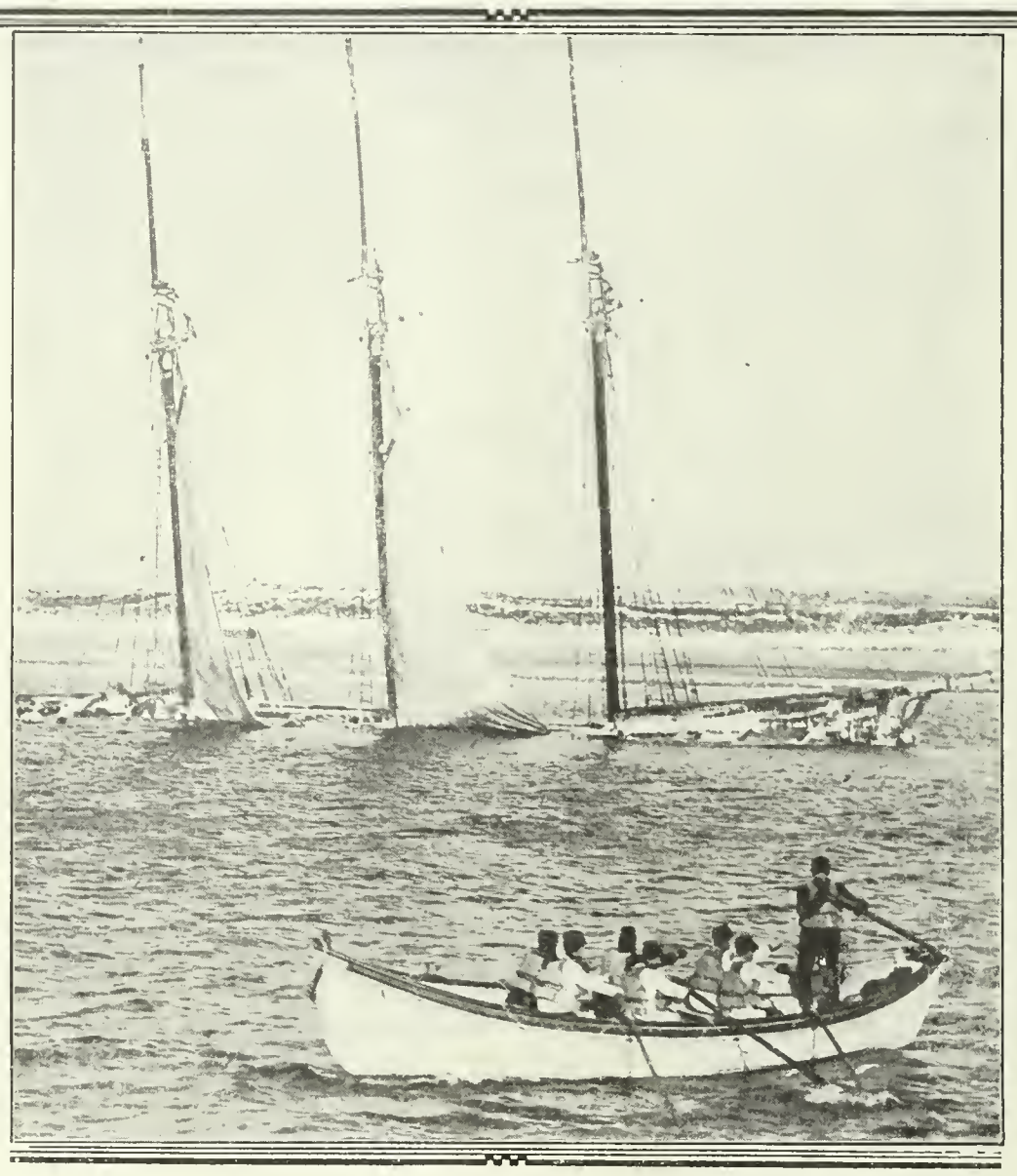
The electric third rail torn up and twisted into the cars



Bottom of passenger coach with rail twisted into running gear

The Sinking of the "Larchmont"

A PECULIARLY heartrending marine disaster occurred on the night of February 11 when the Joy Line steamer *Larchmont* was sunk by the coal schooner *Harry Knowlton* in Long Island Sound. The *Larchmont* was on her way from Providence to New York, and was passing between Block Island and the mainland when the *Knowlton* appeared, running almost in the opposite direction. The approaching vessels were in plain sight from each other long before the collision, but the schooner had the right of way and according to her captain and crew she held her course, while the steamer tried to cross her bow. The officers of the *Larchmont* alleged that the sailing vessel confused them by continually luffing. The *Knowlton* struck the *Larchmont* a little forward of the beam, cutting open the large middle compartment and letting in a flood of water that carried the steamer down in ten minutes. The schooner was run ashore and all her crew were saved. Of a hundred and fifty persons supposed to have been on the *Larchmont,* only nineteen survived—eleven passengers, the captain, two officers, a watchman, two firemen, and two waiters. The captain was in the first boat that left the ship. Only two women were saved. It was one of the coldest nights of the year, and many, hastily roused from their beds, had to face it almost unclothed. The sufferings, both of those who died and of those who lived, were indescribable; the bodies recovered were cased in ice, and almost all the survivors were partly frozen. When the vessel sank a part of the deck containing about thirty passengers broke loose and was converted into a gigantic raft, but the waves breaking over it and the piercing wind soon overcame most of its miserable occupants. Among the *Larchmont's* dead were ten officers and cadets of the Salvation Army. Captain McVey's explanation of his escape while his passengers were lost was that he was driven away by the wind and waves



The schooner "Harry Knowlton," which collided with the steamship "Larchmont" in Long Island Sound on the night of February 12, causing the death of one hundred and forty-two



Funeral procession of "Larchmont" victims on Fifth Avenue, New York, February 17

The N. Y. Central's Fatal Wreck

THE inauguration of the electric service on the Harlem division of the New York Central Railroad was marked by a catastrophe that stands out in an evil eminence even among the grisly disasters of 1907. Two electric motors, each fifty per cent heavier than a steam locomotive, were attached to one train because each of them had broken shoes and it took both to do the work of a complete machine. This tremendous mass was hurled along a track built for steam traffic at a rate supposed to have been at least sixty miles an hour. It struck a curve near Bronx Park and the cars jumped the rails. They upset and before the motorman could stop his machine the cars had been dragged a quarter of a mile. The results were sickening. Men and women were fairly ground to pieces. Unidentifiable fragments of humanity were picked up all along the track. Twenty-one persons were killed and about a hundred and fifty wounded. What made the disaster particularly horrible was the fact that the train was largely occupied by women and girls going home from the Saturday matinées. Some of the testimony indicated that the schedule at the place of the "accident" called for a speed of fifty-seven miles an hour, and it is not known how much faster the train may have been going to make up time. It was explained that with a steam locomotive the engineer could tell how fast he was going by the motion of the driving wheels and the puffing of the steam, but with an electric motor no drivers could be seen and there were no puffs. Hence the motorman had no warning when he reached a dangerous speed. It appeared that on this occasion the momentum of the train was so great that the outer rail on the curve was pushed out of place. The terrific speed alarmed the passengers before the train left the track. In addition to the other horrors they endured, the sufferers in the wreck had a narrow escape from cremation by the live electric third rail.



Disengaging the electric third rail from the flooring of a car



Upturned car in which the greatest number of people were killed

Collier's for March 2 1907

HARRIMAN AT CLOSE RANGE

A TALK WITH THE CREATOR OF AN EPOCH IN RAILROAD HISTORY. HE BELIEVES THAT THE PEOPLE SHOULD OWN THE ROADS AND THAT COMBINATIONS BY CONTRACT SHOULD BE LEGALIZED. WALL STREET IS ONLY THE BY-PLAY OF HIS REAL PASSION

By FREDERICK PALMER

IN a large sense this article is personal. In every sense it is a view at close range. I have seen enough of E. H. Harriman to feel that I know him.

He has the most concentrated mentality of any man I have ever met. You do not have to remove layers of pose, of fatty egoism, and glad-handism in order to get at the real Harriman, who is as different from the creature of popular conception as from the creature of his own conception. The creature of popular conception is a sinister, frigid, heartless product to meet the market demand about a personality which has been inaccessible. It is this Harriman of whom we hear in a recent editorial:

"There is on the Union Pacific a special engineer, expert in rounding curves easily and putting on brakes softly, who always draws Mr. Harriman's train. This engineer made the record-breaking run to San Francisco shortly after the earthquake. Mr. Harriman has never shaken hands with this man; he has never given him a nod."

My first glimpse of the real man was on a voyage. When the ocean is the Pacific, and there are few people aboard, you learn your fellow passengers pretty well; so you did on this occasion, including two United States Senators. Harriman spent more time with the engineer than with them. As for the editorial, he changed engineers at each division, and he could not sit up all night to shake hands with all.

We started from Yokohama with the idea of beating the record to San Francisco. A smooth sea all the way meant an even chance of success. This disappeared for everybody except Harriman when the first three days were entirely unpropitious. I think that he thought we must succeed because he himself was aboard. When some one offered him a bet of $2,000 to $1,000 that he would fail he took it. Then he started out to win the bet with all the zest that he has shown in obtaining control over a new railroad. Fair weather broke the next day and continued. We began to feel that the quiet little man was putting demoniacal energy into the stokers and into the very engines. By the dramatic space of a few minutes he won. Harriman never advertised the fact that he gave the $2,000 to the engine-room crew. Winning was the point in mind.

On the whole, he was the least obtrusive of any great millionaire with whom I have ever come in contact. Whether he is doing a kindness or doing business, he never uses words where thought or action will take their place. I noticed that when he told a steward to move a lady's chair to a better position it was in an undertone of brevity. The lady did not know of his thoughtfulness. She would if James J. Hill had been in Harriman's place. Pierpont Morgan's politeness would have had the aplomb of a Jove.

The two Senators were always ready to pick up Harriman's handkerchief, although they are on record as trust busters. When you cut away their egoism and glad-handism, the skeleton that remained consisted merely of a rubber backbone and floating ribs. On one occasion, Senator N——, looking around for an audience, engaged Harriman in discussion of the rate problem. It was the encounter of a rapier and a pillow full of words. Besides, Harriman was not arguing; he was telling us.

Self-made, Intense, Efficient

SENATOR W—— said that he hoped to avoid the importunate interviewers in San Francisco because he did not want any "newspaper glory." When he arrived he graciously distributed a long typewritten statement and called the reporters "boys." He said that he would wait over a day instead of taking the next morning's Overland Limited. I found afterward that he had gone on the Pacific Express, because passes are not honored on the Overland.

Meanwhile, the king—no fat, overfed, smug, vulgar easy-going king, but a self-made, intense, Argus-eyed little efficient king—had gone aboard the tug waiting for him, and was being shot across the country by the mighty organization he controlled, and controlled so absolutely, perhaps, because Senators are cheap. So cheap were these two that you could not withhold your admiration from Harriman as a thoroughbred fighting man. The contrast made me understand the point of view of the Japanese, who, being foreigners, can see us in the large. They looked on Harriman as one of the really great men of America, a commander who is the counterpart of a Togo, an Oyama, or a Kuroki; a type of creative organizer who has brought to America the industrial power which they so desire to emulate, and in the country where the civilian is supposed to be of a lower breed than the official they gave the man who had never held office at home more honors than they have ever paid to any visiting American since Grant.

But one night in the steamer smoking-room Harriman did talk. With a soldier's terseness he spoke of his work. It was one of the rare moments when a builder is in the mood to illumine with his own words the essentials of his own career. It was like having Von Moltke tell how he had made the Prussian army. As Von Moltke would have begun with the soldier's belly and the soldier's rifle, so Harriman began with the roadbed on which the train travels and with the firebox in which the steam to propel the train is generated. He dealt in the units which made the sum total; and we saw how he fitted the units together into a great policy. For the moment he was as far from Wall Street as the management of a Dakota ranch is from the wheat pit in Chicago.

When Harriman Talked

WITH no thought of the press or the public overhearing, with no gestures, with no emphasis except the flash of his black eyes through his big spectacles, he was speaking of his real passion; of the curves he had cut, the grades he had lowered, the distances he had shortened; the minutes saved on train schedules at every station which mounted into days every twenty-four hours; the pounds of coal saved every day on every locomotive; the direction of material and labor toward economical output. The map of all the railroads he controlled and the lay of the tracks in every yard seemed to be engraved on his glasses; and you fancied there was a click in his head in answer to the fall of every block signal on his lines: no vainglory illumined his cold logic.

It was easy to guess his real attitude toward the Senators. It was the attitude of the Generals in the Civil War toward the politicians who came to the front to tell them how to run the army. These fellows bothered him; they interfered with his work; they broke the schedule of that through-express mentality of his on the main line of results. For he knew everything about the subject and they knew little.

He struck me as a man who could be a dilettante in nothing; who could be indifferent about nothing. It was plain that the thing which most appealed to him was unremitting hard work along a single line. This was illustrated by an incident which occurred in Japan. An elaborately carved miniature temple was offered for sale. He was not interested until he was told that one man had spent sixteen years of his life from daylight to dark in constructing it. That captivated him.

The news that he took the temple and paid the sum asked traveled to China, where curio dealers made a combination to double prices on the king of combinations, with the result that he bought nothing in China —which is also characteristic of his matter-of-factness.

When I asked him if his own impressions of conditions in the Far East tallied with those of his representatives he answered:

"Yes. I find that is usually the case. But I think I have a little more imagination than they. I can see things in the large."

Imagination! It sounds the keynote of his character. He was created by Wall Street, but Wall Street has no imagination. It has a broker's loyalty among brokers, emotions, speculative courage, the genius of the marketplaces, and a huge pride of being on the "inside." It has never got on the "inside" of Harriman.

Of Harriman's history I shall have only a word to say in passing; for this article deals with his personality, what the present situation means to him, and what he has to say of it. One of a scholarly Long Island clergyman's family, he was of the third generation of English stock, with a rich relative in Oliver H. Harriman, the merchant. He never left any of the boys in the neighborhood in doubt as to what they ought to do. He was the boss who told them; and he could fight with his fists as well as his head. At fourteen he went into a broker's office.

"I remember him very well," said an old Wall Street man, "small, wiry, quick as a cat, with his big eyes and his intensity and self-confidence.

At eighteen he had a partnership; at twenty-two he had a membership in the Exchange. His uncle helped him some and he helped himself more. His clients included the Fishes, for he had a way of winning the favor of the old Knickerbocker families. His pastime was fast driving. The man who was to become the greatest railroad genius since Vanderbilt found his keenest delight in passing the old Commodore on the road.

At thirty-six he was already a director of the Illinois Central and he owned a little railroad on Lake Ontario called the Sodus Bay, which he ran so well that the Pennsylvania found it more useful than its rivals. At forty his Illinois Central stock was powerful enough to assist in making Stuyvesant Fish President and himself Vice-President. It was then that he retired from the brokerage business. He spoke to his friends of resting, of enjoying "intellectual pleasures."



E. H. HARRIMAN'S MOST CHARACTERISTIC POSE

His slight figure is wiry, enduring, sufficient to carry the great mentality, and his eyes are young, very young, for his years — eyes which can twinkle with a subtle humor and a kindly humor, but oftener on duty snap or say: "You do that!" in a way that saves words. His big forehead and his eyes belong to a giant about twelve feet in height, and you soon cease to see anything else

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How He Learned Railroading

IT happened that Stuyvesant Fish went abroad soon afterward. This made Harriman acting President. He could not resist his opportunity any more than a fire horse the alarm. He went to Chicago, where the General Manager, Jeffrey, refusing to take orders in practical railroading from the little broker, resigned. Harriman remained in Chicago for three years, giving all his time to the Illinois Central. That was the post-graduate course which prepared him for his great future.

From then until 1898 we hear little of him. His securities were all safe in harbor when the storm of 1893 covered the financial coast with wreckage. But he was not a top-notcher in Wall Street, where rich men are thick. In the reconstruction work following the panic, although he was in the prime of life, he was important in no big combination. His development seems to have been arrested; or else he was unable to make the great financiers have the confidence in him that he had in himself. For besides "seeing big" it was necessary to convince the money-bags that he could "do big." The art of promotion born in hearty, talkative Jim Hill was not inherent in small, matter-of-fact "Ed" Harriman.

In 1898 the star found his backers in Kuhn, Loeb & Co. The play was the old Union Pacific, Government and scandal ridden, the last great railroad system to get on its feet after the panic. Morgan had tried his hand at the problem and given it up. A Kuhn-Loeb syndicate paid the Government $57,000,000 cash and $27,000,000 to settle with the holders of the first mortgage bonds. In return they got 1,800 miles of poor, run-down, incompetently managed railroad from Omaha to Ogden, which was the beginnings of the great system of 1907. If you will read the newspapers of that day you will see how relatively inconspicuous was E. H. Harriman, the new chairman of the executive committee, then fifty years of age. The financial coup alone bulked in the public mind. It occurred to nobody to think of the railroad itself.

"Harriman belongs to Wall Street," said Wall Street. "He's Kuhn-Loeb's man. He'll leave the running of the road to Burt and the other practical fellows."

Stuyvesant Fish could have told them better; so could the Sodus Bay people. At the time when Theodore Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy at thirty-nine and the world was as far from thoughts of Roosevelt as President as from a Harrimanic combination, the little broker was going over his Union Pacific mile by mile in daylight, "boring holes with his sharp eyes in the roadbed, rolling stock, and employees." Harriman, the Wall Street man, saw what Wall Street and the men on the spot could not see.

Arguing With a Blue-Print

WHEN Roosevelt was thundering to McKinley that war must come and the best way to end it quickly was to prepare; when Roosevelt was ordering material right and left instantly the absence of Long made him Acting Secretary, Harriman was refusing to wait on his Board of Directors. The Board saw the country going to war; it was timid. Harriman practically ordered equipment by telegraph over their heads, and Jacob Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb, & Co., backed him up.

Directors to him were what Congress is to the President. They had not his imagination to realize that they were getting something more than a broken-down railroad 1,800 miles long; the vital franchise of a trunk line through the heart of the richest part of the country, with Populism behind and dollar wheat, mortgages paid, and bank accounts established ahead; the vital franchise of a line connecting San Francisco and the Orient with Chicago. Instantly the Union Pacific felt the touch of a master hand. It began to prosper; its stock rose. "We must get ready to meet the traffic," the little broker kept saying.

Still the old generals shook their heads doubtfully over this middle-aged young Napoleon. Even Jacob Schiff thought him something of a dreamer, they say. Now, the Union Pacific had been built by the mile. The greater the distance the larger the land grant; and the larger the contractor's profits. So it wriggled through Wyoming like the path of a cow seeking better pasture. With only a struggling population, every mile meant "dead haul." Harriman wanted to ballast the roadbed, cut the grades and curves; to go under instead of over ridges.

His object was less cost for every mile a ton of freight or a trainload of passengers was carried; capacity for double the amount of traffic; profits to be turned into dividends; vast traffic at the old rates instead of limited traffic at increased rates and preparedness to stifle all competition.

All this was mapped in his own mind. His problem was how to map it in the Directors' minds. On the most dramatic day of his career, Teacher Harriman unrolled before his pupils a vast blueprint prepared by his engineers. Alongside a solid white line of the Union Pacific of old ran a dotted white line, which showed where the road ought to run. Any boy who had gone home from school 'cross lots instead of around the corners, any one who had ever driven a wagon on macadam through mud could gather the lesson.

Under each new cut in distance, curvature, and grade was a typewritten slip telling in exact figures the cost and the advantage. The teacher talked with the concentrated force of a riveting machine hammering in the end of a bolt; and he carried his point. When I asked for the map to publish a section of it his secretary demurred that some of the figures had been changed by developments of construction.

"But that is the actual map, those are the actual figures used at the time," answered the chief, with characteristic literalism.

As a silently eloquent sequel to the typewritten squares there were little slips saying briefly in long hand, "completed" on such a date; and the date had a surprising way of agreeing with the estimate.

After the Wyoming improvement came the achievement of taking trains straight across Great Salt Lake instead of over the hills around the shore. When it seemed as if the engineers would never reach bottom, when expense exceeded all estimate, Harriman kept on piling in more material till he had a solid foundation.

"How long would it have taken the Government to make up its mind to undertake such a work," he asked, "and how long to have finished it?"

No Waste of Words

IN six years he has put in more than $200,000,000 in improvements on the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific lines, or $14,000 to the mile on the system over 14,000 miles long. Read the Union Pacific's report from 1898 to 1906, and you may march with the man's coldly practical mind through the record of his campaign. There is no waste of words. He simply reports what he has done. Victory is the excuse for his autocracy of business as it has been for the autocracy of generals on many occasions. With each year's record income per cent increases and operating per cent is curtailed. The Union Pacific of 1907, trebled in mileage, has gross earnings of $67,450,000 and net earnings of $42,350,000 and capitalization of $496,000,000 against gross earnings of $14,380,000, net earnings of $4,740,000 and capitalization of $188,000,000 in 1898. Net earnings multiplied by ten and capital by less than three! This speaks of a quality for organization which even Wall Street can not now question. Grudgingly it admits that he is the best all-round practical railroad man in America, with no possible rival except Hill. But his new phase did not atrophy his broker's genius. While he was organizing his army he played finance as dazzlingly as Bonaparte played politics. With Union Pacific credit and strategic coups, he got the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific and the Oregon Short Line, making 15,000 miles in all. He is dominant in Illinois Central, Baltimore and Ohio, St. Joseph, and Grand Island, 10,000 miles; he is all but dominant in Atchison, New York Central, St. Paul, and Chicago and Alton, 29,000 miles, a total of 54,000 miles. Such is the wonder of an individual's triumph in ten years in our America. His holdings go farther. Other purchases, which to the average man in the day car are scattered and without purpose reveal, themselves as strategic outposts to the man who knows railroads, even if he does not know the Harriman mind. Union Pacific funds Harriman has used to buy other railroad stocks. When the public cries "Speculation! with other people's money," his natural answer, without regard to the vital principle involved, is that on every occasion—even when Hill beat him out of control of the Burlington—he has brought profit to his stockholders.

Do you ask more in the lexicon of finance in the game they play in the shadows of the skyscrapers which reach higher than Trinity church spire? If Harriman put Gould off the Union Pacific directorate, Hill put him off of the Northern Pacific. When he put Hawley out of Chicago and Alton, Hawley returned the favor later on. Morgan played a mighty part in the drive on Northern Pacific, which brought on the panic of 1901. It is difficult to see how much more tar has stuck to E. H. Harriman than to some of his rivals. Only he has been too busy to explain to the public, which, as a spectator, is generous toward those who give information.

He has been a solitary secretive figure, holding his friends by bonds of silence. His defeats and victories have been personal defeats and victories. If his board of directors do what he tells them, so do Hill's; only Hill makes the orders sugary, while the little broker is laconic. When last summer Harriman decided on the raise of the Union Pacific dividend to a ten per cent rate he neglected, it is said, to inform some of his directors. No one in Wall Street was "on" at all. That is a sin which ought to arouse the indignation of everybody who pays three cents a mile for transportation.

"I know a merchant who is a hard drinker, but insists on temperance in his employees," remarked one Wall Street wit. "He says he will do all the drinking for the house himself. In the same way, Mr. Harriman proposes to do all the speculating for the Union Pacific."

Next to the President, the Street dislikes Harriman more than any living man; the President for knocking the whole game, and Harriman for keeping his particular game dark. No great railroad genius has cost Wall Street so much money or done so much for his stockholders. If the room traders had known on the quiet for two weeks before that famous dividend that it was coming, they would have lifted hundreds of thousands of shares out of the hands of the investors for the raise. As it was, the investors got the raise and not the traders.

Like Stonewall Jackson, Harriman never takes even his own staff into his confidence. He was ready in pursuance of his plan of campaign to turn over more profits to his stockholders, and this he did. To his mind, he was doing a praiseworthy thing. Surely it was more creditable than if he had passed a dividend. Had a W. K. Vanderbilt, content to take the plums as they fell, been in charge of the Union Pacific; had he been in George Gould's place or George Gould in his place, probably Union Pacific common would not have been paying ten per cent, and the Union Pacific would be hopelessly blocked with traffic—and there would have been no complaint against unearned increment. His "browbeaten directors" are not so very unhappy. The unhappy fellows are they who would like to be Union Pacific directors. It isn't hard luck to have your personal bank account hitched to the little broker's star.

"Now that I have the following which goes with success," he says quietly, "I don't have so much trouble to get the money to carry out my ideas. But I like opposition. It develops one. I like it when—" but the sentence was unfinished. One can supply the word "intelligent" or "strong." One could even supply the word "Roosevelt," or it might take the form of a certain railroad promoter. Running over a recent article in a magazine, he passed a few remarks, none bitter or unkindly, about some eminent financiers with whom he had locked horns. Coming to a portrait of James J. Hill he said, with a twinkle in his eye after a quizzical pause: "Anyway he calls me Ed." I fancy he really likes Hill, that foeman worthy of his steel.

Plays Anyway Three Days a Week

"YOU will find no ticker in the Union Pacific office," he said, and I found none. It is the other fellows who are hanging over the tickers wondering what he is going to do next. The Union Pacific offices are almost abysmally quiet. They seem as far removed from Wall Street as a college president's study, and everybody trained to make no unnecessary motions, to speak no unnecessary words. Harriman himself, when he is there, occupies a small office off the directors' room.

When I asked an attendant what time this and that head went out to lunch the answer was: "Oh, he does not go out to lunch." At least, not when Harriman himself is working, and this is four days a week. Four days are enough for him to manage his vast systems and plan the incorporation of others. On three days he plays, making up for the time he lost in the youthful grind of the broker's office.

During his recent illness he attended to his affairs at his house, which is pervaded, like his office, by the efficiency of his undemonstrative, dominant personality, and there I talked with him again. The telephone—through which he commanded his battalions—with its continual interruptions was the only object on the little table at his elbow. His slight figure is wiry, enduring, sufficient to carry the great mentality. He is far from being a sick man, and his eyes are young, very young, for his years—eyes which can twinkle with a subtle humor and a kindly humor, but oftener on duty snap or say: "You do that!" in a way that saves words. His big forehead and his eyes belong to a giant about twelve feet in height, and you soon cease to see anything else.

Those eyes, too, have a way of looking clear through your own, at the thing you are carrying in the back of your head. When he works his manner is insistent with the purpose and custom of bending others to his will. When he plays he is a boy, and the younger the people he plays with the better he likes it. People who know him at play wonder how he can ever hold his own in Wall Street. But at work or at play, he has an inherent dislike for publicity.

He is at his best when talking of railroad management. This is his passion. From the day's grind at the telephone he turned to the favorite academic "might have been" of his imagination. Our railroads began wrong. We are a big country with a narrow gage. Russia with rails five feet apart has the advantage of us. If the old broad gage of the Erie had been retained throughout it would have gone far to solve the traffic situation for the present.

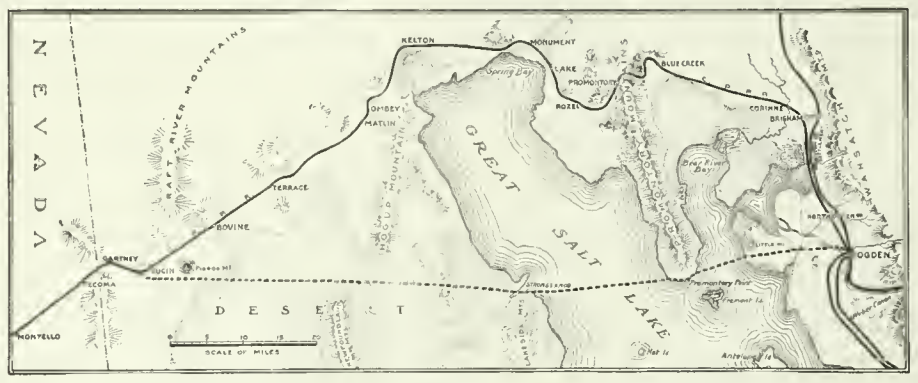
Watching one of the big freight locomotives swerving around a curve and pounding the rails, any eye can see that the track would suffer less—which means economy of working costs, the Harriman motto—if the centre of weight were lower. It must be high in order to have the firebox in a position where the maximum of power can be had. A broader gage would bring it down and mean greater breadth of freight cars and greater depth and greater strength of bridge, and with the same length of train a much larger haul and economies in detail which would make a big total in the vast traffic of America's long distances.

In other words, we are a country using a driving horse where we need a Percheron or a hackney. As the change would mean change of all rolling stock, all bridges and tunnels, it is quite out of the question. But Harriman likes to think of the five-foot gage as an established standard on all lines, and, I fancy, with all the lines under his control.

"People Should Own Roads"

COMING to the practical side, he says that "on most of our single-track roads we can not increase the number of trains. We can lengthen the trains only by the use of electricity, with more than one engine operated by wires by a single crew. Double tracking means that in order to meet the demands of our present rate of development most of our railroads would have to be rebuilt in the next ten years. The first step toward relief of traffic congestion is that cars shall not be held up at stations by consignees who have no storage room and lack facilities for taking delivery of goods; and the first step toward the solution of the railroad problem as a whole is more sympathy and cooperation between the railroads and the people."

"The people should own the railroads," he said very insistently. By that he meant that railroad stock should be widely distributed, thus creating intelligent interest in management and profits. The railroads are not the enemy of the people, and the people should not regard them as such. It has been the habit to welcome



HARRIMAN'S MOST STUBBORN ENGINEERING PROBLEM

One of the items of the $200,000,000, or about $14,000 to a mile for 15,000 miles, which his system has spent in improvements in six years, and the end is not yet. In this case instead of a heavy haul over the grades around the shore by the route shown by the solid black line he wanted to take his trains straight across Great Salt Lake by the route shown in the dotted line. Expenses exceeded estimates, the track kept sinking, but Harrimanic determination kept piling in material until he made a solid foundation. Thanks to the increase of traffic which he foresaw, the economy from the cut has already gone far toward meeting the cost

a railroad into a new country, and then assault it for paying dividends or for not paying dividends. For this sentiment bad management and the autocratic manner of local agents have been partially responsible.

He believes with other railroad men that the Sherman law is wrong in principle and effect. "Railroads should have the power to make contracts with one another," he holds. "It should not be necessary to buy up the stock of a railroad which is an economic counterpart of another in order to bring it into a combination." To him there can be no question of the value of combination. It has come to stay. Its economic value he has proved. And he makes one point, at least, which is unanswerable from either a patriotic or an economic point of view.

"How should we keep our flag on the Pacific if we did not have our great railroad systems to support and feed our steamers? The Japanese wanted to buy the *Mongolia* and the *Manchuria*. Under the Japanese subsidy act the purchasers would receive a bonus of $650,000 a year. We get no subsidy and no favors. The Government maintains army transports for business which the commercial lines could carry to better advantage."

We compete with Japanese wages as well as with Japanese subsidy. When the proposition to buy the *Manchuria* and the *Mongolia* was made, Harriman remarked that he thought that the United States could not go out of business altogether on the Pacific; and but for him and James J. Hill—whose Pacific line is a parallel instance—we certainly should have none. Harriman's steamship record makes a striking contrast to the shipping trust of J. Pierpont Morgan. But Wall Street likes Morgan. He is a grand, generous, paternal pasha. Harriman has knocked down the strong oftener than the weak, and the strong have told the reporters, whom Harriman refused to see. Ours are not tears to waste over kings fallen in a game we do not understand.

Quarrel with Fish

THE bitterest personal complaint against Harriman is his disloyalty to Stuyvesant Fish, his friend of twenty-three years, whom he deposed from the presidency of the Illinois Central. Harriman says that he did not depose Fish; the Board of Directors did. But for him, Fish would have lost the presidency in 1903. We must not forget that a certain retired broker did important reorganization work on the Illinois Central twenty years ago. He is unquestionably a better railroad manager by railroad standards than Fish; and Fish got in the way of the concentrated mentality on the main line of results. This happens frequently in Wall Street and business, where efficiency seeks only the survival of the fittest; but when Harriman is the guilty one the deed is specially wicked.

James R. Keene says that Harriman got him to buy 200,000 shares of Southern Pacific on the promise of a dividend. Harriman's side is that Keene bought the shares first, and then wanted to force the dividend. Keene is a good sport and a king of speculators who has tunneled about as many mountains and ballasted as many roadbeds in the improvement of our traffic facilities as that great constructive engineer, Thomas W. Lawson.

Besides Fish, other officials of merged companies have been deposed or they have resigned "because they would not be treated as office boys," with the result that the roads involved were always better managed than before. Harriman changes cabinets, but not staffs. On the Illinois Central Harahan has taken Fish's place, and that is all he tells you. He supersedes the man who makes the policy of the road with one who will carry out his own policy through the practical working heads.

"Did I want George Gould on my Board of Directors when he was building a rival line? Should I keep Mr. Hays when he was working out a policy of his own—a policy opposed to that of the whole? I have invariably kept the staffs. I have used the men I found for working out my ideas of efficient organization. Kruttschnitt and Stubbs were both Southern Pacific men whom I found waiting to do great service, if they had the chance, when we took over the road."

His Secret of Organization

KRUTTSCHNITT, director of maintenance and operation, and Stubbs, traffic director, are the Root and Taft of his right and left hand, who submit all things to economy of working costs and a great strategic idea. Railroad men agree that they and the staffs around them have no superiors in actual efficiency. They need little directing now. Harriman's system of reports keeps him in touch with everything vital.

The Impetus Always Personal

THE organization on which he depends has no actual counterpart in the railroad world. It is based on the fact that the average railroad head can "see" only two or three thousand miles of road, and that word "see," as expressed through the big lenses of Harriman's spectacles, is an all-embracing word which only an organizer can broadly comprehend. So his system is divided into grand divisions two or three thousand miles apart; and at the head of each grand division is a master of maintenance and operation under Kruttschnitt, and a master of traffic under Stubbs.

He chooses men capable of being made and lets them make themselves under his hand. They do not go to other roads for larger salaries after they are made, for nobody pays higher than Harriman.

The impetus, the plan of his enterprises, public or private, large or small, always comes from the Harriman mind. He has a Boys' Club in Tompkins Square, New York, housed in a building of his own erection; membership 10,000; dues one cent a year: members promptly dropped for non-payment. The boys simply have a healthy good time.

You can imagine how the man who went into a broker's office at fourteen sought to give any budding East Side Harriman the chance to enjoy the good time which as a boy he himself had missed. At the outset he used to spend many evenings working and playing with them. Now the organization runs itself. It was in the course of developing his boys' club that he met Mrs. Harriman for the first time. The beauty of his home life is a proverb among all who know the family. It is simple and unaffected, and the closest comrade he has in or out of the business world is his daughter Mary.

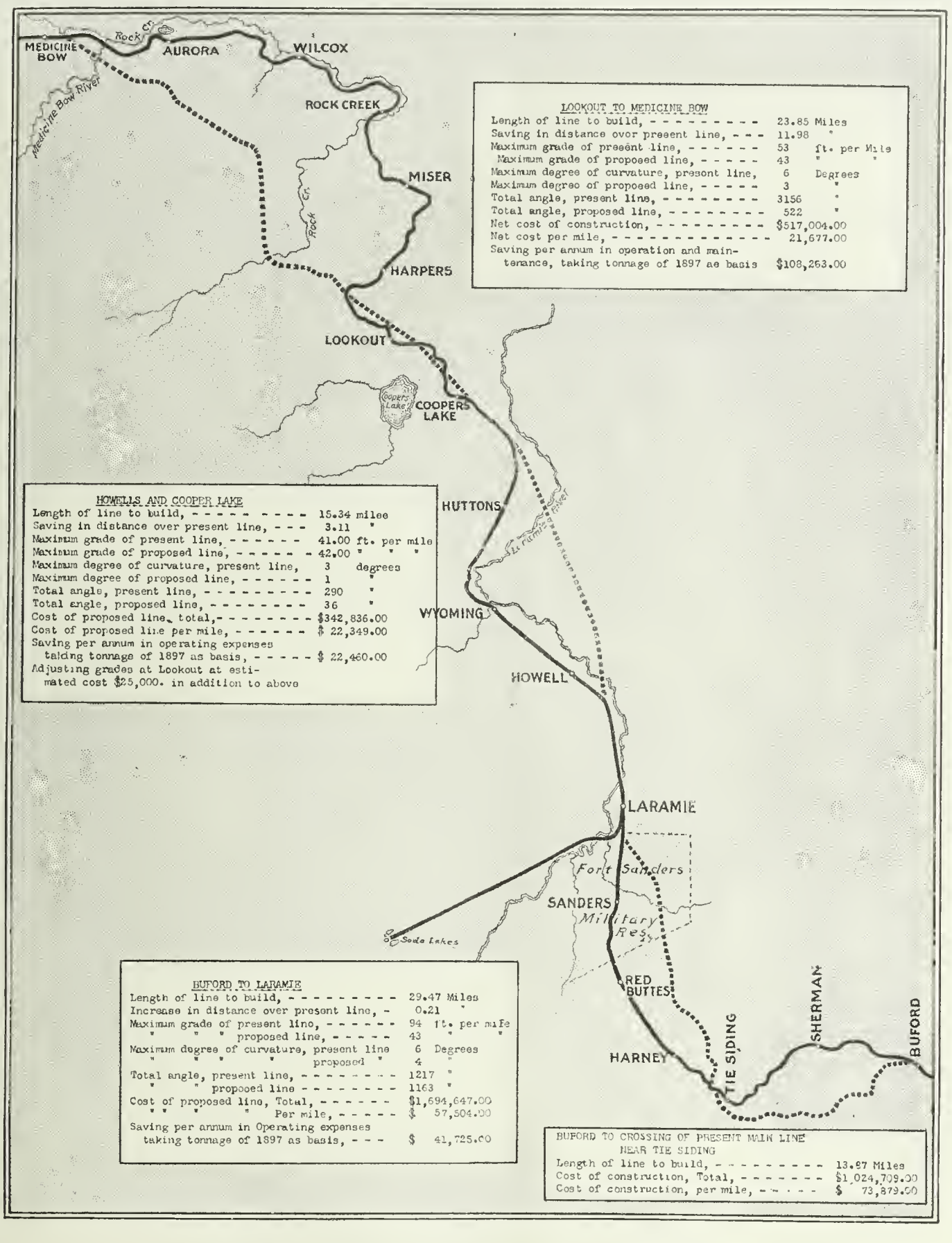
Three days of the week, when he is spending the other four in New York, are usually passed at Arden, in Orange County, New York, where he has a little farm of 22,000 acres, and he may enjoy his love of horses and other outdoor hobbies. There is no excess of working costs which organization can save on this estate, you may be sure. A funicular railroad carries material up the mountain for the big house he is building. He has made curves and grades to his heart's content on his private roads. He has an Arden Farms' Company, a Wood-Cutting Company, and an Orange County Construction Company for road building—all unique—in which he prescribed methods of conduct till they were working smoothly and paying good dividends.

Harriman at Home

LAST winter when he was ill in New York his physician told him he ought not to leave the house; but he said that he had promised the people out at Arden that he would be there for Christmas, and he went. He looks after all his farmers and workmen in a paternal way. At the time of the Dewey Parade he organized the Arden children into squads, with a grown-up in charge of each squad and responsible for the return of the units home, fitted up a stand for them in front of his town house and served luncheon to them in his big dining-room. Even his Wall Street enemies would have to like E. H. Harriman a little if they saw how he likes children.

His orderly mind is most frequently irritated when he finds needless disorder around him. His is the self-appointed task to correct it. He wants everybody in the world to do his work well, and unfortunately everybody does not. It is characteristic of him to decide one minute about a matter of millions and the next to show a clerk how to perform his task more simply and definitely.

If the Government owned the railroads, probably Harriman would be the best man to manage them. Love of power plays a greater part in his character than love of money. If he had commanded an army against the country's enemies as efficiently as he has commanded a railroad system, his laconic remarks would be historic and he would be a hero and poor instead of rich. When in nine years he has made such a powerful system, what may he not do in the next nine if unimpeded? He may satisfy his ambition to run a through sleeper from New York to San Francisco. Or, hard times and Government action may cut in two the mileage he now controls. He marks an epoch. The epoch is on trial and not his personality. The jury is the people of the communities not always on "the main line of results" throughout the country, whose relations with the railroads are as intimate as that of a fishing village to the sea. And the discussion has only begun.



THE MAP THAT FOUNDED AN EMPIRE FOR HARRIMAN

His career as a great railroad economist began with the broken-down Union Pacific, 1,800 miles long, in 1898, when he was already fifty years old. He foresaw the national prosperity and immense traffic that were coming. His first aim was to cheapen the haul where the road, built by the mile under the land-grant system, wriggled through the mountains of Wyoming. In order to convince his directors of the practical value of his proposition, he laid before them a vast blueprint of the line of which the above is a fac-simile. Alongside the solid line of the old road ran a dotted line of the new. Under each cut in distance, curvature, and grade was a typewritten slip, telling in exact figures its cost and advantage



A DIPLOMAT'S FIRST DIP

AN OPERA BLUFF : : By WALLACE IRWIN

SCENE—*In front of Capitol, Washington.* SENATORS *and* VILLAGE MAIDENS *are disporting themselves on the Capitol steps; financiers disguised as honest workmen are shoveling gold bricks from a truck into a manhole labeled "U. S. Treasury";* MR. LOEB, *with a bundle of fireworks under each arm, is walking busily back and forth placing rockets and Roman candles at intervals.*

SENATORS AND VILLAGE MAIDENS.
Excuse us if we sing and dance—
It's all so very nice.
Not every day we get a chance
To talk with Mr. Bryce;
He's such a learned scholar, too,
We're sure we'll like his looks—
But tell us straight, what does he do?

LOEB (*nervously*).
Hush, children! he writes books.

ALL. Hurrah for Bryce's books!

SENATORS AND VILLAGE MAIDENS.
Sir Mortimer Durand of late
We thought was quite the trick—
He had a lovely English gait,
Just like a walking stick;
But this here Bryce will fill our homes
With stuff to read, by jings!
Does he write fiction-books and pomes?

LOEB (*irritably*).
No, histories and things!

ALL (*crestfallen*).
Oh, histories and things!

LOEB. Now, merry children, run away!
This is, you see, my busy day:
Things must be done without delay
Upon the new American plan;
For Theodore's appointed me
His stage director, as you see—
Or rather, strictly speaking, the
Administration Property Man.

CHORUS.
He's got to set the stage to rights
And be as affable as he can;
I'd rather be
The star than the
Administration Property Man.



LOEB. When strangers from a foreign shore
Come here to visit Theodore
It's me that has to dust the floor
And look as pleasant as mortal can;
I have to polish up the globe
And mend the Boss's royal robe—
It's always up to Mr. Loeb,
Administration Property Man.

ALL. He's got to paint the Big Stick green
And be as affable as he can—
I do not see
Much fun for the
Administration Property Man.

SENATORS *and* VILLAGE MAIDENS *dance off stage, leaving* LOEB *fussing with fireworks. Enter* BARON AOKI *and* SIR CHENTUNG LIANG-CHENG *arm in arm. The* BARON *lights his cigar on a Roman candle, and* SIR CHENTUNG *kicks his shoe into the orchestra.*

SIR CHENTUNG. Wassa malla Missa Blyce? He heap too muchee late! He tellee me, say come this afternoon—pletty soon no come. Wha' fo? he clazee?

AOKI. Respected colleague in diplomacy, honorably

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JAMES BRYCE	*A Democratic Diplomat*
BENEVOLO TILLMAN . .	*A Diplomatic Democrat*
M. JUSSERAND, SPEK VON STERNBURG, BARON ROSEN, VISCOUNT AOKI, SIR CHENTUNG LIANG-CHENG, MAYOR DES PLANCHES	*Members of Diplomatic Drum Corps*
SIR WILLIAM LOEB .	*Administration Property Man*

Foreign Ministers, Insurance Missionaries, Clubmen, Cabmen, Senators, Maidens, and Tourists

---

retain your beautiful embroidered shirt, nor make such abruptness like you act yes. Mr. Bryce is great ambassador. Ambassadors are always late—only consuls are permitted to be on time.

SIR CHENTUNG. He no hully up I go back China.
[*Sounds of fighting heard without.*

Enter BENEVOLO TILLMAN.

TILL. Durnthunderblood! I think I am lost!

LOEB. I hope so, where?

TILL. Fifteen minutes ago Mr. Roosevelt came upon me and found me smiling to myself. I had taken off my cross expression just to give my face a rest. He caught me looking natural—and now he'll never believe me next time I act mad. Thus is a great political career blighted at a single stroke.

LOEB. Tell your troubles to the President. I've got all I can handle fixing up this reception to Hon. James Bryce, the new British Ambassador.

TILL. What has he done?

LOEB (*wearily*). Written a book on "American Commonwealth."

TILL. Too bad this is a Republican year!
[TILLMAN *exit, dropping a Brownsville speech, which ignites, setting fire to a bundle of rockets.*

Enter AMBASSADORS JUSSERAND *and* SPEK VON STERNBURG.

SPEK. Herr Jusserandt, you are a goot sport already—sure. So I vill call you Juicy for short. Juicy, vat iss der difference vich iss petween a Temocratik Senator und a Rebuplikan Senator?

JUSSERAND. *Très simple, monsieur.* Ze only deeference between ze Democratique and Republican Senators is in ze name.

SPEK. Hoorah! You are great mit riddles.

Enter BARON ROSEN *and* BARON DES PLANCHES, *hurriedly.*

ROSEN. Rubberinski! telegraphovich! ouchoff!

DES PLANCHES. Fiore d'Italia! Datta Jima Bryce he slow lika da molass. I cable da King Victor Emmanuel; I say: "Rats, I no lika da job!"
[*Reminiscent music by the orchestra.*

SPEK. Vile ve vaiting here standt ve vill cin lectle song gespiel, entidled "Tiplomacy."

Song: "DIPLOMACY."
In efry land dere iss von chob
Vich people call "Tiplomacy."
You pet you gan not be von slob
Und do dot chob, "Tiplomacy."
You got to smile ven dot does good



Und frown ven dot seems prudent;
You must be present ven you should,
Und apsent ven you shouldn't.

CHORUS (*sung in six different languages*).
Diplomacy, diplomacy
Accomplishes so much;
It keeps the Czar his monarchy
And strengthens Bill, the Dutch.
To be polite, make black seem white,
The job is up to you—
There's really not an end to what
Diplomacy can do.

JUSSERAND.
Ze billet doux which Teddy wrote
Maria was "Diplomacie,"
And her reply, w'ich came next boat,
Also contained "Diplomacie."
"Diplomacie" refused to shirk
At Colon or Caracas,
And now it's getting in ze work
Upon ze Brownsville fracas.

CHORUS. Diplomacy, diplomacy
Is good for every man,
It keeps the California club
From fighting all Japan.
It quells the lusts of greedy trusts
And keeps 'em busy, too—
There's really not an
end to what
Diplomacy can do.



SIR CHENTUNG.
You makee all time
takee-talk,
"Diplomacee,"
"Diplomacee,"
You go see man, you
walkee-walk.
You callee him
"Diplomacee."
I sabe gleat, big
Johnnie D.
He so much
Standald Oilee,
He steal 'em by "Diplomacee,"
While other people toilee.

CHORUS. Diplomacy, diplomacy
Oft saves the gallant craft.
It rescues Smoot, inspires E. Root,
And warms the smile of Taft.
It quells cabals and digs canals
Which cut the Isthmus through—
There's really not an end to what
Diplomacy can do.
There's really not an end to what
Diplomacy can do.

[*Earthquake without. The scenery shakes, the lime-light is greatly agitated, the bass-drummer faints from overwork.*

Enter CHORUS, *then* JAMES BRYCE, *reading "American Commonwealth," and carrying a parasol to keep the spot-light out of his eyes.*

BRYCE.
A most distinguished Englishman in me ye see, bedad!
St. George's cross and Erin's harp are equally me fad.
A string of Oxford honors and a shamrock spray I bring;
For I am in Americkay to represent the King.
Hooray, hooray,
Americkay;
It is the heart's-desire-land—
Ye ought to own
The blarney-stone,
Which grows in dear old Ireland.

ALL. Like Pat McGraw
And Bernard Shaw
He cries for dear old Ireland.

BRYCE.
I've writ about Democracy, but now I'll change me bill;
I'll analyze Plutocracy and Harriman and Hill—

In mentioning the simple ways of Yankees I'll be brief,
But seven volumes I'll devote to Mining Stocks and Beef.
Hooray, hooray,
Americkay,
It is a very dire land—
Regards to you
From Edward-Two—
Also from dear old Ireland.

ALL. Like many a gent
Of Scotch descent,
He hails from dear old Ireland.

SPEK. Hoch! brudder from dot foreign land,
Ve hope dot you vill understand—

JUSSERAND.
W'en to ze President you're led,
Say "Theodore"—don't call him "Ted."

SIR CHENTUNG.
I tellee you—you sabe how
When you see Uncle Jo? Kotow!

AOKI. The honorable Fairbanksness



Deserves the banzai also yes.

DES PLANCHES.
To labor union nice-a be
An' kissa ever-r-r-a babe you see.

ROSEN.
Blow off your doughski, frown on riches,
And speak for women's clubo-viches.

BRYCE. Gentlemen, I have come over to this beautiful country to study trusts, monopolies, child labor, lynchings, divorce, Mormonism, mergers, and all other democratic institutions.

SENATORS.
Hurrah, hurrah!

BRYCE. Also to suffer and die for woman suffrage, that flower of sweetest maidenhood which has already exploded all over the British Isles.

VILLAGE MAIDENS.
Hooray, hooray!

BRYCE. I find the American people a great race, uniformly courteous, quiet, and temperate in speech—

Enter BENEVOLO TILLMAN *through a plate glass window. He is tearing his hair and flourishing a brace of revolvers.*

TILL. Murder—dog—bouncing mongrel! (*Shoots.*) There! I almost got the Yellow Dog that time. Don't anybody try to stop me, by gosh—I'm the wolf of the Senate, and this is my day to howl.

LOEB. Hang the luck! Ben's always butting in and spoiling things.

[MR. BRYCE *and the diplomats dodge behind pillars of Capitol building, while* LOEB, *in some embarrassment, turns out the footlights, pulls down the curtain and sends the audience home.*



THE OTHER AMERICANS

THE PRECEDING ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES ON OUR SOUTH AMERICAN NEIGHBORS, TREATED OF LIMA. THE NEXT WILL DESCRIBE VALPARAISO AND THE NITRATE COUNTRY FOR WHICH CHILE FOUGHT PERU

By ARTHUR RUHL

THERE are moments during the gringo's introduction to Bolivia when he would almost give his letter of credit to any one who would make him warm. His friends tell him of mines rich beyond the dreams of Pizarro, of railroads that are going to do what the transcontinental lines did for the States, of the sturdiness and backbone of this mountain people. It's a great country, his friends say, they're a wonderful little people, and the next boom that strikes South America is going to strike here, and all he can do is to nod sympathetically, wrap his arms tighter about his chest and dream that in some far-off forgotten clime people still are smiling, still comfortable and warm. Bolivia—I speak now of practically all except that far eastern part which slopes down to the tropical forests of the Amazon and Paraguay headwaters—occupies somewhat the same relative position to South America that a roof-garden on the top of the Park Row building would occupy to New York. It is the highest country in the Western Hemisphere, the South American Tibet. On its northern border, at an altitude of 12,500 feet, one steams across a lake seventeen times as large as the Lake of Geneva in Switzerland—the highest body of water which has steam navigation—and from here southward along the plateau bearing the cities of La Paz, Oruru, and Potosi to the Argentine line, in a crystalline, piercing atmosphere that dries and burns the unaccustomed skin, people are living and working at heights which, at home, are supposed to be reserved for mountain climbers, condors, and eccentric sheep. In the States the ride up Pikes Peak is generally considered something of a strain. Pikes Peak is 14,500 feet high. I met a young American mining engineer at Oruru who told me that the entrance to his shaft was at an altitude of between 17,000 and 18,000 feet, and that the places where he and his men had been working were so high that the angels' feet stuck through every now and then.

The Trouble With Art in Bolivia

INASMUCH as the country lies between 10° and 23° south latitude—about as far from the equator as the West Indies—the Bolivians assume that they are living in the tropics and need no stoves. Inasmuch as the entire western slope of the Andes and most of this tableland is as bare of timber as the interior of a marble quarry, and coal costs wholesale in La Paz some $30 gold a ton, it would make little difference whether they assumed this or not. The result is that, except for cooking, such a thing as a premeditated fire is almost unknown. People live and work, even give dinners and go to theatre, in a temperature which would make outdoor New York in November weather seem like a conservatory. The Indians and half-breeds which make up from eighty to ninety per cent of the population wrap themselves in picturesque homespun ponchos, and are quite serene. The whites endure, and, when they can't, sit round in their overcoats. I heard an American declare that the country never could accomplish anything worth while in literature or art unless a coal mine were discovered, for the fundamental reason that no matter how many fine ideas a man had he couldn't write or paint unless his fingers were warm. The Bolivian to whom this criticism was addressed said that as soon as the railroad was finished over into the forest country there would be cheap wood for everybody, and he added cheerfully that they weren't worrying about art while the roads were so bad, and tin and silver were running what they were a ton, and that meanwhile they thought "enough literary hot air was already being emitted by their neighbors to the east and west and on the Caribbean."

Life in a Country Without Stoves

LIKE all places at high altitudes, there is a great difference between the spot where the sun's rays directly shine and that in the shadow. At a place called Uyuni—where I was colder for longer than at any other time in my life—on the way down to Chile from La Paz the mercury on the porch of the little railroad hotel stood at 4° above zero Fahrenheit at seven o'clock in the morning. The water in the pitchers was frozen into stone, and there was absolutely no fire anywhere in the hotel except in the kitchen. There was no heat in the cars, and the sun—warm enough outside—happened to shine directly behind the train. It thus remained, thanks to the insidious curves of the track, until nearly noon, while the lone Chilean drummer and I, the sole occupants of the car, marched up and down the aisle, singing, whistling, and waving our arms, in a state of continuous and acute suffering. After such a morning, up here on the tableland country, it will be balmy spring at noon, and actually hot toward the middle of the afternoon. I asked an American railroad engineer who was sleeping with his construction gang out on the *pampa* in a tent on nights like these, if one got used to it after a while. "Oh, yes," said he, cheerfully, "you get used to it. You don't get warm"

It is not with any desire to exploit the personal calorics of a lone gringo who went into Bolivia dressed, perhaps, less for its June than for ours, that I have thus accented this possibly trivial characteristic of the country, but solely out of admiration for the vigor and fortitude of the Bolivians. Your friends do not need to tell you that they are a wonderful little people. If they were not they would not be there at all.

If one may say of this land of Bolivia that it is on the roof of the Western world one might also say that the only way to get there is by climbing the fire-escape.

When the war with Chile ended—the same war in which Peru lost her nitrate provinces—her strip of seacoast was gone and she was walled up in the interior. Although Chile is now building a railroad through from the port of Arica on the Pacific, and American engineers are at work on a system which will connect La Paz with Buenos Ayres and the Atlantic, there are, at the present moment, only two really practicable ways of getting to the capital. One is by way of the Chilean port of Antofagasta—three days by rail and two by stage across the *pampa*; the other, and the one generally taken, even by Chileans, is by way of the Peruvian port of Mollendo—two days' journey by rail, a night by steamer across Lake Titicaca, and a few hours' climb by rail again up to the rim of the mountain pocket at the bottom of which lies the ancient city of Our Lady of Peace.

It is a climb, all but as high and quite as wonderful as that up the Oroya Railroad in Peru, and of the interesting things which it reveals three stand out from the rest. One is the monkish city of Arequipa and Mount Misti; the dead volcano that looms up for some nineteen thousand feet above it; one is this extraordinary sky-parlor lake, and the third is the railroad itself. The gifted Yankee Meiggs built it just as he built the Oroya—through a country the greater part of which is as bare as a stone quarry, without fuel or water or food, where even a sage-brush or a cactus would seem luxuriant, and a rattlesnake cheerfully human. It is 352 kilometers from the coast to the shores of the lake, and for 187 kilometers of the way—about 115 miles—it climbs steadily up to a height of 14,666 feet.

One of the Towns That Pizarro Built

LEAVING Mollendo, the train trails out over the desert and up and up till the sea lies below like a blue floor, falls below the horizon presently, and the conical snow-capped peaks of the Cordillera come into vision. There is one glimpse over a rock rim of a valley—one of those almost dramatic snow-watered valleys laid like a strip of pea-green tape among the stones—then sand and volcanic rock. The sandstorms of centuries have dusted the earth's bleached countenance, even the mountain peaks, with a whitish, leprous film. Sometimes one even mistakes it for snow. I have never seen, even in our Southwestern desert country, anything so *dead*-looking as these dusted peaks and flinty ribs standing out without shadow or relief in the clear blazing sunshine. It is as though life had left them and forgotten them since the day of creation, and the leprous haze was not so much any common, earthly covering as the very dust of ages of empty years gathered upon them. All day the train climbs through empty echoing halls of rock, then, all at once—in one of those hidden valleys which the old conquerors seemed as fond of seeking out as though they were ingenious promoters providing surprises for travelers of years to come—the town of Arequipa; trees and gardens, a running stream and oxen at the plow, a sun-bleached plaza, and a yellow cathedral, friars in sandals, white robes and brown, taking their sunset walk along the canal; schoolboys playing English "footer" in the dust, toy tram-cars bumping through the cobbled streets; on the bill-boards a notice of to-night's biograph show, and of that "*viejo y famoso remedio*"—Perry Davis's Pain Killer, or, as they have it here, *Matadolor de Perry Davis.*

Arequipa is the ecclesiastical stronghold of southern Peru. Of the thirty thousand people who inhabit this ancient oasis, one out of every thirty is a priest, there are four monasteries and three nunneries, and the whole town is as antique as a piece of Inca pottery dug up out of the ground. Three things belong especially to it—this dusty, priest-ridden atmosphere, snow-capped Misti always brooding there, and the Harvard Observatory which stands on a rise of ground overlooking the town. The telescope here takes care of the southern sky as the one in Cambridge does of the northern—trailing about the heavens each night after the variable stars. It is not really, in the street-corner meaning of the word, so much a telescope as it is a huge camera. The plate is exposed and the stars shine upon it. The longer the exposure the more stars eat through, so to speak, the film and leave their mark, and by exposing it for many hours the resulting print looks like a drawing in stippled ink. In this way thousands of stars which could not even be seen through a strong telescope are located with precision. By putting one plate over another, eyes trained for this kind of work can tell if there are new stars, and when such a discovery is made the new star is catalogued and its location filed away for reference. Every clear night the big telescope is opened for the starlight to shine in, like a well waiting for the rain, and the young New Englanders stand by, watching the clockwork and the crossed hairs by which the plate, turning with the heavens, is kept at precisely the same points, each having his trick at the wheel, so to speak, like men at sea.

New England in Peru

THIS little oasis—the house with its brisk cheerfulness of wood, the hedges and tennis court, the very twang of the New England accent—might have been sent down from Massachusetts in a box. From the upper veranda you can look down on the yellow walls and church towers of the town, the tawny flanks of mountains that blaze in the afternoon sun like the yellow mountains Maxfield Parrish paints, and Mount Misti lifting up its mysterious and creepy head as smooth almost from floor to peak as some titanic tent. There was tennis on the asphalt court toward the end of each afternoon, while I was in Arequipa; English-speaking folk would come up on horseback from the town, and afterward there would be tea in the twilight of that blazing, unearthly light. With the old-world town below it, and Misti watching by, this little oasis stands out in one's memory with a warm and special charm—a different, unexpected thing, complete unto itself in all this alien wilderness, like a ship at sea. The priests say their masses year in and year out in the town below, more mines are exploited, politicians rage, drummers, gold-hunters, heathen, imagine vain things, but up on their cloistered mount its inhabitants pursue their quiet way, resting through the heat of the day, playing their home games as the sun goes down, at night, when all the rest of their alien world is asleep, working away through the still hours with their glittering, dust-cloud stars.

Priestcraft and the Biograph

AS you leave the coast and climb to the colder levels, the temperament of the humans changes with the air and landscape. The mountain people are sturdier and more phlegmatic, less vivacious and eager. Some such contrast is the easiest generalization to be made of the Bolivians as compared with the Peruvians, for example; it applies even half-way up the slope to such a sky-parlor buried city as Arequipa compared with Lima and the coast. On this town, too, the spell of priestcraft broods in a never-lifting cloud. By the time I had dined the evening I had arrived and started forth to look at the town it lay dead and silent under its cold stars, the only sound the rush of mountain water in the open drains. But there was light in the cathedral, and within on the floor—for there were no pews—knelt, it seemed, all the women in the town, like so many blackbirds in their sable *mantas*, whispering and crossing themselves. Here were the lights and the ambitious glitter and the antiphonal choruses echoing through the arches, yet outside no background of noise and busy worldliness to put it in its place. It was as though all the town were turned into a cloister; as though, having no opportunity to sin, it were determined to carry out the other end of the bargain at any rate, and fancy itself condemned.

The flesh was not altogether neglected, however, that night, and toward nine o'clock, a few squares away, a lonely little band muffled in ponchos and neck-scarfs tooted in the frosty air, calling the men folks and the irreligious to an exhibition of the American biograph. There was so much Indian blood, as is always the case in the interior, that it was almost like an audience of Japanese soldiers. Probably not more than a dozen had seen Europe or the States, and there they sat, broad-cheeked and stolid, while the great world flickered before them almost in flesh and blood. From Norway to Damascus we jumped, from Jerusalem to Paris and Madrid—the fountains playing at Versailles, Hebrews kissing the Wall of Lamentations, a "pony" ballet in a musical comedy, skeeing in Norway, with fresh-cheeked girls sweeping almost out of the picture and into the auditorium, the snow spraying from the skies, the wind blowing their hair across their faces, laughing as they came. There was a royal bull-fight at Madrid—even the sweating flanks of the bull panting up and down, the pretty bonnet of some tourist which, in the excitement, had insisted on bobbing in front of the camera. I am not an agent for any picture machine, but I must confess that it seemed rather wonderful to me, this very glitter and pulse-beat of Europe up here in a stoveless theatre among a lot of Indians. And I regret that the audience showed much more enthusiasm over a Byronic young man who gave an imitation of the battle of the Yalu on a guitar, and stood in the cobbled court outside wrapped in a velveteen cloak and gazed at us superciliously as we started home.



MOUNT MISTI LOOKING DOWN FROM ITS NINETEEN THOUSAND FEET ON THE ROOFS OF AREQUIPA



THE BURIED VALLEY IN THE DESERT IN WHICH THE ANCIENT TOWN OF AREQUIPA LIES

BETWEEN Arequipa and Lake Titicaca, the leprous desert gives way to grassy table-lands and yawning sinks, like dried-up lakes, from the rims of which, as the train creaks round, you can see ant armies of sheep grazing the bottoms a mile or so below. There are llamas and alpacas up here, and wild ducks and other water-fowl. It is as though—and this is the feeling one has all through the country from Titicaca down the Bolivian plateau—this were a new world, having all the physical conformation of our normal seaboard world, and set on the very top of it. Here, for instance, is this extraordinary lake, something like 135 miles long and 70 miles wide, and over 1,000 feet deep at its deepest. Snow peaks climb up into the blue all about it as though they had forgotten that they were beginning not at the sea level, but at 12,500 feet; you take a little steamer with stewards and staterooms and all the rest of the ocean paraphernalia in miniature, and ride all night and part of the next day—people even get seasick if it's windy on the way. It was on one of the islands of Titicaca that its illustrious progenitors are believed to have started the Inca race, and the ruins of the Temple of the Sun still are there to prove that this is true. All round the lake rise terraced fields in the Inca fashion with little brown villages and church towers here and there.

From the Bolivian side of the lake it is a two hours' railroad ride through a chocolate-colored country, furnished with prehistoric monuments and herdsmen in ponchos, to the rim of a valley, at the bottom of which, with a dramatic suddenness for which the old conquerors never prepared more skilfully, appear the roofs of La Paz. They lie a thousand feet below, and one could, as the phrase goes, almost drop a stone on them. No railroad could make such a descent, and you serpentine down to the town by trolley car. La Paz started out in 1548 as *Nuestra Señora de la Paz*, but after the battle of Ayacucho, which about finished Spanish rule in South America, it became La Paz de Ayacucho, so that the "peace" now referred to is that which the battle brought. It has sixty thousand people, and they live in very solid stone houses up and down hill so steep that there is almost no practical use for a horse and carriage. All the work and the burden-bearing are done by *chollos* or Indians, who have the good taste to dress themselves in homespun ponchos in beautiful reds, browns, old roses, and greens, which, when sufficiently soiled and sun-bleached, take on all the soft richness of Oriental rugs. The result is that every vista of narrow cobblestoned street is brightened and enriched by them, and when one thinks of La Paz one sees these satisfying ponchos—like poppies growing in a field of grain.

The Skirt Savings Bank

THERE are a great many Indians in La Paz, and they and their extraordinary *fiestas*, when they dress up as cows, Empire dandies, and what not, and dance in front of the cathedral, give the town a color which rather sets it apart from other merely Spanish South American capitals. The Indian women of the better class—the various grades of Aymara, Quichua, and *chollo* are too complex to be explained here—are great belles and wear curious little round straw hats with narrow brims, silken shawls on feast days, and an assortment of skirts that make them almost as broad as they are long. Whenever they have saved enough money they invest in another skirt, and the popular tradition is that these are put on, one over the other, and never taken off. The result is something not only extraordinary to behold but which keeps them warm, satisfies their vanity, and performs the functions of a savings bank.

The Andean Treasure

THERE is a story told of a British Premier who, when the British minister was ridden out of La Paz on a donkey, ordered a fleet to proceed to the Pacific at once and shell the town! When he was informed that it was several days' journey inland and two miles up in the air he decided that a capital whose location the British Government did not know could not exist. The minister to Bolivia was therefore recalled, and no diplomatic relations existed between the two countries for some years. It is a curious fact that, in spite of its isolation and its unspoiled Indians, and the troops of llamas that are as common in its streets as electric cars on Broadway, La Paz is, by reason of the great mining activity in Bolivia, unusually cosmopolitan, and the café of its principal hotel toward the end of the afternoon buzzes with more businesslike men, perhaps, than any other place on the West Coast outside of Valparaiso.

All the country needs is a stable government and better means of communication. It is more than three times as large as France, it has rubber, coca, coffee, and cocoa, and its mineral wealth is incalculable. The mines of Potosi, from which Spain took six hundred million dollars' worth of silver between the days when Don Quixote mentioned them to Sancho Panza and when Bolivia became independent, a hundred years ago, are still yielding. There is copper and gold, but the stake now raced for and that which is bringing in the skilled preparedness of modern mining, is that very precious non-"precious" metal—tin. Few countries have this metal, and Bolivia is one of them, and the quantity of it already in sight is one of the main forces behind the development, upon whose threshold this hermit country now stands.

THE MASTER-STROKE

THE HOUSE SURGEON COMES TO THE RESCUE OF THE SUPREME AUTHORITY

BY MABEL MARTIN

THE door of the surgical ward opened, and Doctor Renshaw hurriedly emerged, pulling down his sleeves as he came. A nurse stirred quickly out of the momentary rest of waiting into which she had subsided, and intercepted him.

"May I have a word with you, Doctor?" she asked.

"Certainly!" The physician stopped with the professional patience at delay.

"Doctor," Miss Wasson began in a tone prophetic of importance, "Miss Merwin has decided to submit to an operation—she wants you to do it."

Renshaw took a few pondering steps, his brows gathering slowly into a pronounced frown.

"When did she decide?" he asked.

"To-day only; that last attack of hers frightened her into reasonableness."

"Why did she not inform me herself?" he demanded.

"That consumptive patient in her ward has had a bad turn," Miss Wasson pacifically explained. "She could not leave him, and wanted you to know at once. She desires the operation as soon as possible."

For a moment the Doctor remained silent. "I do not ordinarily operate on my nurses," he announced tersely.

"But she insists that *you* do it, Doctor!" Miss Wasson interceded. "In fact, it is only on that condition that she will consent to it— Ah, here she is, after all!"

Both turned to the young girl who was coming from one of the wards. A vision of beauty and health, it seemed, despite her white lips and anxious eyes.

She rushed up to Renshaw, laying an impulsive hand upon his arm. "I've done right, haven't I?" There was an arresting quality in this girl's voice—a mystifying flavor of the chant in her words that combined suggested singularly the music of blank verse.

"Yes," he answered a little vaguely, "yes—" then in quick recollection: "You are convinced that an immediate operation is imperative?"

Miss Wasson shot a look of astonished reproach at him. The girl herself looked a little bewildered; but her lips closed firmly at last. "Yes," she answered, "I want it done immediately if possible."

"Day after to-morrow!" Miss Wasson interpolated. "There is no important operation on then."

"Oh, you don't have to persuade Doctor Renshaw. All of the creed believe in prompt work. Doctor Johns has been urging it ever since my last attack. So we'll have it Thursday, won't we?" she turned to Renshaw appealingly. "My courage will give out if I wait too long."

The Doctor's studying gaze swept the lawns. "I will see," he said slowly; "it is rather short notice, of course, and," turning with a change of tone, "it's not like working on the others. You are my right hand, you know. But—" after a pause, starting to go—"I'll be back at three, and we'll arrange it then."

Miss Wasson stared perplexedly after him.

"Wasn't it nice of him to notice my work!" Miss Merwin cried, under the glow of the compliment. "He's been very kind to me, I'll remember that."

Just then through the open window they caught sight of the Head Nurse walking across from the maternity ward and carrying a bag of linen.

"I'll tell her about it!" Miss Merwin walked over to the stairs, waiting for the Head Nurse to appear.

She disposed of her burden and ascended the steps with as much of a suggestion of effort as any one could have attached to an action of the Head Nurse.

Miss Merwin forgot her purpose. "Have the babies been naughty? You look tired."

The Head Nurse straightened her shoulders. "They're experimenting with their lungs," she said.

Altogether too tall for a woman was the Head Nurse, and possessed of an expression that was somehow difficult to characterize. Johns, the young house surgeon, irreverently referred to her as "the holy enigma."

By some subtle process of sympathy Miss Merwin had been able to discover that the Head Nurse liked her. "I am going to be operated on!" she announced when the Head Nurse paused at the head of the stairs.

"When?" the Head Nurse asked.

"Thursday—Doctor Renshaw has consented to it that soon."

It seemed uncomfortably long before the Head Nurse spoke. "I thought that Doctor Johns was to perform that operation," she said finally.

"No—I—he didn't care to," Miss Merwin replied with constraint. "He feels as I do that only Doctor Renshaw should undertake it."

The Head Nurse's eyes searched the girl's face with that slow, quizzical scrutiny peculiar to them. "Did Johns say he wouldn't operate?" she persisted.

Miss Merwin moved nervously. "Yes," she answered, adding quickly: "I wanted Doctor Renshaw, don't you understand? Not a—a young man."

The other's insistent eyes took note of the accompanying flush, saw deep into its provocation.

The Head Nurse walked thoughtfully over to the window.

"Allisyn," she said, turning finally to the girl, "I want very much to attend you at the operation, do you understand? Will you make it your special request of Doctor Renshaw?"

Miss Merwin was not surprised at the singular form of the request. For some time past it had been whispered that the other's official head had been booked by Renshaw for the basket. She went over to the Head Nurse and pressed the latter's strong, cool hand against her own hot temple. "I didn't know that you took so much interest in me," she murmured. When the girl's voice touched on its lower tones something within one shivered strangely. The Head Nurse turned hastily to the window, but in the firm pressure of her palm there was a caress that communicated itself soothingly to the girl.

RENSHAW on leaving the hospital had climbed wearily into his carriage. "*Casa, Tomaso,*" he ordered. The native coachman looked surprised. It was the doctor's custom to lunch at one of the downtown cafés.

Mrs. Renshaw was lunching alone that day, a rare occurrence in the crowded social life of this acknowledged leader in the Anglo-Saxon colony. She looked up inquiringly as Renshaw entered the room and took his seat opposite to hers; but beyond a mere word of greeting he did not speak. She was, however, too much occupied with the note whose reading he had interrupted to notice his mood. An intimation of its contents might have been suggested to the Doctor by the presence in the hall of a native footman, garbed in the unmistakable splendor of executive livery. The Doctor missed the added significance of an exultant flush that mounted to his wife's handsome face.

"Mrs. Wyland asks me to help her receive at the function given by the Governor and herself in honor of the visiting committee of Senators." There was an impressive ring in her voice as she made this announcement.

The Doctor did look up then. Her social triumphs naturally gratified him; two years before their mere possibility was undreamed. Then he had been an obscure practitioner "in the States." His star of empire leading him to the island, but lately occupied by the Americans, it was fortune's whim to permit him to operate successfully on the eye of Supreme Authority. Not a difficult matter at all since he was an Ear-and-Eye specialist, but viewed through this restored and supreme eye it assumed the proportions of the miraculous. Renshaw's choice fell instantly upon the Insular Hospital—a choice that made of him the ranking physician of the island.

Now, Supreme Authority, though eminently capable otherwise, was no doctor himself, and did not therefore draw fine distinctions between surgeons and ear-and-eye specialists. Neither did it appear to Renshaw as needful to enlighten him, for by means of the new position and Mrs. Renshaw's tactful homage to the first Lady of the Isle, they had pushed rapidly to the social front.

Perhaps the Doctor had lost himself in recollections, for he still did not speak. His wife, piqued at his silence, threw up her head a bit haughtily.

"It means merely," she enlightened him, "that I am chosen over them all—Brigadiers', Major-Generals', and Commissioners' wives. How Xantippe will rave!" (referring to a well-known official lady famed for her fiery hair and tongue).

"Few women could have accomplished what you have, Helen." There was an unaccustomed note of humility in his admiration that jarred strangely on the other's proud spirit.

"My cleverness would have availed nothing if you had not made the opportunity," she replied.

"I?" he echoed in absent wonder; "oh, you refer to the operation on the Gov—"

"I refer," his wife cut in sharply as she rose from the table, "I refer to your ability."

Renshaw's mouth opened, but a reflection closed it.

Left alone, he pushed his dessert irritably from him.

Why had he come home anyway to waste this valuable time! Women were no fit advisers in professional matters.

He ordered the carriage and returned to the hospital.

His first act on reaching his office was to despatch a messenger for the House Surgeon.

A few moments afterward a tall young man entered. It was Johns—he who was later to become renowned in surgery for the master-stroke.

"I suppose you have heard that Miss Merwin has asked to be operated on Thursday," began Renshaw.

The young man's eyes dropped from his interlocutor.

"The case is a difficult one, I fear," Renshaw went on gravely. "The symptoms at the last attack seemed to you serious?"

Furrows of trouble gathered in the boy's brow. "Serious enough to indicate an immediate operation." Then, as if forcing the reluctant admission upon himself, he added: "The case *is* a little far gone. She has had these attacks for months, and nothing could prevail upon her to undergo an operation."

"She looks perfectly healthy," Renshaw commented.

"That's just it," the boy broke out, pacing the floor feverishly. "I hate these simple looking cases—normal temperature, quick recovery from the attack, *et cetera*."

Renshaw watched the boy thoughtfully for a moment. "Johns," he began at last, and the other knew instinctively that something from beneath that impenetrable surface was about to assert itself, "I'm going to ask you to perform this operation. I hate to operate upon my friends. Miss Merwin I have come to regard, during our hospital associations, almost in the light of a daughter. Won't you do it?"

Johns raised his eyes mutely to the other. "She means—more than a daughter to me, sir," he said.

For a second the Doctor stood still as if undecided. "Very well!" he said, as it seemed to Johns from an immeasurable



"Are you mad? You can not—you shall not resign!"

distance, "kindly tell Miss Merwin that I shall be up directly to attend to the preparations." He bent over his papers while Johns went out.

The latter midway in his ascent of the stairs was startled by an exclamation of distress.

He waited apprehensively for a moment, but it was not repeated. Such sounds are common in a hospital, and Johns went on. Moreover, he had caught the glint of an unmistakable head in the hall above, and that other matter vanished from his mind.

Miss Merwin started back guiltily at his approach. "Please don't scold me," she implored. "It was so hot in there, I felt that I must have the breeze."

"And it appears that the breeze does not object to its confiscation," he replied, noting how it played appreciatively with the aureole of her hair and whipped the color in and out of the rounded cheeks. But what did beauty or anything else matter at a time like this —anything but her and her danger? It seemed to him "have you ever tried to imagine the feelings of the soldier going out to battle? He may return; he may—" For a whole minute the girl was still—startlingly still. Then she turned to him simply.

"Thank you so much for telling me. Not to have known would have been too cruel, wouldn't it?"

One exultant note that would not be downed throbbed out of the chaos of his misery—she had faced destiny squarely. He found himself thanking God over and over for Renshaw's reputation.

The girl, filled with the blind desire to be alone, turned into the operating room. He followed quite as blindly. She went hastily over to the window and pushed back the blinds.

The garden lay beneath them, resting softly in the shade. A great acacia tree sent its aroma up to them. There was the breath of langorous content in its fragrance. "Isn't it beautiful—beautiful?" she breathed ecstatically; "I don't believe I ever knew that it was

"I want to speak to you—alone." She led the way to a vacant room.

"Doctor Johns, I have a favor to ask of you," she began, the black eyes fixed compellingly, "a favor that you must not refuse."

He almost smiled at the coercion in the request. "Well—what is it?"

The Head Nurse had none of the graceful diplomacy of her sex, and perhaps at this moment if at no other she felt the lack. "I want you to be present at Miss Merwin's operation to-morrow—as the assistant, do you understand?"

Johns stared at her, a touch of irritation in his surprise. "Why, it has all been arranged!" he expostulated. "Craven is to act as assistant. Renshaw approves, and he was Miss Merwin's selection."

"Do you know much about him?" incisively.

"He is a well-known physician here."

"What would that count, Johns," the Head Nurse



As the man confronted him, the moonlight struck full on his face, and Johns saw that fear was a thing that had nothing to do with it

in this minute that all the boyhood departed suddenly out of him, leaving him a man facing life.

Something of this must have shown in his face for she exclaimed quickly: "You have heard!" Then as if to counteract the effect of this too intimate understanding she swept before him a sudden wild little courtesy and added with an aching intonation in that voice so singularly sweet that in the mere speaking it made music: "*Morituri te salutamus.*"

"Don't!" he cried hoarsely, every nerve within him strangling. For as she stood out there in beautiful relief—alone—and so unbelievably lovely, some cruel, foreboding impulse bade him look well upon the picture—fasten it upon the lens of his soul lest— His hand went uncontrollably up to his head in a gesture of dumb rebellion.

The girl's face went white in an instant. "Ah—so it is true what I just said," she faltered, drawing suddenly back against the wall.

He fought blindly with himself for a moment, struggling to shut out his own throbbing pain that he might think—think clearly what was his office in this matter; for the man and the profession in him at the same moment made their demands. The mere man would have shielded her from this crisis, deceived, too, if need be; but the profession inexorably required that she meet it armed and awares, in the open. And it bespoke the great artisan that was to be that he allowed the age-old wisdom of the profession to triumph.

But how was he to tell her? All the love of her in him cried out against this sudden thrust into the unknown. "Allisyn," he began, with tender sadness, beautiful before, and," dropping into reflection, "it will be just the same—a long time from now." Unconsciously the bright head sank. In a moment he had her in his arms, crushed close to him in an agony of fear and passion.

"I love you—love you," he reiterated in dogged misery, "and you shall live! Allisyn," his voice took on the man's humility in the presence of love, "I haven't dared to ask before. You are so beautiful and so beloved—too great a gift for me. You shall do what you like with me—my life, do—do you want it?"

The girl's face cleared and illumined. "It is such a great honor," she replied almost with reverence. "Why did you choose me?"

"Honor?" he caught up the word in puzzled surprise.

"Yes, don't you know what they say of you—that experience alone will make of you the master surgeon of the world? Think," she cried, her voice ringing with exultation, "think what it means—an arbiter of life and death, a director of destiny! And this," she added softly as in prayer, "is the life that you have given to me. Oh, if God only lets me live!"

As each stood reverently in the presence of the other's soul they knew at last where was this place called Heaven. But it was only for a moment, as it is always for a moment, that the curtain of the sacred unknown draws apart. The Head Nurse's voice stirred them out of their dream as she summoned Johns peremptorily.

She stood in the hall awaiting him. He had never seen the Head Nurse pale; but certainly the habitual brown of her face had faded some several degrees.

demanded in cold scorn, "in this land of protoplastic standards and adventurous professions? It's a long, long way across the sea, boy. Records travel slowly, and certificates misplace themselves strangely."

Johns knew only too well the truth of her words. He could recall not one but numerous instances of perjury upon an honorable title.

"That's all very true," he said finally, "but you forget, aside from my objection, that Miss Merwin is opposed to my participation."

"She need not know," this with quiet significance. "You can easily arrange the matter with Doctor Renshaw. He is probably displeased at losing the regular assistant."

"We have no right to deceive Miss Merwin," he argued; "besides," turning away, "I'd rather not."

She came straight to the attack. "This is, as you know, a critical operation. It is absolutely necessary that Doctor Renshaw have the best assistant the country affords. You are that assistant, and you must not shirk your responsibility."

He was dealing with an overwhelming personality; and he yielded, not knowing why save that a vague alarm had been somehow stirred up within him.

Renshaw had come up immediately after the interview between Johns and Miss Merwin in the operating room. He found his patient in anything but the calm state necessary to an operation. The force of her unaccountably exhilarant mood reacted cheerfully upon his own. But when he had left her presence and the magic of its influence had vanished the pall fell upon

him, and its gloom deepened till, reaching home, he was completely enveloped.

Was Mrs. Rensnaw at home, he asked of the *mayor-domo*. The *señora*, he learned, was above, dressing for a reception. He did not ascend, but went instead into his library. Drawing some books from the shelves he settled himself down in an attempt to read; but the words flitted across his brain without leaving a suggestion of their meaning. "The two and a half inch incision," met his eye for the hundredth time, "incurred the least risk of disaster; but—" (and this in italics) "*it is the method of skilled experience alone.*"

The doctor thrust the book from him violently. Didn't he know all this—all, indeed, that had been written on the subject! But how to make the technique of the mind the technique of the fingers? He recalled one operation that Johns had performed away back in the beginning. It was the boy's baptism of fire; for no one had dreamed of the danger that developed in an apparently simple case. He remembered how this boy, clinching with death, had seemed to the onlookers veritably to sweat blood in the struggle. When it was over they—the physicians who had come to watch the boy under fire, the nurses, and himself—had drawn back in a wordless awe before this power so great that wrested triumph from death—a power that was none other than the mysterious wonder of genius.

Perhaps that was when it had commenced—this vague undercurrent of suspicion that whispered covertly what was the real force behind the institution's great fame, and where was the figurehead, ornate, resplendent, and ineffectual. But it was only lately that he had begun to be conscious of a watchfulness, silent and stealthy, that was closing about him, closing so inexorably that the last chance of clothing himself in another's effulgence had disappeared altogether. The profession had thrown down the gauntlet, scornfully and contemptuously, and the pride that was his had accepted the challenge.

Yet in face of all this he had asked Johns to perform the operation. And Johns had refused; there no longer remained to him any option.

Still as the dusk deepened, suggesting to his uneasy mind the very outer court of death, even the iron nerve of this man broke, and he rose up with the desire of confession strong upon him.

At this moment his wife, attired in all the splendor of evening dress, threw open the door, and, catching the outline of his figure in the dark, exclaimed: "Richard, whatever are you doing there?"

As he emerged into the light an expression of annoyance escaped her. "Why, you are not dressed at all. Juan told me that you had come home, and I supposed that you were almost ready."

"Ready for what?" he asked with weary indifference.

Her look of astonishment missed him. "For the ball at Commissioner Woodstock's," she retorted shortly.

"I had forgotten," he said absently, "I don't believe that I care to go."

His wife stared at him. "Are you ill, Richard?" she demanded. "Do you realize that we are on the receiving line, and that it is too late for excuses?"

"Go without me," he advised. "They will understand. Get one of your captains to accompany you."

"Richard, you must go," his wife remonstrated. "I have particular reasons for wanting you to go."

He glanced up in quick suspicion.

"The man, Richard"—unconsciously her voice lowered to the confidential—"whom many suspect and *I* know will go from here to the cabinet will be there—Galliner, do you understand? Now is the time to make a friend of him. Come," she cried persuasively, starting off, "I'll give you ten minutes to get ready."

"Helen!" the word broke from him in a hoarse cry as he reached out and caught at her retreating skirt, "come here," he commanded.

His wife's eyes widened in alarm. Perhaps she surmised what he was going to speak. Intimation and casual enlightening remarks had certainly not been wanting; but where blindness is bliss of what avail to see? But before she could recover he had brought his hand down upon the table almost with violence. "This thing can't last!" he declared with a face so driven and desperate that her heart stopped at the threatened finality of it all. "The higher up you take us, Helen, the lower will be the fall."

Though it was the blow expected she drew back stunned. "What can you mean?" she gasped.

"That the crisis has come. I've got to give up. There's a big operation on for to-morrow, and they have me fast and hard. The time has come to hand in my resignation."

"Resignation!" broke in a scream from his wife; "are you mad? You can not—you shall not resign. Think what it will mean. Are you willing to go back to the thousand-dollar practise, the stuffy apartment, and the commonplace people? Oh, Richard!"

Renshaw groaned. His wife saw her advantage.

"You have an insane idea that you can't do surgery," she swept on as if against time. "Why, look at Dumfress. Three of his patients have died under operation this year—"

"I have never yet performed a vital operation. This one to-morrow is such," he broke in.

"Make Johns do it!" she argued.

"He won't—he's in love with the girl."

"He has no right to refuse," she persisted angrily.

"My God! Do you realize that Johns has done all the operating in the hospital for the last two years?"

"It isn't true—it isn't true," she sobbed hysterically. "Only yesterday they were discussing you, and a score of women swore by your ability."

"Women!" he snorted. "I want to be judged by my peers."

Then her opposition collapsed, and, sinking into a chair, she pictured between sobs the life to which they must return, sketching with repellent realism.

And because she had abandoned the defense, seemingly, he felt urged to sustain it. Why after all might he not be successful? He understood the technicalities, and Chance might favor him, as she had always done of late. Renshaw decided to make the plunge.

He was at the hospital unusually early Thursday morning. The fact that Johns would act as his assistant furnished the only encouraging incident of the morning. The atmosphere of his well-ordered hospital seemed surcharged with apprehension. The nurses were abstracted, the patients were fractious. But this man of indomitable qualities put an iron grasp upon himself, and, going among them, subdued with a glance, instilling confidence by the very immutability of his manner.

Johns, too, the infallible assistant, had to be prodded to attention during their inspection round together.

Surely there was something ominous in this superhuman control of an ordinarily impatient nature.

Entering the operating-room later to superintend the preparations, he encountered the Head Nurse. Attired in immaculate raiment and that imperturbable calm, it would have appeared that she was the prop of which he was in search. Instead, he reflected, as she fixed him with the slow inquiry of her look, that he hated her more than ever, that she must be gotten rid of.

As he went hurriedly around making his inventory, the rage that had glowered, sullen in subjection, swept up in a powerful flame to the surface—a blind, insensate, white-heat rage at the hostility of his environment. This resolved itself finally into a defiant, desperate courage that would balk now at no scruple.

He walked alertly at Miss Merwin's side when they carried her on the stretcher into the anesthetizing room. He even managed to tear some badinage from himself that somehow had its effect, for she smiled up at him divinely.

"You're so strong and composed. I feel as though I were up for a stitch in my finger!" she exclaimed with a little laugh that caught nevertheless at the end.

"That's really all it amounts to," he responded, shutting his teeth over the lie. He was unutterably glad that she was brave. Still when they lifted the girl to the trolley she raised herself suddenly on her elbow and swept the room with a last long look, and though the poor little face was tense with control he could see into her eyes, and he beheld panic, terror, and despair starting from them. But as they finally settled on him they cleared wonderfully, and a great confidence looked out at him.

The first deadening whiffs of ether were administered by a skilled attendant. Johns then entered softly to complete the anesthetizing. His face was so haggard and white that Renshaw stared, openly amazed, at him for a moment. It seemed impossible to recognize in this wretched, dull-eyed youth the keen, clever professional he had always known. He saw the look of slow fright gather on the face of the Head Nurse as her eyes took in Johns's condition.

Again Renshaw was conscious of that unaccountable irritation at things. Why should these trusted subordinates suddenly drop from themselves their armor of coolness and reliance? After—something within him tripped suddenly at the word—after it was over, they should be disciplined.

A nod and a word from Johns recalled him. The patient was thoroughly anesthetized. The nurses gathered up in a silent expectant watch. The moment for him to act—and act alone—had come. The fearfulness of his isolation benumbed him for an instant—just that instant that he took to summon up within him every force of which he was possessed.

The clean glitter of the knives acted upon him as a restoring stimulus; they had shaved upon the fringes of life how often and how accurately!

He started the incision cautiously, purposing to cut carefully and precisely; but as the uncertainty of his goal became more and more apparent he saw that his one chance lay in swift and fearless work. He was remotely conscious of his own ruthlessness as he sundered tender tissues, pried through networks of tiny vessels.

He had gone quite through, and the work of the knife was ended. Now came the supreme test—the trial of the master-workman who, working in the dark with brain at fingers' ends and guided only by that sense that is half touch, half intuition, must lay swift and unerring hold of the treacherous object. For all the while time—time that in such crises is counted in fractions—is registering fatally against him.

Feverishly back and forth the living index of his brain traveled while the veins of his forehead stood out in purple, palpitating chains. Minutes of this suspense! Then the whole room stopped breathing. Another blind effort, and those about him saw his face suddenly change color. From a tense, perspiring pallor it waned to the ashy gray of terror.

Shuddering, he drew the defeated fingers to light. Only an instant later the lacerated flood-gates unloosed themselves of a crimson stream that welled up ominously before the eyes of the spectators.

Wildly he cast about him for help. They were turned to stone—all of them. Reaching suddenly out to that last straw that remained to him, he caught Johns in a violent grasp. "This is death," he panted hoarsely, "and you must fight it!"

IT was late into the night, and Johns still stood over that narrow iron bed, staring down at the white figure upon it—a figure that writhed and moaned pitifully in the throes of a great suffering. Over and again he laid his own aching head gently against that other, speaking to it soothingly and with infinite enderness.

So wearied and lacerated by suffering was he that for a moment he could only stare dazedly at the outline of a man that suddenly appeared in the room. As he stepped forward authoritatively the face took on definite and familiar form. With the shock of recognition every outraged sensibility roused violently and clamored for vengeance.

As he advanced upon the intruder with face hardened and eyes glittering with deadly purpose he stopped, struck by the impossibility of the surroundings.

"Leave at once!" Johns's hands closed in ominous knots. "Leave—before I kill you!"

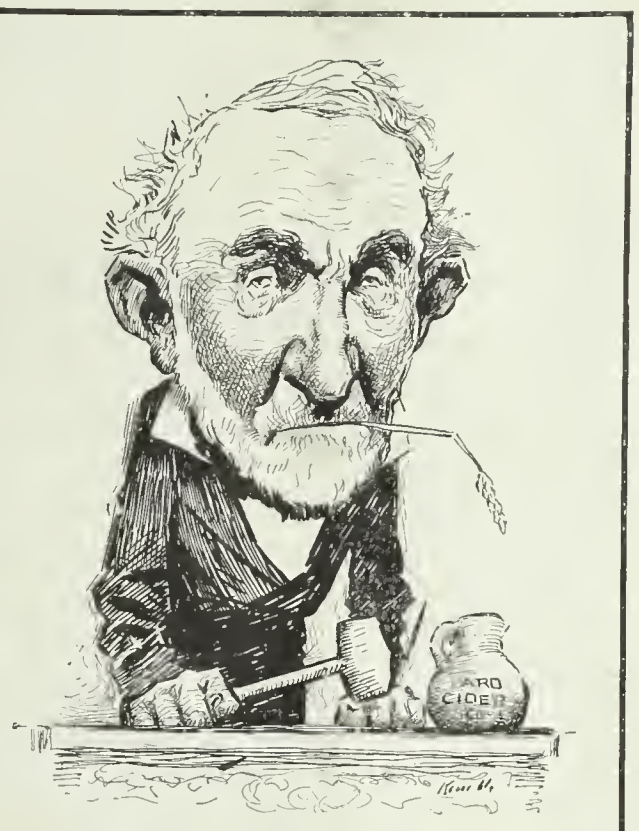
The other, however, walked straight up to Johns, who drew back bewildered at this wilful exposure to his fury. But as the man confronted him, the moonlight struck full on his face, and Johns saw that fear was a thing that had nothing to do with it. This man's soul was swept by fire. The flame of the devastation showed in the unearthly pallor of his face.

After a trying silence Renshaw at last found voice. "I have given up everything here. I leave to-night; can't you understand? But I couldn't go until I had found out. Answer me," his voice, raised to the old peremptory tone, died down suddenly to pitiful, breathless suspense, "answer me—will she live?"

For a minute Johns was mute while the man before him stood with clinched, quivering hands—breathless and waiting. Then slowly the young surgeon's eyes traveled from the face in front of him to the figure on the bed and there rested.

"She will live," he answered.

Renshaw moved softly to the bed and paused above it for several tense moments, then squaring his shoulders with some sudden resolve, he walked out into the darkness.



JOSEPH G. CANNON

By WALLACE IRWIN

COME forth and behold him, the Grand Old Standpatter,
Whose mind is so fearfully plain,
Beside him all logic seems mad as a hatter
And only the Tariff looks sane.

First reared on a farm, with an old-fashioned notion
Of duty to honor's last ditch,
He stands like a rock in his simple devotion,
A stanch, honest friend of the Rich.

When rural admirers grow genial and think on
The Shore Acres cut of his chin,
They rashly compare him to Abraham Lincoln—
And that's where delusions come in.

Enthusiasts laud him from belfry to steeple,
Forgetting the truth, as they must,
That statesmen are seldom so close to the People
As when they are hugging some Trust.

So, when he's at rest from Congressional duties,
To greet him the populace flow:
Strong men from Frog Centre and Keg County beauties
And babies to kiss Uncle Joe.

With togas of homespun his shoulders they kiver,
Which moves the avuncular heart
So deeply and well that he's forced to deliver
His favorite Lecture on Art.

"The High Art," he says, "both enlightens and broadens
Wherever the High Tariff whoops.
I ain't so durn stuck on that feller Saint-Gaudens,
But say, I like Rogers's groups!

"And why to them foreign-made drawings and sketchings
Do free-born Americans smirk?
If Europe feels proud of her paintings and etchings,
We're proud of our Burnt Leather Work!"

Thus high-angle fire at the ramparts of Beauty
The mouth of the Cannon doth dart;
Though Ruskin, perhaps, rested art upon Duty,
J. C. puts a duty on Art.

THE FIGHT FOR THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

AN AREA FOUR TIMES AS LARGE AS THE GERMAN EMPIRE, WITH MINERAL DEPOSITS WORTH BILLIONS OF DOLLARS, NOW BEING SCRAMBLED FOR UNDER MISFIT LAND LAWS

By the Hon. FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS, United States Senator from Nevada

I AM requested by COLLIER'S to state the conditions of the present controversy regarding the public lands. The statement must necessarily be brief. The public domain, outside of Alaska, including the acquisitions made by the Louisiana, Florida, and Gadsden Purchases, has been reduced from about 1,500,000,000 acres to less than 500,000,000 acres. It is now mainly located in thirteen States and three Territories west of the Missouri River. So large was the public domain that in the past the Government has been prodigal in its administration. Enormous grants of agricultural, swamp, and timber land have been made to the States, to educational institutions, and to great railroad corporations, in the main without restriction, and the result has been the aggregation of large areas of these lands in the hands of great syndicates and corporations which have endeavored, and are still endeavoring, to monopolize production in various lines. These large concentrations have taken place in coal and iron lands, in timber lands, and in cattle ranges.

The laws regarding the entry of these lands are scattered over very many years and are very numerous. They relate principally to the entry of homesteads by settlers and the entry of desert, timber, coal, and other mineral lands. The purpose of Congress throughout, as expressed in all these acts, except those making large grants to railroad corporations, States, and educational institutions, has been to prevent monopoly and to preserve the agricultural lands for homeseekers in such sized farms as would support a family. A similar purpose has been manifest regarding the desert lands, for, while the area of land included in a single entry is larger than that provided for by the homestead law, cultivation and residence are required to be established before patent can issue.

Laws Meant for the Small Settler

AS to the entry of timber, coal, and mineral lands generally, the purpose has been to allow an individual to locate a certain number of acres for himself and not for another, and the provisions indicate the purpose of Congress not to promote land speculation or land monopoly, but individual initiative in the development of the West.

These laws, with the exception of the laws relating to the precious metals, have not had in view the utilization of the power of association and combination which has become so recent a feature of economic life. Many of them were framed many years ago, and are now ill adapted to the economic requirements of the West. The result is that they have been in many cases evaded, because evasion was necessary in order to meet such requirements. In other cases efforts have been made by great syndicates and combinations to secure through the aid of individuals, entitled to make entry, large areas of coal and timber land for the purpose of organizing monopolistic holdings promotive of oppression and extortion.

For twenty years or more the Interior Department and the Land Office, through officers in charge, have been calling the attention of Congress to the necessity of amending these laws, insisting upon it that they were being made the medium of fraud and evasion entirely at variance with the purpose of Congress in passing the acts.



A LAND-GRABBER'S "HOME"

To comply with the law, the claimant must have lived in this "house," with his family for 5 years

The difficulties in legislation are these: Senators and Members of the States outside of the public land States take but little interest in land legislation. The Committees on Public Lands of the Senate and House are largely composed of men from the public land States. The Senators and Representatives necessarily move upon these questions only when the public opinion of their States demands it, and thus far it has been difficult to say what the public opinion of the public land States is. In some of them the abuses which have grown up regarding the public lands have developed a powerful class of men who are interested in beating all reform. They resent the suggestion of change lest the change be so radical as to imperil their interests.

There are also many varying views as to what should be done with these lands. Many a e anxious to promote their transfer from the United States, which pays no taxes, to individual proprietors, who do pay taxes, and they feel that there is a better chance for State development under individual than under national ownership. They are, therefore, averse to a policy which ties up these lands for the distant future. Many dread the control of the theorist, the scientist, or the visionary, in what they regard as practical matters.

For a long time the prevailing sentiment was for the United States to turn over to the various States the lands within their boundaries, leaving their disposal and administration to local authorities. This view gradually yielded to the reasoning that the proper development of irrigation involved the control of the watersheds of the great streams and their tributaries regardless of State lines and that such control should be exercised by the national Government. After years of agitation this question was settled in favor of national irrigation by a very wise and beneficent act which carefully guards against land monopoly. But the Reclamation act will only apply to about fifty or a hundred million acres of land out of the five hundred million acres still belonging to the nation.

There is hardly a Senator or Representative from the public land States who will not admit that the present laws are misfit laws, and that they require change, but a great variance of opinion exists as to what the nature of the change shall be, and it has been impossible thus far to unite the sentiment of Western Senators and Representatives upon this subject. During this time various bills tending to the reform of the land laws have been introduced by Senators and Members regarding forest reservations, the sale of timber and stumpage instead of timber lands, the repeal of the commutation clause of the homestead act, which it is claimed has enabled fictitious settlers, after a short residence, to transfer their holdings to speculating syndicates; also bills for the reservation of the coal and the sale only of the surface for agricultural purposes, the coal being leased by the Government on royalty. Some of these reform bills have been reported by committees, but owing to opposition have failed of passage.

The President on Guard

MEANWHILE the President and the Secretary of the Interior have, so far as their executive acts could accomplish it, sought to preserve the public domain from absorption for unworthy purposes. Great forest reservations have been made. Some of these have doubtless paralyzed the activities of certain regions and have aroused protest. Recently great coal reservations have been made, and such reservations provoke an outcry from many who feel that the development of the West is being checked by wholesale withdrawals of public lands.

With the view to securing a definite inquiry and report upon all these conflicting matters the President appointed a Public Land Commission, consisting of Governor W. A. Richards, Commissioner of the General Land Office; Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester; and Mr. F. H. Newell, Chief of the Reclamation Service. They have made an exhaustive inquiry of this question and have made their report in which they declare that the present laws are not suited to meet the conditions of the remaining public domain; that its agricultural possibilities are unknown and that careful examination and classification should be made, and that the land should be withheld until such ascertainment can be made; that the timber and stone act should be repealed; that the sale of timber from public lands should be authorized; that the commutation clause of the homestead act is found to work badly, and that three years' actual residence should be required before commutation; that the desert land law leads in many cases to land monopoly; that the area of entry should be reduced to one hundred and sixty acres, and that actual residence for not less than two years and the actual production of a valuable crop on one-fourth of the area and proof of an adequate water supply should be required; that no rigid system should be adopted for the grazing lands, but that the President should be given authority to set aside grazing districts, and the Secretary of Agriculture given authority to classify and appraise the grazing value of the lands in these districts, and to appoint such officers as the care of each district may require, and to charge and collect a moderate fee for grazing permits and to make and apply proper regulations to each district, with the special object of bringing about the largest permanent occupation of the country by actual settlers and homeseekers. The Commission states that the fundamental fact which characterizes the situation under the present public land laws is this: That the number of patents issued is increasing out of all proportion to the number of new homes.

The Settler's Hardships

THIS report was filed two years ago, and no action upon it has been taken as yet by Congress, with the exception possibly of partial action in unimportant matters.

The situation then is this: The executive department knows what it wants; the legislative department does not know what it wants. The President deems it his duty, as Chief Executive, to preserve the public domain from spoliation. He has, therefore, recently directed the Secretary of the Interior not to issue any patent, except in certain specified cases, until examination on the ground is made by a special agent of the Interior Department. There are now three hundred thousand entries pending. Final proof has been made in a very large number of these cases, and under the law the entrymen are entitled to patents. It is claimed by some members of the Senate and House that the President in making this order is violating the law; on the other hand, the President insists that in making the order he is carrying out the spirit and intent of the law. The appointment of a number of special agents sufficient to investigate the cases pending will require an expenditure of $500,000. Objection is made by many, not only to this expenditure, but to the creation of a bureaucracy consisting of scientists, theorists, and visionaries who will tie up Western development.

The deadlock is a serious one. It can only be broken, provided the President remains firm, by the immediate action of Congress, and in order to secure this the united action of Western Senators and Representatives is required. It is to be hoped that this will be secured before Congress adjourns, and steps have already been taken in the Public Lands Committee of the Senate to bring about a conference of Western Senators and Representatives upon the subject.

Individually, I believe, with some modifications, in all the recommendations of the Public Lands Commission, and in the recommendation of the President regarding coal lands. There is hardly a Member or Senator from the West who does not believe in some of the recommendations. There is hardly a Senator or Member from the West who does not admit that the present laws are misfit laws and should be changed.

It is, of course, much easier for the executive department to make up its one mind than it is for Congress to unite its four or five hundred minds, but it is clear that Congress will in the main follow the united judgment of Western Senators and Representatives upon this subject. The consequences are too serious to permit pride of opinion to prevent conference between the executive and the legislative departments upon this matter, and it is to be hoped that harmonious action will be taken before the 4th of March.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

THE PEOPLE'S HERITAGE

HARRIED by Senators and Representatives from States in which land-grabbing is a popular industry, President Roosevelt turned upon his persecutors in a special message. He first laid down the principle that "from henceforth the nation should retain its title to its fuel resources and its right to supervise their development in the interest of the public as a whole." Such a system, he showed, was by no means an untried policy. Coal had been mined under Government leases in Australia for fifteen years, with such success that Australian coal and coke were being sold on the Pacific Coast of both Americas. Great Britain was the only important coal-producing European country in which coal mines were not leased from the Government, and there a private leasing system prevailed, with the surface culture and the mining operations conducted independently of each other. Nova Scotia, British Columbia, India, and other British dependencies had adopted the Government leasing policy with success.

The President holds that "mineral fuels, like the forests and navigable streams, should be treated as public utilities," as they are abroad. "Let us not do," he urges, "what the next generation can not undo. We have a right to the proper use of both the forests and the fuel during our lifetime, but we should not dispose of the birthright of our children. . . . To secure cheapness of timber and fuel for the moment at the cost of ruin to our own children would surely be a suicidal policy."

According to President Roosevelt's computation half of the total area of high-grade coals in the West has passed under private control. Including the lignites, about thirty million acres of coal-bearing lands have been lost to the public. If the remainder be saved "there will be ample opportunity to determine, in the near future, which of the two systems . . . will best protect the interests of the people and thus promote the permanent development of the West."

The life of our coal fields has often been calculated on the basis of a stationary consumption at the rate prevailing at the date of the estimate. The President shows that all such estimates of the time it would take to exhaust our "inexhaustible resources" must be recast, because instead of remaining stationary, consumption is increasing at an appalling rate. "The amount of coal used in this country during the last ten years is practically equal to that used during the preceding fifty years of its history, and during each decade of this period the coal used was practically equal to the sum of that used during all the preceding decades."

Some of the critics of the Administration's policy of investigating the honesty of land entries before issuing patents have made the absurd assertion that not one per cent of the entries are fraudulent. The message cites the results of a few typical examinations. Of 1,159 desert land entries examined in three months of 1906, 41 per cent were reported unfavorably. Of one batch of 900 homestead entries 46 per cent, and of another batch of 110, 67.3 per cent, met with unfavorable reports. Taking these cases together, nearly 2,300 in all, it appears that "in over half the law had not been complied with, the failure being in each case on some essential feature, and in very many cases showing deliberate fraud." There were other cases much worse than these, as where one man with fourteen associates tried to get possession of a quarter of a million acres in California, including much of the finest timber land in the region, by filing placer claims upon it. "The earnest wish of the Administration," the President concluded, "is to discontinue the advertisement of fraud in connection with the public land system; but the only way to accomplish this is by putting a stop to the fraud itself."

The President's message came just in time to head off the House Committee on Public Lands from reporting a bill designed to turn over the coal lands as rapidly as possible to corporations. This was humorously called a "compromise measure." Upon reading the message the committee hastily altered its bill to provide nominally for a leasing system. But the plan it proposed was a mere burlesque on the President's recommendations. It proposed to lease coal lands at a *maximum* royalty of two cents per ton, and no lands not actually under lease were to be withdrawn from entry. Of course such a law as this would be infinitely worse than no legislation at all.

EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT
WITH CARTOONS BY F. T. RICHARDS

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CANADA'S SHORT CUT

NOW that some fast steamers are running on the Canadian transatlantic route the advantages of that route for quick travel, long disguised by the slowness of the ships in the service, are becoming manifest. On February 16 the Canadian Pacific steamer *Empress of Britain* reached Liverpool three hours ahead of the Cunarder *Lucania*, which had left New York sixteen hours before the *Empress of Britain* left Halifax. The *Empress* beat the Cunarder by nineteen hours. Not satisfied with this, Canada and Newfoundland are pushing the scheme of a tunnel under the Straits of Belle Isle. The Quebec and Lake St. John Railroad has a franchise for the construction of such a tunnel, with connecting rail lines, and the Government of Newfoundland is to contribute a subsidy of $75,000 a year to the enterprise. It is estimated that the hole, which would be only ten miles long, can be bored for $6,000,000. When this is finished, with trains running to the east coast of Newfoundland, there will be only an ocean ferry of 1,800 miles, which could be spanned by a fast steamer in three days—hardly time enough to allow a passenger to become thoroughly seasick. Even including the rail journey from New York this would be shorter than the all-water route.

A TIMELY WARNING

THE New York Central's suburban electric system received a baptism of blood on the evening of February 16, when four cars of one of the new motor trains left the track and were dragged a quarter of a mile, killing twenty-one persons and wounding about a hundred and fifty. The train took a curve at an excessive speed. Either because the enormously heavy electric engines, two of which were coupled together, were too much for the track, or because the curve was not properly banked for such high speed, the cars were whirled off the rails.

The American people have become hardened, or at least accustomed, to almost every conceivable kind of railroad slaughter, but this massacre, with cars dragged for a quarter of a mile on their sides, grinding passengers' faces into the cinders and strewing the track with bits of dismembered humanity, accomplished the seemingly impossible by offering a new form of terror. But there is worse yet to come unless the lesson of this ghastly event be learned in time. There was one thing lacking to make the Bronx Park cup of horrors overflow. The hundreds imprisoned in the wreck were not burnt alive or tortured to death by the electric current from the third rail. But that will come.

The electrification of railroad terminals, begun in New York, is not going to stop there. Before many years the suburban traffic of every great city in the country will be handled by electricity, and the through trains will be hauled by electric motors within the urban zones, if not over the whole length of the lines. It is of vital importance to settle the question now, before this process goes any further, whether the electric system adopted shall be reasonably safe or one that holds over every trainload of passengers the menace of torture, mutilation, and death. The New York Central has adopted the system of a live third rail, with a wooden cover to protect it from the touch of a casual foot. Presumably this system has been chosen because it is the cheapest in the market. It is also the most dangerous—more dangerous even than an overhead wire. All that is needed to transform the third rail into a flaming sword of slaughter is a broken wheel or some other little accident that will rip off the boards and bring the naked conductor into contact with the woodwork of a car. In the Bronx Park disaster this culminating horror was missed by the narrowest possible margin. It is bound to come often hereafter if the use of the charged third rail is permitted.

There are devices by which the third rail is divided into sections, each of which is dead until two are connected by a car passing over them. No single contact on such a rail can give a shock. Why some such system was not adopted by the New York Central is not known. Presumably it would have been a little more expensive, although the difference could hardly equal the millions the company will have to pay in damages for the disasters that are bound to come at frequent intervals as long as it retains its present crude and deadly apparatus. It would seem as if mere enlightened self-interest, which according to the old political economists is a sure guaranty of the public welfare, should teach a corporation that a cheap electrical equipment is the most expensive luxury it can indulge in, but if not, the duty of enforcing the lesson rests upon the public authorities. The prosecution of a murderer is important, but the ordinary citizen who behaves himself is in little danger of being shot. But no man's life is safe, no woman knows in the morning that she will



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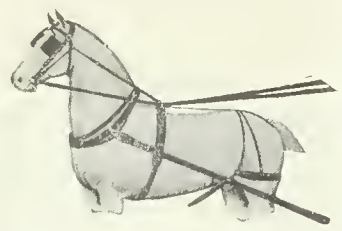
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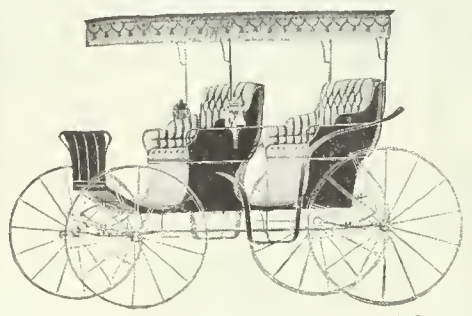
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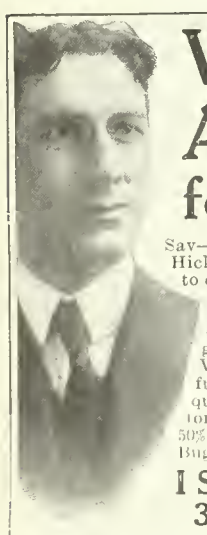
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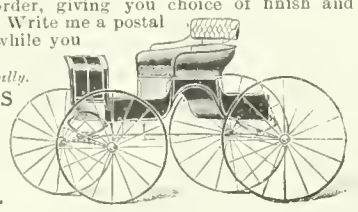
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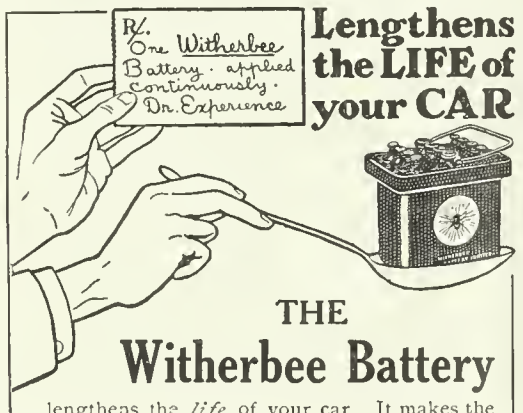
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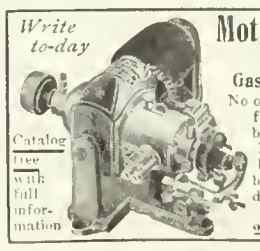
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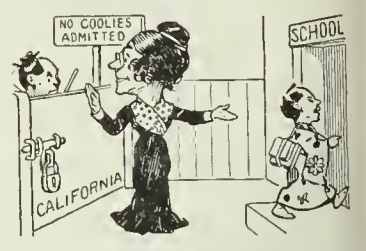
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not be widowed before night, no child in a sheltered home has any security against being rendered fatherless and motherless at a blow, as long as a railroad is allowed to balance the lives of its passengers against a difference of a few dollars in the cost of its equipment.

A JAPANESE COMPROMISE

Coolie labor to be kept out and Japanese children to be admitted to San Francisco's schools



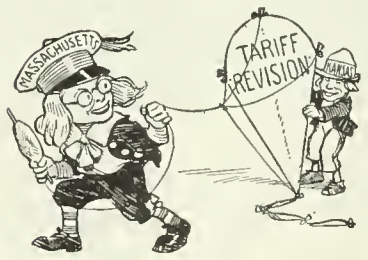
ONE difficulty at Washington has been made to solve another. All through the session of Congress the Immigration bill had been hanging fire. The House and Senate conferees seemed hopelessly deadlocked. Then came the Japanese trouble. Mayor Schmitz and his Board of Education came on and talked things over with President Roosevelt. It occurred to the President that the Immigration bill offered a means of settling the question of the importation of Japanese coolies. The conferees suddenly compromised their differences and a bill emerged dealing with immigration from all parts of the world. Its general provisions somewhat strengthened the existing immigration laws. The two-dollar head tax was doubled, with an exemption for aliens who had lived at least a year in Canada, Newfoundland, Cuba, or Mexico before entering the United States. The precautions against contract labor were made more rigid, to the discontent of many Southern Senators and Representatives, who feared that the "South Carolina" plan of encouraging immigration to the South by the joint action of States and corporations would be hampered. A commission was created to investigate the whole subject of immigration, and report to Congress. The House receded from its demand for an educational qualification for immigrants, and also from its proposition to relax the rigors of the law in favor of refugees from political or religious persecution.

The part relied upon to solve the Japanese puzzle was a clause providing:

"That whenever the President shall be satisfied that passports issued by any foreign government to its citizens to go to any country other than the United States or to any insular possession of the United States or to the Canal Zone are being used for the purpose of enabling the holders to come to the continental territory of the United States to the detriment of labor conditions therein, the President may refuse to permit such citizens of the country issuing such passports to enter the continental territory of the United States from such other country, or from such insular possessions or from the Canal Zone."

The point of this is that Japan does not permit her laborers to emigrate without passports. If she is willing to cooperate with us in checking coolie immigration, as the President understands she is, she can refuse to issue passports to laborers coming to the United States. Then, under this clause, our Government can stop the migration of Japanese laborers from Hawaii, Canada, and Mexico to the Pacific States, and so the whole current can be checked. Finally, the arrangement can be confirmed at leisure by a treaty.

Fixed by the glittering Presidential eye, Mayor Schmitz and his party found this arrangement extremely satisfactory. They were willing in return to concede the minor point of the admission of young Japanese children to the ordinary schools. The plan adopted, as explained by Mayor Schmitz and approved by the President, is that the resolution specifically segregating Japanese children shall be so modified as to require the children of all alien races who are deficient in the English language to be enrolled in special schools. Alien children over the ages of nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen are not to be enrolled in the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades respectively. The news of the agreement created some discontent in Japan, where the fire-eaters insisted that honor required the school question to be settled without any regard to the subject of immigration, and in San Francisco, where the anti-Japanese agitators warned Mayor Schmitz that if he made any concessions at all to Japan he might as well never come home.



MORE TARIFF DISCONTENT

Massachusetts follows Kansas in a demand for revision, and Wisconsin is headed the same way

THE Legislatures of Republican States, East and West, continue to annoy Congress with demands for the revision of the tariff. The emphatic memorial from the Legislature of Kansas has been followed by one not less emphatic prepared by Governor Guild of Massachusetts and signed by 221 out of the 280 members of the Great and General Court of the ancient Commonwealth. The signers included 34 of the 40 State Senators and 187 of the 240 members of the House. Not only did all but 10 of the 77 Democrats sign, but three-fourths of the Republicans—154 out of 203—followed the lead of the Republican Governor in the same direction. The memorial took the ground that "tariff laws should be changed as conditions change." It approved the idea of maximum and minimum schedules "to be applied without the intervention of treaties, but otherwise following the general precedent of the reciprocity clause in the McKinley tariff in favor of such countries as will make concessions to us." It favored the creation of a permanent Tariff Commission, and laid down the principle that in all cases of tariff revision the test should be, not "Is such a duty demanded?" but "Is such a duty needed?" Finally, it urged the President to call an extra session of Congress in case time should not permit action during the regular session.

Immediate tariff revision appears to be as popular in Wisconsin as in Massachusetts and Kansas. A resolution in favor of it has met with almost universal acceptance among the members of the Legislature, and has been approved not only by Senator La Follette, whose record as a reformer makes

uch a position natural, but even by such a devout worshiper of things as they re as Senator Spooner. There are four Republicans to one Democrat in the Kansas Legislature, three to one in the Legislature of Massachusetts, and our to one in that of Wisconsin. Appeals from such bodies, spread over alf the width of the United States, must command respectful attention even rom a standpat Congress.



HOME RULE REVIVING

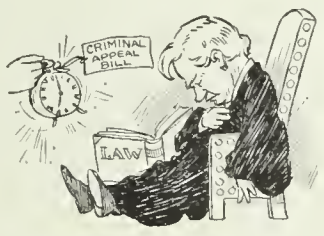
If not an Irish Parliament on College Green, at least an Irish Council proposed by the Liberal Government

HOME RULE for Ireland, apparently dead for the last fourteen years, has begun again to show stirrings of life. When the new session of Parliament opened on February 12 the King's speech foreshadowed ome action in this direction. In the debate on the address in reply to the peech Mr. Birrell, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, said that both he and the 'remier were perfectly satisfied that Home Rule was the only solution satisactory to the great majority of the Irish people. In accordance with this ntimation he gave notice a little later that a bill would be introduced "to stablish an Irish Council, and for other purposes connected therewith."

An Irish Council is of course not quite the same thing as the Irish Parliaent of Grattan's time, or even of the Gladstone Home Rule bills. There is o be no possibility in this case of a clash of authority between the Legislature t Dublin and the Imperial Parliament. The new Council is to be of strictly mited powers. Its membership is to be partly appointive, although the elecve members are to form a majority. It is to be both an administrative and legislative body, but with larger powers in the former direction than in the tter. But cramped as the Council is to be it offers the Irish people the first rgan of national life they have had for over a century.

Naturally even such an instalment of Home Rule as this will be bitterly pposed. The Government can hardly say that it has a popular mandate to ass such a measure, for the subject was carefully avoided during the electoral mpaign. But if the House of Lords, taking courage from this fact, throws ut the bill, one more item will be added to the account upon which the Government expects to challenge the Lords before the country.

ANOTHER GUESS ALLOWED



By passing the Criminal Appeals bill the Senate gives the Government a chance to escape freak court decisions

AFTER a stormy course in which its fate was long in doubt, the bill giving the Government the right to appeal in criminal cases from decisions annulling Acts of Congress passed the Senate on February 13 without division. It was not by any means the same bill that had been sent up by he House, but it preserved the essential feature, which was the provision f a method by which a minor judge could be deprived of the power of wiping ut a great statute which perhaps the Supreme Court would hold to be perectly constitutional if it could get a chance to pass upon it. After both ouses had amended it beyond recognition, it provided simply that a writ of rror might be taken by the United States from the district or circuit courts the Supreme Court or the Circuit Courts of Appeals in three instances:

1. From a decision on a demurrer to an indictment based on the invalidity construction of the statute on which the indictment was founded.
2. From a decision arresting a judgment of conviction for insufficiency the indictment on a similar ground.
3. From a decision sustaining a special plea in bar, where the defendant ad not been put in jeopardy.

Under this bill, if properly perfected in conference, it will be impossible for Judge Evans or a Judge McCall to sandbag an Employers' Liability Act, nd every measure passed by Congress after due deliberation will have a iance for its life before the Supreme Court.



THE ICE TRUST'S FROZEN TYPHOID

There is to be no ice famine next summer; merely a distribution of "solidified sewage"

THE Ice Trust admits that there will not be an ice famine this year, but there is some question whether it might not be better for its customers if there were. The bulk of the ice supplied to New York and the eighboring cities comes from the upper Hudson. The drainage of a region ntaining something like a quarter of a million people enters the river within few miles of Albany. For a distance of fifteen or twenty miles below Troy e water is notoriously filthy. Yet the trust has been cutting and storing way for sale what the chairman of an investigating committee appointed the New York Merchants' Association calls "practically solidified sewage." Near Albany and elsewhere on the river," adds Chairman Hatch in a letter Governor Hughes, "ice is cut close to the large sewer outlets."

In the State of Minnesota there are said to be eight thousand glacial lakes. ew York has, if not thousands, at least hundreds, of lakes from which pure e could be cut. But to save a little trouble the trust prefers to distribute ozen typhoid fever among its customers, to be melted into activity in their inking water.

That is one aspect of the case; another is the new illustration it gives the barbarism of American communities in pouring crude sewage into the ater which others, if not themselves, must drink. Chicago used to drink her

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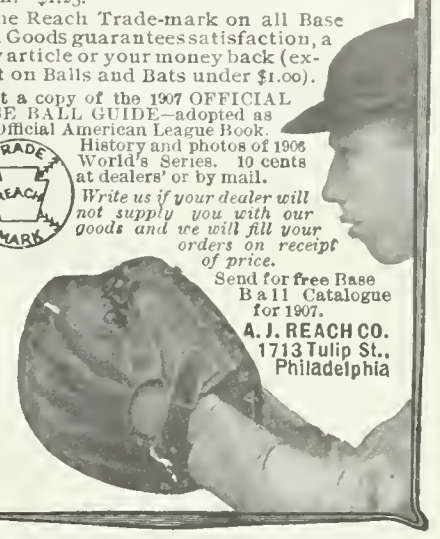
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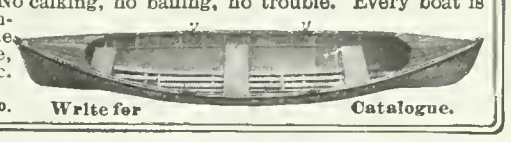


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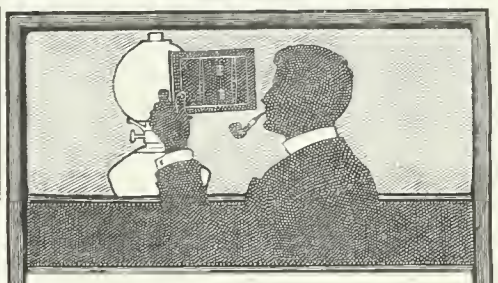
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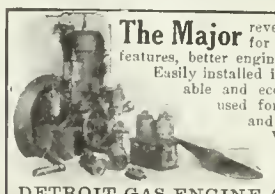
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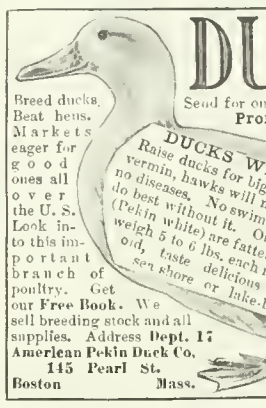
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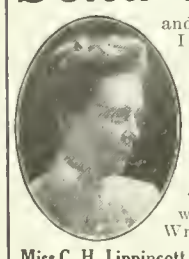
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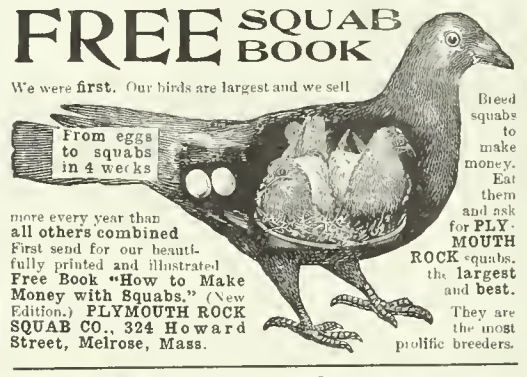


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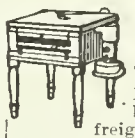
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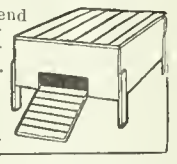
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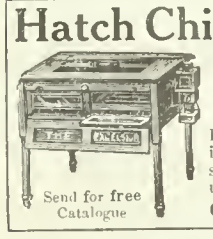
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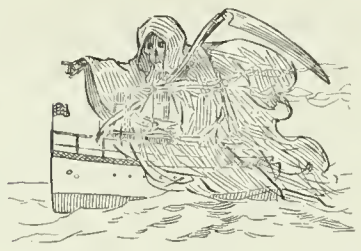
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THE "SLOCUM" LESSON REPEATED

A hundred and thirty lives lost because we continue to allow crazy boats to carry passengers

WE have had a good long respite since the *Slocum* disaster—a thorough opportunity to show whether we were capable of learning anything from as lurid a lesson as ever could burn itself into a human brain. Over three years have been allowed us, Congress has had plenty of time to act, and so have the Executive authorities, the corporations, and the public. On the night before Lincoln's Birthday it was proved that we had learned nothing. In clear weather, with a good part of the Atlantic Ocean to maneuvre in, the Sound steamer *Larchmont* of the Joy line was sunk near Block Island by the schooner *Harry Knowlton*, and only nineteen of the hundred and fifty persons on board were saved. Of the rest some were drowned and others frozen to death, for it was one of the bitterest nights of the year, and many suddenly roused from sleep had rushed on deck without dressing. On one boat every person but two froze to death and then one of those two ended his sufferings by cutting his throat. Only two women were saved, and ugly stories were told by the passengers about the readiness of the captain and crew to look out for themselves instead of caring for those under their protection.

But these are matters of individual character. What is a matter of national interest and of national discredit is the fact that the *Larchmont* sank in ten minutes after she was struck. That shows that three years after the *Slocum* lesson we have not begun to enforce safe construction upon the owners of coastwise vessels. The laws about life preservers, fire hose, and other matters of equipment have been made more strict, and the inspection service has been improved, but in the great matter of allowing passengers to be carried for hire on boats that will burn like kindling at the touch of a match or sink the first time a hole is punched in a plank we are where we were. Our requirements are skin-deep; they do not go to the elements of structural safety. The *Larchmont* was supposed to have three water-tight compartments, but the central one was so large that it held water enough to sink the boat. Such horrors as that off Block Island will continue to happen as long as the Government considers the rights of property more important than human life.

THE NAVY STILL GROWING

Two "Dreadnoughts," fifteen hundred more sailors, and eight hundred more marines



THIS year's Naval Appropriation bill is a small one as such things go these days—only a little over $95,000,000. Chairman Foss of the House Naval Committee congratulated himself upon the fact that it was the smallest in some years. Last year the bill as reported to the House carried $99,734,000, and the year before that over $100,000,000. We have almost forgotten the days before the Spanish War, when we used to support the navy new shipbuilding and all, on $25,000,000 a year.

The new bill, modest as it is from the present day standpoint, makes the navy a little bigger, both in men and in ships. It provides for fifteen hundred more seamen, raising the total force of bluejackets to 36,000, besides 2,500 apprentices, and for eight hundred new marines, swelling the Marine Corps to 9,500 men. The rank of the commander of the Marine Corps is increased from brigadier to major-general. A few years ago we had only 7,500 sailors and 1,500 marines in all, and the Marine Corps was commanded by a colonel. We shall now have nearly fifty thousand sailors and marines, which will leave the navy very little short of the army in the number of its men.

In ships the bill provides for two gigantic twenty-thousand-ton battleships, including the one nominally authorized last year, two torpedo-boat destroyers at $800,000 each, and an increase of last year's provision for submarine boats to $3,000,000. Each of the two new battleships will be 510 feet long, 85 feet 2⅝ inches beam, 27 feet mean draft, and of 20,000 tons displacement. That is to say, each will be twenty feet longer, a little over three feet wider, six inches deeper in the water, and 2,100 tons heavier, than the *Dreadnought*. The speed will be about the same. The *Dreadnought* has averaged 21¼ knots on her trials. The required speed of the American ships is to be 21 knots, but the requirements are usually exceeded. The main batteries of the *Dreadnought* and of the new American ships are the same—ten twelve-inch guns each—but the *Dreadnought* has no counterpart of the fourteen five-inch rapid-fire guns in the American secondary batteries.

The new torpedo-boat destroyers will be about twice as large as any we have had before. The provision for submarine boats will strengthen us in a direction in which we were pioneers, but have allowed ourselves to be outstripped. Apprehensions that our navy will soon be overgrown may be mitigated by the reflection that the new battleships can hardly go into service before the year 1911, by which time we shall be about ready to strike at least four of our present battle fleet—the *Texas, Oregon, Indiana,* and *Massachusetts*—from the roll.

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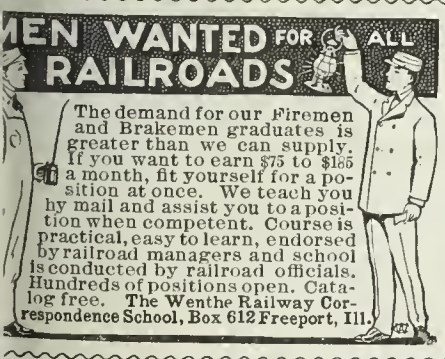
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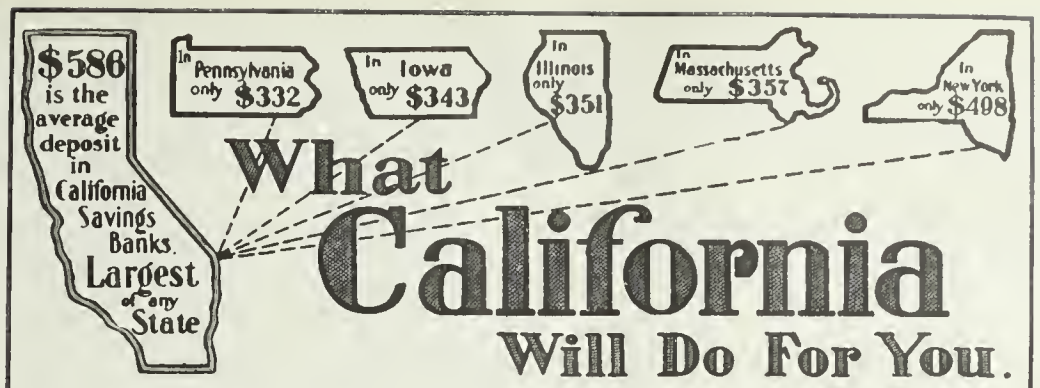




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This information is supplied by the Development Society of California, a body of public-spirited men having no private enterprises to promote, but contributing their time without remuneration to furthering the great success of California. The statistics are accurate and in no way exaggerate the true conditions. Further details regarding any industry or section of California will be furnished without cost by addressing the Society

If you will consider a moment the countless opportunities in California where brains, capital and labor are reaping harvests of success such as were never known in the world, if you will study the facts and learn WHY California is now the richest section of the country, you will surely shape your affairs with one fixed determination in mind—TO LIVE IN CALIFORNIA.

The very name, California, has become a synonym of wealth, health and success.

While California ranks only twenty-first in point of population, in point of assessed valuation it ranks fifth. California citizens own their own homes—a greater percentage than in New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Iowa, Pennsylvania, or any of the older states which are popularly supposed to be very prosperous.

The average deposits in California Savings Banks are greater than in any other State in the Union, while the total deposits in California Savings Banks equal those of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin combined.

There Are No Slums In California

Your particular interest is aroused because California holds out a welcoming hand and generously invites you to partake of her bounty. In fact, California needs you. There are thousands upon thousands of acres not yet developed, thousands of manufacturing needs not yet supplied, thousands of hotels, stores, resorts and other enterprises yet to be established, thousands of business blocks to be built, and tens of thousands of homes to be erected for the new comers who are pouring in.

It is difficult to realize how millions of people are content to struggle in the overcrowded East, working with deadly intensity to hold their own against relentless competition, fighting cold and disease through bitter winters and suffering from the enervating heat through long summers when there's a region within easy reach—acknowledged to be the garden spot of the world—where better wages are paid, where bigger profits accrue from business enterprises, where the climate is one continuous Spring day, where there are no ravages of sickness, no cyclones, no floods, no tidal waves, no blizzards, no devastating storms, no heat prostrations, no deaths by freezing.

These marked and exceptional advantages are by no means offset by the recent earthquake in San Francisco—an event of a century—whose destructiveness was unimportant in itself had it not been followed by the devastating conflagration. The earthquake touched only an infinitesimal portion of the great State's whole territorial area.

You can accept this announcement as a warm invitation to come and be a Californian and live within this sphere where success and health are breathed in the air.

If you will take your own home, your environment, your income, your expenses, your health, your present degree of happiness and compare them with what California offers you, surely you will resolve to begin this very day and work with one ambition in mind—California.

California an empire of uncounted wealth!

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Those who consider locating in California, especially those wishing to establish manufacturing, agricultural or other enterprises, should write to

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First prize, $1,000; second and third, $500 each; fourth, $300; fifth, $200; sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth prizes, $100 each. Stories not winning prizes will either be purchased, or returned to authors, if postage is enclosed. Competition closes May 31, 1907.

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THE JUDGES: Francis W. Halsey, for six years Editor of the "New York Times Saturday Review of Books"; William Seaver Woods, Editor of "The Literary Digest"; Eugene Thwing, Editor of THE CIRCLE.

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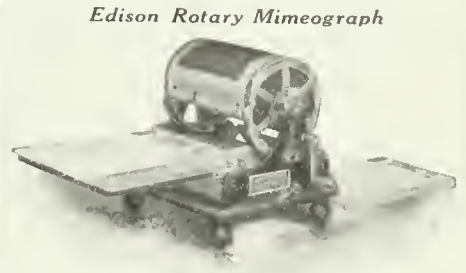
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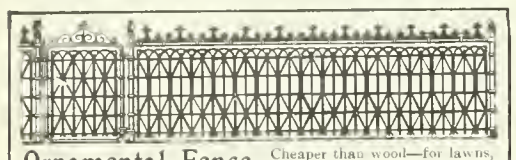
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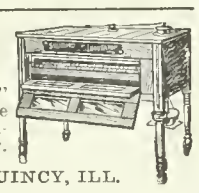
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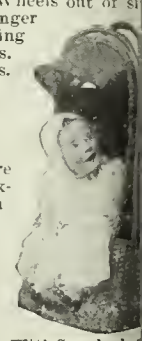
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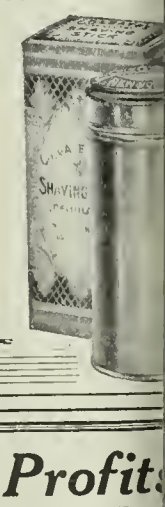
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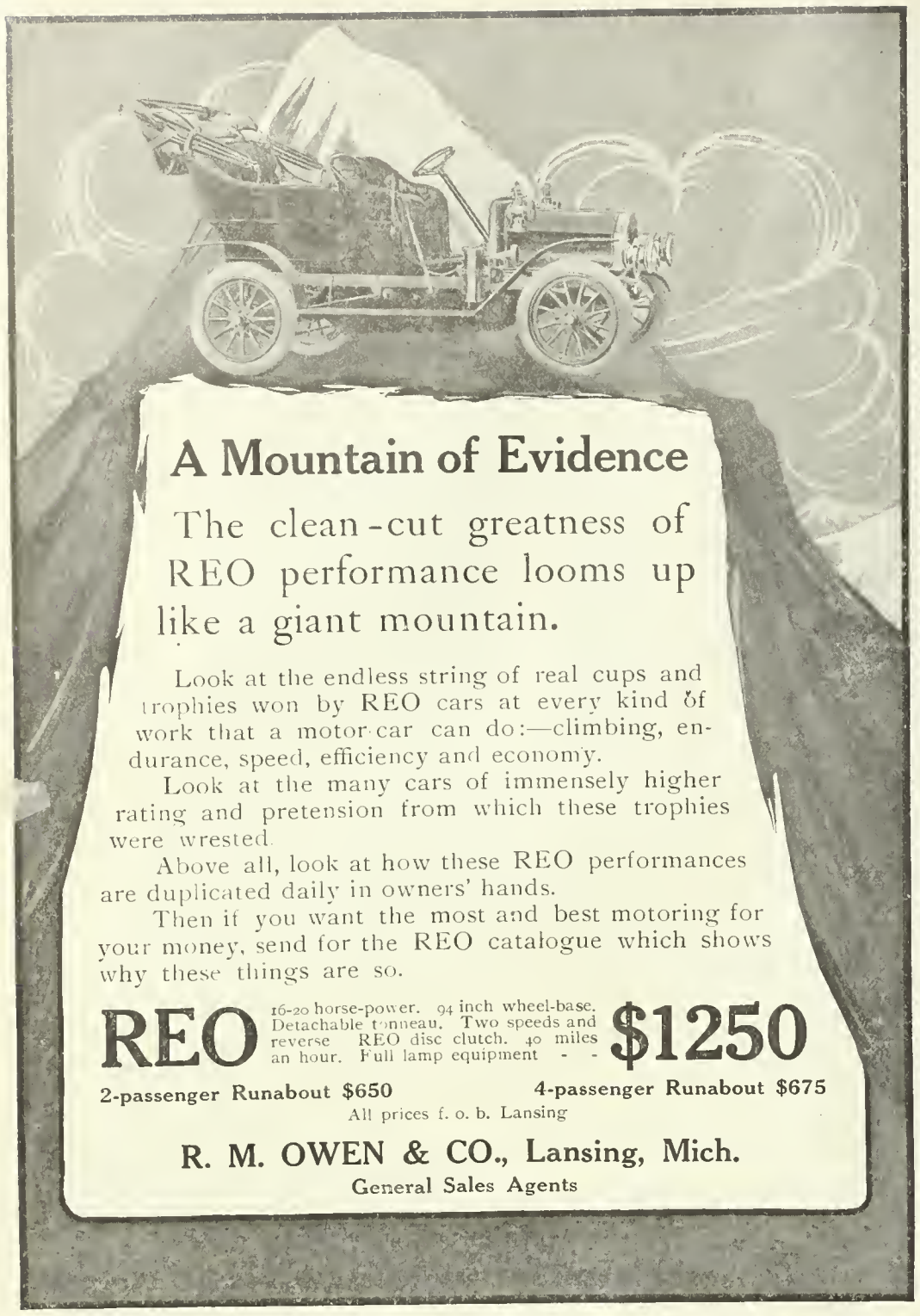
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Other features in March COSMOPOLITAN are powerful stories and articles by JACK LONDON, JOSIAH FLYNT, ALFRED HENRY LEWIS, CHARLES E. RUSSELL, MARK LEE LUTHER, RICHARD BARRY, BRUNO LESSING, and many others of equal note. The March issue is, moreover, handsomely illustrated by the most famous artists of the day, with many pages in colors.

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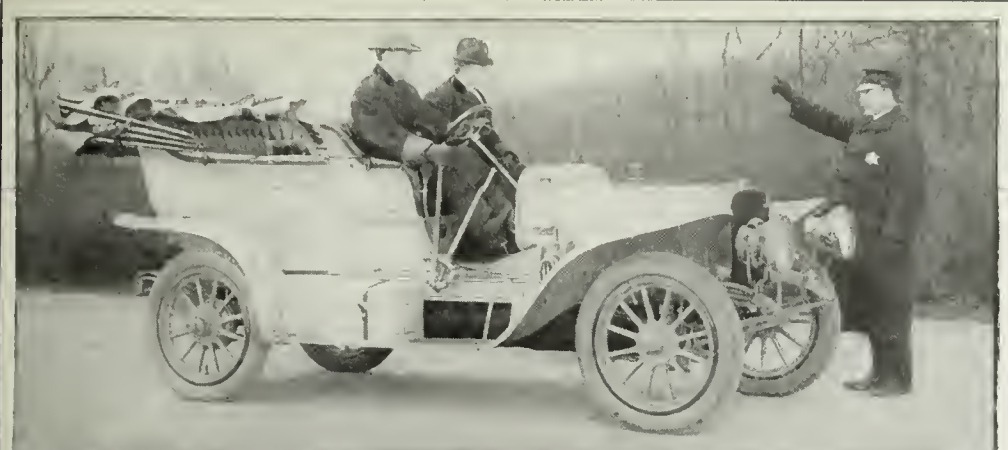
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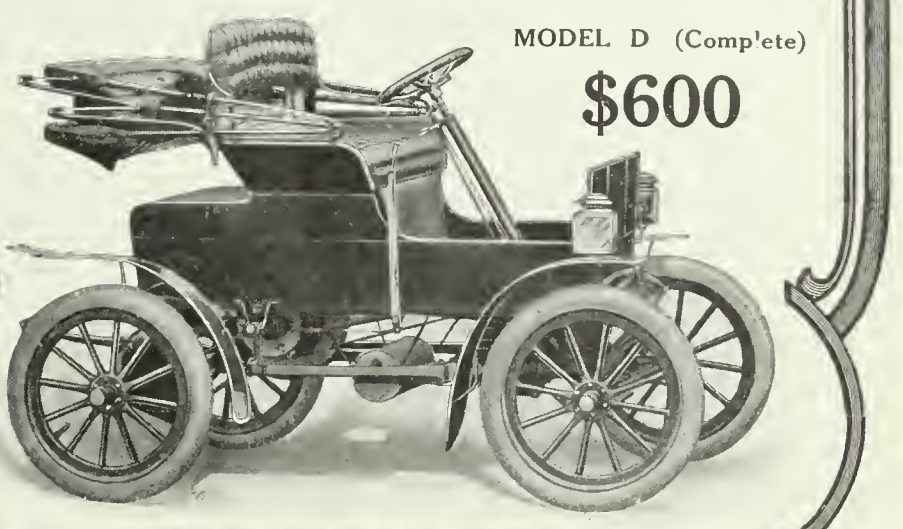
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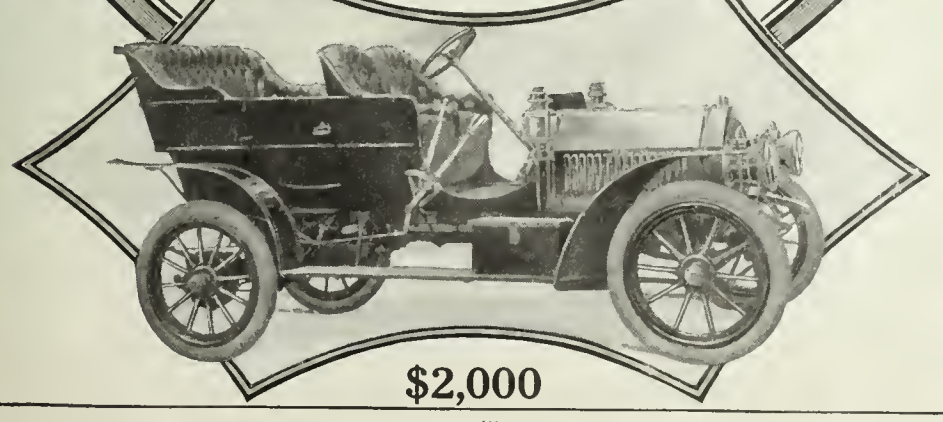
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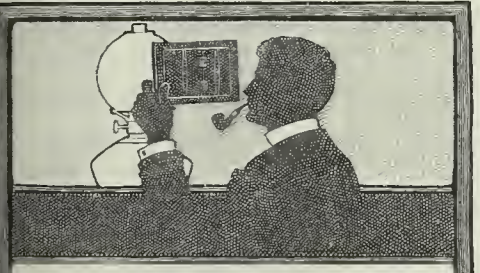
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1907

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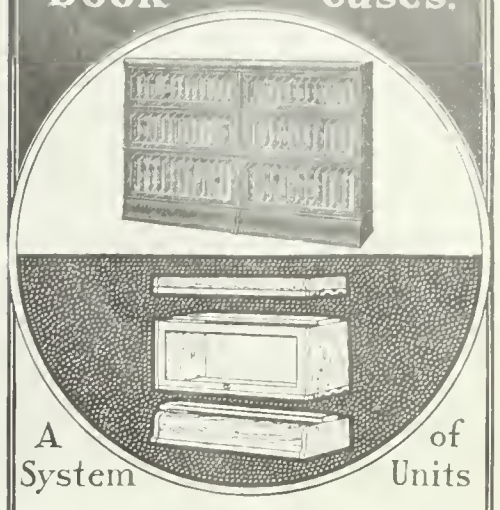
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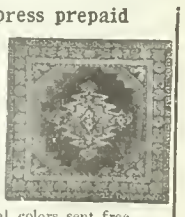
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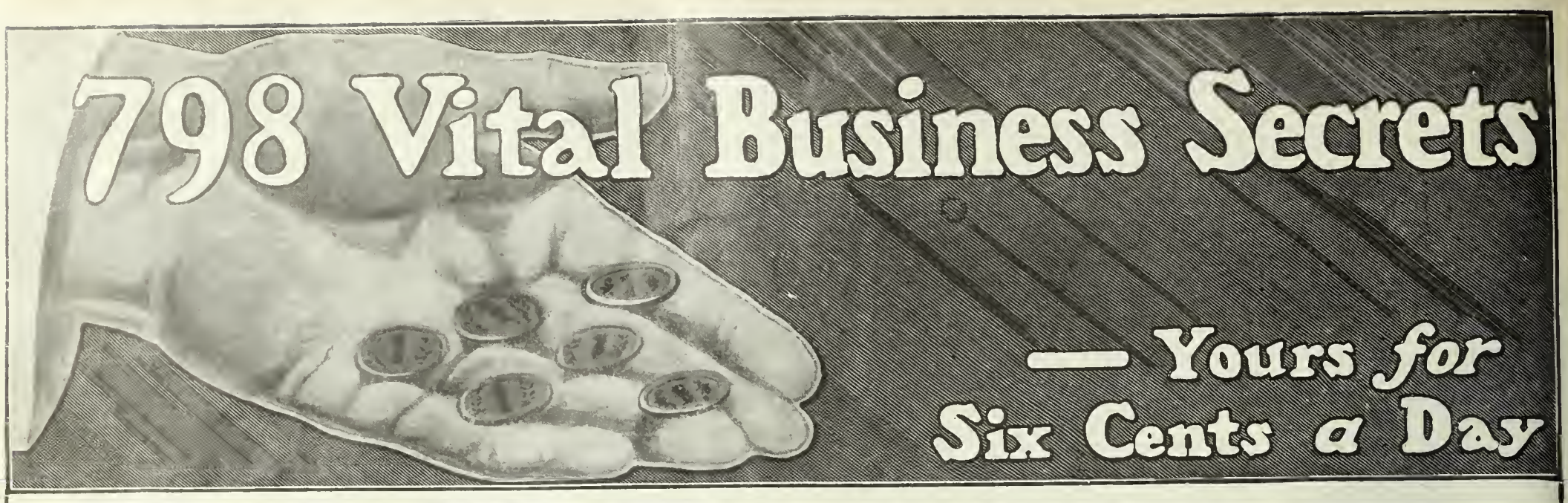
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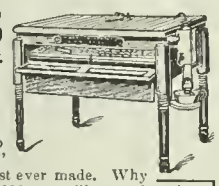
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1907

Easter Posies

¶ Things that come to your door about Easter time ought to have an added touch of color. The Easter Rabbit is supposed to scamper prankishly through the barnyard bearing away bright red and orange and purple eggs which the Easter Hen has been hoarding in her nest. The little milliner's girl with a pretty red rose in her hair rings the doorbell and leaves for your wife a box all tied with pink ribbons; and you are just as eager as your wife to open the box and examine the flower garden for which Mlle. Vanity will soon be sending in the bill, all of which suggests the fact that Collier's for the issue of March 23 will appear about Easter time and will make its Easter call bearing some art work suitable to the occasion. "The Tulip Field," by George Hitchcock, will be the frontispiece, and "Easter Sunday in Mexico," by Thornton Oakley, "A Letter from the Philippines," by A. B. Frost, and a study in Easter hats by Albert Sterner will be among the art features.

Honk! Honk!

¶ The Lurid Motor Car is coming around for the second lap. Richard Harding Davis's romance of the road, "The Adventures of the Scarlet Car," will appear again in the issue of March 23, and will detail, this time, the exciting history of the Jail-Breakers, who come into the story with the avowed purpose of thickening the plot, which centres on the adventurous red machine. If bright colors are in order for Eastertide, the honk of the Scarlet Car ought to be doubly welcome to Collier's readers. Frederic Dorr Steele's illustrations will accompany the story. Other short fiction for that number will be "The Honor of the Escort," by David Gray, the story of a reckless navy officer and a wandering Congressman who become entangled in a ludicrous tragedy in the Philippines. Arthur G. Dove's illustrations are in the same humor as the story. "Martha," by Georgia Wood Pangborn, is a "human" narrative.

Where the Tires Come From

¶ Having written about that reckless touring-car, Richard Harding Davis repaired to Africa, where they grow the rubber that goes into the tires of the Scarlet Car. Mr. Davis is now on the West Coast of Africa, where he intends to study the country with the eye of an artist. He will have some travel-tales to tell of Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, Calabar, and other places which once produced slaves and now produce rubber trees. Mr. Davis will probably go to the Congo also, but he will not go as an investigator but as a writer who loves to dip into the picturesque.

A Rap From a Reader

¶ An amateur critic wrote us a letter recently. He mentioned Collier's as a "Home for Too Prosperous Artists," classing a recent Leyendecker cover as a clothing advertisement minus the clothes. He scolds Remington for taking his work too easily: "For the money he is getting he ought to . . . . think up something worth while." Our critic also lampoons "The Jessie Smithcox Green School of Literary Children." He thinks that Kemble represents the "No-Knee-Cap School," and Reuterdahl has no right to make Fifth Avenue people look like "Goops." He has his opinion of Maxfield Parrish, and altogether his bilious letter is so clever that we have decided to give it a page in an early issue and let our readers come to the rescue.

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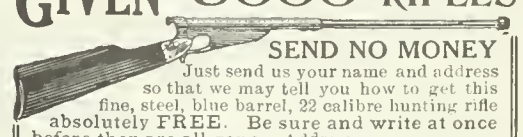
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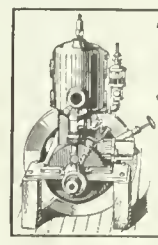


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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

THE ALAMO

by HORACE · CLAFLIN · SOUTHWICK



On March 6, 1836, 140 Texans, under Colonel Travis, were massacred in the old Mission of the Alamo by a force of some 2000 Mexicans, under Santa Ana, after a siege of some three weeks. Colonel David Crockett was killed there. Only six Texans were left alive after the final assault, and these were murdered in cold blood in Santa Ana's presence, by his order, after surrender on promise of protection. The Mexican loss was over 500

SAY, you talk of Balaklava,
  And the bloomin' British Square,
Of Waterloo and Ballyhoo;
  Why, that's nothin' but hot air:
Like the story of Thermopylae,
  An' yarns about the Greeks
An' Persians and Egyptians,—
  Not to speak of other freaks.

Why, sonny, down in Texas,
  Not so very long ago,
They had a scrap with Greasers
  At a place called Alamo;
Now, they warn't so very many
  An' they hadn't uniforms,
Nor bearskin caps and leather straps
  An' funny-fangled horns.

But what they had was powder,
  An' by Gorry! they could shoot,
Without the drums a-beatin'
  An' the bugle's brassy toot;
They didn't carry any flags
  As symbols of their might,
Just simply nerve—and lots to serve:
  That's what you need to fight.

Of course they beat the Greasers,
  Sent 'em flying back to Mex,
A-scootin' like a pack o' hounds,
  As if they'd break their necks,
To bring another army back,
  A thousand odd or more;
When back they come upon the run,
  Say, sonny, *that* was war.

D'you think the Texans asked for truce,
  Or showed a craven feather?
They stood their ground and stood it firm,
  An' smiled at death together,
Till every blessed fightin' man
  Was lyin' stiff and cold,
And in the mud, besoaked with blood,
  Upon each other rolled.

So Mex—he won by numbers,
  Yes—he killed 'em, every one,
There warn't no Stoessels there, you see;
  Understand, my son?
Americans ain't Roosians,
  An' the lads from Texas State,
They fit away all night an' day
  Until the dawn of fate.

The blokes at Balaklava—why,
  They most of 'em came back;
They mighter stayed at home, those guys,
  An' monkeyed with the track;
They say that Athens got the news
  By one survivin' son,
The Greeks—they had a messenger:
  The Alamo—had none.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS W. LAWSON OFFERS, in one of his eloquent announcements, to disprove some observations made by us. The most concrete form which his offer takes is this: "If what COLLIER'S stated in its editorial was not absolutely false in each and all of its essentials, or if I can not show COLLIER'S that the success of my Remedy in all those things rightly built men should value most is worth more to me than the making of even $200,000,000 — if my feeling, intention, position, or action are any different to-day than they were in the bitterest of my most active days of Frenzied Finance, I will pay over to any charity COLLIER'S may name the sum of $100,000." Good. Mr. LAWSON is so generous as to believe that we seek the truth, whether it result for us or against. We accept his offer. We shall be glad to have him "prove" to us whatever he can, and anything about his methods and intentions which he finds to be susceptible of demonstration we shall gladly express in these pages. We confess to distrust of press-agent and stock-jobbing methods, and our function includes pointing out the dangers of such gambling to outsiders, who are so utterly at the mercy of those inside.

ACCEPTED

IF A FASTER TRAIN is put on a railroad than can safely be run, is it fair to charge every accident, to every kind of train, up to speed mania in the people? Are not these fliers often mere advertisements which directly do not even pay expenses? Here is a question from the Attorney-General of Missouri: "When the true obligations on the part of these men who are in charge of these great enterprises are considered, is it not clear that instead of using the money of the road to gamble with and to secure the control of competing lines, contrary to the principles of our common law and our statute law, such money should be used to improve the roadbed, to straighten the line, to strengthen the bridges, to increase the number and the safety of the cars in order that business may be promptly and properly conducted, in order that human life may be made more secure?" A blind agitation for lower rates on all roads, regardless of whether rates are more than high enough to give fair profit on capital actually invested, may do much harm. Agitation for the introduction of moral methods, such as the dropping of rebates and of passes, has already accomplished something. The agitation that is most called for now is one for the introduction of every safety appliance known to the much less murderous trains of Europe.

SAFETY

MANY THINGS WHICH are harmful or perilous we can avoid using if we have adequate intelligence. Trains we are compelled to take. If riding in France or England can be less dangerous than war, its perils can be decreased by us. Tinder-box cars can be abolished. Highly developed electric signals, including those made possible by electricity, can be introduced. Too long hours by employees can be ended. A much higher standard of personal efficiency can be brought about. If, as railroad men charge, union labor makes discipline impossible, let the officials come plainly and fully before the public with the facts, and union labor will find itself speedily compelled to acquiesce.

WHAT CAN BE DONE

TO THOSE WHO know the Isthmus and the work there the Canal without STEVENS raises an idea of desolation. He found chaos and he brought forth order in face of criticism, the contractors at home, the indecision of Congress as to a plan, and the wearing climate. Clock-like, with the mainspring of all his energy wound up, he kept to the work, his thoughts on his objective and never on his own health. We owe him much; and although he departs, the nation's work goes on along the lines which he had laid down. His word and the President's committed us to the three-flight lock system of the present plan, which puts all the eggs in the one basket. It is unfortunate that he could not remain to see them built. There is, however, the satisfaction that what is only a misfortune to-day would have been a disaster a year ago. The next practical step is for the people to stand back of the army engineers in their efforts to continue STEVENS'S organization and insure soundness of material and construction. The success of the undertaking is not dependent now on any one man, but alone on popular vigilance.

FUTURE OF THE CANAL

THERE ARE MOMENTS when the steel of a strong man's resolution, high tempered with concentrated effort, becomes as brittle as spun glass. SHERMAN found GRANT one day, in the period of HALLECK'S supremacy, in his tent on the Monterey Road in 1862, tying up his private letters and packing his bag. "I'm going to St. Louis," GRANT said; "I can't stand this any longer." SHERMAN related how he himself had been on the point of resigning in a fit of blues because an editor called him crazy; but on second thought by daylight he had found the distinction cheering and complimentary. "Time will right this injustice, and you would be unhappier still away from the front when your country is at war." GRANT thought awhile and concluded that SHERMAN was right. STEVENS is of the same type. Perhaps his resignation was due to the fact that he had no such friend as SHERMAN at hand to say to him: "Come! Time will right these matters, and you would be unhappier still away from this great work you have seen grow under your hand. Because you can not make everything go as you desire, you forget that you have accomplished much."

PATIENCE

A STRANGE, perplexing controversy has arisen in resourceful Chicago. It would appear that Mr. O'CONNELL, pilot of Mayor DUNNE'S political fortunes and incidentally Commissioner of Public Works, had a difference with Mr. COLLINS, Chief of the city's weird police force. In the course of the disagreement Mr. COLLINS stated that Mr. O'CONNELL was a liar. Mr. O'CONNELL, not to be outdone in courtesy, replied that Mr. COLLINS was a d——d liar. Mayor DUNNE thereupon poured oil on the troubled waters by stating that both gentlemen were veracious. This leaves the matter in serious doubt from the standpoint of pure reason, for it would appear that: First, if Mr. COLLINS is truthful in his assertions, Mr. O'CONNELL and Mayor DUNNE are liars; second, that if Mr. O'CONNELL uttered a truthful statement, Mr. COLLINS and Mayor DUNNE are d——d liars; third, if, on the other hand, the respective statements of Messrs. COLLINS and O'CONNELL are untrue, there remains a list of from two to three liars; fourth, if Mayor DUNNE is truthful then all three are various degrees of liars, or all are truthful, or some are liars. This third hypothesis admits of such voluminous argumentation that nothing but a ukase can settle it. Some one appears to have tampered with the truth.

HOW IS IT?

PHILADELPHIA'S promise to lead the way in municipal reform has been broken less than two years after it was made. Mr. REYBURN, the mayor-elect, sixty-two years old, personally honest and of no particular force when in Congress, is counted upon by the Republican organization to keep up an appearance of dignity and respectability, while the real ruler of the city, JAMES P. McNICHOL, tells the City Councils what he wants them to do. Many

of the City Fathers who, two years ago, were prevented from selling the city's gas plant for a song only by the appearance in the gallery of the council chamber of indignant citizens with ropes are back "on the job." They are ready to "work for a progressive Philadelphia" once more. They are in sympathy with McNichol's theory that continued criticism is bad for business. McNichol is a contractor, and the Councilmen hold their ward leaderships largely by virtue of their ability to get jobs for men who do not care to work too strenuously for their pay. The country has observed in Philadelphia that the people can obtain better city administration when they actively desire it. Even McNichol and his fellow-gangsters may feel it advisable to use their power more circumspectly in the future. Evolution is a slow process, whether in politics or frontal development. Occasional reversions are to be looked for. "Steady, by jerks," is the rule.

IN THE LONG RUN

A FAVORITE QUOTATION at Washington is:

> "For science and for books, he said, he never had a wish;
> No school to him was worth a fig except a school of fish."

Between the men who wrangle over the appropriation bills and the scientists who experiment, at Government expense, with new methods of plant culture there is perennial feud. To judge by the debates in Congress, science and books are well enough in their way; tatting and feather-stitching also; but why a strong man should dawdle over the gipsy moth or wheat rust or the propagation of a tree species for arid lands defies the intellect. When Secretary Wilson's request to include in the Agricultural Appropriation Bill an item of $750,000 to provide for some forestry experiments came before the Senate, Senator Gallinger wished to know just how many of these "so-called scientists" are now employed in the Department of Agriculture. After Senators Proctor and Newlands had patiently explained that the appropriation must include the traveling expenses of the experimenters, Senator Carter dropped this: "I do not believe there should be permission given to any officer to conduct investigations in the city of Washington or elsewhere, which means the North Pole or the Southern Cross or any other part of the globe to which a human being can go." Senator Heyburn accused Mr. Pinchot's foresters of political plotting. These arguments prevailed; "the amendment was rejected."

A PUNCH FOR SCIENCE

SUCH A MURDER TRIAL as that which has lately attracted national attention induces reflections on capital punishment. If a murderer may escape legal punishment for his crime because the emotional explosion which brought about the homicide is adjudged to be a temporary insanity, where is the line between an irresponsible condition and mere hate? How many emotional Italians, poorly nourished, badly bred, inheritors of none knows what taint, are yearly convicted of varying degrees of homicide, and swiftly punished, who, had they the money to employ able experts and counsel, might prove that the state of mind in which they jabbed stilettos into the other men was comparable to a neurotic cyclone, in which their poor physical members whirled in a state of complete moral anesthesia? In a hundred years will our whole crude legal machinery for drawing hard lines about responsibility seem as barbarous as the ancient tests for witchcraft? Plainly, in the relation of punishment to crime, we are as yet children groping in the dark. It may be noted in this connection that a bill has been introduced in a State Legislature to provide that murderers who have no money and wish to enter the plea of insanity may employ a suitable medical expert at the expense of the State.

PUNISHMENT

SO MANY MORE DEGREES of irresponsibility exist in fact than are recognized by law that juries frequently acquit because they are unwilling to convict a man of greater crime than they believe he has committed. The law calls a man sane if he knows the nature of his act, realizes its consequences, and understands that it is wrong. Everybody knows that from such a degree of sanity to real self-control there is immeasurable distance. To punish with death a man who knows what he is doing, but is practically without power of deliberation or control, is revolting to the ordinary conscience and sympathies; and there are plenty of psychologists, physicians, and lawyers of high standing who find in this rigidity one of the most glaring defects of criminal jurisprudence. The machinery for bringing about an improvement ought not to be impossible to devise. The law will not do its proper work until its assumptions are less contrary to the human facts.

SANITY AND LAW

NO JAPANESE GENERAL has yet written a book about the war. None will; for so the Emperor has ordered, so the General Staff has decreed. Besides, they are too busy reading the books and the interviews and articles of Russian commanders. Kuropatkin's account appears in three volumes. His lengthy and academic despatches given in the midst of battle make him a severe commentator on himself. They find some excuse, however, in the wavering, incontinent, unprofessional reports of his subordinates. Clearly he was handicapped by Alexieff and the court cabal and sorely disturbed by the inadequacy of an instrument which was, after all, his own creation as Minister of War. Clearly he was a cushion into which sank the pin of every detail, lacking, as General Kuroki said of him, the boldness to carry any one of his many conceptions doggedly through. The revelation of the whole teaches us that the strength of the Japanese was emphasized by Russian incompetency, by keeping secret all their own weaknesses, and by allowing the world's imagination, dwelling on results unqualified by critical information, to ascribe superhuman virtues to them. And still the little men sit tight and listen, believing, as one of their proverbs says, that wise counsels and few words make courage bright.

NEW WAYS

WITH THE WATER squeezed out of the Kaiser's electoral victory, we find that liberalism itself has received no setback in Germany. After all, he only beat the Socialists at the polls, while his ancestors used to beat them with clubs. In Russia, where complex discussions must wait on the establishment of great principles, murders by the Reactionaries and counter-murders by the Terrorists have not stifled the education of the sane world that lies between. Stolypin seemed to think that his soldiers were going to elect the Duma; and the people, taking his advice quietly and acting contrariwise, surprised him by electing it themselves, which certainly shows that popular government is an undependable thing, as Pobiedonostzeff ever maintained. This great race, whose vitality has carried its flag across a continent, once awakened to its power, is not of a temper when aroused to be voted by "shotgun rule." The meat in the nut of the radical majority is that it springs in great part from the peasantry, whom the bureaucracy depended upon in opposition to the townspeople. The farmers no longer think that the Little Father represents God and gives them life and food and drink out of his generous heart. They have had a taste of freedom, and they like it. As yet they may not know how to use it; but they will learn, it is possible to hope, with a briefer and an easier experience than other communities built out of medieval material.

PROGRESS IN RUSSIA

WHEN DISRAELI told the members of the House of Commons that his ancestors were priests when theirs were in skins the Commons liked his audacity. His tart and courageous fling made their North Sea blood run faster. Of course they knew it was not true; that no fig-leaf could be older than the British, let alone so respectably opaque. With equal temerity Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is about to break a lance with the Lords. Early in his career Gladstone tried to improve that august body by modifying it with Liberal members. But no sooner had they coronets on their heads than they wrapped their robes about them in exclusive pride and became profound believers in the sanctity of a hereditary house. Later, on the occasion of his Home Rule fight, he did not repeat the experiment. It was in this crisis that the Marquis of Salisbury raised his leonine head before a British audience and observed with aristocratic languor that he thought the Lords, which was the elder of the two branches, would go at the same time as the Commons. Slowly that sank into the minds of the two ex-

LORDS

tremes of Torydom, the 'Arries at the "pubs" and the intellectual classes. Of course! How could the Lords go first when they were older? When Sir HENRY is most eloquent and most logical the Peers will stare and quote the Marquis's speech and the public will say, if it follows precedent: "You cawn't, you know." It is said that Sir HENRY has enlisted the King's support. The King has shown an unconstitutionally meddlesome spirit in British politics which the Peers resent, not in the name of the people, but as an interference with their noble prerogatives.

WOMEN SHOULD FIND systematic factory inspection more interesting than study classes on BROWNING, and they can exterminate child slavery in the individual States before Senator BEVERIDGE's bill passes the National Legislature at Washington. Federal law might be helpful; direction and enforcement of public opinion by women would be all powerful. There are five hundred thousand women in American cities belonging to clubs. They should be able to cope with the brutalization of seven hundred thousand children who ought to be in school instead of at work in mines, mills, and factories. What that half million women can do if they set about it may be guessed, at least in a general way, from what they did to Senator SMOOT and, with mistaken zeal, to the army canteen. Do they care less about child slavery than about monogamy and the most advisable place to drink? The child-worker is in law not the chattel of his employer, though in fact he may be owned body and soul. The laws are better than their enforcement. Publicity and public opinion should see that every child-labor law is executed to the very end.

TO WOMEN

1,750,178 CHILDREN from ten to fifteen years of age are employed in farm, factory, and personal service in the United States. Of this army, 1,054,446 live the natural and healthy, if frugal and industrious, life of the farm. Most of these belong to the families of the farmers. Even if they do not, their lot is comparatively enviable. It is not necessary to observe the children of such places as "Rat Row" in Cincinnati, the "Levee District" in Chicago, or the "Lung Block" in New York to note the contrast. Walk through the streets in which the better class of factory operatives live, and ask yourself if the worst bit of Alabama Red Clay, or Colorado Desert, or bleak New England hillside, is not a better soil on which to rear the citizens of the next generation. The farmers' sons and daughters are the only children without wealth who may look forward confidently to lives of independence. The little red schoolhouse gives them the rudiments, and if they have the right material in them the road to intellectual attainment is open, with less obstacles than ABRAHAM LINCOLN met. In these days of rural delivery, farm telephones, and traction engines, the isolation and drudgery of the farm are but a tradition.

CHILD LABOR

WHILE WE SIT at our roll-top desk, making laws for the United States and outlying nations, a few bright suggestions about details have been crowded on us. That was a good one about automobiles! Why arrest the chauffeur? Why not arrest the machine? Give Plutocrat Sorghum's $8,000 car a term of two years' imprisonment and see how the sentence affects the gentle bondholder. Ready money is no object to him—but put his gas vehicle out of commission for any length of time and he will suffer. If you own a bank or a majority of stock in your State Legislature, you need not worry about several hundred dollars more or less. All dollars are alike. But it will take much time and many tears to substitute an automobile which you have tested as a good road-runner and a reliable man-killer. If you lock up the offending automobiles and let the owners go free, there will be a rapid-transit change in this country almost amounting to the Great Reform. A fat proportion of our capitalists will be seen walking arm in arm with their mechanics, the odor of naphtha will be diminished in the land, and infants, invalids, and old people may cross the street without accident insurance.

ARREST THE AUTO

THE 450TH ANNIVERSARY of the Moravian Church as an organization, on March 1, was celebrated in all parts of the world. Besides building Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Lititz, in Pennsylvania, the Moravians have done pioneer work in this country, and although the membership in the United States is now but sixteen thousand, one missionary is maintained for every sixty-five members. The British Parliament recognized the Moravians as "an ancient Episcopal Church," in 1749, and it is said that JOHN WESLEY was strongly influenced by them. Of late they have shown less of the mystical tendencies of their illustrious coadjutor, Count ZINZENDORF, and a stronger inclination toward the practical. Simple and kindly in their lives, if somewhat frugal, these people have long been devotees of music, and the Bach festivals at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, have drawn visitors from all parts of the world.

AN ACTIVE CHURCH

1907 TAX DAY

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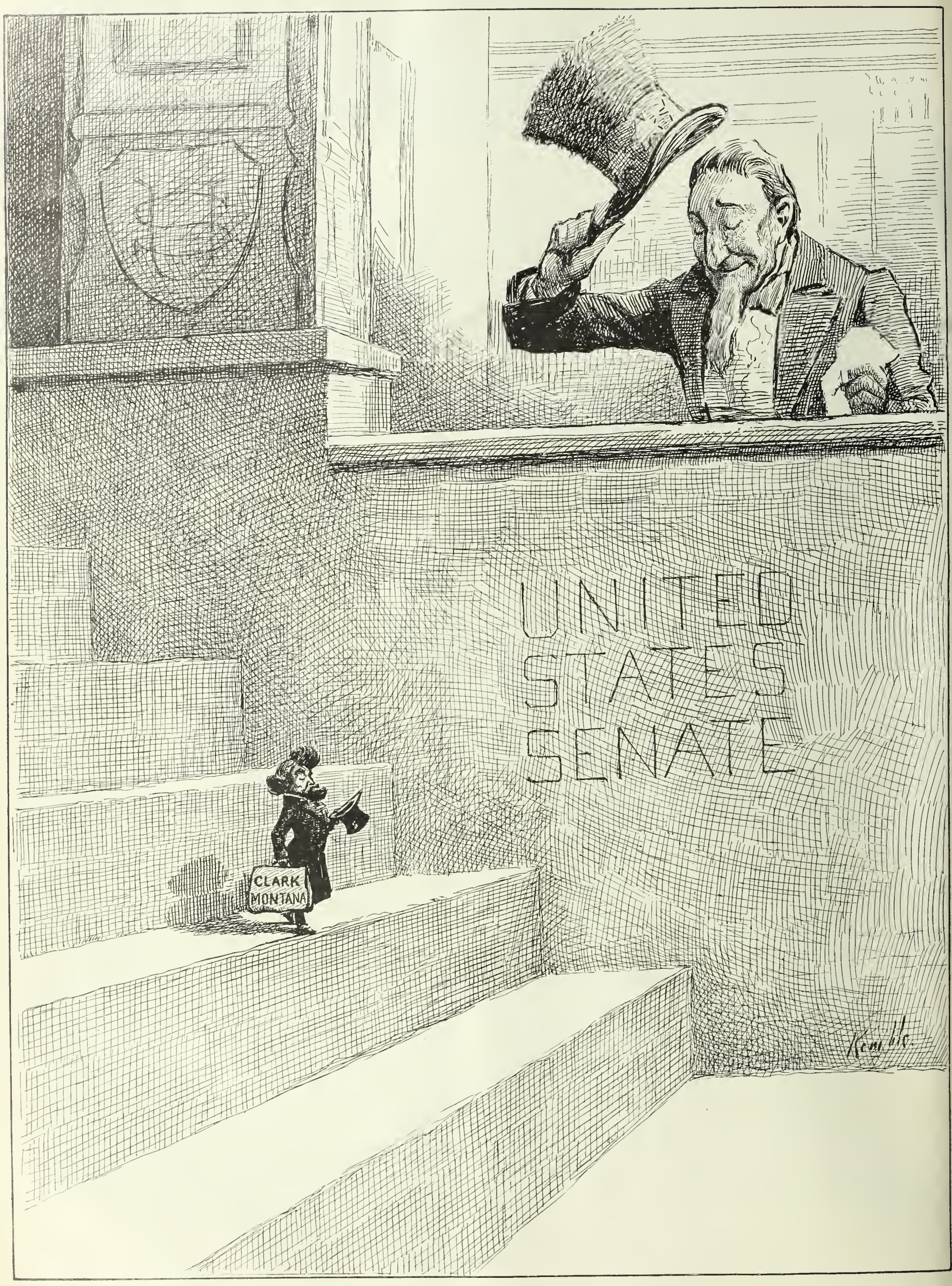
THIS advertisement, which appeared in the "Wall Street Journal," shows how highly organized an industry tax-dodging has become in the United States. Moralizing on that topic will be found, by the attentive reader of this instructive periodical, in the last editorial on this page

AMERICAN SUFFRAGETTES think poorly of the situation in America. One of them recently pointed out that the new constitution granted Finland by the Czar gives women equal rights with men to vote and hold office, that women have gained a victory in Natal, Africa, and that the right to vote at church elections has been accorded them at the foot of Mount Ararat. We would fain cheer these ladies, by observing that in Norway, Maine, are a woman pastor, a woman editor, a woman physician, a woman justice of the peace, a woman bank cashier, a woman undertaker, and if the village of fifteen hundred ever has a mayor, a woman will probably be chosen. All is not lost in America. And the great consideration about this country is that whenever American women as a whole wish the suffrage they will have it.

WOMAN RAMPANT

DODGING TAXES may be carried so far as to seem rather startling even to our frank time. The "1907 Tax Day," mentioned in the advertisement reproduced on this page, is the day when residents of New York can go to the assessor's office and offer protest, if they have any, against the amount of their assessments. The facilities offered in this advertisement make the process somewhat simple and virtuously avoid the temptation to perjury. On the day before "Tax Day" you own a million dollars in railway securities, taxable for $14,700. That day you go to PFAELZER & Co., sell your railway securities and put your million in "tax free" municipal bonds. Then you make your affidavit that you have no taxable property. The next day you sell your municipal bonds and buy back your railway securities. You can do it all in forty-eight hours, and the net saving is $14,700, less the insignificant commission for buying and selling. Such is the gain in money, the excessive love of which is evil's root. About the honor of it all we offer no platitude at present.

THE DEVIL AND THE STUMP



THE NATION'S LOSS

"Senator Clark, having been turned down by the ungrateful Montana Legislature, will now give his undivided attention to his large copper interests in the West."—NEWS DESPATCH

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

THE ARMY TAKES CHARGE

JOHN F. STEVENS, IN CHARGE OF THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL, HAS RESIGNED. THE PRESIDENT HAS TURNED THE WORK OVER TO TWO OFFICERS OF THE ENGINEERING CORPS OF THE ARMY. THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE WAS ON THE ISTHMUS WHEN THE LETTER OF RESIGNATION WAS WRITTEN. HE WRITES OF THE INCIDENT WITH INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE

By LINDSAY DENISON



John F. Stevens, Chief Engineer. Harry Reed, Government and Administration. W. G. Comber, La Boca Division. E. P. Shannon, Sec'y to Chief Engineer. G. Beird, Pan. R.R. Jackson Smith, Labor and Quarters. Thomas Shanton, Police.

J. G. Holcombe, Municipal Engineering. W. C. Gorgas, Sanitation. Joseph Ripley, Asst. Chief Eng. F. B. Maltby, Prin. Asst. Eng. W. G. Tubby, Material and Supplies.

E. J. Williams, Disbursing. W. D. Bolich, Culebra Division. R. M. Arango, River Hydraulics. H. L. Stuntz, Auditor. G. D. Brooke, Motive Power and Machinery. W. M. Belding, Building and Construction.

Missing: William Gerig, Colon Division.

STEVENS AND HIS CAPTAINS

The engineers and their superintendents—"They have driven their shovels and their drills like demons for the sake of hearing him say: 'Good!'"

JOHN F. STEVENS, chief engineer of the Panama Canal, and acting chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, sat on the evening of February 8 in the cool hall of his house on the top of Culebra Hill, and talked to me for an hour or more about his work, his men, and himself. He gloried in what the Americans had overcome, in what they were doing, and in the spirit they were showing. Of the Canal itself, he spoke disparagingly; he had gone stale in his enthusiasm. It no longer represented to him a "Highway of the Nations," or the "New Wonder of the World"; he could see in it merely an enormous hole in the ground in which he and the thirty thousand men under his command were to labor wearily from morning until night for seven long years to come. Frankly, he said, he was tired of it.

I called back out of the dark, as I was leaving, that I hoped to drop in on him again in about a year. He smiled an indifferent, rather a bitter, smile.

"I may not be here then," he said. "The United States looks pretty good to me to-night."

Then he walked back to the little desk just inside the door and took up the letter-writing at which he had been busy when I interrupted him. And before he had finished he had written his letter of resignation to the President of the United States, and had brought about the most serious and vital reverse since the United States took over the French Canal concession. It is far more serious than the defection of Wallace, because Wallace, no matter how great his capacity as an engineer, lacked the capacity to coerce his superiors to let him do things in his own way. The recent retirement of Shonts was a positive help to the harmonious and orderly prosecution of the contract. But John F. Stevens is the one man, who, up to the moment of his resignation, had gone effectively and aggressively and economically at his huge task, and had achieved a success, developed since January 1, completely astounding to everybody who has kept in close touch with things on the Isthmus Absurd as the words seem, there are many of us who must believe that this success surprised the man himself, and that his resignation may be indirectly traced to this surprise. But his letter went to Washington on the steamship *Colon;* the President received it on February 15; the wording of it seemed to him so inexplicably offensive, and the spirit of it so far from that which he believed ought to animate the man directly in charge of the Panama Canal, that he accepted the resignation, only asking that the news should not be given to the public until arrangements for installing his successor could be made and a decision could be reached on the bids for the Canal contract. Major George W. Goethals of the War College was assigned to act as chief engineer of the Canal, and it was determined that hereafter the work should be under the supervision of the Engineer Corps of the United States Army. Major David Du B. Gaillard was assigned to assist Major Goethals. The whole Isthmian Canal Commission was removed. Joseph C. S. Blackburn was made chairman of a new commission of which the army engineers are the only other members.

Stevens is out. But it does not even yet seem credible to me that the man to whom I talked that Friday night on Culebra Hill had it in his heart to quit. To any one who knows John F. Stevens well, the imputation that he could be a quitter is laughable. He seemed rather, on the night of February 8, to be a man who was going through the reaction which follows a great achievement—a reaction which ought not to have come until after the Canal was finished, but which had come prematurely because of the tremendous physical strain of the last three years with all its fantastic complications of climate, politics, and diplomacy. In other words, he seemed like an overtrained football player who has broken down into nervousness and despondency after the first big game of the season. We all know the type; a great big bunch of nerves and

muscle goes sulking off to his room after having brought about a tremendous victory; he sits there until midnight, with his head in his hands, worrying, and at last he writes a letter to the Head Coach, a half-petulant, half-angry letter in which he announces his intention to retire from the team and from the whole game of football. The Head Coach misses him from the training table in the morning before the fatal letter is ever opened, pulls him out of bed, tells him not to be a fool, throws a pail of cold water on his head—and the big boy sheepishly asks if he can't have the letter back unopened.

But it is sadly true that Washington is considerably farther from Panama than is the training table from a college dormitory; moreover, the correspondence was between grown men and not unformed boys. The President and Stevens were so far apart, and had come to the breaking point through so much tension and responsibility, that pride had time to stiffen Stevens's determination that he would stick by his word and get out, and the President could not bring himself to see that a man whose grit had broken down at such a critical stage of the work was fit to go on with it. There was never any thought of a reconsideration.

"If Stevens had been a Frenchman," said Frederick Palmer, when we were talking the matter over, "the wire would have been hot with the request that his letter be disregarded or returned unopened. But the same quality in the American temperament which leads the American to attempt to defy the tropical climate when he is sent to do work in it makes him stubbornly stand by the results of his physical and mental breakdown and irritation which come from that defiance. Sooner or later the American who contemptuously discards the sun umbrella and the siesta, and who stays on his work from dawn until dark, reaches the breaking point, loses his initiative and his sense of the proportion of things."

Recalling the conversation on the night of his resignation, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that something of this sort had happened to Mr. Stevens. A year ago I had written some very harsh things about the condition of the Panama Railroad and its administration. Mr. Stevens had been very much incensed by it. My call was one of apology—to say that the present wonderfully efficient working of the railroad (which isn't really a railroad at all, but a huge construction yard, fifty miles long) had taught me my mistake.

A Man Gone Stale on His Work

THE Chief Engineer, affectionately designated by his subordinates from one end of the Isthmus to the other as "The Big Smoke," was more than anxious to meet me half-way. A year ago he had cabled that I was "a liar of the Poultney Bigelow class." Now he was explaining that the strain of the work and the climate and of warring influences above and below him had caused him to be irritated beyond all reason, and that if he had been in my place with my limited understanding of the demoralized condition of the railroad he would have written of it in the same way. He said, rather significantly it now seems, that he guessed he had taken his job too seriously a year ago. He wanted to know what I thought of the year's progress and seemed moderately pleased when I told him, with complete candor, that the progress we had made and the wonderful display of flying dirt and whirring machinery up and down the line completely swept me off my feet. The eight miles of the Culebra cut were overhung with a black pall of smoke from the engines and shovels and locomotives, so that it looked far more like Pittsburg than any other place in the world. I had spent three days riding up and down the line on dirt trains, and had found the main line between the cut and the dumps an amazing continuous belt of trains run at high speed, "making the dirt fly" at the rate of thirty thousand cubic yards a day. He grinned. They had only just started, he said.

He began talking of the loyalty and devotion of the working force; the incubus of incompetents and malingerers who had kept them all in a fret a year ago had been weeded out; the proportion of useless Jamaica negro workmen had been much reduced; the spirit of the job was one of hearty hustling. We laughed together over the healthful quarrels between division engineers over the crime known on the Isthmus as "kidnaping": in their zeal to make a good showing engineers were stealing men from neighboring divisions by hundreds and even by thousands until the Big Smoke, secretly pleased, had to issue stern orders to stop the practise.

But the change came when I suggested that there must be a constant thrill of inspiration in the knowledge that this mighty force had been built up and was at its tremendous job because he had put it together. He couldn't feel any thrill at all any more, he said. To him it was all an enormous, weary, tiresome job of brute labor, day in and day out, and with nothing but a hole in the ground to show when it was all done. He broke off and began to talk about the weather. Later I made an effort to find out how he regarded the approaching awarding of the contract. I knew that he had joined with Mr. Shonts a year ago in urging the contract plan; I did not know that he had remained tacitly committed to that plan up to last December, nor did he tell me. When I asked what justification there was for bringing into the work, when it was all going so well and so smoothly, the endless complications which the employment of a superfluous contractor involved, I got very little satisfaction. It was clear that he agreed with me; also that he didn't want to say anything about it.

"You have too much imagination for me," he said to me once. "I haven't got as far ahead as imagining ships passing from ocean to ocean. I'm afraid that sometimes I wonder if there will be any traffic at all; if there is any good in digging a canal anyway; if it isn't all just a great big waste of health and money and energy. I guess I'm tired of it."

Then, as though in explanation, he told of the comments of friends from the United States who had visited him on the Isthmus and particularly of those of a Chicago railroad man.

"You're not an engineer, Stevens," said this man. "You are a combination financier, employment agent, archbishop, superintendent of schools, corporation counsel, board of aldermen, restaurant keeper, and diplomat—with a little engineering sprinkled in for seasoning."

No one, said Mr. Stevens, could well understand, without a visit to the Isthmus, how varied and trying was the strain which fell upon the Chief Engineer. This was not said plaintively, but apparently by way of justification for his weariness.

I went back to Panama, wondering how an article or a series of them by a score of writers could be framed which would make the people of the United States fully realize how great was this man's work—so that there would be an arousing of sentiment which would come back to him and cheer him out of his despondency and give him back his lost enthusiasm. Meanwhile he was writing out, in his letter to the President, all the things he had told me and many more, and was asking to be relieved from duty.

It is much more easy to understand Mr. Roosevelt's frame of mind on receiving that letter than it is to appreciate Mr. Stevens's frame of mind when it was written. In the first place, the President had appointed Mr. Stevens with one very clear understanding; I tell it in the words of one of the Chief Engineer's best friends and most loyal subordinates: "Mr. Stevens sent for me a few days after he had been appointed. I knew him only slightly then. He said: 'As you know, I am going to Panama. I want you to go, too. I have given



MAJOR GEORGE W. GOETHALS

Who is to have charge of the Panama Canal construction

only one pledge—that if I go I will stay until the job is done. Now will *you* stick?' I said I would, and that was the only promise I ever made."

The resignation seemed to Mr. Roosevelt a deliberate repudiation of that initial promise, a repudiation made at a time when it was most embarrassing to himself and to the progress of the Canal.

But the statement in the letter which roused his most acute indignation was that in which Mr. Stevens, in attacking the advisability of letting out the work by contract, said that he had given the contract plan only his tacit approval, and that he had been thoroughly displeased with the contract idea. Shonts was the original advocate of the contract plan; he had brought Stevens to an apparent hearty agreement with his views. When the first draft of the contract was made Stevens wrote it. Changes were made afterward either by his suggestion or after his approval had been asked. December 12 last found Stevens in the President's office in Washington with a majority of the commission and several members of the Cabinet. The question was on the adoption of the form of the contract. The President had the document in his hand.

"Now," he said, in substance, "are we all agreed that this contract is satisfactory? Is there any change, large or small, that any one can suggest? Does it meet with the approval of every one of us? Let us not say: 'It is done,' if there remains in the mind of any one of us the slightest suggestion that it could in any way be improved." No one spoke. "Then it is done," said the President.

Stevens was present. If it had been his belief then that the letting of the contract was an unnecessary and cumbersome and extravagant way of building the Canal, he might have said so. The President would have been astonished and displeased. But those who best know his attitude of mind toward the Canal and Mr. Stevens believe that he would have discarded the contract and would have told Mr. Stevens to go ahead in his own way—and to be very, very sure never to do it again. Such a facing about would have been humiliating and embarrassing. But it would not have been a blank disaster, as is the necessity for completely reorganizing the entire Isthmian administration.

But in the letter of resignation Stevens says that he gave the contract merely "passive approval," that he didn't like it at the time it was adopted, and intimates that he refrained from objecting because he thought there would be no use in objecting. The characteristics indicated in such an answer are so different from the man most of us believe to be the real Stevens that it is necessary to fall back on the effects of the climate and overwork for an explanation. The Panama climate has been responsible for many exhibitions of petty weakness, bad temper, and jealousy. It is even hinted that protests have come to Washington against the prominence given in the public prints to the wonderful work accomplished on the Isthmus by Colonel Gorgas; not the best engineering and administrative ability in the world could have made the Canal work as successful as it was a week ago had not Gorgas converted the Isthmus from a pesthole of the world into the pleasantest and cleanest winter resort that the world knows. At home with friends and daily newspapers all about, and quick communication and quick forgetfulness of momentary sensations, such petty displays of temper and jealousy would never develop. It is easy enough to decry them at Panama. But life at Panama is no more normal in its psychology and in its social exchanges than it is physically. And if men strong at home show weaknesses at Panama, we are not considering too charitably if we lay their trivial squabbles to their situations rather than to their personalities.

If the present plan is carried out the members of the new commission will not be allowed to wear themselves out. Goethals and Gaillard will relieve each other on the work by six months' periods. The President had sadly concluded that no man is strong enough to keep his vitality and enthusiasm for his task if he is kept working at his highest efficiency continuously in the tropics.

And the intensity of the born engineer is a wonderful thing. All great engineers are alike in it. They are animated by something like a hatred of so much of their work as remains unfinished. It was true of Stevens for three years. When that peculiar intensity of purpose is gone a man is no longer useful. Just when Stevens lost it we can not know. It was still with him when the President visited the Isthmus in November.

Did Stevens Regret the Contract Plan?

MR. PALMER tells how the Chief Engineer turned to him and complained almost bitterly that the Presidential visit, though a tremendous honor and a sentimental boost, was "interfering with the work and messing things all up." But there is reason to believe that he lost his grip on his return to the Isthmus after the December conference in Washington; the fulness of his victory over all the obstacles to the Canal struck him like a blow. He had watched the gradual growth of the efficiency of his machine; he had confidence in the final result. But when he returned after an absence in the States the summit had practically been achieved. Everything had gone well. His men had justified his choice. Dirt was going out of the Canal as fast as ever a contractor could make it. The Isthmus was a good place to live in. He had lived up to the reputation established for him by J. J. Hill, when Stevens left the Great Northern: "Stevens has spent some $60,000,000 for me—but I've got back at least $1.02 for every dollar of it." And yet—he had agreed to turn it all over to contractors who would carry it on and get rich by it. He would remain in charge, of course, to supervise the contractor—but the glory would be divided with the contractor; and any fault of the contractor, any dishonesty, would mean quarrels and disputes and appeals to Congress, and perhaps disgrace. He was too proud to retract so late in the day his demand for contract-letting. Yet his own engineers showed their regret that they were to be superseded in the actual construction work; every visitor from the States, mere travelers, newspaper correspondents, railroad men—all deplored it. And—

"The United States looks pretty good to me tonight."

How great is to be the disaster to the Canal? It will be untrue to human nature if the machine, deprived of the man who built it up, does not for a while go to pieces. Stevens's engineers have followed Stevens with a devotion almost fanatical. They have fought among themselves for his approval. They have driven their shovels and their drills like demons for the sake of seeing him smile down over their sections, and of hearing him say: "Good!" They have taught that same blind loyalty to their subordinate engineers and foremen. It is inevitable, now that they know that Stevens is going home tired and disgusted, that some, if not all of them, should turn from their desks in dumb dismay. The machine must be rebuilt, and for the most part with new human materials.

It is easy to believe, as visitors to the White House say, that the receipt of the Stevens resignation was the hardest disappointment which has come to Theodore Roosevelt since he became President. He has committed himself to the Panama Canal as the great feature of his whole administration. He has exhausted every means of waking the people to an appreciation of the immensity of the undertaking. And at the very moment when scandal and criticism had been practically silenced—there must be a new beginning. New men must be experimented with. On a smaller scale it is as it was with Lincoln when one general after another went out from Washington and failed to prove himself the Man. But, in time, the Man developed; the work was done. And in the two weeks which have elapsed since the blow fell the President has shown by his manner and his utterances that he has lost no bit of his confidence that the Canal will be finished in the allotted time, ten years, and that every American will be altogether proud of the way the work has been done.

NORTH DAKOTA'S COAL FAMINE

INDIGNANT OUTBURSTS CAUSED BY FREEZING WEATHER, NO COAL, AND NO TRAINS

IF you were a North Dakota farmer with your last year's wheat crop rotting on the ground because there were no cars to take it to an elevator, with no coal to burn and the thermometer thirty or forty degrees below zero; if you were almost as dependent on the branch railroad which connected you with the outside world as a ship at sea is dependent upon its food supply and coal bunkers, and no trains came over this railroad; if you and your wife had to take shifts sitting up at night keeping a fire going with wood or by burning your own grain and straw, you might not approach the difficulties which the northern prairie winter brings to the railroads with a perfectly judicial and unimpassioned mind. Some of the North Dakota comments reprinted here may sound bizarre and frenzied, but the conditions were extreme. The farmers may be pardoned for believing that they were the victims of a deliberate railroad conspiracy.

"It is not a snow blockade or car shortage that deprives us of a market for our grain," wrote a citizen of Litchville, North Dakota, to COLLIER'S, on February 12. "It is a deliberate strike of the railroads *against* the people, for some purpose not now apparent. The results are appalling. Millions of bushels of grain heating and rotting under the snow. We beg your assistance and help to end this intolerable condition."

Strong Language from a Cold Man

"GOD ALMIGHTY," said one of the enclosed clippings from the "Litchville Bulletin," "did not create a special breed of folks who alone might have the exclusive privilege of buying a car of coal. In this land of the free and home of the railroad combines the man with the price ought to be able to buy a car of coal—or ten car-loads if he wanted to—and the sooner some very small potatoes masquerading as statesmen down at Washington get after this coal trust the easier they will feel next election day. We've the hard cash to buy coal enough to heat Gehenna one hundred degrees hotter than the thermometer now registers, and we've grain enough to run all the flour mills from Androscoggin to Yuba Dam.

"We want coal! We want flour! We want cars to ship our wheat out!"

. . . . . .

"There has been no grain hauled out since about December 1. Granaries and elevators are bursting and at least one hundred thousand bushels are piled on the ground and in open bins covered with snow in and around the towns of Litchville, Marion, and Hastings."

. . . . . .

"When laboring men strike and the traffic of the country is interfered with, the army of the United States comes to the assistance of the corporations. Now the railroads are striking against the people, refusing to move the commerce of the country—fuel and provisions are exhausted, and to the lay mind it is indeed time for the army to come to the assistance of the people and compel railroads to haul the commerce of the country."

. . . . . .

"There are Congressmen, Senators, and others high in power in this glorious land of ours, readers of the 'Bulletin,' who are getting bald trying to increase their salaries or help out the Algerian crisis, or the sanitation of the Panama zone, or the rejection of the Japanese from the public schools of California. The railroads hauled forty million bushels more grain to Duluth and Minneapolis in the year ending December 1, 1905, than they did in the year ending December 1, 1906. They have more engines, cars, and trackage now than then. This is conclusive evidence that the railroads are on a strike against the people."

Burning Grain to Keep Warm

"*DECEMBER 12, 1906.*—On this day the last freight train reached Litchville.

"*January 12, 1907.*—On this day the last pound of coal and last stick of wood in Litchville was sold out.

"*January 13, 1907.*—On this day the last passenger train arrived with not enough coal to return on. It is still 'in our midst.'

"*January 16, 1907.*—On this day Superintendent Burt promised that this branch would be opened immediately and fuel sent in.

"*January 25, 1907.*—On this day Superintendent Burt telegraphed this branch would be opened up in preference to all other branches on the Dakota division.

"*January 29, 1907.*—On this day Superintendent Burt telegraphed this branch would positively be opened within two days.

"*February 8, 1907.*—Branch still closed. Nothing doing."

. . . . . .

"WILLOW CITY, NORTH DAKOTA,
February 15, 1907

"*Editor* COLLIER'S:

"DEAR SIR—You will find enclosed a pair of prints which will give you an idea of the coal situation in North Dakota. Print No. 1 was taken on February 7 (5:25 P. M.), the first car of coal we had received in twelve days. On this date a number of people, including the writer, were burning grain, oats, and barley, and many were living in one room, while others had moved in with their neighbors. Print No. 2 was taken on February 9, on which date we received three cars of coal.

"I am enclosing a letter which speaks for itself and is an actual fact, as I was at the Great Northern depot when the five sacks of hard coal arrived, the express charges on same being $12."

The letter mentioned herein was written by a citizen



One hundred and twenty-five teams, representing twice as many families, lined up alongside a newly arrived coal car. The dealer placed the limit at three sacks

of Bottineau, North Dakota, to a business firm in Minneapolis asking that coal be sent by express. It read in part as follows:

"The thermometer registers from 35° to 40° below zero daily, and blizzards are now in order most any day. Train service, both passenger and freight, is a novelty, and when we hear a whistle blow everybody in town sticks their heads out of the windows, as if it were a fire alarm.

"We are all out of coal, and can not get any for love or money, and I can not be expected to freeze the little children out. Kindly have the coal people attend to the coal first, as we have to sit up nights in shifts, my wife and myself, to feed the stove with wood in order to avoid freezing. The wood supply is also getting mighty short. If we do not get coal from you or from somewhere we are in danger of freezing. God bless North Dakota."

"That the fuel question is becoming desperate in this city is no idle dream at this time. The road was tied up with a snow blockade for five days last week and the first of this, and what little fuel was on hand at that time has been used up and many of the town people are burning flax screenings, oats, barley, and other grain, and some are burning flax straw. One car of soft coal came in last night on the freight, but as there were over one hundred teams lined up on both sides of the track before the train got within two miles of the city it was not even a drop in the bucket, and did not last more than two hours, and not half of the people got at the coal at all. It was a dramatic scene in this city last night to witness the efforts of people to get a share of the coal, and many had to go away disappointed; but be it said to the everlasting credit of the people who reside in and about this city that there was not one word spoken nor an action that could have given offense to any. All conducted themselves like gentlemen and took their turn, which is a very pleasing contrast to the actions of people in other towns not far from here, where many fights are reported to have taken place over the distribution of coal."—*North Dakota Eagle.*

Difficulties of a Country Weekly

"LISBON, NORTH DAKOTA, *February 2, 1907*

"*Editor* COLLIER'S:

"SIR—Of interest to you Eastern editors may be the present conditions in the Northwest. The fuel famine and lack of food.

"We are on a branch of the Northern Pacific. Have had one train in two weeks. A combination passenger and coal train brought one car of soft coal and one of wood last evening. The fuel question is *serious*. We are on a wooded river—creek you would call it—and although the wood is very poor for heating purposes, it would keep us from freezing. There is a flour mill—so we shall not starve. Groceries, such as tea, coffee, and sugar, are still obtainable, but another week or two of storm would leave the grocers out of stock in them.

"But we are fortunate. There are many towns where there is no standing timber, and no flour mill, and where help must soon be sent. People are freezing in claim shacks.

"We believe the railroads to be doing all they can. When four engines, two on the snowplow and two on the train, must be used to get a train even ten miles, it takes time to clear up all the branches.

"We are getting out *our* weekly on patent outsides two weeks old, which came on last night's train. Last week it was printed on book paper. The week previous on part white and part pink stock, which happened to be on hand . . ."

The severe weather which caused this distress began early in December, when heavy snow fell with a sudden drop in the thermometer. By December 12 the Kenmare line on the Soo road was blocked completely, and until February 4 there was not an inch of this line in operation. On that date one hundred miles of track were finally cleared. The cold continued until January 10, when the Northern Pacific and Great Northern managed to get all but a few branches of their lines cleared.

Snow-sheds and snow-fences worked well for a few days. Then the snow began to pile in. From mountain sides and from prairie it was blown alike on to the tracks. Drifts a dozen feet high were encountered by trains. The mogul rotaries worked night and day, but the snow was too much for them. The thermometer went down to 18 below zero.

Why No Coal Came

"WE are freezing!" cried the little towns on branch lines, which had not had a car of coal in weeks. James J. Hill sent Louis W. Hill, vice-president of the Great Northern, to the famine district. He reported by wire to his father that a coal combination had kept coal out of the territory. Five hundred ore cars and thirty mogul engines were sent. These were loaned from the Duluth, Mesabe, and Northern line and rushed filled with coal to Dakota. And by this time the average temperature in North Dakota was hovering around 20 below, with forty and fifty mile prairie winds blowing. The rotaries were powerless. The terrible wind had piled up drifts sixteen to twenty feet high, one hundred feet wide and one thousand feet long in a hundred or more places. Water froze in boilers of engines behind rotaries. Crews gave up from sheer exhaustion. Such was the story often repeated. Winter in the northern wheat country is not a thing to be considered lightly.



Line up of teams, extending over a quarter of a mile, waiting their turn for coal. This occurred at Willow City, North Dakota, on the ninth of February

FAMINE REFUGEES—450,000 IN A SINGLE CAMP



AT Tsin-Kiang-Pu, on the Grand Canal, is the southernmost camp of the huge, hungry horde that is fleeing from the famine districts of Central China. More than 40,000 square miles in the rich dike-protected provinces of Kiangsu and Anhui have been stricken by floods. Rain fell incessantly for one hundred days, breaking the dikes and ruining the crops; 10,000,000 people have felt the pinch of hunger, and more than a million have left their homes and traveled to concentration camps near the cities. A visitor to Tsin-Kiang-Pu writes:

"I saw a huge warren of little mat-huts, of a shape like the tilt of a traveling wagon. They shelter families which number anywhere between five and twelve persons. About these shelters were gathered a crowd whose appearance beggars







SWARMING FROM THE MAT-HUT WARRENS

description . . . They sat in the sun and searched and scratched; they squatted over their pots of every shape in which the handful of rice which forms their daily ration was cooking; they rambled here and there, their eyes on the ground looking for anything edible or burnable. Cold as it was, the camp reeked. But filthy and ragged though they were, you realized that they were human beings—to be cared for somehow.

"Famines in China have occurred with monotonous frequency. They have hardly been noted. They are part of that great country's tragedy. While millions have died in famine camps such as this and now lie rotting on every country hillside, four hundred millions of China's people still live in the fiercest competition for the bare means of supporting life."



THE BIG ONE

HE SUSTAINS THE HONOR AND GLORY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY



By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

LEFT! right! left! right! left! right! Shorty and Patrick and I were marching, with the verve and precision of a close-locked Macedonian phalanx, upon the Heart of Coney Island. Small boys darted across our way, skipping aside, avoiding our superbly firm advance as pedestrians, for fear of being run over, shun the inflexible forefront of a marching regiment. Best girls, in transit from one hugsome aerial railway to another, dragged their perspiring escorts to a halt and—gum-chewing momentarily suspended—feasted their eyes on my gallant companions. Patrick's impressive bulk drew out one piping juvenile "hooray!" and Shorty's impudence at least one secretly delivered smile. So we progressed grandly, amid admiration both patriotic and amorous, ourselves appreciating at that moment all the world and particularly ourselves.

The good white battleship *Oklahoma* had brought these two back again, varnished by Southern sunshine and tingling with pent-up energy and pay, to this reunion. Together, at our meeting. we had felt the imperative need of surroundings extravagant enough to match our extravagant desires; of a garishly-gorgeous, musically-blatant environment fitting for proper celebration.

Now the one place in all the big city most nearly appropriate lay directly in our path. The blinding radiance from its great gates, as from the open doors of some mammoth furnace, shone into our expectant faces. Our eyes were dazzled pleasantly by the profuse, fiery architecture which rose above those gates against the hot black sky. That was a bewildering garble of spangled domes and towers, quite such as those capable Arabian jinn of lamps and bottles must have evolved, between two days, for their astonished masters. And out from that glowing, magical region of promise came to greet us, on the tepid breeze, innumerable discords of joy. In them we recognized frantic music from military to aboriginal, falsetto shrieks of delicious terror experienced aloft and at full speed, the merry rattle of vast, airy machinery, the detonations of invisible powder-play, the incessant brazen clack of urgent voices promising every marvel.

But most distinct amid this uproar, keeping time for us as we descended swiftly upon it, was beaten out the cadence of some unseen band of music:

Boom! (rest) Boom! (rest) Boom! (a double rest) Boom! Boom!

At that incentive, Shorty suddenly began to drag down upon one arm of mine. Half crouching, without any consideration of inevitable spectators, he advanced so with a peculiar, nimble toe-and-heel shuffle. With lips puckered, wearing an expression of great severity—the proper facial accompaniment, no doubt, for such antics—he whistled windily, in time, a jaunty fragment somehow familiar and exotically suggestive. Tall Patrick, for a wonder, caught the tune and joined in it, with an excessive exercise of flats and sharps. From whistling it, at remembering more accurately with every step, they came to singing futile snatches of it, such as:

"Boom! Ha, ha! Boom! Ha, ha!"

And then, all at once we all remembered the chorus of it together. And in our exultation at that feat, entirely throwing shame to the winds, we arrived grandly before the Heart of Coney Island, locked abreast and singing for all who chose to hear, with an atrocious butchery of the French in it:

"Tra, la, la, la, la!
La-la-la! La! La!
Voilà les Anglais,
Boom! Ha!
Boom! Ha, ha, ha!"

At that furious conclusion I stopped short with a thrill of bewilderment. I understood the sources of the Eastern patter which these two used; fragments of cheap geisha ditties and various treaty-port doggerel. But here was something quite different, recalling vividly for me some smoky little Continental proscenium framing some pert chanteuse in spangled skirts. And how incongruously, therefore, this chic gossamer fragment, so unmistakably "made in Paris," issued from my sailormen's lips! It promised, I felt sure, something else as incongruous; it was impossible that so unique an allusion should be unconnected with some tale equally unique.

And finally my opportunity came. Tired from exercising our enthusiasm, we drifted into a certain reposeful shelter to recuperate. We sat at table, aloft upon a glittering balcony. Below us, in a circus ring hanging over a lagoon and spattered by grotesque fountains, gay equestrians succeeded performing polar bears, and were succeeded by vivid acrobats. But we, sated of vastly more sensational sights, watched nothing now except our tobacco and the haunting waiter. Then it was that, choosing a time of long silence, I ventured:

"That little French song—I've been wondering where you got it. It sounds like Paris."

"Oh. That was Nyce—should say Neece—last Mediterranean cruise. Ah! Well I remember now. 'Twas in a theayter on—what's that Roo all decked out wit' little chairs an' tables?"

"Rue Masséna?"

"Imagine his knowin', now! Sure, in a theayter on Roo Mass'na. A vury trashy, unsubstantial little theayter. (D'ye mind, Patrick, how that box-office just lit'rally come apart in the Big One's hands?)"

"It *is* a story, then," I said.

"What!" cried Shorty shrilly. "We've not told you that yet—about the Big One?"

Forthwith we all slid further into comfort, struck matches and rapped on the table. And finally, Shorty, his sly young face glimmering at recollection, discoursed to this effect:

"BEGINNIN' proper, there was four to our little party: the Adm'ral's Flagship, two small pertected cruisers, an' us. We come from Naples to Nice, just movin', so's the Adm'ral could get his stummick properly over the Eyetalian hospitality an' fit to go up against the French. Poor ol' man, the anchors wasn't hardly over before some crool-hearted pokentate or other up an' slings a banquet at him. He wobbled, but he came back game, at that; that same night he falls for it like a hero, takin' all the capt'ns wit' him, out o' spite. As his barge passes our ship, goin' in, the gun-deck quartet was singin', vury soft an' appropriate

"'Good-by, my liver; good-by, my liver; good-by, my liv-e-e-r! (hold it) I'm goin' to roon you now!'

"Or so I'm told; for just then Patrick an' me was otherwise engaged. We was ashore, too, wit' some two hundred liberty men from all ships, under strict orders to smile continu'lly an' be back—mind ye—on the stroke o' one bell—half-past eight, that evenin'.

"An' about one bell that evenin'—"

"You've skipped a lot there," I interrupted reprovingly.

"Of course I have. For why? What interest's the preliminaries alongside o' the finished produck? I'm passin' over the usual, uninterestin' part to show you Patrick an' me as we was at one bell—a couple o' highly finished producks."

"Speak for yerself then," said Patrick severely. "I was no more than feelin' comfortable."

"Comfortable! How so, wit' no skin on yer nose?"

"I was peelin' from sunburn, ye little shrimp, an' it's well ye know it."

"You were sunboint, I know, an' well peeled, I know. But not pecled from sunboin, Patrick, for little Shorty seen that done. You'll deny, I s'pose, when you hoid that sweet singin' up that little street, puttin' yer moiderin' hunderd an' ninety pounds up on my shoulders an' stickin' yer impident red head into that window an' gettin' that plate broke across yer face—"

"Shorty, you've had enough to-night, I'm thinkin'," said Patrick, nodding with simple dignity.

"Oh, well, I won't pursoo. To resume:

"About one bell, then, just when we should 'a' been bendin' our minds dootifully on the launch, obsoive us skatin' down that Roo of open-face caffays, arm in arm wit' a poifect stranger who was beggin' us in English to call him Poicy. 'You *must* call me Poicy,' I remember him sayin', 'or I shall be cross wit' youse. An' you must talk to me continu'lly; it's like a whiff o' little ol' N' York to hear youse. Dear little ol' N' York!' he howls out in a tremblin' voice, stoppin' up an' gettin' quite a crowd about us. 'Dear little ol' boig, what I ran away from in me folly! How youse boys bring it back to me! Oh. speak again,' says he, claspin' his two hands like a shine on the stage. 'I could cry just listenin'.' An' to prove it he done so, just a speck.

"I can't exactly figger out where we'd collected that young feller . . . but he was a boid, for fair. All poisoned up in a white flannen suit an' a straw hat wit' a ribbon to it that looked like a string o' new signal flags. That soich-light on his finger, Patrick! A big cake of ice was broke, all right, when that ring was hoisted together. *I* seen he was the genuwine goods, but Patrick, gettin' that ring into his eye, he had his doubts if it was come by honest.

"'What did you run away from in N' York?' he ast the dressy guy, insinuatin'ly.

"'From woik, Horace, if you'll pardon me callin' you so,' says the guy, leanin' up against Patrick vury confidential. 'From a crool parent,' he says, 'who threatened me wit' woik. Excuse me, madam,' he says, knockin' over a tableful o' drinks onto the sidewalk and bowin' to a waiter in a white apron. 'My mistake,' he says, skinnin' some o' that white French money off a roll as big as yer arm. 'Go buy yerself a trooso an' a bridal sweet.'

"The ship at half-past eight? What a chance!

"We wanders off from that an' presently we come to a fine, shiny little theayter all stuck over wit' lights.

"'Oh, goody!' says this Poicy, clappin' eyes on it. 'I'd clean forgot this—an' how pash'nately I love the dramar!' he says. 'We must get wise to this, wit'out delay.' The next I noticed the three of us was up

against the stage in a private box an' a waiter was strainin' his back over three bottles of—"

Shorty's voice was properly impressive as he uttered that wonderful, thrilling word to conjure with in certain social strata:

"—Wine!

"But that theayter! Well, for me, at that particilar moment it was just about what the doctor'd ordered. Innum'rable mixed French, dippin' into beers an' little glasses full o' cherries. Smoke everywhere, to make it homelike. Down in the or-chestra I seen Jack Stubbs an' a friend from the flagship gapin' up at us, like we was so many dooks. I think that there Poicy thought he was, at that. For instance, at that 'Boom, ha, ha!' song. (She was a swell singer, that goil; she was got up in the best part of a dress, an' every time she shrugged her shoulders Patrick jumps an' cries: 'Look out!') As I was sayin', at the finish o' that song, while all the French were yellin': 'Beese! Beese!' an' near tearin' the seats apart, this Poicy, pouncin' on a waiter, says he:

"'Horace, if you'll pardon me callin' you so,' he says, skinnin' the roll again wit' quiverin' fingers, 'take thishere an' hop out an' buy the lady a thousand red, red roses, an' see they're poifectly fresh, an' that's what I think o' *her*,' he says. It's plain to see he didn't much care what he done to father's money, that young man.

"'Twas after her, I think, they hangs out a new sign, an' on the sign we reads:

"'Museer Pol Patoot.'"

At that name Patrick abruptly altered his pose and, I suspected, made ready to kick Shorty under the table. But he changed his mind; for, smiling a little ruefully, he lay back with closed eyes, eloquently though mutely expressing resignation. For an instant I searched my memory, repeating:

"Patoot — Patout — Not the savate fellow — the fighter?"

"Don't tell me you ain't seen him!"

"He was beaten for the championship of France last year, in Paris—"

"A lumpy, hard-lookin' duck in a skin-tight bathin' suit, like? But the face on him! When he marches out to music Patrick had to hide from laughin'."

"His real face, at that," from Patrick, opening one eye. "His head clipped nakid all over . . . but I think it was the whishkers done it. Faith, the way he was mutilated he looked like he'd fell asleep in the barber chair, an' when he'd woke up they'd got scared an' hid the glass on him."

"Oh," Shorty remonstrated. "But the other guy! Lookit, now; after him out steps a little small valen-



"Shakin' it at 'em, he roars out: 'We have not yet begun to fight!'"

cine in a dress-suit an a bran' new, more turrible class o' whiskers yet. The poor homely feller—no one hadn't the heart to laugh at *him*. I was just sick wit' shame for him. I could 'a' killed *his* barber fer him wit' relish.

"This poor little sketch, ye see, he lines up wit' Museer Patoot an' puttin' one hand up on his shoulder, he gets off a speech to the crowd, in French. Poicy translatin', it run like this:

"'There was a match on between Museer Patoot an' another party, but it's off. The other party has changed his mind. He's home or elsewhere takin' exc'llent care of his face. The match goes to Museer Patoot, wit'out a gesture, together wit' the poice, which is five hunderd francs. But as an oinest of good faith, so's no one's pleasure will be spoiled, if possible, Museer Patoot is willin' to put up the five hunderd francs here an' now, if any one can find anywheres a gent to fill the vacant corner. All welcome, none barred. Who wins takes the money. Nothin', if not handsome, hey?'

"At that point of it, Patrick here uncoils himself vury delib'rate an' sits up.

"'I'm wrong somehow,' he says, takin' tight a-holt of Poicy. 'It can't be possible.' He looks over at Museer Patoot an' begins breathin' hard. 'Convince me, Poicy,' he says, 'that I am not asleep som'eres. How much,' he purrs, 'is five hunderd francs, real money? Is it not a hunderd dollars? Is it not equal, in bald langwudge, to the staggerin' sum o' two thousand beers? Youse should not 'a' brought me into this place,' says Patrick, peelin' his overshoit over his head an' throwin' it onto the floor. 'This is no place,' he says, gettin' a leg over the edge o' the box, 'for an Irishman, wit' advance pay drawed an' spent,' he says, standin' up on the stage, feelin' of his knuckles an' smilin' simply horrible at Museer Patoot."

"Patrick?" I asked quickly.

"Fairly straight for him," replied that sandy giant grudgingly. "What else would I do, havin' it waved in me face that way? No one stopped me."

"The best heavyweight on the ship? Not likely," cried Shorty. "I didn't use no efforts to-wards stoppin' *him*. Lookin' at that comical Patoot feller, I didn't have but one fear. I says to Poicy, who was sittin' back just dazed wit' delight:

"'Poicy,' I says oinestly, 'if you know the woids, tell your bare French friend to make over the money an' beat it while his shoes is good. I'm afraid we'll all be pinched for manslaughter.'

"'*Me* stop it?' Poicy cries out, wit' tears o' joy sparklin' in his eyes. 'Not for all papa's got!'

"An' the crowd! Honest—well, woids ain't sufficient. Patrick'll tell you."

"Little I scen; them futlights is turrible—"

"But the fight—"

"Well," said Shorty, for him suddenly thoughtful, "ye'd hardly call it a fight; for, you see, they wasn't only one blow landed anywhere. Will youse both pardon me if I seem to skip some here? For instance, all about Poicy, on the edge o' the box, arrangin' our end. . . . An', where Poicy says: 'Horace, is it agreeable to you that youse both use the rules o' your respectif countries?' Patrick, wrestlin' wit' the gloves an' answerin': 'Rules? Ha, ha!' so bold an' gay. . . . An' that mis'rable little, dress-suit guy sayin': 'Ally' an' steppin' back." . . .

"Go on," said Patrick grimly. "Why stop up now?"

"Well," continued Shorty slowly, "what happened I didn't rightly see, an' I'm pretty quick at that. I did see Patrick hoist back his right, for a swing . . . an' it seemed to me, somehow, that just then Museer Patoot was standin' on his hands. An', just followin' that, a turrible crash o' breakin' fiddles. . . . It was Patrick, slingin' himself upside down over the footlights an' in amongst the band.

"Back in the box, wit' a piece of ice on his head, his foist woids were:

"'Whcre are we now? Are we out safe?'

"An' then, gettin' his bearin's, he cries in a heartbreakin' voice:

"'The moiderer! He kicked me wit' his feet!' An' would you believe it, that's just what he'd done. His idea o' fightin'!"

"Of course, the savate."

"My little name for him was woise, an' longer by three joints. Mad? I was half onto the stage wit' a bottle before that Poicy grabs me back.

"'Leave go o' me,' I says. 'What rules is these?' I says. 'Me friend never signed to go up against no mule,' I says. 'Leave me at that dago wit' this; thishere seems a very free sort o' place; I guess bottles ain't barred,' I says, 'no more'n feet.'

"But Poicy: well, if I was cross, him likewise, but in another way. He jumps up on the edge o' the private box an' faces that mob, all lyin' back, roarin' at us wit' laughter. Just the bright-red, blazing face of him choked 'em off. Teeterin' on the edge, he takes that fat roll out of his pocket an' skins it down till he'd counted it. Then shakin' it at 'em he roars out, in the French langwudge:

"'In the woids o' the foist Adm'ral o' the Amurican navy: Licked? The Hell! We have not yet begun to fight! Five thousand francs at youse, if I do not find, before midnight to-night, an Amurican sailorman to make Museer Patoot look like what the cat dragged in!'

"Say, it went. For a minute they sat so an' then the air was full o' hats. On the stage I seen Museer Patoot supportin' that little mis'rable pitcher o' woe who'd leaned against him, bein' natch'rally delicate, at the bare sight o' so much o' the ready.

"'Poicy!' I says, slinging me arm around his neck. 'Rash youse may be, but if you lose I can see it go willin'ly after thishere moment!' Says he, slappin' his vest an' takin' me hand:

"'Horace, if you'll pardon me callin' you so, we will *not* lose it. The Amurican navy,' says he, 'stands betwist it an' them.' We didn't need nothin' more, us two tablos, but a little red fire an' a band playin'. 'Oh, say!' an' a pitcher of Adm'ral Dewey throwed onto the coitains behind us.

"Jack Stubbs an' his flagship friend, not quite understandin' what, come bouncin' through the French an' done a wall-scalin' drill into the private box, so's to be at hand if it come to the woist. Between the bunch of us we woiked Patrick out into the front o' the house—"

"Enough o' that, now," interjected Patrick severely. "I was next to meself by then, as yez know well."

"Well, we got him on the street an' no lives lost. An' there we runs slam into the arms o' some twenty boys from all ships, hesitatin' about the door an' peekin' in an' wonderin' wasn't there anything needin' them inside. There's instinck for youse!

"Now, when they'd hoid, perhaps they wasn't for quick action!

"'There's two dozen here,' bawls out a red-eyed chicken of a carpenter's mate off the Flagship.

'There's enough here,' he says, wavin' his dooks in the air, 'to lay this place in sickenin' roons!' The half o' them was for that in a minute. It's lucky there was a middle-aged bos'n's mate there, more'n half sober, to holt 'em back. An' Poicy—it was Poicy straightened it out fin'lly.

"'Friends all,' says he gettin' 'em around him. 'Look at this right. That Museer Patoot in there must purish, but he must purish legit'mately,' he says, just like that. 'We have three good hours yet till twelve,' he says, draggin' out a gold chronometer that looked like a gingersnap, both sides stickin' together, an' where the guts of it was Gawd only knows. 'Three hours? Who wants more? What?' says he, warmin' to his subjeck. 'Can we not in three hours find an executioner for him, kill him, burry him, have his tombstone carved an' up, an' grass an' flowers flourishin' on his grave?'

"'We can,' they howls, 'an' will!' An' we went soigin' up the middle o' the street, wavin' an' arguin' an' near comin' to blows over who it'd be. Along the sidewalks on each side tramples a mob like the fringe of a p'rade, anxious to miss nothin'. Can you imagine it? We jammed the traffic where we marched. Horses took to the side streets at the mere look of us. Oncet a carriage, wit' the horse boltin', comes tearin' into us an' bounces over that Flagship carpenter's mate, takin' him vury neat across both ankles an' the small of his back. Perhaps he was pleased, that little guy, when he jumps up! He chased that driver for his life. But pretty soon he comes back where we was waitin' for him, wit' a more contented look, wearin' a lap robe an' a patent-leather sto'pipe hat, badly broke in on top. From that, we proceeded without mishap.

"From follyin' up this clue an' that, finally in a little caffay (what's that open place all full o' trolley cars? Oh, yeh! Plass Mass'na) we routs out a guy named Olsen. A big, fierce barr'l of a sailorman off the Flagship, that looked like he could digest a Museer Patoot every mornin' to his breakfast. We told him everythin'. Says thishere Olsen, wit' a pityin' look:

"'Is he waitin' there now?'

"We told him yes.

"'Leave me at him,' he says, an' starts off walkin' back so fast the most of us had to trot to keep up wit' him.

"On the way we run into Jack Stubbs an' his friend, oom we'd lost somewheres on the way. He was towin' somethin' he'd just found. a big black coon off the pertected cruiser *Carson*. That coon, he had a back like a W. T. door an' hands like two bunches o' brown bananas. They hung down an' flapped against his knees. Just lookin' at him made me overjoyed there wasn't nothin', not even a bowin' acquaintance, betwist him an' me, to get strained by any accident.

"When Stubbs seen us he set up a yell an' shoved this vision into us. 'Well, fellers,' he says, almost highsterical, 'here's a Mister Black wants to join, no one objectin', which I hope no one won't at a time like this.'

"'In line wit' you, Mister Black,' says Poicy, slappin' him most democratic on the back an' then lookin' at his hand, quite astonished, like he'd smacked it up against a fence. 'Mister Olsen foist, Mister Black second, who next?'

"'I beggie pardon,' lisps Patrick here, 'but I must seem to crowd meself into foist place, owin' that Frenchman somethin' particilar. Not to be impolite,' he says, 'but the one disputes me right to that, I can wail the livin' soul out of him here an' now,' he says.

"Would ye believe it, almost before that theayter we found still another? His name was Ignatius McConnelly O'Hara—also a Flagship produck—an' he comes drivin' by to song, lyin' back in an open hack wit' his feet up by the driver. When we hailed him an' he unlimbered an' got out—take me oat', I think he could near 'a' stepped over the horse. We told him. He peers at the theayter, but says nothin' at all unnecessary. Only hands his money an' pipe to a friend, spits on his hands an' in we go. The lobby was full o' them ratty French police in their dinky little capes; I think the management was ready for anything, however turrible. But us—we paid wit' the utmost decorum an' entered vury soft an' polite, wit'out even brushin' up against a soul." . . .

SHORTY paused here again, and moodily began making wet rings on the table with his glass.

"If you don't mind," he said finally, "I'll again drawer somethin' of a veil over what I can't understand. . . .

"It took, in all, just thoity-five minutes countin' preliminaries an' intermissions, which took thoity. It was just pitiful, an' that's the fact. Patrick an' the big Swede was able to walk away, after, wit' assistance. The Dark Cloud was carri'd. Ignatius McConnelly O'Hara—they tell me the Flagship doctor made quite a feller of him in time. . . .

"We filtered out from there. We scarcely hoid the cheerin', or seen the French tearin' each other's clo's for joy as we past through 'em. We was just froze. We stood on the sidewalk, huddled up like sheep, starin' at each other an' sayin' nothin'. Fin'lly some one sent the wounded to the landin' an' towed the rest of us into side streets, away from the grins. Comin' on a little, lonely caffay there, we stumbled in an' filled it. Will I ever forget that pitcher? Twenty sailormen scrouched down in twenty little eyron chairs, starin' at each other like they was disgusted at what they seen. An' Patrick, lyin' out on a marble table wit' a cold towel over his nose. An' Poicy, sittin' up on another, wit' his head tipped, lookin' off into the air, more'n interested, as if he seen his five thousand francs just fadin' into the horizon, three points off the end of his cigarette.

"Fin'lly Poicy speaks up.

"'Boys,' he says, 'I won't believe it's over yet. Think of another name.'

"'Yah!' snarls that Flagship chicken, sittin' up, 'think of a name an' add yer own, hey? What's this, a kissin' game?' Patrick rises on his table quite sudden, droppin' the cold towel off his nose, an' hands that young feller a smack.

"'Treat the gent right, you lobster!' he roars out, 'he's losin' more'n you ever saw together.' The carpenter's mate picks himself up, abashed like, an' goes into a corner. Says Poicy again, beseechin'ly:

"'Well, *can't* youse think of a name?'

"'Why, Jeffries,' says some one wit' a sickly laugh.

"'No need goin' outside the Soivice on that course,' says I, not thinkin'. 'Tom Whalen, back in N' York, was a sailorman oncet.'

"The next I knew, Poicy was standin' by me wit' his hand sunk into me shoulder, starin' at me an' quiv'rin' all over.

"'Horace,' he whispers, 'recite that name to me again?'

"'Not know Tom Whalen!' I says, misunderstandin'. 'Ain't never read the sportin' page? Never in Whalen's place, on Fourteenth Street, an' you a N' Yorker—'



"He never hesitated there to pick no flowers; he went right on through"

"'Contain yerself,' says Poicy, his eyes shinin' quite remarkable. He snatches out his watch. 'Ten-thoity now,' says he, 'an' the bet holds good till midnight. Mates,' he cries, wheelin' on the bunch, 'we'll do that yet. I'm off! Don't hold me; I can't wait here; I've woik to do. An' never fail to meet me,' he says, leanin' over an' puttin' a finger beside his nose, 'in front o' that theayter at five o' twelve; for on me woid of honor I shall prodooce the goods as specified. Youse two I want,' he says, snatchin' at me an' Patrick, an'— 'Off wit' us,' he shouts an' drags us after him through the door an' out. An' the next thing, all out o' breath, the three of us was lyin' all over each other in a cab, behind a horse runnin' away up Roo Mass'na.

"The rest comes foggy," continued Shorty after a moment's thought, "like pitchers on a screen. I can't believe I was party to the whole of it. Sometimes I'd think I'd dreamt it—if it wasn't for Patrick here—

"There was one bit, where we fell out o' that cab beside some tremenjous whitish hotel all dressed wit' lights an' palm trees, like. An' people runnin' here an' there in the dark, an' Poicy shakin' foist one an' then another, yellin' in their ear:

"'Me car! Me car! Me driver! Me driver!'

"'Crazy in the head,' says I, taggin' close after, expectin' every minute to catch him frothin'.

"Presently he got a-holt of one little guy all got up in leather, an' I thought he'd have the life out of him.

"'Where's the car?' he yells in this little guy's ear, shakin' him somethin' turrible. 'Don't tell me it's apart again, an' you wit' a widdered mother to support at home! After it wit' a crank, if you plan on livin' a minute!'

"An', next pitcher—

"The four of us, in a great, fat, screechin' aut'mobile, out o' the town an' whistlin' through the evenin' air. Chasin' a soichlight path, cuttin' an' twistin' between trees an' fences that slung themselves at us out o' the dark in a way to make yer stummick crawl.

"'Gawd look down!' I hears Patrick moimurin' to himself, where he sat wit' me in the waist of her. 'We're all dead men. Where to—that is, before the flag-draped funeral gratin'?'

"'Ahoy, for Monte Carlo, miles away!' sings out Poicy from the bridge, where he sat. 'Oh, boys!' he cries, toinin' on us. 'Don't youse know that Thomas Whalen himself half broke the bank there yesterday?'

"Then, at last, I seen. Till then, I'd just admired Poicy's money, but *there*, I got stuck on Poicy.

"Veh, but that one trip'll last me fine; I'm willin' to call it me entire aut'mobile career. I ain't particilar to tune no harps just yet, but give me for mine a torpedo boat ridin' a winter howl in mid-Atlantic, wit' the engines broke an' the torpedoes cut loose an' thrashin' about below, an' the next ship over the skyline. I'll take my chance on her, but not again wit' Poicy an' his divil-wagon. Nex' day I picks out five gray hairs. An' when I sneaks up behind Patrick on the gun-deck an' just casu'lly says: 'Honk! Honk!' he toins like a flash, wit' a shout o' fright, an' chases me upside down into the office. Yeh. Oncet behind Poicy done fine for us, all right.

"I ain't no guide-book, so if the streaks I seen that night was scenery, leave 'em go undiscribed. We never seen a town till we was through it, an' three we split up the back I know of. An' then, at last, we come coivin' around beside the sea, throwin' ourselves at a swath o' lights spread out ahead like a dressed fleet at Oyster Bay. An' Poicy cries out:

"'Monte Carlo!' So, pitcher three—

"There we sat still in that turrible, pantin' machine before the most super place. King's palaces! Beside that there resort they'd all look like a string o' Sands Street hot-dog stands. Gardens, fountains, statuaries, lights winkin', music playin' smooth an' soft somehow to give you little pains inside—hell! If I was a poet, wit' the woids to sling—"

"The Casino!"

"Take the money. The Cas'no. An' Poicy had dove inside, the moment we'd slowed down, it's well we knew what for. Ooh! the suspense of it! An' som'eres I seen a lighted clock; it was eleven three!

"After hours, like, he comes out, leadin' some one—a human house—crowdin' the door, pushin' his chest a foot in front of him. That moment! It was Whalen. It was the Big One.

"Comin' down the steps, says the Big One, almost fretful:

"'I take it unkindly,' he says. 'I was winnin' big. I was tearin' the bank apart. Me vury seat at the tables was woith five hunderd francs. An' here youse come, takin' the bread out o' me mouth.'

"'Thomas,' says Poicy, leanin' on him implorin'ly, 'that Frenchman has licked your Fleet. Four fine big boys we put up against him, an' he kicked the fight clean out of 'em, one by one. All Nice is laughin' at the navy, Thomas. How will we go back an' tell it to the goils at home, on Fourteenth Street, amongst the artificial palms?'"

"Ah," Patrick interjected here, "the gifted tongue he had, wid that one touch!" Said Shorty:

"The Big One hangs tremblin', an' then—

"'Give room, there!' he shouts, an' slammin' his hat tight he climbs aboard an' drives himself in betwist us. 'Skidoo, youse,' he calls down the little leather guy's neck. An'—brrr upp!—off we go from a standstill, home-bound, wit' a roar like the rapid-fire guns breakin' loose aloft.

"An' when, lackin' just three minutes o' midnight, we come slidin' to a stop before that theayter again!

"We'd made a necessary little toilet on the way; the Big One had on Patrick's clo's an' Patrick, in exchange, had his own undershoit an' the Big One's pants to keep him in countenance to some extent. At that—an' Patrick ain't no small man, you know—the Big One had split Patrick's overshoit all across the shoulders, an' his chest, wit' the blue ship an' all sails set, sticks out the front of it most negligay. An' that same ship, wit' all sails set, was the foist thing our old bunch on the sidewalk seen when we piled out. By just that they knew, before they seen his face; an' I think the yell must 'a' been hoid on board.

"The house was packed tight; we couldn't hardly get him down in front. But he wasted no time, oncet there. We seen him climb up on the stage, rubbin' his arms just like of old. Museer Patoot come out for the last go, to oin his five thousand, smilin' an' blazay, as to say: '*Must* I go through wit' thishere foolishness again?' . . .

"The little whiskery guy, just like before, he says, 'Ally!' an' grins an' steps back.

"Museer Patoot advances in a deat'ly silence. He makes a bluff wit' one arm, an' then suddenly he kicks the Big One a moiderin' blow in the jaw.

The Big One almost cracked a laugh. Never puttin' up his arms at all, he stands lookin' at Museer Patoot like he was some curiosity. Then he says, kind of tickled—every one hoid him; you could 'a' hoid a fly eatin' his dinner:

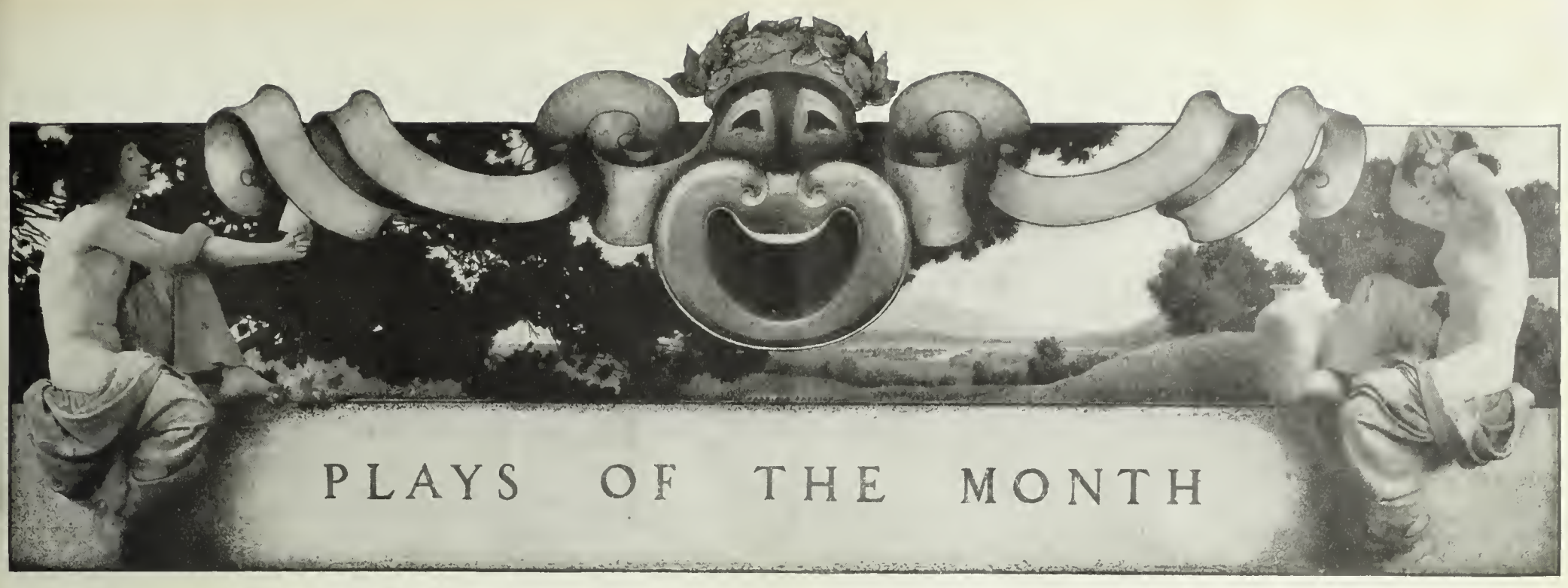
"'Well,' he says, musin'ly, 'you cute son-of-a-gun!'

"Museer Patoot looks vexed. Quick as a flash he drops on his hands an' lands two more wit' his feet; one in the ribs an' one on the chin. The Big One, just jarred a little—oh, scarcely noticeable—but all at oncet he stopped lookin' pleasant.

"An' then, just as Museer Patoot was risin', prob'ly wit' the intention o' viewin' the body an' takin' the applause, suddenly some one just natch'rally toined the lights out on him. There was a vury pretty back-scene to that stage: a mossy dell, if I remember. Museer Patoot, he never hesitated there to pick no flowers; he went right on through.

"An' to tell the truth, what wit' the excitement an' the noise an' the dust that followed, I forget the rest.

"Except comin' up the port gangway out of a rowboat at daylight, vury cautious, like a tightrope walker, wit' Poicy's white flannen coat on, an' me overshoit pocket full o' champagne corks, an' wearin' a brown doiby hat sumptu'sly marked inside, in gold letters: 'T. W.' Which stands for 'Thomas Whalen,' don't it, from Nice to Fourteenth Street, Manhatt'n?"



By ARTHUR RUHL

THE theatre world is busy these midwinter nights. Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern offer their Shakespearian repertoire, Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell," the "Jeanne d'Arc" of the young American poet-playwright, Mr. Percy Mackaye; that supreme egoist, "Peer Gynt" finds an interpreter in Mr. Richard Mansfield, himself one in whom the "I" is not absolutely suppressed; Miss Ellen Terry, enveloped in the aureole of happy memories, is with us again, bridging the gap between the heyday of her "Beatrice" and "Nance Oldfield" and these new-century days with Mr. Shaw, the latest of the late, and his "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." There is Ibsen for those who will, well, even superlatively, acted—Norwegian author and Russian player here effecting a novel combination; there are the Germans, Hauptmann and Sudermann; the Dutchman, Hermann Heijermanns; the Austrian, Schnitzler, whose "Liebelei'"—translated into "The Reckoning"—shows the tragic underside of that Viennese sparkle which was exhibited in his "Souper d'Adieu" two seasons ago by Mme. Wiehe, and sung at the Irving Place in the bewitching "Das Süsse Mad'l"; the British Mr. Jones's "The Hypocrites" abides solidly where it began the season; our own Mr. Moody's "The Great Divide" still remains, holding up its head with the best of them. Miss Beulah M. Dix, another of the home folks, having written a good deal of swashbuckler days, now turns about, and in "The Road to Yesterday," with the help of Mrs. E. G. Sutherland, intelligently and very amusingly pokes fun at them. And this is forgetting Miss Robson's well-written, well-staged, and exceedingly well-acted Bret Harte "thriller," "Salomy Jane," Miss Barrymore and "Captain Jinks," the witty Mr. William Collier, and so on down the list—or up, for it really is not an exact science—to the syncopated Cohan and "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." Are these then such parlous times?—surely it scarcely seems the psychological instant to lament the sterility and stupidity of our stage.

An Old Friend with Us Again

NO one who has made the acquaintance of Lady Cecily Waynflete need wonder that Mr. Shaw had Miss Terry in mind when he wrote "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Lady Cecily was "between thirty and forty, tall, very good looking, sympathetic, tender, and humorous. . . . A woman of great vitality and humanity, who began a casual acquaintance at the point usually attained by English people after thirty years' acquaintance, when they are capable of reaching it at all." She had the typical Shaw disrespect for courts of law, military escorts, and all signs of conventional authority and "got on" with everybody by assuming that they were quite frank and truthful and kind, and treating them accordingly. She would have said "Good-morning, sir," to a roaring lion and complimented him upon his mane. "I've been among savages," says she, "cannibals and all sorts. Everybody said they'd kill me. But when I met them I said Howdydo? and they were quite nice. The kings always wanted to marry me." All men she looked upon as children in the nursery; and in her hands, and under the influence of her sweetness and perfectly impossible eandor and perfectly logical way of putting the most illogical things, they became as such—even that unbranded maverick, Brassbound. Her brother, Sir Howard Hallam, the judge, was, she said, "one of the most harmless of men—much nicer than most professional people. Of course, he did dreadful things as a judge; but then if you take a man and pay him £5,000 a year to be wicked, and praise him for it and have policemen and courts and laws and juries to drive him into it, so that he can't help doing it, what can you expect?" When *she* caught a burglar she shut him up in a room with a window opening on the lawn, and the next day the poor man came back and said he must return to a life of crime unless she gave him a job in the garden. Which she did—and it was much more sensible, Lady Cecily thought, than giving him ten years' penal servitude. When the Moorish Sidi who had captured their party offered to release the others and accept her in payment she said she would be delighted. "You are mad!" gasped Sir Howard, "do you suppose this man will treat you as a European gentleman would?" "No," answered Lady Cecily, sweetly, "he'll treat me like one of Nature's gentlemen; look at his perfectly splendid face."

Miss Ellen Terry as a Modern

AND so Lady Cecily tamed Brassbound, and, as the little Cockney Drinkwater put it, "mawched 'em all to church lawk a bloomin' lot of cherrity kids." It is easy to see how all this would fall into Miss Terry's buoyant and sweetly imperious way. Some of her ancient admirers, gloomily conscious of the "real womanly woman behind the artist," unable to think of her comfortably except as in the high Cambyses vein, assert that she is wasting her time on such empty, rattling stuff as this. That doesn't seem reasonable at all. Lady Cecily is not a real person, or Shaw would never have been her creator, but even though she is only a sort of point-of-view dressed up, a Shaw man in skirts, summer hat, and automobile veil, she is a very delightful collection of qualities; as far as she goes, a very *dear* sort of person indeed. Miss Terry may miss a line now and then, have an occasional absent-minded moment when it seems as though she scarcely thought it worth while to bother, but the old buoyancy and charming wilfulness carry it through. What sort of rôle more happy than this for an actress whose greatest triumphs are behind her, a lovable and much beloved woman—one in which the woman persists in all her charm, while the recurrent flashes of an art so fine and quiet that it seems all but involuntary recall without marring the impressions of memory?

Out of the dignified repertoire of Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern—a conjunction of plays and players, which, all things considered, comes near to representing American stage art at its worthiest and best—Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc" stands with a special local interest. The deficiencies of the drama are obvious enough, for it is scarcely, structurally speaking, a drama at all—rather a series of episodes or chapters in the life history of the Girl of Orleans. And this is said without meaning that it is in the least one of those horrors of horrors, the sterile conglomeration of noisy rhetoric and armor-junk, which makes up the average "historical play." It is merely that it lacks any organic dramatic theme, any definite clash of wills, to make it dramatically vertebrate. The nearest approach to this is the relation between Jeanne and the student D'Alençon, who sees and pities her as the simple shepherd girl when all the rest are worshiping her as a sort of god; later, to save her life, as he thinks, shakes her belief in her divine mission, and in the end, when it is shattered indeed, restores her faith and leads her to execution, calm and unafraid. The great thing that this young American has done is to make the shepherd girl of Domremy mean something more beautifully real than, on the stage at least, she has been before—make us see the girl that D'Alençon saw, and at the same time hear the voices and feel the mystery and power that Jeanne heard and felt. In this sense, in so far as that abstraction which we know as Joan of Arc is infused with life, re-created with all her human sweetness and candor, all her half-divine wonderfulness and power, the play is, indeed, an organic whole, a complete and beautiful thing. Mr. Mackaye has a poet's imagination and a dramatist's instinct, and he also seems to have what poet-dramatists sometimes do not have, the sympathies of a very human sort of man.



Miss Eleanor Robson in "Salomy Jane"

Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern

BOTH Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern appear at their best. Mr. Sothern's grace of diction and manner find congenial material, and the sombre, intellectual D'Alençon is less marred than most of his work is nowadays by that cloying, dulcet melancholy with which he so often insists on weighting every gesture and word. Miss Marlowe's strong, sweet beauty and the simple, salient outlines of her face seem made for such a part as that of the vision-seeing shepherdess. She could not quite resist gaining the easy sympathy of the audience by exaggerating Jeanne's physical weakness in the battle scene, but her work, as a whole, was simply and nobly done.

Among the lesser flights already mentioned, "The Road to Yesterday" has the novelty of being both a play and a literary satire. The audience first meets a group of contemporary people in a London studio. In the next act—later to return—they are put back three hundred years into the Elizabethan bodics from which their souls had migrated. The heroine is the only one to retain in her new personality her modern point of view, and her chagrin when her transmigrated hero derides a fork as "that new-fangled Italian invention," and the innkceper, who has never heard of coffee, offers her beer for breakfast, suggests the point of view of this somewhat cambric-tea-like but intelligently amusing play.



E. H. HARRIMAN EXPLAINING HIS RAILWAY DEALS TO THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION IN NEW YORK

The Commissioners, from left to right—Franklin K. Laoe, Judson C. Clements, Martin A. Knapp, C. A. Prouty, James S. Harlan. E. H. Harriman seated at the right



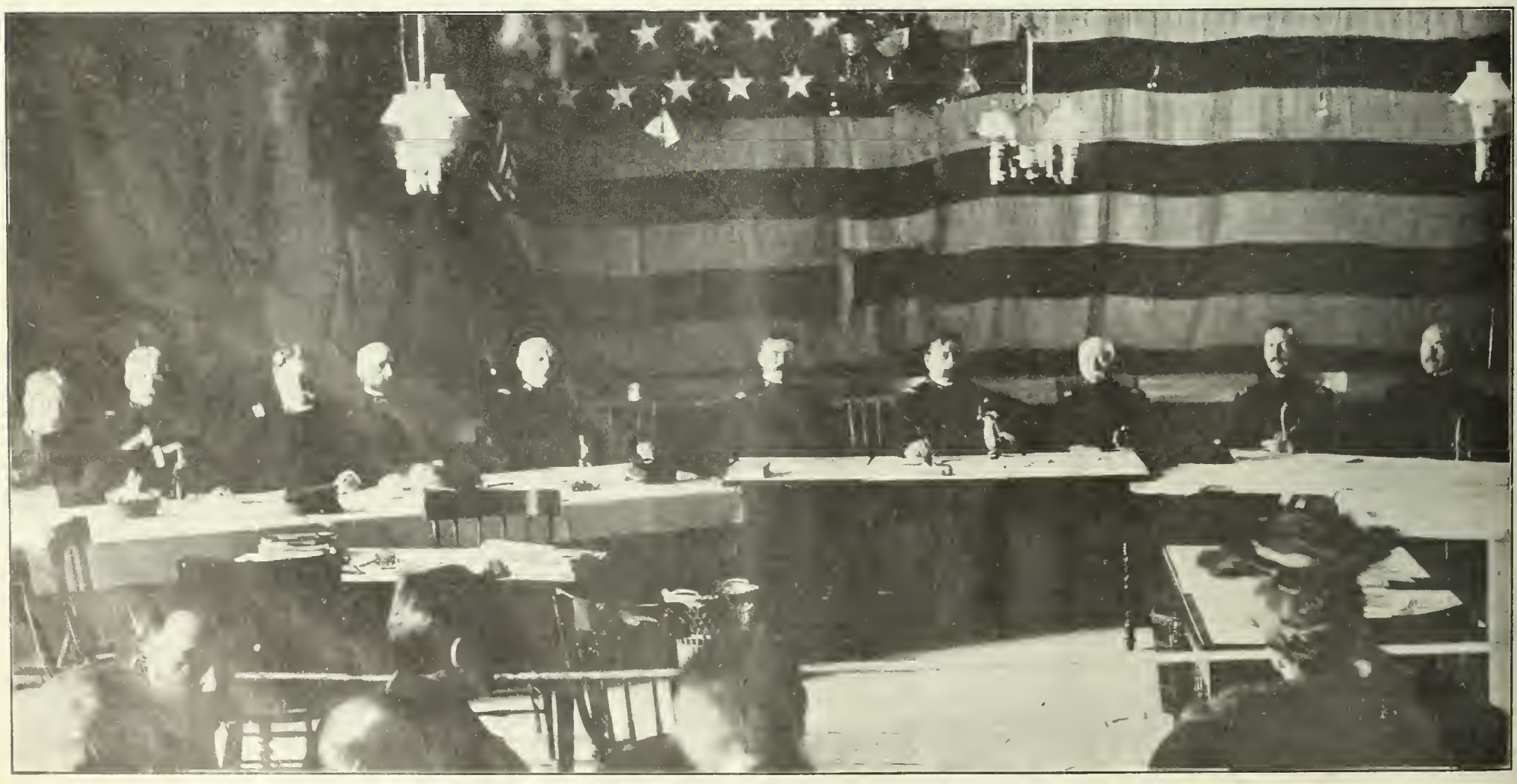
Pennsylvania Railroad wreck near Johostowo, Pa., February 22



Ambassador Bryce arrives



Chioese laborers on the way from Canada, "in bood," to Panama



MAJOR CHARLES W. PENROSE ON TRIAL BY COURT-MARTIAL FOR NEGLECT OF DUTY AT BROWNSVILLE

As a result of the riot on the night of August 14, 1906, wheo some negro troops left their barracks, "shot up the town" of Brownsville, and returoed without detectioo, Major Penrose will be tried by these officers: From left to right—Major John H. Gardner, Major Charles J. T. Clarke, Major Charles W. Taylor, Lieuteoant-Colonel Frank Baker, Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred C. Sharpe, Lieuteoant-Colonel Louis M. Maus, Colonel George Le Roy Browo, Lieutenant-Colooel Edw. J. McClernaod, Major Hamiltoo S. Wallace, and Major Henry D. Snyder

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

HARRIMAN CONJURING

A TYPICAL tale of high finance was told by Mr. E. H. Harriman on February 26 in describing the reorganization of the Chicago and Alton Railroad for the benefit of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It appeared that a syndicate headed by Mr. Harriman bought 97 per cent of the stock of the Alton in 1899 for $40,000,000. The road was then capitalized at $39,935,887, on which it was paying 7 and 8 per cent. On October 1, 1899, the reorganizers issued $40,000,000 of 3 per cent bonds, doubling the entire capitalization at a stroke. These bonds to the amount of $32,000,000 went to the stockholders at 65, and the members of the reorganization syndicate therefore secured 97 per cent of them at that price. In the same month the syndicate managers turned over $10,000,000 worth of the securities to the New York Life Insurance Company, in joint account with Goldman, Sachs & Co., at 96, and later they sold $1,550,000 worth to the Equitable at 92 and 88. The rest were sold at 90 or above. On these transactions the profits were about $8,000,000. The reorganizers then paid themselves $6,669,180 under the name of a dividend of 30 per cent on the stock. This dividend was paid out of the proceeds of the $40,000,000 mortgage on the ground that some twelve million dollars spent on improvements in the previous twenty years and paid for out of earnings should have been charged to capital account.

The road was then reorganized and taken over by a new company. The syndicate received $10,000,000 in cash for its preferred stock, which had cost it $6,944,400. For its 183,224 shares of common stock it received 194,890 shares of preferred and 195,428 of common in the new company. It also unloaded upon the company for $3,000,000 a little railroad which had cost less than a million. These operations were financed by a second mortgage for $22,000,000, the syndicate taking 3½ per cent bonds to that amount at a little under 60. The proceeds of this loan amounted to $13,000,000, all of which went back to the syndicate in payment for its preferred stock and its little railroad. Mr. Harriman and his associates then sold these bonds at over 80, netting a new profit of over $4,000,000. The various items of profit to the syndicate foot up about $24,000,000, not counting any gains on the legerdemain of the common stock. In seven years the capitalization of the Alton was increased from $39,935,887 to $122,872,000. Of this $60,000,000 was clear water.

The syndicate which performed these feats was composed on its face of George J. Gould, E. H. Harriman, Mortimer L. Schiff, and James Stillman, each holding 54,535 shares of the original purchase. But behind these, it seems, was a larger syndicate, composed of about a hundred firms and individuals unnamed.

These facts were extracted from the witness with some difficulty, and sometimes in a rather indefinite form. In a statement of his own, issued after the examination, he explained that the financial operations of the syndicate were undertaken to enable the road to reduce the interest on its loans, improve its property, and reduce its rates. He said that the net result of the operations of the company had been "to promote the territory served by it, to expand its business by threefold at a reduction of rate that was 30 per cent greater in 1898 than in 1906."

This Alton affair was one of very minor importance in Mr. Harriman's great financial plans. It was so small that there was even mention in it of such trivialities as an item of two million dollars.

EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT
WITH CARTOONS by F. T. RICHARDS

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"You did not keep an account of a little matter of $2,000,000?" the Commission's counsel asked apologetically. "A little matter of $2,000,000 doesn't amount to so much one way or the other," Mr. Harriman responded loftily. Yet even such trifles as this have their use in showing how things are done in what Mr. Cromwell recently described as that "higher sphere which we may not hope to enter."

OUR ISLAND WARD

THE closing days of the Fifty-ninth Congress brought a new victory to President Roosevelt. By a vote of 43 to 19—just two more than necessary—the Senate ratified the treaty legalizing the management of Santo Domingo's finances by the United States. Hitherto, in the absence of Senatorial authority for his action, the President's proceedings in Santo Domingo have been strictly informal. He has not appointed collectors of customs, but has recommended suitable men who have worked under the authority of the Dominican Government. Now he will be able to act openly. The treaty gives legal recognition to the plan of having the Dominican revenues collected by American agents, who are authorized to deposit $1,200,000 a year for the benefit of the public creditors. The Government of Santo Domingo is now receiving $2,000,000 a year for its own purposes, which is twice as much as it got from its own officials when they were supposed to give it everything they collected. The President of the United States is to be allowed to appoint the general receiver of customs without submitting his name to the Senate.

Although this treaty does not greatly differ from the one the Senate held up for years, no Republican Senator voted against the President when the final test came. The vote was almost strictly on party lines. Two Democrats, Clarke of Arkansas and Patterson of Colorado, voted for the treaty, and one, McEnery of Louisiana, was paired in its favor. Senator Bacon of Georgia expressed the apprehension that the course we were embarking upon would lead to the annexation of Santo Domingo and Haiti and the introduction of a million more negroes under the Stars and Stripes. This idea seems to have been responsible for much of the Southern opposition to the treaty.

RAILROAD HOMICIDE

THE incessant stream of railroad accidents is getting on the nerves of the American people. Before the dead of one disaster have been buried the maimed of another crowd the hospitals. While the coroner's jury was still at work trying to fix the responsibility for the massacre on the New York Central near Bronx Park, the Pennsylvania's Chicago flyer jumped the rails on a curve in an exactly similar manner and three Pullman cars rolled down an embankment sixty feet high into the Conemaugh River. By a miracle nobody was killed, but every one of the sixty-six passengers and trainmen in the cars was injured. These things are only samples. Some accident, more or less serious, is happening somewhere not only every day but every hour. In fact, that is an understatement. The whole American people are beginning to share Mr. Hill's feeling that the man who starts on a railway journey is undertaking an enterprise of unknown perils.

Railroad officials are complaining of the hostility they have to encounter at the hands of the public, of legislative bodies, and of prosecuting officials, and lay the blame on the disturbing personality of President Roosevelt. They might better look nearer home. Rebates, stock-watering, and other financial jugglery have had something to do with this hostility, but it is doubtful whether any mere matters of business would have been able to stir up a good-natured and tolerant people to the bitter enmity from which the corporations are suffering without the help of some deeper, more human stimulus. Such a stimulus is found in the brutal, callous disregard of human life on the part of American railroad officials everywhere. This murderous indifference is nothing new. It is part of the inherited traditions of American railroading. Mark Twain noticed the contrast with European practise forty years ago, and wrote in "The Innocents Abroad":

"No, they have no railroad accidents to speak of in France. But why? Because, when one occurs, *somebody* has to hang for it. Not hang, maybe, but be punished at least with such vigor of emphasis as to make negligence a thing to be shuddered at by railroad officials for many a day thereafter. 'No blame attached to the officers'—that lying and disaster-breeding verdict, so common to our soft-hearted juries, is seldom rendered in France."

In the month of January and the first three weeks of February of this year there were fourteen serious railroad accidents in the United States, besides scores of minor ones. That list just fails to take in the terrible disaster at Terra Cotta, near Washington, which happened two days before the beginning of the year with the loss of fifty-nine lives and injuries to sixty persons. Three days after the Terra Cotta wreck thirty-five persons were killed and forty wounded on the Rock Island at Volland, Kansas. On January 19 the Big Four had two great accidents in Indiana in a single day, one at Fowler, where an engineer ran past signals in a fog at full speed, and the other at Sandford, where a carload of powder blew a passenger train off the track. One of those affairs cost twenty lives and the other thirty-two, with ten and thirty-five wounded respectively. On that same day a Rock Island train ran into a washout near Bureau, Illinois; an Atchison locomotive exploded on a bridge near De Soto, Kansas, destroying the bridge and throwing the engine and fourteen cars into a creek; a freight train collided with a passenger train on the Atlantic Coast Line near Denmark, South Carolina; a Lake Shore suburban train was wrecked at Hammond, Indiana; two

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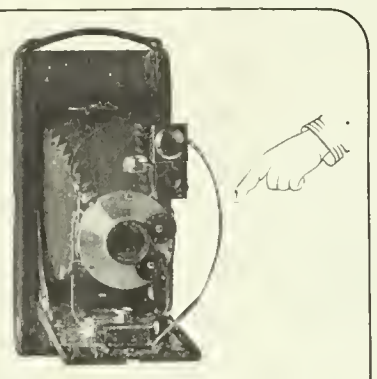
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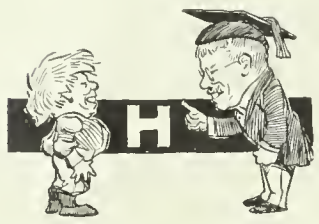
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freight trains collided on the Indian Harbor Railroad; the Winnipeg Flyer of the Great Northern went to smash ten miles out of Minneapolis; two freight trains had a rear-end collision on the Worcester and Norwich division of the New Haven Road, and a passenger car on the Boston and Maine was knocked off the track by a train of empties. These were merely such of one day's happenings as were considered important enough to be described in print.

It is of no avail to say that this or that disaster was an "accident"—a case of bad luck, unavoidable by any human foresight. The awful statistics, written in red day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, and decade by decade, eliminate the idea of accident as completely as in the mortuary tables of an insurance company. This or that man may die unexpectedly, but the company knows that on the average so many thousand persons will die in a year. When the American railroad system kills or injures 58,185 persons in 1900, 61,794 in 1901, 73,250 in 1902, 86,393 in 1903, 94,201 in 1904, and 95,711 in 1905, it is plain that some underlying cause is at work. That cause is that the managers of the system do not take any serious interest in saving life. The same situation exists in the street railroad field, and if its casualty figures were included the totals would be still more appalling. The evidence at the inquest on the occasion of the Bronx Park wreck showed that no calculations had been made to show whether the rails at the curve would stand the extra weight of the electric engines. Professor Earl B. Lovell of Columbia, testifying as an expert on that occasion, said that under the conditions an accident was eventually bound to happen at that point and that it could have been prevented by proper precautions.



PILLORY FOR MOLLYCODDLES

The President tells Harvard to stick to football, and warns her against mere critics

On February 23 President Roosevelt added a new portrait to his Rogue's Gallery of obnoxious personalities. The "mollycoddle" took his place in the album along with the weakling and the coward. The occasion was a visit to Harvard, where the President addressed the students at the Harvard Union. He appealed to loyal Harvard men to foster the spirit of real democracy. As an aid to such a spirit he commended athletics—the kind of athletics in which each man played something for himself, not that in which he merely looked on at the performances of some great champion of sport. "And I emphatically disbelieve," he declared, "in seeing Harvard or any other college turn out mollycoddles instead of vigorous men."

The President added that he did not in the least object to a sport because it was rough. He thought it "simple nonsense, a mere confession of weakness," to desire to abolish a game because there were things connected with it that showed the need of reform.

Not only are athletics in general good, because they tend to develop courage, but in Mr. Roosevelt's opinion they are especially good in their rougher forms.

From these sentiments, so congenial to a youthful audience, the President proceeded to a solemn warning against oversensitiveness, overrefinement, unfitting the victim for the "rough hurly-burly of the actual work of the world." "In a Republic like ours," he said, "the governing class is composed of the strong men who take the trouble to do the work of government; and if you are too timid or too fastidious or too careless to do your part in this work, then you forfeit your right to be considered one of the governing and you become one of the governed instead—one of the driven cattle of the political arena."

The doctrine of State rights as a shield to "protect State corporate creations in predatory activities extended through other States" was vigorously condemned, and the men, many of them college men, who were prompt to criticize every practical step in the warfare against special privilege and yet could not themselves outline any plan of constructive statesmanship that might give relief were scornfully reduced to their proper places. Harvard students were exhorted to avoid "barren criticism" and "fruitless obstruction"—to be "doers, rather than critics of the deeds that others do."

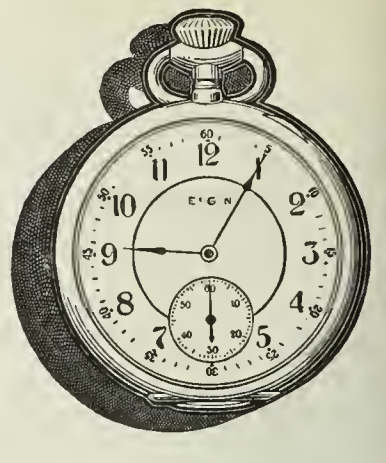
The President's address, especially that part relating to athletics, was greeted with enthusiastic applause. Unfortunately President Eliot was not there to hear it, being engaged at the same time in delivering a speech of his own to the Canadian Club of Ottawa in praise of peace and in advocacy of international arrangements for the reduction of armaments.

THE HARD TASK OF SCHMITZ

California's peace envoys accused of treason by advocates of Japanese exclusion



When Mayor Schmitz and his party left San Francisco to confer with the President on the Japanese question they carried parting warnings that if they yielded a single hair of the demands of the Exclusion League they might as well take up their permanent residence in the East. The progress of their negotiations was punctuated with telegrams to a similar effect. They won a most remarkable diplomatic triumph, securing advantages in the way of coolie exclusion that seemed utterly impossible when the President sent in his emphatic message denouncing San Francisco's attitude. In exchange for a trivial concession in the schools to a few young Japanese children familiar with the English language they obtained a law providing for the stoppage of the movement of Japanese laborers from Hawaii and foreign countries to the mainland of the United States with the prospect of a treaty settling the whole immigration question. But the agitators in San Francisco demanded all or nothing, and threatened to receive the Schmitz party



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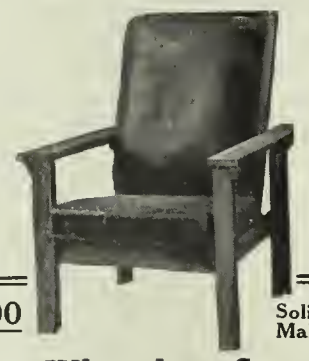
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Illustrated Catalog Upon Request

J. W. Colgan Co.
509 Sudbury Build.
BOSTON, MASS.

Mallory
CRAVENETTE HATS

Sun Proof



Rain Proof



STYLE and **SERVICE**

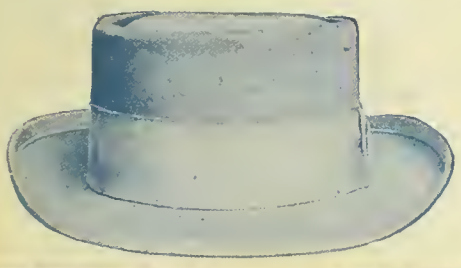
The Mallory Cravenette Hat is like the product of other first class hat makers in that it has unquestioned quality of material, refined shape and exclusive, correct style.

The Mallory Cravenette Hat is different

from all other hats whatsoever, because it has been made rain proof and sun proof by the Priestley-Cravenetting process which we control for all hat fabrics.

All the approved shapes and styles in Derbies and Soft hats, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00.

For sale everywhere by the better class of dealers. In Greater New York and Philadelphia by John Wanamaker.



Send to Dept. C for our Free Booklet of Hat Styles for 1907

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.
Established 1823
Astor Place and Broadway, New York
FACTORY, DANBURY, CONN.



Safety Heating

The house and contents may be sadly damaged by fire, yet not destroy the usefulness and value of our Steam and Water warming outfits. Not only that, their durable construction and safety features compel a lower insurance rate on houses, stores—ALL buildings—fitted with



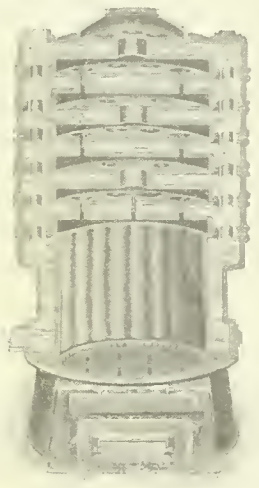
AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

Several million dollars property loss is annually laid to fires caused by old-fashioned heating methods—forced or strained to the utmost on bitter cold days to make rooms habitable. Buildings outfitted with IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are freed from this risk—fires can only result from *outside causes*—that is why our outfits are used even to warm powder and dynamite factories, Government forts, battleships, etc., etc. They outwear the building.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are made in sizes to fit all classes of buildings (3 rooms to 90 rooms), OLD or new, FARM or city. A child can care for the outfit. Keeps the whole cottage or building warm—and avoids dust and ashes in living rooms. A permanent investment, not an expense; the coal savings soon pay for the outfit.

ADVANTAGE 3: Every inch of fire surface in IDEAL Boilers is backed by water, which greedily absorbs the full heat and hurries it along through the hollow, double walls of the boiler and through the piping to the hollow, beautifully ornamented, graceful AMERICAN Radiators stationed at convenient points in the rooms above. It is this water backing of every tiny portion of the heating surface which makes these outfits so economical in fuel burning, so *sure* in heating efficiency, and prevents their *ever* wearing out.

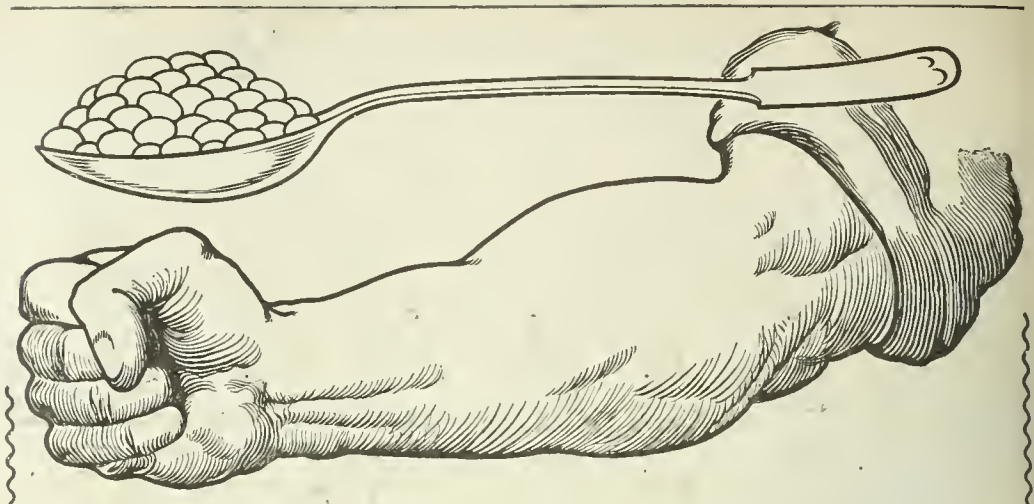
Write today for valuable catalogue (free) setting forth the full ADVANTAGES. Sales branches and warehouses throughout America and Europe.



Boiler cut in half to show hollow castings filled with water, which extracts the full value from every pound of fuel burned.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 31 CHICAGO



Eat Beans for Strength

ONCE a week, at least.

Beans, you know, are among the most *nourishing* of all foods.

Great tissue-formers,—fine Muscle-makers!

Rich in Nitrogen and Proteid,—two of the most expensive and necessary factors in food.

Beans contain 23 to 25 per cent. of Nitrogenous Proteid, while Beefsteak contains only 20 per cent., and Bread 7½ per cent.

Beans *used to be comparatively indigestible.*

Because, as ordinarily treated and cooked, they were so dense-fibred that the Juices of the Stomach could not *penetrate* them sufficiently to fully *digest* them.

But *that* is all changed now, since the "*Snider Process*" of treating and cooking Pork & Beans was invented.

Snider Beans are rendered *porous* and *absorbent* by this Process so that the Digestive Juices of the Stomach can fully enter, and act on, them while they remain firm, cheesy and toothsome.

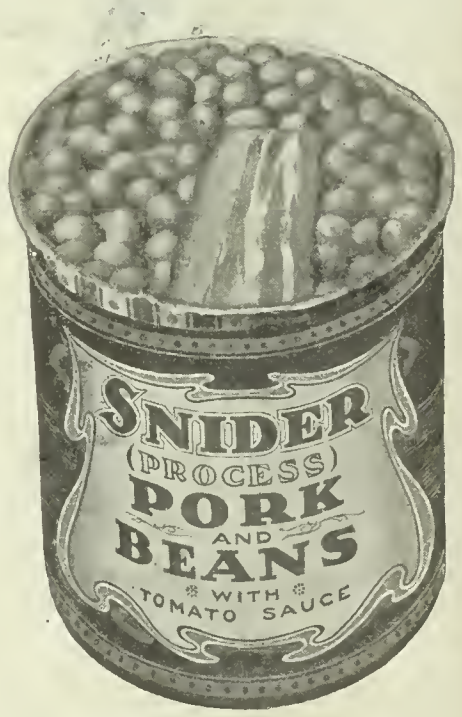
They are mellow, fine-textured, and deliciously flavored with that *Seven*-spiced Tomato Catsup which has made the name of "Snider" famous.

Just get a tin of "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans *to-day*, and try them.

Your money back from the Grocer if *you* do not find them the *best* you've ever eaten.

This advertisement is your authority for the refund.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.,
Cincinnati, O.





Drop it, kick it, or if you can think of a more severe test of safety, please make it—we accept any challenge. Our exclusive patent safety lever is the reason why accidental discharge is impossible, and it lifts the

IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic Revolver

out of the "went off-by-accident" class. This lever must be in place before the revolver hammer can touch the firing pin and can only be raised when you purposely pull the trigger.

Our Booklet "Shots" Mailed Free It's full of firearm lore; gives important facts that every owner of firearms should know, and goes into the details and illustrates by sectional views the peculiar construction of the Iver Johnson.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
3 inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge, - $5.50

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
3 inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center fire cartridge, - - - - - - - - - $6.50

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the *owl's head* on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 146 River St., FITCHBURG, MASS.

New York Office: 99 Chambers St. Pacific Coast Branch: P. B. Bekeart Co., Alameda, Cal. European Office: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany. **Makers of Iver Johnson Truss Frame Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns**

Model B. R.



2 PASSENGER RUNABOUT **$400**

The smallest in cost—smartest in appearance—simplest of operation—cheapest to maintain. Ideal for town and country service—for physicians, business men, etc. Reliable on any kind of road. 4 H. P. Air cooled. Speed 22 miles an hour. *With 2 cylinder 8 H. P. Motor $450.* Send for catalog B. Agents wanted in unassigned territory

Waltham Orient MOTOR CARS

WALTHAM SERVICE CAR **$450**

Model D. C.



Makes quick, sure delivery. The cost of one team the work of three. Built to stand the wear and tear of business in city and country. Particularly designed for grocers and kindred lines. Weight 670 lbs. Capacity 600 lbs. Speed 4 to 18 miles per hour. *With 2 cylinder 8 H. P. Motor $500.* Send for catalog B.

Waltham Manufacturing Company, Waltham, Mass.

Fireside Hospitality

When the chill North winds drive us to our fireside, it is then that we seek our friends and strengthen the ties of good fellowship.

Bright converse, merry laughter, dainty collations with

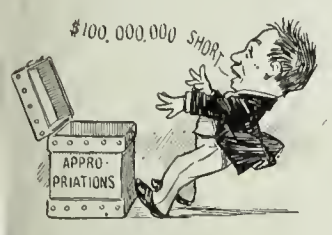
NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS

as the alluring tidbit to linger on the palate, deepen the impress upon the memory of charming hospitality.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

with an ovation of decayed eggs. The Mayor, while still on trial for corruption, must face an inflamed and irrational sentiment among his own former supporters and try to put through measures that will be denounced as acts of treason to California. But without the adoption of these measures the whole compromise will fall through, all the advantages gained by the negotiations will be lost, and California will be able to look forward to unrestrained coolie immigration for an indefinite time.



A HUNDRED MILLION DEFICIT

The Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations says we are exceeding our income

IT is the duty of the Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations to stand as the death's head at the feast of Congressional extravagance. Mr. Tawney of Minnesota has fulfilled this function with zeal and thoroughness. In his statement on submitting the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill he showed that the department estimates, which as a rule are ruthlessly cut down by Congress, have been actually exceeded in five of the regular supply bills. With every allowance for the increase of revenues he could see little hope of escape from a deficit which might reach $100,000,000.

Mr. Tawney thought that the trouble was due to the fact that the National Government was spending too much on functions that did not belong to it, but that should have been performed by the States. "Congress," he said, "at this time is altogether too anxious to accept from the States the voluntary surrender of the exercise of rights reserved to the States and the exercise of which involves the expenditure of money. To this, more than to any other one thing, may be attributed the rapidly increasing demands upon the Federal Treasury, and the increase in the aggregate of appropriations for civil expenses."

Long as the progress has been from Reed's Congress that appropriated a billion dollars in two sessions to a Congress that appropriates a billion dollars in one session, the advance has only begun. The great mass of Government salaries is still measured by the standards of a generation ago. Congress has barely begun to face the increase in the cost of living. It gave the first recognition of the fact in the matter of its own salaries, because it was there that the situation was most clearly impressed upon its attention. But now that the principle has been admitted, it will have to be applied all along the line. When the telegraph and railroad companies are raising wages everywhere the Government can not retain its servants indefinitely for the salaries of the seventies. The resignation of all the letter carriers in Butte, and the complete emptiness of the civil service registers in other places, are hints that the salary question will have to be faced in all directions. Congress has made a beginning with the postal clerks and letter carriers. When the standards are hoisted everywhere Mr. Tawney's $100,000,000 deficit will look small, unless new sources of revenue are found.

CHICAGO DEMOCRATS WANT DUNNE



Carter Harrison was willing to accept a nomination, but did not have the offer

AFTER securing only a third of the delegates to the Democratic City Convention at the Chicago primaries, ex-Mayor Carter Harrison withdrew as a candidate and Mayor Dunne was unanimously renominated. The platform, written by the Mayor, denounces the traction ordinances which are to be voted upon next month, and demands the condemnation of the properties of the street railroad companies in case the people take the convention's advice and vote down the compromise. It asserts that while these ordinances pretend to favor municipal ownership they make it practically impossible, and are in fact private franchises for twenty years or more. The platform pledges the party to the municipal ownership of all public utilities.

In double harness with municipal ownership of traction lines Mayor Dunne is driving the issue of Sunday liquor. He pledged himself before the convention to oppose the efforts of the Anti-Saloon League to enforce the Sunday closing law. He could see no other course to follow, he said, than that which had been the practise of the Mayors of Chicago for thirty-five years. "I have been advised by competent authorities," he added, "that the Sunday-closing law is obsolete and dead. I am going to follow that advice until the Supreme Court declares differently."



THE TWO-CENT FARE FAD

Legislatures hastening to follow the fashion of fixing uniform railroad rates

THE idea of limiting railroad passenger fares to two cents a mile by State laws has suddenly assumed the proportions of a popular epidemic. On February 21 the Indiana House, by a vote of 87 to 7, passed a bill to that effect which had already passed the Senate, the Nebraska House put through a similar measure by a unanimous vote, the Minnesota House passed another under suspension of the rules, and one was introduced in the Illinois House. This was the work of a single day. Since Ohio revived the fashion last year at least a dozen States in different parts of the country have either passed two-cent fare laws or have such bills pending, and this movement is now regarded by the railroads with as much apprehension as anything going on at Washington.

Three conferences of railroad officials were held in Chicago and St. Louis on February 21 to discuss the threatening situation. In a carefully prepared

THE Carbo-Magnetic RAZOR

Hollow Ground as Illustrated	Double Concave for Extra Heavy Beards	Set of Two in Leather Case	Carbo Magnetic Strop $1.00 Strop Aide
$2.50	$3.00	$5.50	25c.



No Honing—No Grinding
No More Razor Troubles
DOES YOUR RAZOR PULL?

If so, discard it and try a "CARBO MAGNETIC," the Razor with the "PULLING" extracted. "CARBO MAGNETIC" Razors are unlike any you have ever used. They are made of the MOST PERFECT STEEL PRODUCED IN ENGLAND, and are PERFECTLY TEMPERED by OUR EXCLUSIVE SECRET PROCESS OF ELECTRICITY. It has taken TWENTY YEARS to perfect this method of TEMPERING and PREPARING the steel. These Razors WILL HOLD AN EDGE INDEFINITELY, and at last SELF-SHAVING has become A PLEASURE. No matter how many Razors you may possess, just TRY a "CARBO MAGNETIC."

Send us your dealer's name, tell us if he handles the "Carbo Magnetic" Razor, and we will send you our booklet entitled "Hints on Shaving," and make you a proposition whereby you can test this Razor. The booklet is very valuable to self shavers; it illustrates the correct razor position for every part of the face and tells you all about REAL SHAVING COMFORT.

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A. L. SILBERSTEIN
449-450 Broadway
New York



The greatest novelty of 1907

BURBANK'S
Wizard Poppies
FREE

To get thousandsof people to send for our 1907 Seed Catalogue we have decided to give free with each copy **Five Packets of Seeds,** provided you send 10 cents, coin or stamps, to pay for postage and packing.

These seeds include the great 1907 novelty: Burbank's Wizard Poppies, Giant Flowered Cosmos (a great favorite), Scarlet Sage (remarkable for its fiery color), beautiful golden Calliopsis and that great favorite of Germany's Emperor, Corn Flower. If you want your friends to have the catalogue and free seeds, send their names with your own, enclosing 10 cents for each name. Address,

Wm. Elliott & Sons, Seedsmen, 219 Fulton St., New York
Established 1845

A Piano
Straight From
Lyon & Healy
To You



A Handsome Piano Book
will be sent free on receipt of your name

If you have it in mind to buy a piano, this book will save you a considerable sum. It is illustrated in colors, gives plain prices and terms, and we think it tells more about how to select a good piano than any other book published. Write for it.

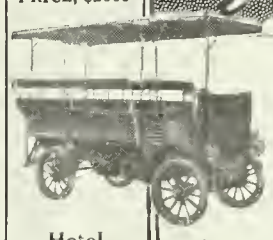
Also a big bargain list of slightly used pianos from $100 up.

Lyon & Healy
21 Adams St., CHICAGO

We sell Steinway, Weber and eighteen other leading makes
Monthly payment may be arranged

We equip our vehicles with bodies to suit your special requirements.
PRICE, $2000

The Rapid Idea
MOTOR VEHICLE CO.
"A car for every commercial purpose"



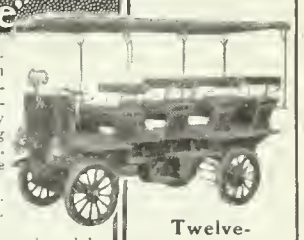
Hotel Bus, 16-passenger

I want to tell you more about the most complete line of commercial motor vehicles made in the world. We have not been satisfied with one model, or even two or three, but have produced a line of cars that will meet every purpose of the commercial world—light and heavy delivery wagons, light and heavy trucks, hotel bus or baggage wagon, sight-seeing cars carrying from 12 to 25 passengers—every kind of car you could ask for. And where it is desired, we design special bodies to suit the requirements of our customers.

Every car is propelled by the famous "Rapid" Motor—a strong, light engine that is simple in operation, reliable, and speedy. Every one is fully guaranteed for one year.

I want you to tell me what kind of delivery or passenger service you need, and I will write you about the car for your special requirements. Catalog free on request.

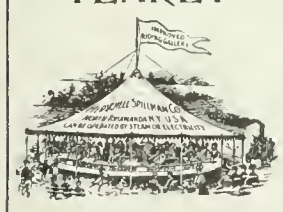
H. T. HENRY, SALES MANAGER
RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO. PONTIAC, MICH.



Twelve-passenger Sight-Seeing Car

Every car guaranteed for one year.
PRICE, $1800

$8,000 - $10,000
YEARLY



is frequently made by owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a delightful, attractive, big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work. Just the business for a man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
183 Sweeney Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain?

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Webers, Krakauers, Sterlings and other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new, yet all are offered at a great discount. These pianos range from $125 upward. Also beautiful new Uprights at $125, $135, $150 and $165. An instrument at $190 that we can recommend highly. Write, stating your needs, and we will send you a copy of our new Bargain List and also one of our Piano Book Catalogs, which illustrates and describes our entire piano stock. Monthly payments accepted.

FROM

Every piano bears our full guarantee, and will give years of musical satisfaction.

LYON & HEALY
WORLD'S LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE
43 ADAMS ST. CHICAGO

EVER-READY SAFETY RAZOR AND 12 Blades $1.00



THE only 12 bladed dollar razor in the world. A better razor impossible. Complete for $1.00 with silver nickeled frame—12 Ever-Ready blades, safety frame, handle and blade stropper attractively cased. Extra blades 12 for 75 cents, which also fit Gem and Star frames. Six new Ever-Ready blades exchanged for six dull ones and 25c.

Ever-Ready dollar sets are sold everywhere. Mail orders prepaid $1.00.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., 299 Broadway, New York

250 Styles $23.50 UP 2 YEARS GUARANTY



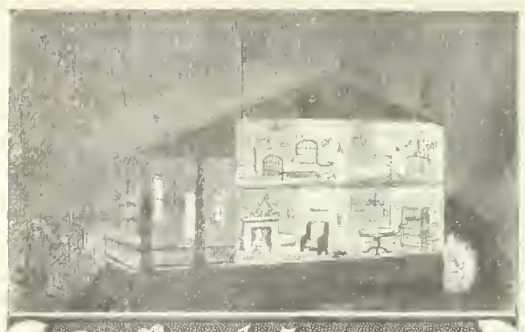
150 Styles HARNESS $4.50 UP 2 YEARS GUARANTY

Direct to you at factory prices is our way. No middlemen between you and us. You save ½. We build all styles of vehicles. Our "National Leader" $49.50 Top Buggy is the best known and known as the best made. Don't buy until you hear from us.

Write today for Free Money-Saving Catalog

U. S. BUGGY & CART CO.
Sta. 31, Cincinnati, O.

20 DAYS FREE TRIAL
NO MONEY WITH ORDER



Ann Arbor Gasoline Lighting System

City Light for The Country

A lighting system that outshines gas or electricity, and costs only one fifth as much. A full 300 candle power lamp in every room in the house, at a cost of less than ½c. per hour.

Artistic fixtures that will add beauty and dignity to any home; a large assortment to choose from. The system is very simple in operation, and you can install it yourself in a few hours, with the aid of a screw driver, without marring the walls or decorations.

The fuel supply, gasoline, is kept in a tank in a separate room or out of doors, absolutely safe, and permitted by insurance underwriters. The ideal light for stores, halls churches, etc.

You can earn money in your spare time by selling Ann Arbor Lighting Systems, and individual lamps. Systems sell from $10 up. Lamps from $3 to $15. Everybody who sees them wants them. Our catalogs illustrate and describe them perfectly; write for a copy today and state if you wish agents' terms.

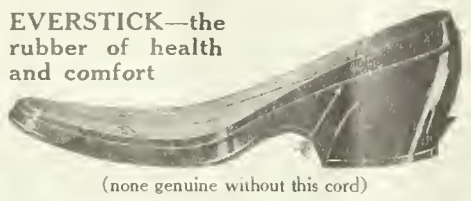
SUPERIOR MFG. CO.
279 Second St.
Ann Arbor
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No. 114 $4.00 Exp. Prepaid

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Here it is Again

EVERSTICK—the rubber of health and comfort



(none genuine without this cord)

Any doctor will tell you that the ordinary, common rubber is unhealthy because it makes the shoe air-tight, causes the foot to sweat, swell, ache, burn—when you take the rubber off, the foot is chilled. The

For Men — TRADE MARK EVERSTICK PAT AUG 11 AND NOV 24 1903 INVISIBLE RUBBER — For Women

Covers only the bottom and sides of the sole of the shoe, leaving the top free to the air, giving foot safety with foot comfort. Very dressy in appearance, and made to fit any style of shoe worn by men and women.

Just as necessary in clear, cold weather to keep the feet warm, as they are in wet, stormy weather to keep the feet dry.

Price for Men, $1.25; for Women, in Black, $1.00; in White and Tan, $1.25.

Accept no substitute, because no other rubber is so good as the **Everstick**. Insist on having the **Everstick** fit closely to the foot. See that the name **Everstick** is stamped on the lining. All good shoemen sell them, but if you cannot get a pair where you live, write us.

Send for our free booklet "Foot Safety"

The Adams & Ford Co., Mnfrs.
65 Bank St., CLEVELAND, O.



MASPERO'S

Extra Fine Lucca Olive Oil is the purest olive oil imported into this country and is guaranteed to be the first dripping before pressing from the finest selected sound ripe olives. For forty years C. Maspero has been a recognized food expert and his name has stood for absolute purity and unexcelled quality in food products.

Pure Olive Oil

is nature's food and a necessity—not a luxury. Maspero's Extra Fine Lucca Olive Oil is made in Lucca, from olives grown in Lucca, the finest flavored olives in the world, and has that rich, delicate nutty flavor which it is impossible to secure in oils made in any other locality. It is made and packed under the most cleanly and hygienic conditions, conforms in every way to the Pure Food Laws and is tested at the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture and by the Italian Government.

CANS—1 gal. $3, ½ gal. $1.60, ¼ gal. 85c., pt. 50c.
BOTTLES—Case of 1 doz. $7, case of 2 doz. ½ bottles $7.50, case of 2 doz. ¼ bottles $5. Per bottle 65c., 35c. and 25c. Delivered free New York City.

SAMPLE FREE. If your provisioner does not have it, send his name and address and I will send you a sample bottle free.

C. MASPERO, IMPORTER
Dept. C, 333 Greenwich St., New York
(*Pure Food Specialist and Gov. Expert.*)

"KLEINERT-CROWN"



25 & 50¢
"CROWN MAKE" CAST-OFF — "KLEINERT'S" RUBBER GRIP

Made with "Kleinert's" Flexible Rubber Grip and "Crown Make" patent stud (cast off) fastener.
Novel and practical in construction.
No slipping on leg - - Lies flat and firm.
Sample pair sent prepaid on receipt of 25 cents.

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO.
721, 723, 725, 727 BROADWAY NEW YORK

The Varnish that lasts longest

Made by Murphy Varnish Company.

OUTING BOATS

Two new sizes for 1907 give our customers the choice of 18, 20 and 22 ft. boats on the water line.

The under-water lines are different from other launches, giving greatest speed per horse power of any motor launch on the market.

OUTING Boats with their solid construction are the strongest and lightest, and the paneled interior makes them the handsomest boats in any waters.

A Semi-knocked down boat at K. D. prices is our new and attractive offer to persons who want to construct their own boats.

We exhibit at the Chicago Motor Boat Show, March 2-9—space No. 16.

Send for catalog of boats and motors.

OUTING BOAT COMPANY
13500 So. Park Ave. Chicago, Ill.

SUPERBA Silk Cravats

Scarf Pins don't "puncture" Superba Silk, nor can you tie it into a mass of wrinkles like an ordinary cravat.

The silk sort of springs back into natural shape when you untie it. Since there is no price penalty for all these betterments, it is certainly to your interest to insist upon the Furnisher supplying you with Superba Silk Cravats. If you have the least difficulty, send the fifty cents direct to us. "Book of Cleverness" free.

H. C. COHN & CO.
210 Andrew St., Rochester, New York

Registered Trade Mark

BRIGHTON
Flat Clasp Garters

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, **silk** web, not mercerized cotton. All metal parts nickeled, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
718 Market Street *Philadelphia*
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders

Jones Nat'l School of AUCTIONEERING and ORATORY
227 Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill., all branches. Special instructors. Term opens soon. Free Catalogue. CAREY M. JONES Pres

STARK NURSERIES sell Direct pay freight, give FULL value Founded 1825. Large NEW Fruit Book free. STARK BRO'S. Louisiana, Mo.

interview Mr. Warren J. Lynch, passenger traffic manager of the New York Central lines west of Buffalo, intimated that if the people decreed a two-cent fare they would of course at the same time declare their willingness to accept a two-cent service. "You can not get more out of the job than you put into it," he observed. He asserted that not a single new mile of passenger service had been put on by any railroad in Ohio since the two-cent law was passed a year ago, and remarked that if Illinois should pass such a law and the margin of profit should be wiped out, the people would have to face one of two alternatives—"inferior service, which means fewer and slower trains, or a horizontal reduction of the wages of all persons engaged in railroad work and its allied industries."

Some railroad managers think that the fusillade of harassing State laws, of which the two-cent fare laws are only samples, might have been averted if the corporations had been sensible enough to cooperate with President Roosevelt in his efforts to secure a reasonable national regulation, fair to the companies and their patrons alike. They propose to see whether it is too late even now to conciliate public sentiment in that way.



VICTORY FOR THE CONQUERED

The Boers win control of the Transvaal Government in the first election under the new constitution

THE first elections under the new Transvaal Constitution have restored the control of the colony to its original settlers. Het Volk, the distinctively Boer party, has secured a clear majority over all others—36 out of a total of 69 members of the House. But as the seven Nationalists and the three Labor members are acting with Het Volk, the Africander coalition has more than a two-thirds majority over the only distinctively British party, the Progressives, who have secured only twenty-one seats.

The head of the new responsible government is to be General Botha, the famous Boer commander, who will be Premier and Minister of Native Affairs. General Smuts, another defender of the late Republic in the field, is to be Colonial Secretary, and Advocate De Villiers, who was Attorney-General of the Transvaal during the war, will be Minister of Justice. The Minister of Lands and Public Works, T. Cullinan; the Treasurer, H. C. Hull; and the Minister of Mines, J. Rissik, represent the mining interests.

The Boers have recovered control of their country just about as long after their subjugation as it took the ex-Confederates to recover control of the bulk of the South after the close of our Civil War. They profess loyalty to the British connection, and as far as separate action by the Transvaal is concerned they are doubtless sincere. How long their loyalty would survive the formation of a South African Federation is another matter. General Botha said to his British fellow subjects before the election: "At Vereeniging I signed the treaty of peace. I then solemnly accepted what is so dear to you—your king and your flag. They are now our king and our flag." The chief ostensible issue of the campaign on the part of Het Volk was emancipation from the rule of the capitalists in control of the mines.

SMOOT STILL SENATOR

It has been decided that a Mormon apostle may represent a Mormon State



AFTER four years of strife, in the course of which about thirty-five hundred printed pages of testimony had been taken, the Senate decided on February 20 that Reed Smoot was entitled to the seat which he had occupied on sufferance for two-thirds of his term. Mr. Smoot's credentials had been presented on February 23, 1903, and at the same time a protest from certain citizens of Utah had been put on record. The Senator took the oath on March 5, but from the very first day his right to his seat was disputed. The women's organizations throughout the country took a keen interest in the affair, and the Senate was inundated with petitions urging it to keep the Mormon Apostle out. On January 27, 1904, the Committee on Privileges and Elections was directed to investigate Mr. Smoot's right to a seat. The investigation lasted for over two years, and ended with a majority report declaring Reed Smoot not entitled to a seat, on the ground that he was one of a self-perpetuating body of men claiming divine authority to control the members of the Mormon Church in all things, temporal as well as spiritual; that this authority had been so exercised as to encourage the practise of polygamy; that the first presidency and twelve apostles had brought about an unconstitutional union of church and state, and that Mr. Smoot was not the representative of the State of Utah, but of that usurping hierarchy. A minority report signed by Senators Foraker, Beveridge, Dillingham, Hopkins, and Knox sustained the right of Smoot to his place.

Nothing was brought out in the evidence derogatory to the personal character of the Mormon Senator. In fact, Mr. Foraker remarked in the final debate that Mr. Smoot, by the sworn testimony, had proved a better character than any other Senator on the floor had a right to claim. "He is so good a man," added the friend of the colored soldier, "that I sometimes almost doubt him. He seems to have no vices whatever. He does not drink or chew or smoke or swear, and he is not a polygamist, but, on the contrary, from early youth . . . he was distinguished in the Mormon Church for his opposition to plural marriages."

On the day of the final vote the galleries were crowded with women who had come to exert moral pressure against the apostle of a polygamous church. But the majority of the Senate refused to be intimidated by indignant eyes, and the resolution depriving Mr. Smoot of his seat was rejected by a vote of 42 to 28. The vote was mainly, although not entirely, on party lines, the Republicans taking the Mormon and the Democrats the anti-Mormon side.



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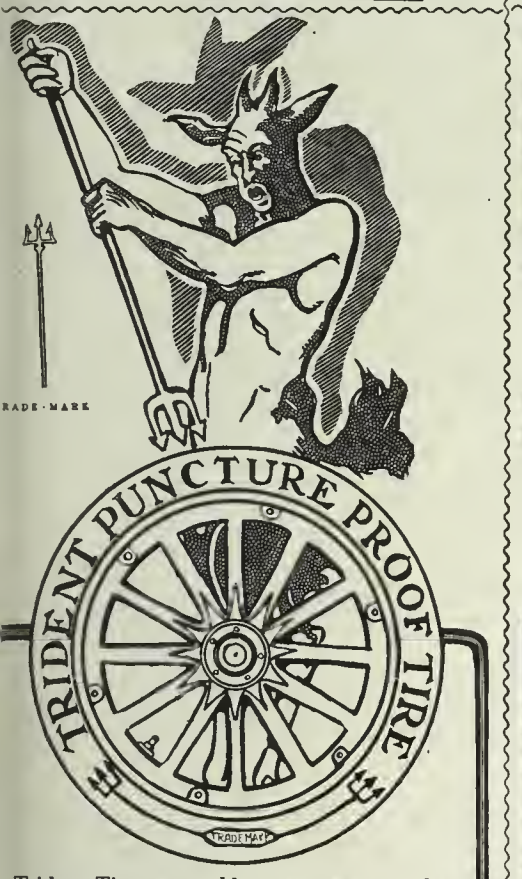
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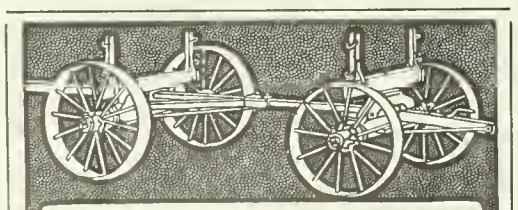
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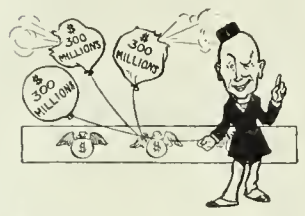
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Nine Republicans joined nineteen Democrats against Smoot, and three Democrats voted with thirty-nine Republicans in his favor. Two Republican members of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, Depew and Dolliver, were converted to Smoot's side after joining in the committee report against him. If their conversion had come earlier the adverse report would not have been made, and the case would not have come before the Senate at all.



ROCKEFELLER'S FORTUNE SHRINKS

Instead of a billion dollars, it is only a paltry three hundred million or even less

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has grown tired of being regarded as the world's first billionaire. Mr. Frederick T. Gates, the steward of the Rockefeller charities, has issued some very frank statements, officially authorized from above, on the subject of the wealth of his employer. He makes the unqualified assertion that Mr. Rockefeller's fortune "can not exceed $250,000,000 or $300,000,000," and that his income, instead of being $100,000,000 a year, as some have alleged, "can not in his most prosperous year have exceeded $15,000,000 or $20,000,000." Moreover, he is not, and never has been, in control of the Standard Oil Company. His holdings do not now exceed twenty per cent of the stock of the company, and never have reached thirty per cent. This includes all the holdings of his immediate family, but not those of his brothers.

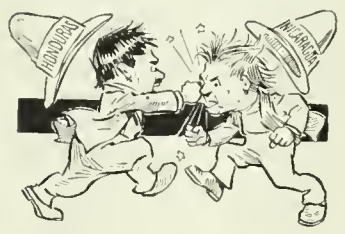
If these statements can be relied upon as strictly accurate, they indicate that Mr. Rockefeller's investments are far less productive than those of many capitalists of much less reputation for business capacity. An income of $15,000,000 a year, reinvested at only five per cent, would amount to nearly five hundred million dollars in twenty years. Mr. Rockefeller had a very respectable little nest-egg considerably more than twenty years ago. It appears now that his philanthropic benefactions have equaled a third of his present fortune—a proportion that no government would venture to demand in the shape of a tax. It appears, also, that Mr. Rockefeller does not occupy a lonely pinnacle of wealth, but stands on fairly equal terms with Mr. Carnegie, Senator Clark, the Guggenheims, and other persons of modest independence.

"CORRUPT AND CONTENTED"

A ring Mayor, backed by ring Councils, elected to succeed Weaver in Philadelphia



A VERY brief orgy of reform has proved enough for Philadelphia. In the municipal election on February 19 the candidates named by the City party and the Democrats were routed by the nominees of the old Republican ring. Mr. John E. Reyburn, the ring candidate for Mayor, beat the reformer, William Potter, by about 33,000 votes, and the Organization captured the City Councils and the minor offices. The pleas on which the machine returned to power were the same on which it had vainly appealed for popular approval during its period of exile—political partizanship and the promise of a "progressive Philadelphia." Waving aside the question of honest government, it called for a liberal policy in the matter of public improvements, with incidental profit to contractors, the new boss being in the contracting business. The organization had learned something from adversity, and its ticket was well veneered with respectability. Philadelphia might have tired of reform in any case, but the victory of reaction was made certain by the desertion of Mayor Weaver, carrying the control of the police force and the election machinery over to the enemy. The short spasm of honest government has left some results in the form of improved laws and administrative methods, and it is possible that Philadelphia may not sink so low under Boss McNichols as she did under Boss Durham. The Mayor-elect declares that he comes to the office "absolutely without entanglements," and that he will "serve only Philadelphia."



WAR IN CENTRAL AMERICA

Honduras and Nicaragua promised to be good and then began to fight behind the monitor's back

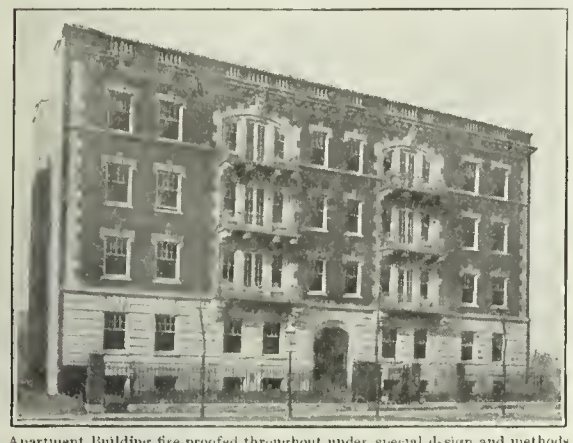
AS an appropriate overture to The Hague Conference, to which all the nations of the American continents have been invited, Honduras and Nicaragua suddenly began a "war" on February 18. The trouble had been brewing for about two months. It began in the usual Central American way by the escape of Honduran revolutionists into Nicaraguan territory, and their pursuit by the Honduran Government forces. The situation was complicated by an alleged desire of the President of Nicaragua to carry out the old scheme of a Central American union with the President of Honduras as the first sacrifice. When war appeared imminent the United States and Mexico interposed a joint veto, in which they were joined by Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Salvador. This arrayed over a hundred million people against about the population of Boston. Nicaragua and Honduras seemed to yield, but at the first opportunity they dodged the monitors and began to fight. This was especially annoying because the intervention of the other North American powers had been heralded as the introduction of a new system of mutual peace insurance under the supervision of the United States, through which war was to be banished from the continent.

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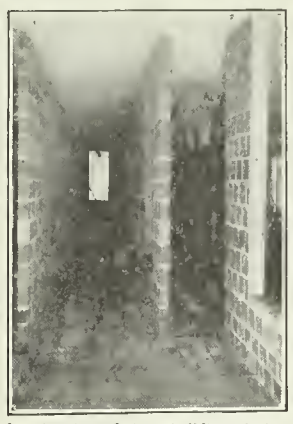
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that cannot be found in any hammer revolver of other makes, are united in the

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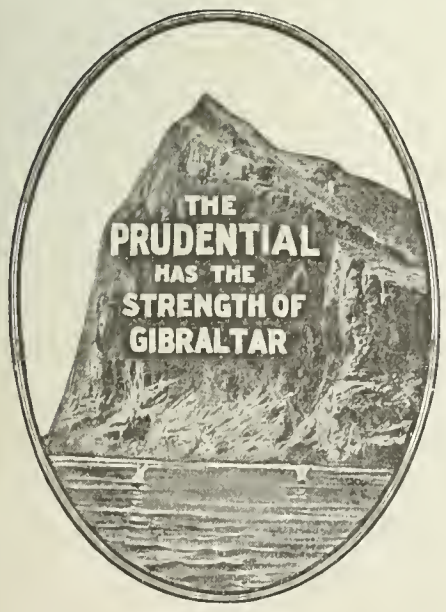
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OLDSMOBILE ROADABILITY

PRESS DISPATCHES

December 23, 1906

"An Oldsmobile 35-40 H. P. Touring Car of stock design, carrying four passengers and 600 lbs. of baggage, started from New York to blaze a way through entirely unknown roads to the Ormond-Daytona Beach, Florida."

January 12, 1907

"The Oldsmobile 'Mudlark' reached Ormond to-day after a run of over 1,400 miles through some of the worst roads ever negotiated by a motor car. Trip was made in 18 days excluding two days taken out for Christmas. Demonstrates beyond question the roadability of this macbine."



PRESS DISPATCHES

January 23, 1907

"Notwithstanding the fact that the Oldsmobile 'Mudlark' has just finished its strenuous trip of 1,400 miles from New York to Ormond, yet it is still in the running. Absolutely no adjustments have been made since the finish."

"Olds Motor Works
Lansing, Mich.
"Won on gentleman's touring class one mile race, standing start.
"*Signed* R. R. Owen."

January 24, 1907

"Olds Motor Works
Lansing, Mich.
"The Oldsmohile to-day on the Beach after its long time trying drive New York to Florida through mud, sand and swamps, made a hundred mile record for its class with four people. The engine ran like a clock. It is certainly a great car.
"*Signed* W. J. Morgan
"Mgr. Florida East Coast Auto. Ass'n."

Practical Tests—the most exacting and practical that can be devised—all prove the Perfect Roadability of the Oldsmobile—the car that does things. The Glidden Tour, the 505 Mile Non-Stop run, the New York-Poughkeepsie High-Speed-Lever-Sealed-in run, and a score of other similar exploits, have all served to link evidence with evidence, making the chain complete and but one verdict possible—the Best Thing on Wheels.

AND NOW the recent New York-Daytona Beach trip has added more strength to every link—**Motor Endurance,** for speed or for continued strain over trying roads—**Perfect Control,** dependable on strange, difficult roads or crowded city streets—**Brake Reliability,** to meet any emergency—**Hill Climbing Ability,** equal to any demand—**All parts perfectly balanced—Easy riding—Every quality essential in touring**—In short, Perfect Roadability.

On December 23rd R. R. Owen, and party of three, left New York City on a "pathfinding" trip to Ormond-Daytona Beach, Florida. Their machine was an Oldsmobile "A" 35-40 H. P. Touring Car of stock design and in addition to four passengers it carried over 600 pounds of baggage.

Roads of every description were encountered and by the time the run of over 1400 miles was completed at Daytona on January 12th, the party agreed that not half the story of bad roads had ever been told. The illustration above shows a portion of a 20 mile strip of similar road, so-called, and is typical of the difficulties encountered and surmounted en route. The story in detail can be obtained on request—it's too long to be told here—the story of how the "Mudlark" made good.

The Oldsmobile Model "A" Touring Car for 1907 has 35-40 H. P., four cylinder motor. Cylinders 4½ x 4¾ ground and polished by special machinery; Pistons ground into cylinder with powdered glass. Note that the cylinder is ¼ inch larger than last year. There is a check valve in tank holding two gallons in reserve—you can't get out of gasoline without warning. The steering gear is theoretically and practically perfect. Wheels, with special spoke design, are 34 x 4 inches rear and 34 x 3½ inches front. Springs 2¼ x 36 inches front, 2¼ x 52 inches rear, making the car wonderfully well balanced and easy riding. Aluminum foot and running boards give the car a rich, finished appearance and are very serviceable. Wheel base, 106½ inches. Complete specifications on request. Price $2,750. If you are an Oldsmobile owner send us your name, address, number of model and date of purchase and we will send you regularly the Oldsmobile News Letter, a weekly publication devoted to the interests of Oldsmobile enthusiasts. We can make immediate delivery on 1907 cars. On exhibition at all agencies. *By special arrangement we can make the following offer:*—"The How and Why of the Automobile," a cloth bound volume of nearly 200 pages and over 250 illustrations, by F. L. Faurote; and a year's subscription to "Motor Talk," a monthly magazine devoted to automobiles, *both postpaid for $1.00*, regular price $1.50. With all orders received before April 1st we will include a copy of the revised edition for 1907 of "A Busyman's Text Book on Automobiles" Order today. Address Dept. CW.

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OLDS MOTOR WORKS

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As it does not pay to advertise an article in periodicals of national circulation unless it is widely distributed, anything you see advertised in these papers you will find easy to get, if you try.

When, therefore, you see a brand of goods advertised with us, it generally means that this brand has been on the market for some time, that the goods are made with all the economies possible to the large producer (and so can be sold cheap, quality considered), are already more or less established in public favor, are widely distributed, and that a responsible firm is willing to back their merit with its money.

When, then, such a manufacturer spends his money to persuade you to try *his* goods, is it quite fair to let a dealer when you ask for them substitute others?

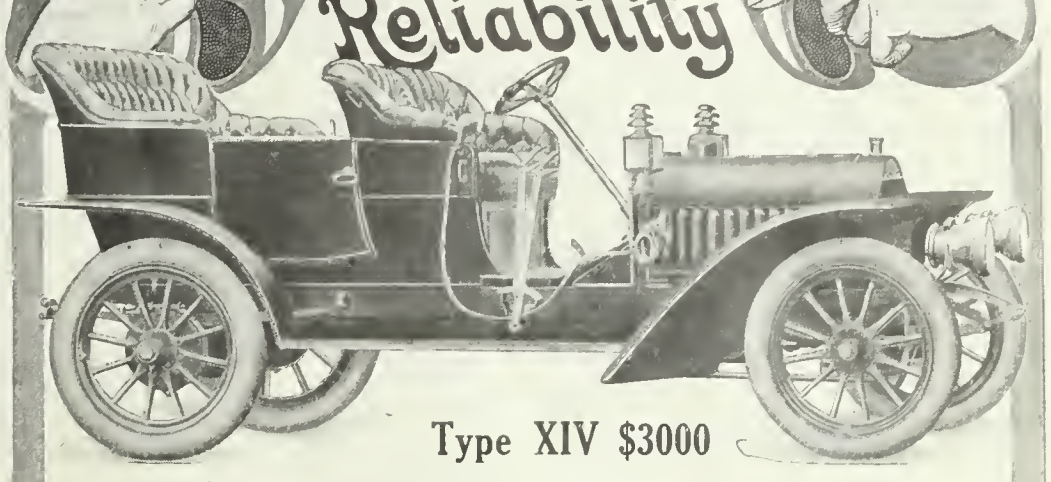
If you agree with us, get what you ask for—the thing you have *every* reason to believe has *exceptional* merit.

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Collier's
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The Autocar

Reliability



Type XIV $3000

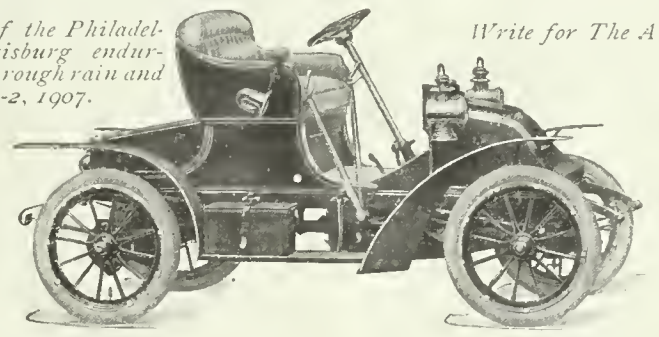
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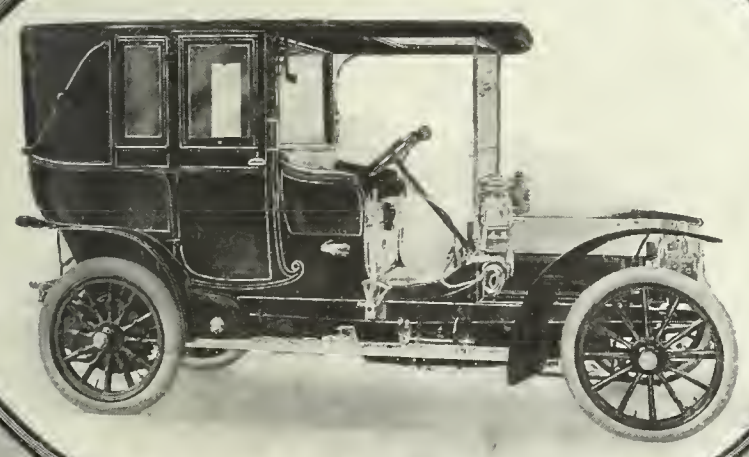


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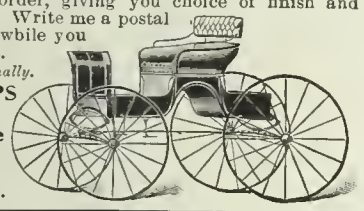
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1907

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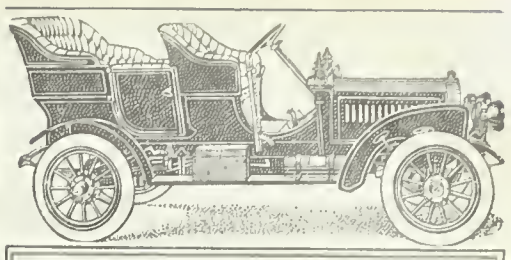
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How a *chauffeur* "woke 'em up" on automobile prices

A few of his profession were oiling their cars as he glided through the garage doorway.

"Hello, Nick! I didn't hear you comin'."

"That so? Well, you should have seen me goin' yesterday.

"You remember when I 'called' those fellows about sayin' they could skin this $2000 Mitchell on the road with their $5000 wagons? Well, we went out, and you should have seen us—me and the Mitchell ate 'em all up—on the straightaways—on the hills—through sand and mud—over smooth parts, and rough parts—just ate 'em up.

"When we'd gone about a mile that big car of Dorsen's was roarin' like a threshin' machine—barkin' at my heels like a big dog—but she wasn't bitin' anything but my dust. And 'Billy Williams,' he stuck pretty close till we got to Old South Hill; I left him there, for his big 50-horse-power foreigner bucked on the climb—she used 50-broncho-power for the buckin'. Gee! I had to laugh.

"There was five others started out to 'show me' that their cars were $3000 better than the boss's $2000 Mitchell, but I can't see it, for when I run in here at 9 o'clock last night I was just one hour ahead of the nearest man.

"We'd traveled 300 miles and run up against every test you can put a car to, and my motor was runnin' just as quiet when I finished as it is now. I tell you the Mitchell people have got 'em all skinned on smoothin' out cylinders. These pistons are purty near air-tight but they work as free as your arm.

"I guess those fellows must have told their bosses how the Mitchell beat their cars. I was over to see the Mitchell agent this mornin' about gettin' a top for cold weather. He said three of those owners called him up and wants demonstrations. Say, but that fellow's doing a business—seems like lots of people are gettin' woke up on this question of prices—they're just findin' out what me and my boss have known for a year.

"Yes, sir, if anyone who is in doubt about the car he wants will make a 50 or 500 mile test in a Mitchell like my boss did in this very car before he bought it, he'll be satisfied that the $2000 Mitchell is the car for him. It will show him there ain't any use in paying $5000 for a car. There ain't a car in the country can 'show me' anything this Mitchell hasn't got. I'm a professional chauffeur; I've driven 'em all and I know.

"Any Mitchell agent will take a man out if he's interested. If he don't know who the agent is he can write the Mitchell Motor Car Co., 146 Mitchell St., Racine, Wis., and they'll tell him—and they'll send him an art catalogue for 10c.

"Well, the boss is waitin' for me. So long."

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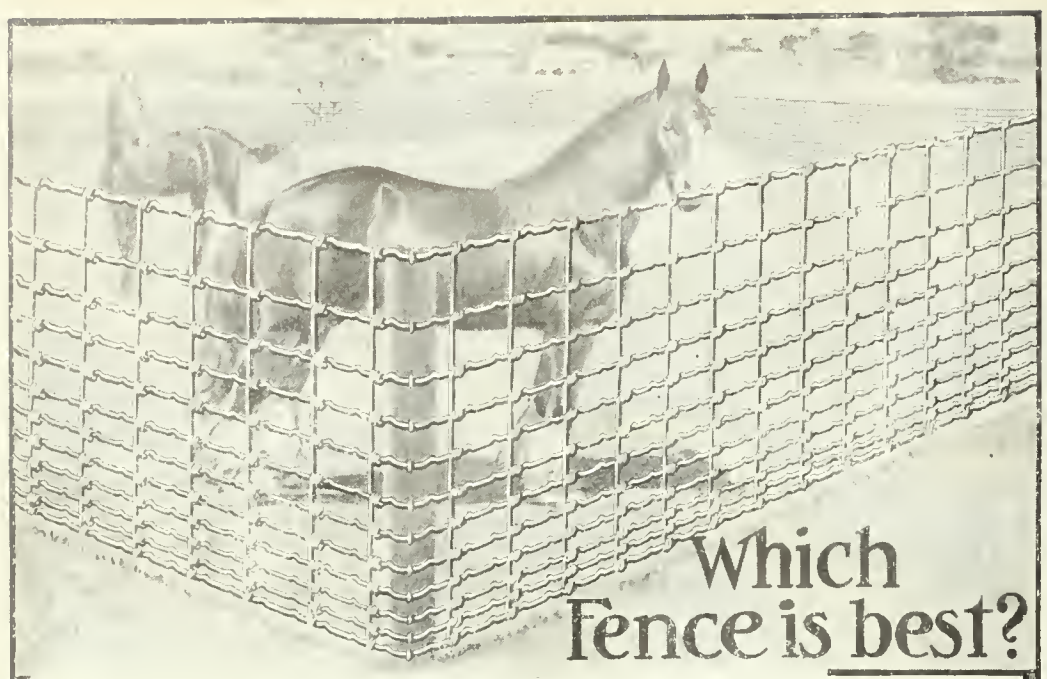
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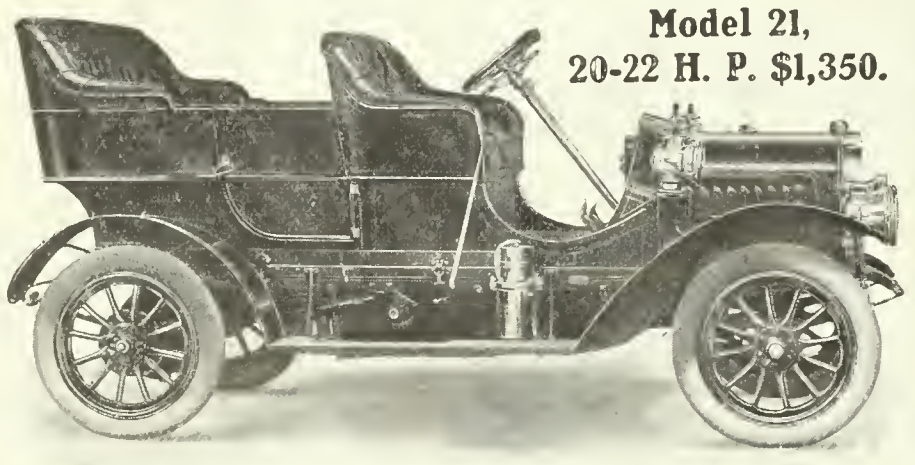
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

"DEPARTMENT PATRIOTIC INSTRUCTOR" designates an official of the Grand Army of the Republic, which also has a National Patriotic Instructor. What, then, are these gentlemen supposed to teach? "I," said HENRY CLAY in 1848, "have heard something said about allegiance to the South: I know no South, no North, no East, no West, to which I owe any allegiance." Happily an American is able to repeat CLAY'S speech in 1907. The Department Instructor in Patriotism at Oskaloosa, Iowa, thinks we did wrong to praise ROBERT E. LEE. He has issued against us a pamphlet, which has been sent to post commanders all over America. "Is LEE the kind of an American citizen to hold up as a high example to be followed by the American youth?" We answer: Yes. "Is he a model of true American patriotism? That is the test." He was a man, and probably he made an error, but he acted always from the noblest motives, and it ill becomes his country to undervalue him. Did it so, it might go to school to him and learn the bigness of heart which he showed not only in 1865, but in every year he lived. The Grand Army of the Republic has been doing recently a patriotic service which we thoroughly appreciate. It has taken an active part in the task of saving ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S birthplace for the nation. We are inclined to believe that the individual members, with all their devotion to LINCOLN and the Union which he helped to save, would be sorry to have unfair judgment passed upon a brave and straight antagonist.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

"THE COURSE OF LEE," says this pamphet, "in some particulars, has a tendency to remind one of BENEDICT ARNOLD." What is the "patriotic instruction" that, because an honest man has taken a side disapproved by history, classes him with one who bartered his country for revenge and gold? There are school-books extant, perhaps fewer than there were, which treat every man who fought for State rights as if he bore a felon's soul. They would fill our youthful thinkers with the idea that all upholders of the King in 1775 were merely devils. Instead of instilling understanding, they would ladle out only cheap vanity regarding 1812. Is it not time to recognize that men at times differ with honesty and with equal nobleness of purpose?

HISTORY

THAT BENEVOLENT and lambent philosopher, author of the Dooley contemplations, once told us that COLLIER'S lacked humanity. It was working, industriously enough, for this remedy or the other, but not with a plan sufficiently deep and clear. We answered, rather stupidly, that the day's effort, the deed at hand, was more useful than a panacea. What Mr. DUNNE had in mind has become plainer to us as we have been slowly digesting (now several weeks) JANE ADDAMS'S latest volume. It is a book of which it takes many days to appreciate even fragmentarily a single chapter, so packed is each with new and reconstructive thought. To us it seems the most comprehending talk yet given about how to help humanity in America to-day. As these words are written, Mr. HARRIMAN'S activities are being discussed fully in the newspapers of the land, and, according to the laws of journalism, should be the basis for the most conspicuous editorial position at our command. Let them wait. There are conditions more important—conditions which we would fain do much to meet, had we the information, the insight, the accurate heart of the woman whose "Newer Ideals of Peace" is the inspiration of this note. At present we are but advertising this volume to our readers. In weeks and years to come traces of it will be scattered in our pages, as vital germs affecting the conduct of this sheet.

INSIGHT

WHEN THE UNITED STATES, Mexico, Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Salvador sought to bring home to Honduras and Nicaragua, a few weeks since, the necessity of avoiding war, our thought was carried back to the great statue of CHRIST in the Andes, on the border between Chile and the Argentine Republic, placed there, fourteen thousand feet above the sea, just three years ago on the 13th of this month, to signify that in June of 1903 a treaty was concluded by which all controversies between these neighbors should be left to arbitration; by which the armies should be reduced to mere police proportions; and by which battleships under construction should be stopped and the existing naval armaments diminished. With the money saved, internal and coast improvements have been made, good roads have been constructed, former war vessels have joined the merchant fleet, an arsenal has become a manual training school, a breakwater at Valparaiso has been built, and the great trans-Andean railway has been accomplished. On the commemorative statue can be read these words: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of CHRIST the Redeemer."

PEACE

MUCH OF THE LITERATURE called imaginative—much, in other words, of our verse and fiction—is sent to this office by our women friends. Why is it that so few of our articles come from them? We are a little tired of the disproportionate attention which we give to party politics and the various other toys of grown-up males. Why do not the intelligent women of the land give as much labor to putting their wishes or observations into form as they do to constructing imaginary tales?

TO THE LADIES

THE FUTILE NUISANCE of partizan methods misapplied is now being illustrated brilliantly in the vasty village on the lake. Mayor DUNNE, a product of the so-called Democratic organization, would never have been selected by the Goddess of Fitness as chief executive of a mighty complex. Honest and well-meaning, he is foggy-headed, vacillating, and convinced by the last argument in his ear. Having repudiated his own and Mr. FISHER'S most excellent traction ordinances to please HEARST, personified in Chicago by one ANDY LAWRENCE, he has since come out for a most blatantly wide-open town by way of pleasing certain other elements of the place. What do the so-called Republicans offer in his stead? One BUSSE, a public-service politician, beloved of gas, traction, and other investments, and therefore by John P. Hopkins and Roger Sullivan Democrats as well as by the "Federal Republicans" who secured for him his post-office job. A sweet choice to offer to a town of Chicago's size. If we were deputy-Providence, what would happen would be this: At the referendum the traction ordinances would be overwhelmingly approved; DUNNE would be reelected as a tribute to his honesty and a rebuff to the party-labeled birds of prey; and then Chicago would follow this victory of sapience with another. She would become the first large city to free herself from the idiot fetters of irrelevant and enslaving loyalty to national tags when deciding city questions.

CHICAGO

SENATOR COLBY WRITES TO US, in answer to an inquiry, thus: "Every single one of the men you name deserves the greatest credit, and I do not think you would make a mistake in giving them all the credit possible. The pressure that was brought to bear was such as to make even the stoutest heart quake, and they all stood up like men. Of course, in this cate-

gory I do not include myself, as I happen to be fortunate enough to be in a position in which they could not injure me in any way, and so I can not take any credit for my position. This would apply also to Senator ACKERMAN as well, as he is well off and in a position to be independent without sacrifice. With the other men, however, it was different. They are beginning life, and they realize the enormous power the special interests had to injure them in every possible way, but in spite of that they stood for what their constituents demanded." It seems to us that political freedom is actually advancing. Senator LA FOLLETTE has shown his willingness to vote on a party measure with the Democrats when he chooses. The grip of the organizations must and will be loosened everywhere.

FREEDOM

NOW FOR HARRIMAN. Agitation against railroad abuses suffers from the same difficulties that beset certain other efforts at improvement. The crank and the demagogue are always ready when any corporation is within range of their vocabularies. When a fair-minded effort is made to accomplish some needed improvement, those who seek gain from agitation always rush vociferously to the foreground. Criticism of the railroads illustrates this situation. Taken as a whole, that business has been well conducted. The men who have gone into it have carried out with ability a constructive task. Rates on the whole have probably been little if any higher throughout the country than they should have been. There have been, and are, certain important and distinct evils which ought to be remedied, and such remedies are made harder by the indiscriminate and often self-seeking barking against the railroads as such. If steps are ever taken by the people which shall seriously cripple transportation and thereby industry in general, who can claim a larger part in that significant event than E. H. HARRIMAN? Probably we shall find ways to prevent such sleight-of-hand finance as he executed on the Alton, without striking at the vitals of the railroad business, but if too drastic an interference ever does occur, the blame will be largely visited on men who think success is the justification of any steps they choose to take.

TO OUR MUTTONS

THE MEN WHO MADE the Constitution of New York, when they wrote that "the lands of the State . . . constituting the Forest Preserve . . . shall be forever kept as wild forest lands" meant "wild forest lands." They did not mean lakes, or millponds. The singular ability to discern abstruse truth possessed by Governor HUGHES enables him to grasp this complex and recondite fact while many members of the New York Legislature grope in blindness. The Adirondack Forest Preserve is a vast sponge, a plateau of turfy earth which soaks up, every winter, some billions of tons of snow and ice, and, in summer, allows it to trickle down the mountain streams. These streams certain thrifty gentlemen at Albany, with their Johnny-come-quicks in the Legislature, would like to dam, flooding a third of the Forest Preserve with artificial lakes and selling the stored-up power, in the shape of electricity, for twenty million dollars a year. The first consideration here is that "wild forest lands" spells "wild forest lands"; the second, that if a few narrow valleys *can* be dammed up without flooding any noticeable amount of land, the State of New York will do the damming, likewise the selling of power. The day is past when the sources of wealth possessed by all the people are given to any private interest enterprising enough to lobby the thing through. Governor HUGHES's position on this point is part of the awakening consciousness of the sacredness of common wealth, which spreads throughout this country from one Portland to the other.

TREES

TO THE EXECRATION of GIFFORD PINCHOT over 100,000 words of the Congressional Record of the last session were devoted. When FULTON and CARTER are forgot, even in Coos County and in Butte, PINCHOT will figure large in American history. Of the kinds of courage possessed by President ROOSEVELT, none is more to his credit than is his willingness to jeopard his popularity, in the regions where his friends are most numerous and most enthusiastic, by standing firmly behind Mr. PINCHOT's policy. The protection of public lands against quick spoliation is not popular in the West. The merchant, the banker, every business man, of Cheyenne, of Missoula, or of Boise wants the public lands settled quickly. Upon rapid settlement depends increase of population, the fetish of every Western town. Standing timber pays no taxes, furnishes no employment, puts no money in the bank, buys no groceries. Cutting means industry and trade. Push the Indian to the wall and put a settler on his land. A settler means a thousand dollars a year to the merchant and the banker. To resist such views when they are nearly universal in all the newer States takes courage of no small size.

COURAGE

SO MANY READERS have sent in shocked and indignant letters recently, asking our present views in regard to RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's article on STANFORD WHITE, published by us after the famous murder, that a word is necessary. As Mr. DAVIS is in Europe, we can only state our own position. The dead can not speak for themselves. When a living, very fascinating, and very shrewd young woman is willing to make any convenient statements about a man whose words can never refute hers, judicious persons retain at least their open minds. The yellowest newspapers always take the most dramatic and romantic view of a case like this, and fight hard on that side, whether the heroine be NAN PATTERSON or FLORENCE BURNS. From those among our readers whose views of the Thaw trial are imbibed from the publications of Mr. HEARST, we can hardly expect letters different from those which we receive. Mr. WHITE had not only great virtues but great faults. Even Mr. DAVIS wrote "the truth was sad enough," though we fear it was sadder than Mr. DAVIS thought. Just what the truth was, perhaps no living person except Mrs. THAW will ever know. The account given of Mr. WHITE's evil side by the principal witness in Mr. THAW's defense must in fairness be read in the light of her demonstrated willingness to give rein to her imagination when she imagined it to be safe.

JUSTICE

ONE SECTION of Mr. HEARST's New York "American" for March 3 consisted of twelve pages. The first page contained a photograph of a painting of the rape of the Sabine women and a large and gruesome picture of alleged similar doings in Alaska. The second was mainly devoted to an illustrated discussion of the question: "Is woman human or animal?" The third was occupied by a tale of a "woman with a past" and an "infatuated weakling." The fourth described a torture chamber. The fifth was devoted to "the black spectre that frightens fashionable brides at the altar." Although the sixth and seventh were supposed to be given up to science, there was a chance for a female figure to hold up her dress while walking through a sewer. On the eighth was presented "the gruesome enigma of a dead hand." On the tenth a gentleman explained "How I fascinated over twenty different women," and gave exact lessons in the art of bigamy. The eleventh combined fiction about "love, intrigue, tragedy, and mystery" with some of the most indecent and contemptible advertisements known to man. Taken altogether, this section of the "journal for the home" gives an idea of the work Mr. HEARST and his $7,000,000 are doing for the betterment of his kind.

IDEALS OF A LEADER

DURING PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S term of office, his Secretary of the Navy invited the diplomatic corps and a number of high officials to join him on a pleasure trip down the Potomac on a Government vessel. The President was angry and expressed his views to another Cabinet officer, who told the offender. The junket proved a success. At the next Cabinet meeting the President asked for an itemized statement of the cost. The Secretary of the Navy, wise in his generation, drew from his pocket such a statement. "Who is to pay this bill?" asked Mr. BUCHANAN. "I am, of course," replied the Secretary; "if I do not, who should?" "Who should?" the President repeated; and there were no more junkets in BUCHANAN's time. We recall this anecdote only to observe with satisfaction that the expenses of the trip to Panama are borne by a member of the party.

JUNKETS

GEORGE R. SIMS, the English author, says that Woman has more fun in life than Man. The masculine should lay swords and daggers carefully away under the family sofa before beginning such discussion. We merely wish to ask a simple question: Woman, do you have a better time than Man? Do your capers bring you more satisfaction and your frills more joy than the masculine can ever experience in a day of buffeting about among the financial dragons and political jabberwocks? While SOCRATES loitered among the Athenian clubs, teaching the youth of Athens how to play the stock-market, what was XANTIPPE doing? Sitting on the side porch and swapping scandal with Mrs. PYTHAGORAS who lived next door? MIDAS spent his daylight hours in forming a merger and squeezing the molten gold therefrom. At night he came home tired, carrying under his arm a set of ledgers which it was his task to look over and check up during the evening. And how was Mrs. MIDAS employing her time? Making more money for her husband? Rather spending what he made. But this was no light task. She was obliged to rise early, endow a hospital before breakfast, cablegraph to her Tyrian architects for plans for a new palace, design a horse-show costume, shop during the afternoon and entertain relatives till midnight. Mr. SIMS declares that women find joy in shopping, men none; that women find rapture in clothes, men merely comfort. Woman is continually dancing about with her children, her calls, her housekeeping. Even in her tears there is joy, because she knows that, when she weeps, Man is helpless. So, ladies, if you are not proud and happy, you should be. Man of yore went forth at your behest and fought dragons. Today he fights draymen, even cabmen, and when you nurse his bruised eye he calls you Angel. He is, on the whole, in our opinion, from the spiritual, moral, and perhaps from the Epicurean point of view, an inferior production, but he has one pleasure, Woman, which can in Nature never be so fully felt by you—he knows how surpassing beautiful you are!

FROLIC WOMAN

GEORGIA WAS THE GREATEST gold-producing State in the Union just before the Forty-niners spread the fame of California throughout the world. Gold is still mined in Georgia, in South Carolina, and in Alabama, but the average citizen never hears about it. A mining specialist, writing in a Birmingham newspaper, calmly remarks that Alabama ore averages $8 per ton, at which, of course, there is a good profit in mining. The presence of ore, however, is the least important element in exploiting a new mine, whether gold or copper. The first essential is the press agent. Acid warning, by the way, is vouchsafed to this publication by a paper known as "Goldfield Gossip." It says that the sudden extinction of "Ridgway's" was, by "reasonable inference," due, at least in part, to its temerity regarding mines. "Goldfield is invincible," it adds. "Let COLLIER'S take warning." Any criticism we may venture, after this severe and firm Ides of March deliverance, will make the courage of Don Quixote look by comparison like the timidity of a canary in alarm.

MINING

JOSHUA BADE the sun stand still, and the day-star, taken aback by the abrupt order, hesitated. MOSES bade the Red Sea step aside for the Israelites, and that body of water complied without hesitation. But there is a region where the rod of the prophet was ever as impotent as the crucible of the scientist. ELIJAH perfected aerial navigation, but he had no control over the top of his head. He was bald. He could not make two hairs flourish where one had grown before. He could not make *one* hair flourish where one had grown before. Ointments, unguents, tonics, irritants were alike useless to start the underbrush to sprouting upon the prophet's deforested head. If Dr. DELOS L. PARKER had lived in those days it would have been different. Dr. PARKER has written to the "Medical Record" and said: "Bald heads are reclaimable"—right out, just like that! If you practise upper chest breathing your blood will defy the bald-headed bacillus, and the twining tendrils of youth will overhang the brow of threescore and ten. The recipe is good. Breathe deep. If it does not cure bald heads, it will at least develop the chest.

TRUTH

THE RAZOR PLAYS a large part in history. CÆSAR in Dundrearies would be only less disconcerting than WASHINGTON in a stovepipe hat. Foreign visitors quickly note the growing American tendency to shave clean, including, in some cases, the back of the neck so liberally that you wonder if ears may not yet go out of fashion. On the banks of the Neva whiskers are free and wind-combed as Mr. PINCHOT'S forest reserves; on the banks of the Seine they are as artificially arranged as the gardens of Versailles. British army officers were recently reminded in orders that the mustache was regulation, regardless of whether or not young lieutenants could grow one. Only elderly officers, relics of the Crimea, who have "tear-drops" with the broad part on the point of the chop, are exempt. The German staff is more practical.

WHISKERS

Only the thoughtless fail to see the thrift of the Kaiseresque mustache in an army which has a pea-soup ration. There is something tragic also in the picture of a Prussian corps resting on its arms the night before a battle with every officer's lip in a rubber-banded "former," lest on the morrow they might fall with the points of their soldierly honor at an unofficial angle. A German scientist has yet to compute what proportion of the Russian supplies in the late war was lost in the jungle when on the brink of their intended and useful destination.

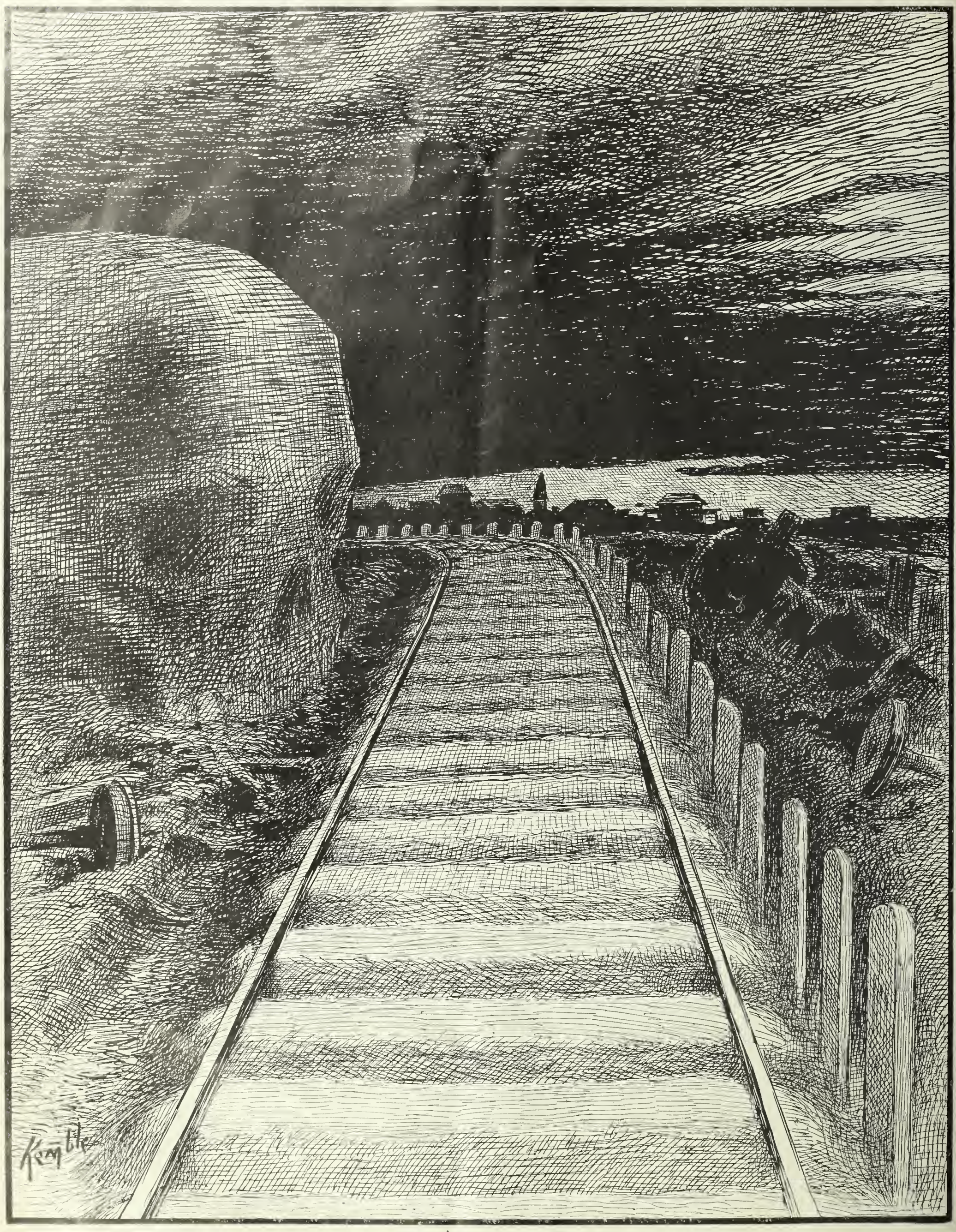
Salaries paid to Methodist Episcopal Clergymen in Wisconsin

District	*Ministers*	*Average Salary*
Milwaukee	36	$866
Janesville	29	848
Appleton	43	723
Fond du Lac	30	739
Oshkosh	28	770
Entire Wisconsin Conference	166	775

The highest salary paid in the Conference is $1,800. In addition, most of these clergymen are given a parsonage, rent free, valued at an average of $100 a year. The average daily wage of these one hundred and sixty-six clergymen, counting 300 working days in the year, is $2.55, or less than the pay of many classes of wage-earners in Wisconsin.

OF THE THOUSANDS of letters which give inspiration and gaiety to filling these columns, "Why don't you?" is the formula for the beginning of a large majority. Teachers, by statistics printed on this page not long ago, were shown to receive, as a rule, less pay than bricklayers, masons, carpenters, or even hod-carriers. That information struck many springs of thought, none more interesting than those of clergymen who write to point out that their incomes look small by comparison with the pay of many classes of skilled wage-earners, and ask for exploitation of their case. "I belong," writes a Wisconsin pastor, "to a Methodist Conference made up of about one hundred and sixty preachers, most of whom are university graduates. Most of them, too, have wives and families to support." And then he furnishes the figures reproduced on this page, ending with the assertion that "during the last decade the cost of living in this part of the country has advanced forty per cent; ministers' salaries not more than five per cent." That the clergyman is no longer, as he was when HOLMES described him, the stern, black-coated autocrat, not only in village morals, but also in affairs, is probably as well, both for the parson and for the village. Poverty and spirituality are related, but self-sacrifice has poverty among its meanings. We are not very bigoted on this subject, but think that the salary of a clergyman should, let us say, be enough to support in a little more than decent comfort, according to the standards of the community, a family of five.

PAY OF PREACHERS



THE RAILROAD

The latest accurate record of deaths and injuries from railroad accidents in the United States is that for January. It shows that 128 persons were killed and more than 240 hurt. The wrecks included 23 collisions, 18 derailments, and 3 fires and explosions—44 accidents in all. Four trains were either wholly or partially destroyed by fire

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



A PROCESSION OF SUFFRAGETTES MARCHING IN THE STREETS OF LONDON

THE SUFFRAGETTES

Friendly comment on the demonstrations of militant Woman Suffrage advocates in England

By IDA HUSTED HARPER

"FIRST, work up a big and representative suffrage organization throughout the country. Second, publicly sound all the Parliamentary candidates. Lastly, agitate; kick up a fuss; keep on kicking. Get into the public eye through the newspapers and stay there. If interest and publicity wane, kick up a new kind of fuss. And all the time keep knocking at the doors of Parliament."

Such was the advice given to the women, not by a radical Socialist or belligerent labor leader, but by the suave, aristocratic, conservative Mr. Balfour, Prime Minister of Great Britain. Indignant, and in a measure desperate, at the neglect and contempt with which the efforts of the old suffrage societies had been treated for nearly forty years, a new element appealed to the Premier to make the enfranchisement of women a Government measure, as in this way only could it receive the consideration of Parliament. Mr Balfour, although personally in favor of this, said: "To speak with frankness, I can not do it because your question is not one of practical politics;" and then, to their exasperated inquiry how they could make it one of practical politics, he gave the above recipe. The women did not go away sorrowful, like the young man in the Scripture, but they immediately began preparing for a big and forcible "kick." The result has been similar to that of "the first gun fired at Lexington" on this side of the globe, for there is scarcely a newspaper in existence which has not told its readers of the strange doings of the "suffragettes." The agitation has doubtless been considerably more violent than Mr. Balfour could have foreseen when he started the ladies on the warpath.

The New Movement Begins

IGNORING entirely the ancient and respectable National Suffrage Society with its centre in London, a body of women in Manchester and thereabout organized the Women's Social and Political Union, with the encouragement and assistance of the great trade-unions of women with their tens of thousands of members. This Union welcomed to its ranks those of all political affiliations. It announced as its sole object the enfranchisement of women and declared in its manifesto: "The time for argument is past, the time for action is come!" Instead of "doing nothing to embarrass the members of Parliament," according to the old régime, it has given these members, including the Cabinet Ministers, some of the most embarrassing moments of their lives. It soon moved its offices to London, and, making the House of Commons the centre of the whirlpool, it has stirred the United Kingdom to its circumference. Last year it held nearly a thousand meetings in England, Scotland, and Wales, indoors and out of doors, its audiences numbering five thousand, ten thousand, and even twenty thousand people.

Not long ago, while in London, I visited the headquarters and made the personal acquaintance of these suffragists militant. I found their offices at No. 4 Clement's Inn, on the Strand, overlooking Temple Bar, whose courts have decreed that no woman in Great Britain shall practise law, even though she hold a degree from the largest law college in the kingdom. Precisely at ten a bevy of the arch-conspirators came



EJECTING SUFFRAGETTES FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS



MISS BILLINGTON ADDRESSING A STREET CROWD



1. THE SUFFRAGETTE BEGINS HER ADDRESS: THE POLICE ARE APATHETIC



2. SHE MAKES A POINTED STATEMENT: THE CONSTABLES TAKE NOTICE



3. SHE HURLS DEFIANCE: THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW GETS BUSY

trooping in—women who had broken up political meetings, resisted the police, defied the courts, served time in the prisons. Some were young matrons, but most of them unmarried, fresh, bright, rosy-cheeked, and making the air fairly vibrant with animation, enthusiasm, and earnestness. "Can't you send us some speakers from the United States," they asked, "some who are young, good-looking, and eloquent?"

Woman Must Be Womanly

I MENTIONED one who had all these qualities, "but," I said, "I'll have to tell you that she dresses in a somewhat masculine fashion." "Oh, we wouldn't have her at any price," they exclaimed, "our men wouldn't listen to her; no, indeed, we couldn't have anything masculine in the appearance of our representatives." This I found to be true, the leaders and speakers being rather more than ordinarily feminine in dress and manner. There was also another significant occurrence. A letter was brought in from a distinguished lady of the nobility, but one who has not been quite like Cæsar's wife, asking for specific information regarding their work, as she thought of taking it up. "Oh, dear," they exclaimed, "we have had so much to bear, must that be added?"

"Do you demand an unblemished character of every woman who goes into your movement?" I asked. "Well, we want to be just as charitable as possible," they said, "but in a great reform like this, with such a hostile public sentiment to overcome, we can't afford to have any unnecessary odium cast upon it."

I saw the terrible banners which they waved in the House of Commons and at political meetings—little white pennants just long and wide enough to contain in black letters about three inches high the words, "Votes for Women." Over the mantel was a framed picture, a snapshot by one of the daily papers of Irene Miller on the way to jail for calling out: "Divide, divide," when the suffrage bill was purposely being talked to death in the House. Her mother was nine years a member of the London School Board and has been sent several times as delegate to the United States. She is a slight girl, who couldn't have escaped, and yet on each side a burly six-foot policeman was grasping her arm with one hand, while he slipped the other under it and held her opposite hand, so that she was literally in a vise. "It is the most awful sensation that can be imagined," said one of the young girls, "to feel a policeman's big hand gripping your arm, for he has a way of making it seem to sink into the very bone. Our arms are always black and blue after they take hold of us."

I went next day to their meeting in Hyde Park, where they spoke from a wagon. The audience of five or six hundred, mostly men, stood in a cutting wind for two hours in perfect order, only interrupting occasionally with a laugh or "That's so." The ability of these young women as speakers is marvelous; we have nothing to equal it in the United States. They handle politics with skill, take up the Cabinet Ministers and leading members of Parliament, review their record, their speeches, their votes, their broken promises, hypocrisy, and cowardice; they flay the Liberal Party and threaten the Labor Party if it, too, prove false.

After the meeting I went with the speakers to a near-by tea-room, where we talked for two hours, and I learned much of the inside history of this movement. They have the most intense zeal, devotion, courage, and self-sacrifice. They care absolutely nothing for criticism.

In the beginning they went to see Premier Campbell-Bannerman, and at the close of their addresses he told them they had made out "a conclusive and irrefutable case," but that he could do nothing at all for them; they must wait a while. A few in North Scotland were admitted to the presence of Chancellor of the Exchequer Asquith, and he informed them that "women must work out their own salvation."

One Woman Fights Three Policemen

AFTER having been repeatedly refused an audience by Mr. Asquith, whom they consider their worst enemy, forty or fifty gathered in front of his house. Being denied admittance, Miss Billington started to lead them around the square. A policeman ordered her to stop, but she continued. He struck her. She slapped him, and he then seized her, while two other policemen pinioned her arms, and choked her. Then she kicked him. She was sent to jail for two months. This is the only case of serious resistance, and all the telegraphed stories of wild scratching, biting, and kicking are without foundation.

The next move of the women was to attempt on several occasions to enter the House of Commons to demand their rights, when, of course, they were arrested. All women were excluded from the court-room, not even the mothers being allowed to attend the trial of the daughters. Those who had a two months' or six weeks' sentence were given no change of garments during that time and were compelled to scrub the stone floors every day on their knees. Some of them were thrown into cells, others were kept in solitary confinement in cells six by twelve feet, with no fire, and the beds, consisting of a thin mattress, laid on planks on the floor. They were not allowed to send or receive letters or see any one from outside. All these facts are well known in England.



SANDWICH WOMEN

Eminent Prisoners

AMONG those imprisoned are Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, daughter of Richard Cobden, friend of Burne-Jones and William Morris, whose work her husband is now continuing; Mrs. Baldock, wife of a County Councilor, and herself a member of the Board of Poor Law Guardians; Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, wife of the editor of the "Labour Record," a writer and founder of philanthropic organizations; Mrs. How-Martyn, Bachelor of Science of London University and lecturer on mathematics at Westfield College; Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore, a woman of wealth and education, who recently barricaded her London house against the tax collectors; Miss Christabel Pankhurst, Bachelor of Laws and winner of "first honors" and of the prize for international law at Victoria University, and her two sisters, daughters of the late Dr. Pankhurst, a famous barrister, their mother a member of many boards; Miss Mary E. Gawthorpe, "double-first" at the University of Leeds; Miss Teresa Billington, formerly a teacher in Manchester, now national organizer for the Independent Labor Party; Miss Annie Kenney, the factory girl, the Joan of Arc of the woman suffrage movement in Great Britain; Mrs. Despard, the noted philanthropist, sister of General John French.

When the first organized demand was made last April by the members of the Women's Social and Political Union they were repudiated by all the respectability of Great Britain. For months the press attacked their every move; sensational reports were telegraphed broadcast; the courts were most unjust to them; public opinion assailed them on every side, and it was universally declared that they were ruining the cause they advocated. In less than a year they have so changed public sentiment that the police try to avoid arrests and the courts impose the shortest possible sentences; they have thrown the members of Parliament into a panic and forced the political parties to recognize woman suffrage as a question which must be met. The Liberals refuse to allow a vote on the resolution of Keir Hardie, "that in the opinion of this House it is desirable that sex should cease to be a bar to the exercise of the Parliamentary franchise." Of the 670 members of the House of Commons, 420 were returned at the last election under promise to give the vote to women, and Walter McLaren, M. P., says not fifty men would go into the lobby against it. The Labor Party, which gives evidence of being able to dominate Parliament in the near future, is pledged to enfranchise women. At the great Labor Conference of the United Kingdom held at Belfast in January a resolution in favor of suffrage for all adult men and women was carried by over a two-thirds vote. It looks now as if nothing can prevent the passage of a bill for this purpose. And for lifting this question to the position of a vital issue the credit belongs exclusively to the much ridiculed and much misrepresented "suffragettes."

SOME SMALLER "JUNGLES"

The National Meat-Inspection Law, passed after so much clamor, affects only half the meat in the United States. As to the other half, conditions are the same as before the excitement. To cure this, State inspection laws are urgently needed

THERE is a meat-inspection law. Everybody knows that. But was the meat you ate this morning inspected? It may have been, or it may not have been. The chances are just about even. About fifty per cent only of the meat sold in the United States is subject to the meat-inspection law. The meat-inspection law is a Federal statute. It applies only to meats which figure in interstate commerce. If, between killing and cooking, your breakfast meat this morning crossed a State line, it was inspected. If it did not cross a State line, it and its origin probably remain just the same as before all the row was made.

Meat killed in Pennsylvania and sold in Philadelphia or Pittsburg, meat killed in New York State and sold in New York City, meat killed in Massachusetts and sold in Boston, meat killed in Illinois and sold in Chicago—all this is not subject to the meat-inspection law. It *may* have been inspected; some packers have learned that the Government "United States Inspected and Passed" tag is a good advertisement. Meat so tagged sells at a higher price, and so they have all their meat inspected. But they are not compelled to. The consequence is that, roughly, only half the meat sold in the United States is inspected.

"Local Option" Prevails in the States

THE thing is proved by figures. About 925 "slaughterers and packers" are listed in the census reports. Government inspection is maintained in about 640 establishments, but over a third of these are not properly classified as slaughterers and packers, for they buy "green meats" for curing and packing. Practically, therefore, 500 of the 925 big establishments in the country are without inspection. They do no interstate business, and the States have nothing to say about how the plants shall be conducted. Local health boards, especially in the larger cities, undertake to regulate the sanitary conditions at the packing-houses. But there are no general regulations to govern even this inspection. The States are in the "local option" stage of meat inspection as yet.

Nearly every city and large town in the country has its little "jungle." The slaughtering of animals under conditions as filthy as any described by the McNeill-Reynolds report or by Upton Sinclair is carried on unremarked in small abattoirs from Michigan to Mississippi, from Maine to California. Abandoned sheds, in tramped, muddy lots, are used as killing-houses by butchers in country towns. If the site is sufficiently isolated so that the odors do not pervade the town, the matter of cleaning is left to the butcher's conscience.

The Massachusetts Board of Health has inspected and described some two hundred slaughtering-places in that State. The results are published in the Massachusetts Board of Health Bulletins for June, September, and November, 1906. There are ethical objections to reproducing here the language of the McNeill-Reynolds report and of Mr. Sinclair's book; but if any one wishes to know the conditions that obtain in the slaughter-houses of surburban towns and small cities, let him get these reports and read the calm, dispassionate, official statements.

Filthy Small Plants

COLLIER'S photographer describes one of the small Massachusetts slaughter-houses: "Everywhere the walls and planking of the floor bear witness to the fact that no attempt at cleanliness is made, and that the work of slaughtering is conducted with the least expenditure of effort. Rafters, and all the gear dependent upon them, are grimy from old age, covered with cobwebs. The hogs, dressed, which hang in a corner, are left here in storage instead of being sent to a refrigerating compartment. It is doubtful if an inspector ever saw a piece of meat from this slaughter-house."

Just imagine that "The Jungle" was never written, imagine there was never any McNeill-Reynolds report, never any newspaper sensations, or exciting debates in Congress. As conditions were described in Chicago a year ago, so are they to-day in the slaughter-houses where is killed half the beef eaten in the United States.

The remedy? State laws just like the Federal law. Every Legislature now in session should pass them. All the commotion of the Sinclair book, the McNeill-Reynolds report, and the Congressional debate are exactly as much an argument for State laws as they were for the Federal law. If all this commotion meant anything, if it had any foundation in fact, then every Legislature now in session should pass a State meat-inspection law.

There will be strenuous objection. The farmer wants to sell his cow, too old to be useful for milk, to the local butcher. He wants to retain, also, the privilege which he now enjoys under the national law of killing and shipping from State to State without inspection merely by certifying that he is a farmer. The farmer is a power to be reckoned with at State capitals, but he *can* be convinced that inspection will not hurt him.

"Inspection is costly," say the small packers and butchers. "The regulations would force us out of business. The blood-soaked ground underneath and around our little killing sheds can't be drained. Our little rendering plants would not conform to the specifications, and we can't afford to buy others for the small business we do. Our storage rooms are makeshifts, but are all we can afford. We are not equipped to utilize the by-products out of which the big packers make such a large percentage of their profits."

But all these objections can be cared for, and should be cared for in the State law. The big packers object to the following suggestion as impracticable; their notion is that the refrigerator car should supplant the local killing plants. But it is offered as a basis for discussion: Combine in one inspection district a number of small slaughtering-houses and apportion the inspector's time among them. Under this plan Jones could slaughter on Monday morning, Brown on Tuesday afternoon, and Smith on Friday. In the larger towns that at present are ringed round with numbers of filthy little killing sheds the obvious solution is to build a single abattoir where expenses can be shared, where inspection is easy to maintain, where parts can be turned to profit that have not been used before.

Educating Butchers to the Inspection Idea

AT Mongtomery, Alabama, where an admirable system of inspection is maintained, the health officer says that when the question of abolishing the numerous butcher-pens and dirty slaughter-houses first came up, and it was proposed to substitute a modern abattoir, a storm of protest arose. The butchers declared that their occupation would be gone, their business ruined. The need for reform, however, was preached; inspection both before and after killing was shown to be necessary. The city passed an ordinance abolishing butchering-pens within police jurisdiction. Reform, once forced upon the butchers, became as popular among them as among the other classes of citizens. What Montgomery has done Alabama can induce other cities within her border to do.

Education of the farmers who kill only a few animals proceeds more slowly than the training of the butchers. As a matter of fact, it should be more rapid. More than two per cent of the cattle in Maine are affected by tuberculosis, though that State has had for years a most efficient cattle commission. This percentage is, therefore, as low as it is likely to be in any of the settled States. Not one-tenth of one per cent of the cattle killed by local butchers in Maine are condemned for tubercular infection. The result is, of course, that the people of Maine eat infected meat. Tuberculosis, already the plague of America, is spread and fostered by the apathy of the States in regard to meat-inspection laws.

Sellers of game and poultry who store their produce in an "undrawn" state should be prohibited by statute from continuing the practise. Sewage infection is a frequent result, and toxicosis follows the eating of such cold-storage products. New York has tried in vain to stop the practise by legislative enactment.

Jews Get Good Meat

TO every objector who cries out that State inspection is impracticable, the answer is: the Jew. He makes it practicable. He makes a religious rite of what we want to make a universal sanitary precaution. Not the poorest or humblest Hebrew ever eats a piece of meat but what has been killed under rigid watchfulness equivalent to State inspection. No Jew kills meat for his own dinner without the inspection of the rabbi or his deputy.

Kosher meat means, wherever it is offered for sale, inspected meat. That every animal consumed by orthodox Jews should be killed by a rabbi or a rabbi's

What a State Meat-Inspection Law Should Contain

THE following points should be embraced in any State meat-inspection law. Persons who propose to frame such laws will get valuable help by examining the Federal law, which is published in pamphlet form by the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture. State meat inspection, in order to insure such protection as is furnished by the Federal law, should provide:

Inspection for every town and village.

Where too little killing is done in a community to occupy an inspector's time, slaughter-houses should be grouped, and each butcher should be required to kill on a certain specified date.

The carcasses of animals killed in the absence of an inspector should be submitted for inspection with the viscera attached. The head and tongue should also be submitted.

Violations of the law should be punished first by fines of from $10 to $100, and by imprisonment if the offense is repeated; attempted bribery should also be made a punishable offense.

Meat already inspected under the Federal law should also be subject to local inspection. Wherever possible, local and Federal inspectors should cooperate, and local regulations should conform as closely as practicable to the Federal regulations.

Local inspection tags should be dated.



A MASSACHUSETTS SLAUGHTER-HOUSE WHICH WOULD PROFIT BY STATE INSPECTION

Amid antiquated apparatus, dirty floors, and decaying woodwork, the photographer found a modern hicycle pump, such as is often used to inflate cellular tissues of legs of veal, to give them a "fatter" appearance

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS OF FEBRUARY



TELESCOPING A TRAIN IN CHICAGO—A railway employee was killed and a dozen passengers were injured, inside Chicago's city limits, on February 8, when the "Champion Flyer" on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul collided with a switch engine, drawing a train of empty passenger coaches. Most of the victims suffered from cuts of the face and head



RESULT OF A BROKEN RAIL—On February 9, in a wreck on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad near Birmingham, Alahama, two employees were killed



A "SIDESWIPING" COLLISION—A Grand Trunk express train ran into a switching freight at London, Ontario, February 19, and one trainman was killed



THE FAULT OF THE MILK TRAIN—A combination freight and milk train on the Harlem Division of the New York Central, on February 9, pulled on to the main track from Dover Plains, New York, five minutes before the Pittsfield express came in sight. Several trainmen were injured. No passengers were killed, but one was taken to a hospital in White Plains

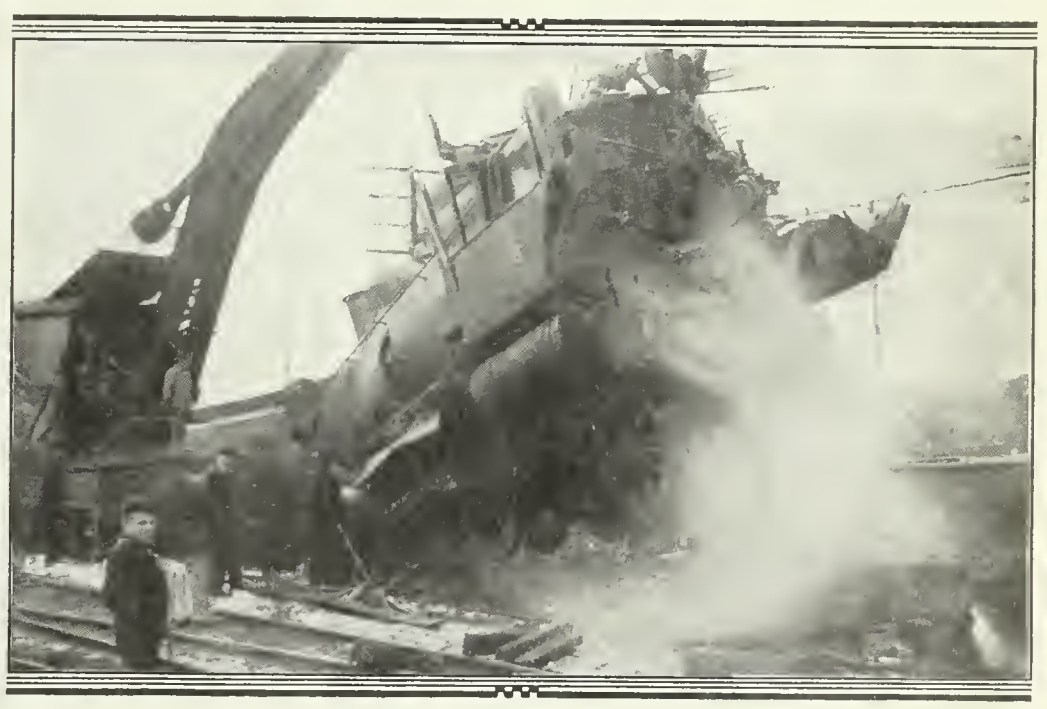
FATAL WRECKS OCCURRED ALMOST DAILY



WRECK OF THE "BLACK DIAMOND"—The Lehigh Valley's fastest express train, easthound, was piled up, February 12, by jumping to a switch at the entrance to the bridge over the Pennsylvania tracks and the Delaware River at Phillipsburg, N. J. Two cars narrowly escaped a fifty-foot fall. Six passengers were injured. No deaths were reported



BOILER EXPLOSION—Two persons were killed and twenty injured on the Ontario and Western, February 13, at Luzon, New York, when the locomotive blew up



A CONFUSION OF SIGNALS—A Pennsylvania express running past signals side-swiped a switching freight at Wilmerding, Pa., and injured eleven persons on February 9



THE DITCHING OF A COAL TRAIN—Eight miners were killed, one railway employee, two women school-teachers, and nine miners seriously injured in the smash-up of a Chicago and Northwestern coal freight caboose near Des Moines, Iowa, on February 4. Fire followed the wreck, which, it is supposed, was due to a defective rail that ditched half the train

appointee might seem to the ordinary consumer a fantastic stretching of doctrine. It means, however, not only compliance with the ancient law, but rigid and unfailing inspection. The big packing-houses have recognized the importance of catering to the Jewish meat users. Shochets, invested with the right to kill by the rabbis, or the rabbis themselves, are engaged to do the actual killing; beside each of them stand their bodeks, who keep the knives sharp, examine the lungs and viscera of the carcass, and mark it kosher, adding the date, day, and hour of the killing. Besides these, the Jewish butchers of Chicago have in the big packing plants inspectors of their own, who examine and tag each carcass as it passes.

What the Jews perform as a religious rite every State should enact as a sanitary law.

Regulation in New York City

WHAT the Jews accomplish the larger cities usually attempt. In New York the Board of Health requires that all slaughtering shall be done in buildings near enough to the waterfront to permit of the unloading of animals from boats, or cars on transports, directly into the pens. In Manhattan, the business is confined to two districts, one on the West Side and the other on the East —only seven blocks in all. In building slaughter-houses, the plans must be approved by the Board of Health. Watertight floors are required, the premises must be properly sewered and drained, and the walls of the killing, meat dressing, and cooling rooms must be covered to the height of six feet above the floor with a non-absorbent material.

Such regulation of the sanitary conditions under which meat is prepared in the cities is perfectly feasible. The limitation of killing to restricted districts makes inspection of this feature of the business easy.

But while cities are growing more vigilant concerning the sanitation of slaughter-houses, it is unfortunately true that inspection of the meat itself is still lax and inefficient. Luckily, New York's butchers are compelled to compete with the big packers who, on account of their interstate trade, are under Government inspection. They cater, also, to the large kosher trade, and must maintain the inspection that the Jew demands. A city health officer assigned to the slaughtering district on the East Side of Manhattan points to an antiquated brick structure near the river, and says that it is the only plant in the city that is without Government scrutiny. It is run by a Jew, and a rabbi with a silk-edged knife and a keen eye for signs of meat infection does all of the killing.

But, careful as New York is of its meat supply, the city receives from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand pounds of meat a day that is never seen by an inspector. Farmers, with their exemption from the provisions of the Federal law, kill sick animals, and even send in, to be made into sausage, carcasses of animals that have died a natural death and been promptly skinned.

Neither the Federal law nor city ordinances suffice to protect the consumer against the peril of bad meat. In the judgment of experts, the dairy and pure food laws of our States do not cover the case. A characteristic provision is that clause in the Michigan statutes which says that an article shall be deemed adulterated "if it consists wholly or in part of a diseased, decomposed, putrid, infected, tainted, or rotten animal or vegetable substance, or article, whether manufactured or not." This provision has never been construed to apply to meat, and no supervision of meat supply has been attempted.



A TYPICAL SOUTHEASTERN MASSACHUSETTS SLAUGHTER-HOUSE

This stands in a rural community where no inspection is made. Built nearly a century ago, it has long served as a source of supply for a large community of foreign mill operatives

Work for Every Legislature

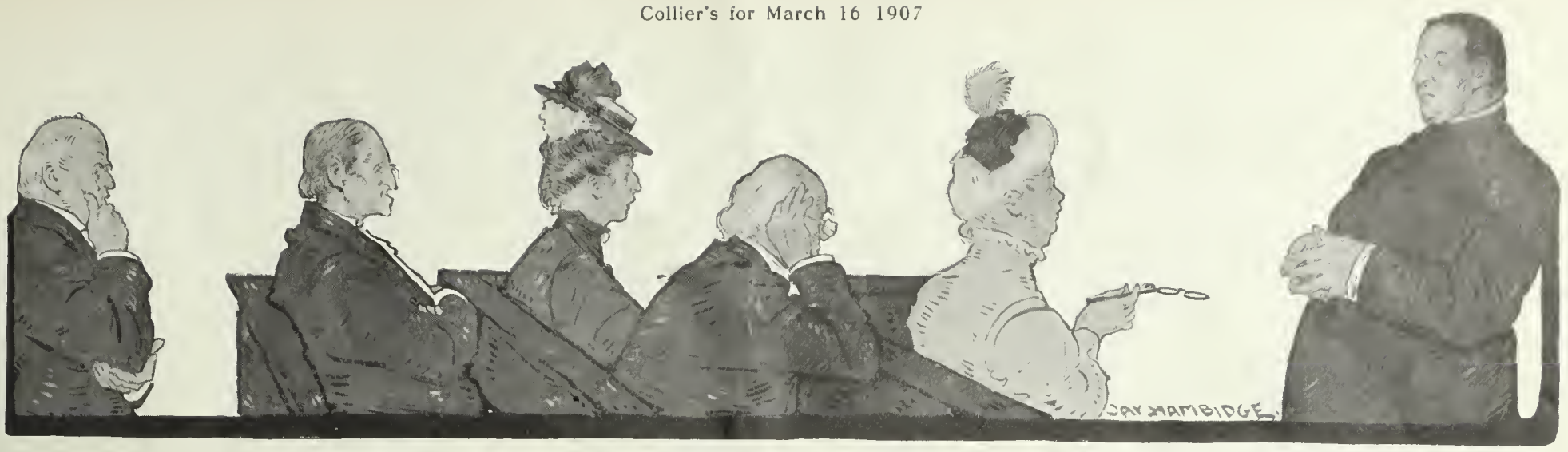
HOW far the States have yet to go in the matter of inspection is brought out by the assertion of experts that examination of the carcass alone will not do. "Suppose," says one who has studied the matter, "that an animal afflicted with actinomycosis (lumpy jaw), or with cancer of the jaw, is slaughtered for human food. Suppose the meat inspector to have examined this carcass after it has been dressed, or at any time after the head has been removed. There is nothing to indicate either of these dread diseases, unless the point of extreme emaciation has been reached. Then only a hint would be given."

There is a clean slate for the State lawmakers to write upon when they take up the subject of inspection. Now is their chance to make good everywhere the boast of the butcher for interstate trade: "When you buy a piece of meat here, you know what you're getting."

Starving Chinese clamoring for food in Suchien



Government officials in the famine districts of China distribute tickets to the destitute, which enable them to secure rations of rice at certain distributing stations. This picture shows a horde of women and boys crowding about the gate of the Magistrate's Yamen at the hour when the tickets are distributed



THE MEDDLERS

By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

"PETEY," said the jailer, "this is the lady that wanted to see you."

The prisoner stood up; he was a young man with crafty eyes and a mean and cruel mouth. He did not advance to meet the large woman in the plum-colored dress. She brushed past the jailer and came to him with both hands outstretched, her head tipped mournfully sidewise, her fat cheeks sagging, her parted lips drooping. She took his unresisting hands in hers and held them, while she gazed with silent emotion into his face. Her vague chin, with its dimple twitched askew in its rolls of fat, quivered piteously; the tears started from her prominent dull eyes.

"My poor boy, my poor boy!" she said at last in a breaking voice. "Be of good cheer; be of comfort."

She continued to hold his hands in an emotional silence. The prisoner evaded her eyes and glowered off at one side where stood the jailer.

"I am Mrs. Gallup, President of the Women's Anti-Capital Punishment League. My poor boy, how I feel for you! Let us sit down here, side by side, and talk about it." She drew him to his cot; they seated themselves there, side by side.

"I know you are as innocent as my own boy of that awful murder," said Mrs. Gallup; she still clung to his right hand. "I have but to look at your face. The Governor will never let this great wrong be done. I am interceding with him; our great organization is interceding with him; thousands of noble men and women will stand between you and the gallows. So be of good cheer, my boy; keep a brave heart. Are you comfortable? I am glad to see you are given a little of the brightness of the outside world."

Her glance had fallen on the baskets of roses, jonquils, and violets which were ranged about the walls and suspended from the grating of the window.

"Do you have fresh flowers every day?"

"Yep." He tried to adapt himself to her gracious mood. "Seems like people know how I love flowers."

"Ah!" Mrs. Gallup gazed reproachfully at the silent jailer. "Were those the words of a murderer?"

"I used to have a little garden at home," stated the prisoner, emboldened by this success. "I used to grow pansies—and hollyhocks. How I used to tend them pansies! My poor old mother—she'll have to do it now." He dropped his head forward into his hands.

Mrs. Gallup began to sob, drew her handkerchief, and wiped her eyes. In the convulsions of her ample bosom the bunch of violets that reposed thereon became disarranged. She unpinned it, and, laying one hand upon the prisoner's shoulder, with the other she insinuated the flowers under his nose. Then in a choking voice she said: "I brought these for you, my dear. 'The life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment'—but flowers have their place."

"Thank you," said the prisoner. He pressed the violets to his lips. "You don't know how good they smell. Takes me back to that little old garden o' mine. Well, mebbe I'll see it again some day."

"I promise you that you will." Mrs. Gallup spoke fervently. "It was a bitter disappointment to us when the Supreme Court refused to interfere."

"Yes. I thought better of 'em than the way they acted. Mr. Murray felt bad about that. But I told him I knew he done what he could."

"Yes. Your counsel have acted nobly—nobly. Mr. Murray especially. But we must not be cast down by our many disappointments, bitter though this last was. God has provided another way—another instrument. We may thank God for our Governor. He has such a mild, noble face; if you could but see him, you would not doubt his goodness. I have called on him, and he was most encouraging; he promised to investigate your case thoroughly. I write to him every day; I have urged all the members of our League to write to him. And the work has only begun. The people of our State will not see wicked, cruel injustice done—an innocent boy foully put to death in the name of law and justice! Never! The agitation has but begun, and it will be tremendous!"

She had risen in her excitement and addressed the closing sentences to the jailer, who represented to her the allied powers of hostile influence.

"Time is almost up," said the jailer imperturbably.

Mrs. Gallup turned again to the prisoner. "What can I do to help you—besides sending you flowers? You have such an intelligent face; I am sure you like to read. Is there any reading matter that I can bring you?"

"I like stories," said the prisoner. "If they ain't dime novels. I never approved of them."

"And you call that man a criminal!" cried Mrs. Gallup to the jailer. "No, I will not send any dime novels, my boy. But there is a new book by Mrs. Humphry Ward, so noble and intellectual; you will like it, I am sure. And there are other books that I will send you. Do you receive proper food?"

"It's none too good—except what I get now and then from friends outside."

"I will see that you are provided regularly with appetizing lunches. My dear boy, it consoles me to find you have such splendid courage. Ah, your mother should be proud of her son. Do not allow—"

"Time's up," said the jailer.

Mrs. Gallup clutched the prisoner's hands.

"Good-by," she said. "God bless you. Good-by. I shall come again."

At the outer gateway of the prison Mrs. Gallup met the Reverend Alonzo Dickey. He was a large and strutting man, with pale, unhumorous eyes.

"I have just left your young friend," said Mrs. Gallup. "He is bearing up wonderfully."

"He is a fine fellow," replied Mr. Dickey. "Each time that I see him, I come away spiritually heartened and refreshed. He takes his persecution with such calmness! I go in to bring him spiritual grace; I come out feeling that it has been conferred!" With an elevated expression of humility signified by his upraised, yet half-closed eyes, Mr. Dickey entered the prison.

II

A YOUNG woman, Nettie Joyce, crossing a lonely field on a summer evening, had been brutally assaulted and strangled.

Beside her body was found a man's coat button, which had evidently been torn off in the struggle. Farther away in the grass the police searching came upon a pocket-knife, with an open, blood-stained blade.

The fingers of the girl's right hand were cut and bloody. In her mouth was a gag—a handkerchief which bore in one corner a faint laundry mark. In none of the laundries of the town could it be identified. The police carried it from place to place; and at last in a town a hundred miles away they found the laundry which used that mark. For nearly a year it had signified the name of a prominent and respected citizen of the town. He had been in Europe when the crime was committed. Farther back, on the books of the laundry, the mark stood opposite the name of Peter Blinn. It had done service for him but a short time. He had been in the town only two months employed in a cotton mill. He had been drunken and quarrelsome and had been discharged. Then he had returned to the town from which he had come and near which the murder had been committed. His life here had been idle and vicious. He had four years before served a jail sentence for theft. He had been seen in the neighborhood the night of the murder.

Peter Blinn was arrested and his house was searched. He lived alone with his mother. From his room there was taken a coat with three black buttons matching the one that had been found near the murdered girl. The top button on the coat was quite different—brown instead of black. An expert chemist found on the coat near this odd button blood stains.

At the trial it was demonstrated that the murder must have occurred between half-past eight and nine o'clock. Certain witnesses swore that they saw Blinn in a barroom two miles from the scene of the murder before nine o'clock. There was a two-alarm fire that night; the second alarm was rung in at ten minutes to nine. The witnesses for the defense declared that at that time Blinn accompanied them to the barroom door and stood watching the fire engines go by. The credibility of these witnesses was shaken in the cross-examination; and for the prosecution the barkeeper testified, with apparent unwillingness, that Blinn, whom he knew, had come in some minutes after the engines had passed and that he had told Blinn about the fire.

The defense urged that the evidence concerning the button, the handkerchief, and the blood stains was not important. Blinn's mother declared that her son had lost the top button on his coat only a week before his arrest and that she had replaced it then with the odd button. On the other hand, a man in a local mill, where the defendant had gone to work soon after the murder, testified that he had operated the loom next to Blinn and that he distinctly remembered noticing the odd brown button on Blinn's coat. As to the handkerchief, the defense contended that Blinn's ownership of it was not proved, and that even if he had once owned it, there were sufficient chances that possession had been accidentally transferred. The blood stains could be accounted for in a thousand ways.

The prosecuting attorney urged the jury to weigh the evidence carefully and not to be guided by sentiment. "The handkerchief or the button alone," he said, "might not seem to furnish convincing proof. Any one bit of circumstantial evidence, however strong in itself, is inadequate; but when circumstantial evidence becomes cumulative it can not be disregarded. The handkerchief points to Blinn; the button points to Blinn; the blood stains point to Blinn; his movements on the night of the murder indicate that he could have committed the crime; his record indicates him to be a man who might have committed such a crime; the testimony of the barkeeper shows him to have been on the night of the murder too excited to be interested in the news of the fire, so oddly excited that the barkeeper—who knew him well—marked and remembered it. If you credit the mother's testimony rather than that of the fellow workman at the loom; or if you believe that the ownership of the handkerchief wherewith the dying woman's last cries



Miss Priscilla Todd also expressed her satisfaction

were stifled is not proved; or if you agree that the blood stains on Blinn's coat were not made by the woman's bleeding hand—bleeding and cut by his knife with which he had first tried to subdue her to surrender and which with frenzied strength she had torn from his grasp—if you agree, I say, that the blood stains on the coat were not made when in the last convulsive struggle her bleeding hand wrenched the button from his coat; or, finally, if you accept the evidence of the barroom loafers produced by the defense and reject the evidence of the barkeeper—if in any one of these matters the case of the State against the prisoner has not been established—then you are bound to acquit the prisoner. But if upon weighing the evidence, soberly, impartially, with your minds freed from all the moving influence of sentiment and sympathy, you accept the conclusions which the State has presented in regard to the button, the handkerchief, the bloody coat, and the movements and actions of the prisoner on the night of the murder—then, gentlemen, this conclusion also is not to be evaded: the defendant, Peter Blinn, did assault and most foully murder Nettie Joyce."

The widespread surprise when the jury, after long deliberation, brought in the verdict "Guilty" was derived from the attitude of the "Telegram" toward the trial. The "Telegram," the newspaper with the largest circulation in the city, had published each day detailed reports of the proceedings under such headings as "Good Day for the Defense," "Prosecution Fails to Score," "Blinn Makes Favorable Impression," "Weak Showing of State's Star Witness." Furthermore, the detailed reports in the "Telegram" were so colored as to produce the impression on a reader that acquittal was a foregone conclusion. And the day after the verdict was announced the "Telegram" published some editorial reflections on the conduct of the case and the mental processes of the jury which resulted in a fine for contempt of court. The editor and proprietor of the "Telegram" had for years been on unfriendly terms with the prosecuting attorney; hence the newspaper's eager bias in the trial of Peter Blinn.

It succeeded in persuading a large portion of the public that a great injustice had been done. Blinn's attorneys carried an appeal unsuccessfully from one court to another. Meanwhile certain persons who believed in the innocence of the "boy," as they styled him, kept the case open in the newspapers. His first champions were Mrs. Lucy Gallup and the Reverend Alonzo Dickey. Mr. Dickey was accustomed to participate in works of benevolent intention and sentimental character. Peter Blinn's case roused him. He visited the prisoner; he wrote frequent impassioned letters to the "Telegram." As time passed, and one appeal after another fell unheeded by the courts, he became more intense.

"On what evidence was this boy convicted?" he wrote. "On the evidence, forsooth, of a button and a handkerchief! But if all else were insufficient—which it is not—I would match at any time the evidence of a mouth and an eye against that of a button and a handkerchief. I have talked with Peter Blinn; many times I have visited him, urged by the duty of my calling. His mouth is firm and kind; his eye is clear and true. He has talked to me with the utmost frankness. He does not profess that his life has been blameless in all respects. But that that boy was capable of committing the crime for which he is sentenced to death—five minutes' simple, straightforward talk with him, such as I have had again and again, must convince the unprejudiced that the thing is impossible. The men who would hang that boy on the evidence of a button and a handkerchief and who rejected the truth that shines out from every line and feature of his face, furnish a sad commentary on our system of trial by jury. The hope of justice lies now with the Governor, and with him alone. It is urged that all who have a concern for the fair name of the State send to the Governor their personal appeal.

"ALONZO DICKEY, D. D."

Marshall Murray, Blinn's lawyer, called on the clergyman the next day and thanked him for the letter.

"We have some further plans in view," said Murray. "We want to collect a few of the boy's friends and talk things over. Could you come to my office to-morrow at three? Mrs. Gallup will be there, and Mr. Bull of the 'Telegram,' and a few others."

"I am a very busy man," said Mr. Dickey. "But in this cause anything that I can do I will do. I will come."

III

MRS. GALLUP pressed Mr. Dickey's hand. "Thank you so much for that letter in the 'Telegram,'" she said. "So pithy, so pungent! 'A mouth and an eye against a button and a handkerchief.' How true! How true!"

Miss Priscilla Todd, whom the clergyman recognized as the secretary of the local branch of the Prohibition Workers, also expressed her satisfaction with his letter. Murray, the lawyer, introduced the other members of the committee of consultation, as he called it—his partner, Albert Jennings, Mr. Bull of the "Telegram," Mrs. Susan Cory, Vice-President of the Women's Equal Rights Association, Rev. Herbert Prigsley, Chairman of the Society for the Exposure of Vice, and Mr. Joseph Jenks, President of the Total Abstinence League.

"Mr. Jennings and myself," said Murray, "want to ask your cooperation in making a last stand to save that innocent boy's life. He has no funds with which to carry on the fight, but Jennings and myself will bear all the expenses of bringing his case properly before the Governor. To that end we propose to hire an office where signatures to a petition asking for his pardon may be received, and we will pay the expenses of the necessary clerical force. But we can't, of ourselves, awaken sentiment. We ask you to help us in that. Through the societies and clubs in which you are influential members and through the press you can help us—if you will. We want to send up to the Governor a monster petition—such an overwhelming expression of sentiment from the people of this State that he dare not resist it if he would; we want you all to join us in giving publicity to the movement and in getting the signatures."

"I wish to express my admiration for a generosity and a chivalry, Mr. Murray, that are not too common among members of your profession," said Mr. Bull, the editor. "I will pledge you the aid of the 'Telegram' in your large-hearted work. Editorial comment and approval are, as you know, forbidden me—but in other ways—by making daily a conspicuous feature of the growth of the petition, by discreet use of headlines, and by giving constant prominence in the news columns to the increasing feeling throughout the State—you may count on our hearty cooperation."

"Thank you, Mr. Bull," said Murray.

"You will be a tower of strength to us," said Jennings.

"The Prohibition Workers is primarily an organization to promote the cause of temperance," stated Miss Priscilla Todd. "But it stands ready to champion always any cause in the interest of right living and humanity. When the cause involves not merely right living, but the right to live, I feel safe in promising the support of practically the entire organization in this Commonwealth."

Miss Todd's firm and epigrammatic statement roused a kindred spirit, Mr. Joseph Jenks.



"This is the best game I ever knew a couple of young lawyers to play"

"The Total Abstinence League seldom mixes in other people's business, except in so far as may be necessary to hold in check the demon rum," he declared. "But in the case of this innocent boy there is ample reason for us to act. The strongest direct evidence against him—evidence which has played a great part in securing his conviction—proceeded from the mouth of a barkeeper. I would not believe any barkeeper upon oath. They are all liars. And this fellow in particular, who first lured the unfortunate boy astray by enticing him into his grog-shop and then endeavored to swear away his innocent life—Mr. Murray, the Total Abstinence League will rise as one man to protest against this outrage."

"Good!" exclaimed Murray.

The majestic Vice-President of the Women's Equal Rights Association spoke up.

"There will never be even-handed justice until women sit with men in the jury-box and upon the bench. It is because of the absence of women with their keener intuition and perception of truth from those august tribunals that there has been this miscarriage of justice. Now we women will strive to right the wrong that men have done."

The Reverend Herbert Prigsley uttered a characteristic sentiment. "The evidence in this case was, some of it, extremely shocking. I refer especially, as you may guess, to some of the medical testimony. The crime was unquestionably committed by a man who no longer enjoyed the loving influence of a good mother. Peter Blinn, as we know, dwelt daily in that influence. It is true, alas, that his erring steps sometimes led him to the barroom; but nothing has been brought out to prove that any deeper stain rests upon his character. The boy is an innocent boy—and the Society for the Exposure of Vice will interest itself to see his innocence established."

"Your church is not my church, Dr. Prigsley," said the Reverend Alonzo Dickey. "But in this matter all churches will, if I mistake not, act in unison. I shall personally endeavor, Mr. Murray, to get an expression of sympathy and aid from the bishop—to whom I am very close."

"Ah!" Mrs. Gallup clasped her hands emotionally upon her bosom. "How much we have to learn from the Hindus, who will never kill any living thing! Surely God will not let this awful cruelty be done!"

After each member of the committee had appropriately expressed his or her feelings, the two lawyers drew up a systematic working plan in which every one present was given a part. The office for the signing of the petition was to be opened in one week, and it was important to have as many signatures registered on the first day as possible. To this end and to the securing of signatures by mail the initial energies of the committee were to be devoted. The petition was to be kept open for a month; the last day of signing would then be one week before the date set for Peter Blinn's execution.

At the end of the day, after all the others had gone, the editor lingered with the two lawyers.

"Great Scott, what asses!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. It's the asses we've got to depend on mostly," said Murray.

"I know. But *such* asses! I mean to give you boys a good send-off in the 'Telegram'—your generosity, large-heartedness, and all that. But I tell you what I respect even more in you young fellows."

"What's that, Mr. Bull?" asked Jennings.

"Your advertising sense. This is the best game I ever knew a couple of young lawyers to play. And they tell me, too," added Bull with a chuckle, "that having been appointed by the State to defend Blinn you two youngsters stung the State for a fee of seven thousand dollars."

"*We* never told you that, Mr. Bull," said Murray.

"It's a good job all round—a good job well done," declared Bull. "It's putting it right up to the Governor—and it's going to hurt him and his party in this State whichever way he jumps."

"I wonder," said Jennings, meditatively, "if it's going to save Blinn."

The editor shrugged his shoulders.

IV

TWO hundred thousand names had been entered upon the books of the petition, but the Governor had given no sign. Now that the petition had been closed, the question was being asked—would the Governor keep Blinn in suspense until the last moment?

The agitation had been of even greater volume and intensity than its promoters had anticipated. Newspapers throughout the State had given publicity to it. In many churches the subject was a theme for sermons. Most of the clergymen who treated it did so sympathetically; they invoked the application of the "higher law." The Monday "Telegram" always had a column presenting these pleadings from the pulpit.

Occasionally a communication from some one who sought to rebuke the movement would appear—in some other newspaper of the city than the "Telegram." One of these correspondents, a lawyer, dealt severely with the Reverend Alonzo Dickey. Mr. Dickey had attacked the methods of district attorneys—whom he had stigmatized as "legal vampires—subsisting on human blood." "They have to secure convictions or they can not hold office," proclaimed Mr. Dickey. "It matters not to them whether the prisoner be innocent or guilty; he must be convicted—and to achieve that end they too often, alas, resort to the methods of the demagogue." It was a word which the lawyer who replied ventured to turn against the clergyman.

But to Mr. Dickey the rebuke from so prejudiced a source was merely welcome evidence that his shaft had stung. It mortified him, however, when the bishop—who, to his chagrin, had declined to indorse the movement—suggested curtly that henceforth he desist from his efforts. But from Mrs. Gallup and from Miss Todd the clergyman derived stimulus and encouragement.

The Governor denied the petition. Mr. Dickey, pacing solemnly, brought Mrs. Gallup the news. When in silence he held up the "Telegram" with its fatal headline, Mrs. Gallup tottered to a sofa and collapsed. "Cruel, cruel!" she moaned, as she lay with her eyes closed. "Oh, barbarous!" Mr. Dickey boomed sonorously. He bent over her and touched her hand. "Have strength, dear lady, have strength."

"You are right," she said presently. "We must not consider ourselves. We must go to that poor boy. Oh, in his hour of agony I pray that we may bring him some comfort."

She ordered her carriage and drove with the clergyman to the prison—stopping on the way at a florist's to buy two dozen white roses. At the prison Mrs. Gallup and Mr. Dickey were refused admittance.

"Nobody but his mother and his lawyer can see him now," said the gatekeeper. "Mr. Murray's with him, telling him."

"We are never to see him again?" quavered Mrs. Gallup, with trembling lip.

"Never."

The clergyman leaned forward in the carriage and shaded his eyes with his hand. Mrs. Gallup, weeping, pressed the flowers to her face and kissed them passionately. Then she thrust them into the arms of the gatekeeper, sobbing:

"Tell him—tell him—I—I kissed them; I—I love him as my own son. Say—say good-by—"

"Tell him," said the clergyman slowly, impressing

his words upon the gatekeeper's memory, "that Dr. Dickey bids him be brave and fear not."

Mrs. Gallup lay back in the carriage as if but half conscious; Mr. Dickey directed the coachman to drive home.

"There is no hope!" murmured Mrs. Gallup. "There is no hope! Ah, how, how shall I ever sleep again!"

"I would not bear the burden that must forever rest on the Governor's conscience," said Mr. Dickey. "Oh, what a black stain on a human soul! Yet let us not abandon all hope, dear lady. Four days yet remain; it is possible that there may yet be a visitation of grace."

"Oh, let us pray; let us pray unceasingly." Mrs. Gallup's eyes were closed, her lips moved in silent prayer.

Mr. Dickey supported her when she feebly mounted the steps of her house.

"Come in, dear friend," she said. "I have a thought—it may be a divine prompting. Come in."

He accompanied her wonderingly into her drawing-room. She spoke in an earnest, quivering undertone.

"Yes," he said at last. "Yes. By all means, yes."

V

THE day before that set for the hanging of Peter Blinn, the "Morning Telegram" had on its first page a two-column article entitled, "One Last Appeal." It urged all believers in the innocence of the condemned man to offer up prayers at twelve o'clock for the Governor of the Commonwealth—prayers that light might be vouchsafed him whereby he should yet be led to exercise his prerogative of mercy.

In another quarter of the "Telegram" appeared this communication:

"*Editor 'The Telegram':*

"SIR—For the last time I address you and through you the people of this city and State on behalf of the innocent boy who, unless the Governor's heart be moved, will be led forth to-morrow to the gallows. I will not reiterate the arguments, the facts which have convinced an overwhelming number of his innocence. The futility of merely presenting the truth to our executive is apparent. Our hope must now be in the inspiration which cometh from above. I would urge all who believe in Peter Blinn's innocence to engage in an outpouring of the heart at noon to-day, and even more appealingly do I urge that all men and women—ay, and even children—who do so believe pass this night upon their knees in prayer, that so, by the efficacy of their efforts, a spirit of mercy and justice may descend upon him in whose hands alone is the power. When an innocent boy's life is doomed to be taken on the morrow, it is not too much to ask that humane Christians devote one sleepless night to the worship and entreaty of the Most High. ALONZO DICKEY, D. D."

That day "sandwich men," bearing the same legend fore and aft, "Pray for the Governor," paraded the streets of the city. One passed and repassed in front of the executive mansion. Two were stationed at the foot of the Capitol steps.

But the evening newspapers announced that the Governor had not been swayed from his purpose.

That night Mrs. Gallup spent faithfully upon her knees. A woman of sixty years, soft, fat, accustomed to luxurious living, she knelt the long night through by her bedside, now praying aloud with all the fervor of her simple, foolish heart, now stupidly quiescent in a dumb struggle to resist the beguiling hand of sleep. Sometimes she rose, groaning from the torture of her aching joints, and walked stiffly back and forth; ah, but the return to the devotional posture became martyrdom indeed! The cushions under her knees seemed to grow hard like stone and to burn like fire; dull pains distressed her back, her thighs. Yet heroically she endured, murmuring naught of her misery, asking of the Lord for herself not even so much as the speedy coming of the day; piteously and with frequent tears repeating her poignant phrases of appeal—"Soften the Governor's heart, dear Lord—soften his heart! Let not that poor child suffer this cruel, shameful death! Spare him, dear Lord, spare the boy! The Governor is Thy servant, show him Thy light!" At intervals the prayer droned off into a monotonous, drowsy chant; then the sound of it reawakened her, and with penitence and affright for such a lapse in addressing the Omnipotent she poured out the true beseeching of her soul.

Dawn came at last, but she remained upon her knees. She did not rise until, two hours later, her maid brought in the "Morning Telegram" with its large black letters—"Blinn Must Hang: Governor Unmoved."

VI

"PETER, old man"—Murray's voice trembled—"you're showing great courage—great!"

Blinn smiled. In his suit of unaccustomed black, with his face clean shaven and very pale, a new fineness of character seemed curiously to suggest itself; a purification seemed to have taken place. The hand he gave the lawyer, though cold, was steadier than Murray's own.

"I'll die game, Mr. Murray," he said. "You can count on me. "I'll not spoil the thing at the last."

Murray, unable to speak, pressed his hand.

"The chaplain got after me last night and then again this morning," Blinn continued quietly. "He told me that if I done it, I'd better say so at the end, because then it would go better with me hereafter. But say, Mr. Murray, I ain't that kind, so don't you worry. I'll die game."

"You know I warned you I never wanted you to tell me if you were guilty," Murray said.

"Yes, but I don't mind telling you now. I done it. Sure. But that's just between you and me. I'll die game. The chaplain may be right in what he says; I don't know, and I guess he don't neither. But say, if I was to stand up now and blat out that I done it, wouldn't it make all you folks that's been workin' for me look like thirty cents! Wouldn't it, though! A lot of cheap guys you'd be! Say, the laugh would be on you all for keeps. But don't worry, I'm a white man in my own way—and I'll die game."

"I—I can't think of anything, Peter, but your courage. It's fine."

"It'll hold out. When I think of all you folks that have been good to me—that's one reason. And when I think of the lawyer and the judge and the jury—damn them!—that put me where I am, that's another reason. Wouldn't it make 'em happy for me to say at the last I done it! Well—I'm not makin' them happy. I'll keep 'em guessing till their dying day."

Three men entered the cell.

"Come, boy," said one of them kindly.

"Good-by, Mr. Murray."

"Good-by, Peter."

The lawyer and his client shook hands. Then Blinn's arms were pinioned and he was led out.

In the sunny court was gathered a silent little group. Murray joined it and stood with downcast eyes. He drew a deep breath and raised his eyes; they rested then upon Blinn standing under the gallows arm. Blinn began to speak, in a loud, clear voice:

"Before God, I am innocent of the crime for which I am about to die. But I bear no malice; I forgive every one."

The black cap was drawn down over his face.

CHICAGO'S POSSIBLE NIAGARA

A private company is preparing to make light and power from the drainage canal

PAUSE, student of thrift, and consider the example of John J. Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell is a Chicago banker who heads the list of prominent citizens when works of public enterprise are to be done. He fulfils adequately the definition of leader in the city's industrial and commercial life.

Among other enterprises for honor and profit which thrive snugly beneath the protecting wing of Mr. Mitchell's prestige is "The Economy Light and Power Company." For details concerning the modest present and the expanding future of this company, see its demure prospectus, offering to the public its $2,000,000 of five-per-cent coupon bonds.

"The personnel of the company"—so the prospectus assures the cautious investor—"is of the highest as regards ability, integrity, experience, and personal wealth." This tribute is modest. The eloquent author should have added that the personnel of the company possesses an unparalleled capacity for getting a strangle-hold grip on Opportunity long before that shy goddess has come within the farthest ken of the less forehanded.

Private Profit from a Public Enterprise

THE plant of the Economy Light and Fuel Company is to be located at Joliet, forty miles from Chicago. It has a perpetual franchise to light the streets of Joliet. In addition, the company is near enough to Chicago to carry electricity there economically. Peoria, also, is sufficiently near Joliet to furnish a market for light and power from the Economy Company's plant. The net earnings of the company, when things get going, so the prospectus estimates, will be half a million dollars a year.

Having thus outlined the roseate future, the prospectus presents this interesting historical summary. Indeed, these two paragraphs are printed in black type, at the beginning of the circular. They constitute the most important fact in the Economy Company's existence:

"In 1889 the Legislature of the State of Illinois enacted a law authorizing the construction of the Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal, for the twofold purpose (1) of protecting Chicago's water supply from Lake Michigan against pollution by the city's sewage, by providing an outlet through which to carry off this sewage toward the Mississippi River; and (2) of furnishing the first, and by far the most important, link in the construction of a navigable ship canal from Lake Michigan at Chicago to the Mississippi River above St. Louis.

"The Sanitary and Ship Canal has been completed to Joliet, Illinois, a distance of about forty (40) miles, at a total cost of about $50,000,000."

This summary of facts, so vital to the Economy Light and Power Company's existence, brings up the interest of the public in this private enterprise.

Consider, now, the Economy Light and Power Company from another point of view—from the standpoint of the city of Chicago. That city and the surrounding country embraced in what is called the Sanitary District—roughly it is synonymous with Chicago—the Sanitary District has spent fifty million dollars to build a canal thirty miles long and twenty-two feet deep. A canal so big carries a good deal of water—ultimately it will carry 10,000 cubic feet a second. This body of water the city of Chicago, at great expense, carries for a distance of thirty miles, and then abandons it. Where the city of Chicago ceases to control this water is twelve feet above the level of the surrounding country. Now, 10,000 cubic feet of water dropping twelve feet every second is a wealth-making thing. It is potential horse-power, many thousands of potential horse-power. Only one waterfall in this country located near a great city excels it—that is Niagara, where eager corporations fight angrily among themselves and make common cause against a public opinion for the boundless prize of the potential horse-power.

This is where the Economy Company manifests its thrift, forethought, and unparalleled capacity for binding Opportunity to its chariot wheels. Shall such horse-power go to waste, run away unharnessed—the thousands of horse-power created by 10,000 cubic feet of water every second, 600,000 cubic feet every minute? By no means. The Economy Company proposes to nestle cozily down just where Chicago's 10,000 cubic feet of water drops twelve feet every second, catch it as it flies, turn it into horse-power, and turn the horse-power into dividends for Mr. Mitchell and his associates.

"The number of water-powers in any country is limited," observes the Economy Company's prospectus, in the language of which the unctuous exultation is admirably restrained. "It is only within the last few years . . . that their tremendous importance has been fully recognized. They are, therefore, being greatly sought for by capitalists." "The source of this water-power is constant and unlimited," observes the prospectus at another point. "It is fed by Lake Michigan through the Chicago Drainage and Ship Canal, thereby securing an enormous and absolutely permanent flow of water."

To be sure, it is "constant and unlimited." The taxpayers of Chicago are going to be working all the time carrying 10,000 cubic feet of water a second, from Lake Michigan thirty miles out to Joliet, to keep the Economy Company's water-wheels going.

This is all very well for the Economy Company. It is a perfectly proper and legitimate enterprise. But will Chicago tolerate it? Is Chicago to bear the burden of the fifty million dollars spent in building the Drainage Canal, and keep on for all time paying the cost of maintaining the canal, the cost of carrying 10,000 cubic feet of water per second a distance of thirty miles? Will Chicago do this, and allow a private corporation to profit fabulously by the twelve-foot drop of the water which Chicago abandons? Or will Chicago build its own plant and use its own water to manufacture its own electricity? The Economy Light and Power Company is, of course, well within its rights. It is very good business, indeed, and perfectly proper for it to take advantage of the opportunity, if Chicago is going to throw that opportunity away.

But will Chicago throw that opportunity away? It has built the Drainage Canal for another purpose; but why abandon the big possibilities of what is a mere incident to the original purpose? It is only since the canal was planned that the possibilities inherent in water-power near large cities have been realized. In a smaller way, what Niagara is to Buffalo, the Drainage Canal can be to Chicago; and the Economy Company is up betimes to play the part of the grabber.

Potential Wealth in the Drainage Canal

THE possible horse-power in the flow of the Drainage Canal, if that flow is utilized to the best advantage, is 60,000. The value per horse-power of this is reckoned by the Economy Light and Power Company, in the circular quoted, at $35 per horse-power. In the aggregate this is over two million dollars a year, enough to pay the interest on the cost of the canal and save Chicago from the burden of any future taxation on account of the canal.

Many things, of course, must be done, if Chicago is to reap the benefit of the potential horse-power it owns. Whatever existing rights the Economy Light and Power Company has must, of course, be condemned in the proper and legal way.

As it happens, the existing rights of the Economy Company depend upon the existence and favor of an antiquated ditch known as the Illinois and Michigan Canal. It parallels, mile by mile, the Drainage Canal. Whatever usefulness it had before the Sanitary Canal was built—and it had already been rendered obsolete by the railroads—it has no conceivable purpose now. It has not for years been used for navigation, and, of course, never will be. It is a burden to the State, and serves no purpose but a comfortable roost for a few pay-roll patriots. One other reason for existence it has: it plays into the hands of the Economy Light and Power Company. The precise relations between the two are matters of contract, technical details of locks and dams, too complicated to tell here. Let it be sufficient to say that the joint owners of this antiquated ditch, the United States Government and the State of Illinois, should turn it over bodily to the Sanitary Canal Commission. Until that is done there will be obstacles in the path of Chicago's utilization of its splendid opportunity to manufacture profitable water-power.

THE JAMESTOWN TERCENTENNIAL

Interesting and patriotic features which will characterize the coming celebration at Norfolk of the arrival of Virginia's first families



State's Exhibit Building



A typical doorway

THREE hundred years ago—to be precise, on May 13, 1607—three boatloads of Englishmen rowed up the James River, landed at a spot some thirty miles above the present city of Norfolk, Virginia, and established the first permanent English-speaking colony on this continent. They called it James Fort, which subsequently became James Town. They fought the Indians, were massacred, built stockades, erected a church, the tower of which still stands, spread Christianity, became acquainted with potatoes, were initiated to the delights of tobacco, formed a government, multiplied and thrived, and finally established the colony of Virginia, and laid a firm foundation for the greatness and prosperity of the nation.

To commemorate all this, the Jamestown Exposition has been built, and will be maintained from April 26 to December 1, on a beautiful spot on the seashore overlooking Hampton Roads, about five miles from Norfolk. Its promoters set forth that the Exposition is to be of a historical and educational character. Certainly few places with more historical associations could be found on the continent. Beginning with bold Captain John Smith (who was in one of the original three boatloads), and Pocahontas (who saved John's life, and whom we all felt as if we almost knew personally when we were studying history at school), this part of the country is linked to a continuous chain of stirring events that have cut deep notches into our national genealogical tree. Even now, the counties in that part of Virginia bear the good old English names of Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, York, Essex, Warwick, etc., and that part of Chesapeake Bay right off the Exposition grounds where, among other notable conflicts, the *Monitor* fought the *Merrimac*, must be fairly paved with Federal and Confederate cannon balls. All this makes a fine background for a fair, and the fair itself, in its physical aspect, promises to be worthy of its setting.

A Colonial City

FROM an architectural standpoint the Jamestown Exposition is to be thoroughly American. While we can not yet boast of a national style of architecture, the Colonial type is sufficiently individual and distinctive to be claimed and accepted as Amerioan. The design of the Exhibition buildings, the "palaces" of art, commerce, and machinery, is almost consistently Colonial. There are no turrets or towers, no domes or minarets, pinnacles, buttresses, and other freaks of fancy; no long stretches of garish white buildings, decked out with wedding-cake trimmings, and bespattered with colored lights until they resemble Christmas trees. On the contrary, all the buildings are low, both in stature and in color tones. Few raise their roofs above the treetops, and most of them, being built of Harvard brick, trimmed with terra-cotta, and fitted with such simple ornaments as the long, low roof balustrade, or bas-relief panels, give a subdued color effect most pleasing to the eye, and thoroughly novel to exposition architecture.

The general plan of the grounds is, to a certain extent, similar to that of other pleasure cities that have gone before—a central court surrounded by the more important or imposing buildings. At Jamestown this court is framed on three sides only by buildings, whereas the fourth rests on the waterfront with two great piers, two hundred feet wide, stretching out nearly half a mile into the bay. These piers have towers at the far ends and are joined by a bridge, thus enclosing a basin some forty acres in area. This body of water is called Smith Harbor, in honor of the original John, and here will be held the aquatic contests that are to form an important part of the Exhibition's athletic attractions. The basin will also serve as a harbor and landing-place for small craft, motor boats, and the launches from the warships. The piers are being built by the Government, and form a part of the national exhibit.

If you should arrive at the Exposition grounds in a small boat, you would step ashore from Smith Harbor at Discovery Landing and find yourself standing in Raleigh Square, looking down a broad vista of low symmetrical Colonial buildings toward the Auditorium. To the right and to the left, stretching along the shore of Chesapeake Bay, are the State Buildings—Pennsylvania's, a replica of Independence Hall; Massachusetts's, a counterpart of the original State House in



Palace of Machinery and Transportation

Boston, where the Constitution of the United States was adopted; Ohio's, an exact reproduction of the first stone house built west of the Alleghanies; Georgia's, a reproduction of Bullock Hall, where President Roosevelt's mother was born; and at the far end of the line in a thick grove of tall pines, Kentucky's State exhibit—Daniel Boone's fort and stockade. Such of the State buildings as are not replicas of historic or public buildings are in many instances models of the homes of well-known citizens. Connecticut, for instance, reproduces the house of Benjamin Tallmadge; Maryland,



Textile Building in the Village of Arts and Crafts

that of Charles Carroll, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, while Virginia, Louisiana, Missouri, and other commonwealths have built Colonial mansions of charming and dignified architectural effect.

Beyond that portion of the main esplanade which has been named Raleigh Square are fountains, lagoons, trees, shrubbery, and various pleasant effects of landscape-gardening, on opposite sides of which stand Machinery Hall and the Palace of Manufactures and Arts. Farther on, at the base of this great court, rises the Auditorium Building—with its imposing white colonnade and low flat dome—flanked on either side by the Historical Arts and Education Buildings. Here are the administration offices, and here also will be held the various conventions and meetings of every known kind of organization. Some of the interesting and imposing bodies which have already arranged dates are: The International Association of Chiefs of Police, the National Confectionery Salesmen's Association, the National Haymakers' Association, the American Peanut Congress, the National Congress of Mothers, the Association of Seaboard Air Line Surgeons, etc.

The features which the Exposition people like most to talk about are the naval and military displays, which are to continue practically all summer. Chesapeake Bay is to be full of warships, and vast areas, both within and without the Exposition grounds, have been set aside for military encampments. All sorts of soldiers are to be on view, from real soldiers down to tin soldiers. The War Department will probably have a mixed brigade in camp all summer; the West Point cadets are to visit the Exposition in June, the Annapolis cadets later. A parade ground of thirty acres, probably the largest anywhere, will be the theatre of evolution for all these warriors, and in between times the Knights of This, That, and the Other will have a chance to shake out their feathers and do prize drills.

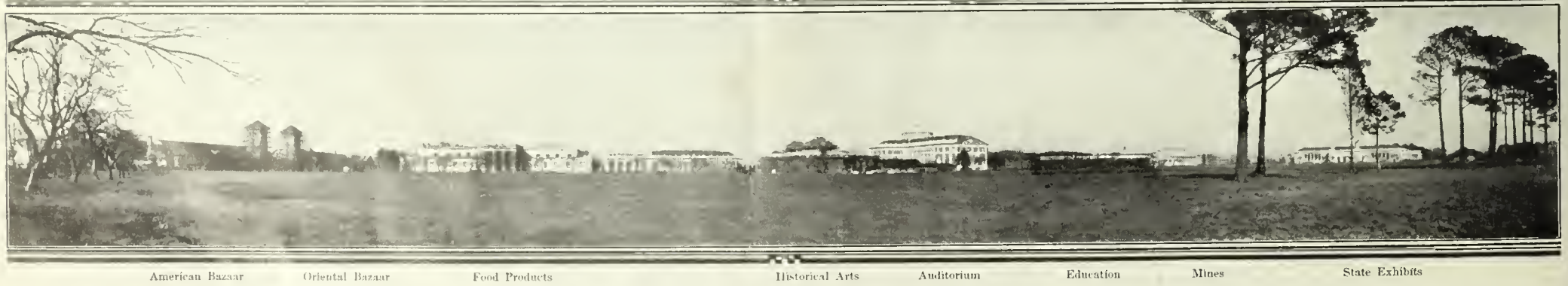
The naval display will be in Hampton Roads, and it is supposed that more ships of all kinds and nationalities will salute Fortress Monroe this summer than have burnt powder in those waters since the Columbus celebration of 1892. Our own entire North Atlantic Squadron, and more, will gather for the opening ceremonies; and ships from England, France, Germany, Japan, Russia, Brazil, etc., are expected from time to time until November. The Japanese vessels, under Vice-Admiral Ijuin, sailed February 28 from Yokohama, and are expected to attack Jamestown in force some time in May, capturing the public school exhibit without loss of life and occupying the California Building on the anniversary of the earthquake.

Boat races among the crews of various nationalities will form a part of the regatta program. There will also be races for submarine boats. These will furnish much excitement to the fish in Chesapeake Bay, but probably the only way for humans to watch the contests will be to put on bathing suits and get under water. The crowd along shore looking at the smooth sea will feel like the small boy outside the fence during a baseball game.

Where the Fun Will Be

THE playground of the Exposition—what was the Midway at Chicago, the Pike at St. Louis, the Trail at Portland—will be the War Path. Here the indians from Kennebunkport, Maine, and Hickory Hill, Missouri, will take time by the scalp-lock and cavort among the latest devices for amusing the overamused. There will be a mile of fun on the War Path and as many new schemes and devices as Coney Island has allowed to escape. Probably not all of these will be ready when the Exposition opens. The concessionaires have been late in starting to build. They were canny. They let the other fellow—the Exposition—build first. They did not really get busy until Congress granted a loan of $1,000,000 about six weeks ago, thereby assuring the financial success of Jamestown. Then the concessionaires bought up all the carpenters in the neighborhood, and their corner of the grounds now looks like San Francisco in a hurry. Most of the other exhibit buildings are practically completed. The President will see a finished product when he declares the Exposition open on April 26.

Entrance to the War Path



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS ALONG THE NORTHERN SIDE OF THE PARADE GROUND

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

THE END OF THE FIFTY-NINTH CONGRESS

THROUGH our irrational system of long and short sessions the chances are strongly in favor of a barren season in the matter of useful legislation every alternate year. Nevertheless, Congress has often contrived to do a good deal of lawmaking in short sessions, and the one that closed on March 4 was no exception to the rule. It is to be noted, however, that most of the good work accomplished at this time seems to have been done against the will of the members. Congress moved reluctantly under constant spurring from the White House and from public opinion, and it seemed possessed by a spirit of perversity that led it to mutilate every good bill it did not dare to reject. This spirit was especially noticeable in the House, which, under the malign despotism of Speaker Cannon, has quite changed places with the Senate in its attitude toward public opinion.

Perhaps the most important measure of the session may turn out to have been the one perfecting the Free Alcohol law for the benefit of small producers. The requirements of last year's act abolishing the internal revenue taxes on denatured alcohol could not be complied with except by large establishments, and there was danger of the creation of a monopoly under Standard Oil control, which would have destroyed a good part of the benefits expected from the new law. Congress has now remedied this defect. The measures to be taken to guard the revenues have been so simplified that every farmer can meet them, either singly or in combination with his neighbors.

The La Follette bill to protect the public safety by limiting the hours of service of railroad employees had the advantage not only of active Presidential support, but of the frightful daily record of railroad accidents which was steadily raising public indignation to a whiter heat. The bill passed the Senate in reasonably satisfactory shape, but it was held up in the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce until almost the end of the session, and then sidetracked in favor of an ineffective substitute. Under public pressure, especially from railroad employees, this was hammered in conference until it became a measure of some merit. Its general purpose is to make it impossible for trainmen to work over sixteen hours out of twenty-four. Train despatchers are not to work over eight hours at a time.

The Senate having doggedly refused to do its duty in the matter of the Philippine Tariff bill, Congress was finally shamed into giving the Filipinos a quarter of a loaf by passing the bill authorizing the Philippine Government to guarantee a four per cent income upon capital invested in an agricultural bank. The object of the bank is to help the farmers by granting small loans on their land at rates not exceeding ten per cent.

The late session will be memorable for the beginning of a gigantic struggle over the control of the natural resources of the United States. President Roosevelt had become convinced that the improvident squandering of our coal and oil, our forest products, grazing lands, and water supplies ought to stop, and that the Government ought to keep these things and manage them for the benefit of the whole people. All these matters are interlocked, and when one is touched all are touched. That is the secret of the tremendous cannonade

EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT
WITH CARTOONS BY F. T. RICHARDS

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opened upon the Forest Service and upon Secretary Hitchcock's refusal to issue patents for land before investigating the honesty of the entries. The President tried to get a law passed withdrawing coal and oil lands from entry, and authorizing leases of such lands as well as of grazing ranges. In this he did not succeed, but with the help of Senator La Follette, Senator Newlands, and others he aroused an interest in the subject that will bear fruit in the next Congress. Speaker Cannon managed to prevent the passage of the urgently needed act creating forest reserves in the White Mountains and the Southern Appalachians. This matter will be so illuminated between now and next December that the Speaker will hardly venture to repeat this service to the vandal lumber interests. Senators Heyburn, Carter, Patterson, and other advocates of the policy of turning over our national resources to private interests for immediate exploitation and destruction contrived to insert a provision in the Agricultural Appropriation bill forbidding the creation of any more forest reserves in the States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, or Wyoming except by Act of Congress. The author of that amendment was Senator Fulton of Oregon, who can boast that he has never been indicted in connection with the land frauds in his State. The President, with characteristic audacity and decision, reserved about seventeen million acres of forest land in the States named before signing the bill that curtailed his power.

The bill giving the Government the right of appeal in criminal cases, in order to prevent the nullification of a law by a minor judge, was so mutilated in the Senate as to destroy most of its value. The right of appeal was so limited as to enable a shrewd lawyer to dodge it in most cases. Still, a little was accomplished, as a basis for more. Some new restraints were thrown about immigration, and for the first time an opportunity was given to measure the return current to Europe, so that we may tell just what net additions the inward stream makes to our population. At the same time the threatening Japanese problem was at least temporarily settled. An investigation of the labor of women and children was provided for, although the Beveridge bill prohibiting the transportation of the products of child labor in interstate commerce failed to pass.

Representative Murdock of Kansas, with a courage notable in a member from a region in which railroad power is so formidable, tried to save the Government $5,000,000 in the cost of carrying the mails by providing that in estimating the daily weight of mail transported the total weight should be divided by the whole number of days in the weighing period instead of by the number with Sundays omitted. He failed through a trick of the Committee on Rules—that is to say, the Speaker—but his end was attained and his contention vindicated by an order issued as the last official act of Postmaster-General Cortelyou.

Congress was generous to the navy in the matter of ships, allowing it two *Dreadnoughts,* two torpedo-boat destroyers, and a number of new submarines, but it refused to increase its efficiency by passing the Personnel bill, which would have been worth more than the battleships without the expense. It legalized the President's use of his Nobel prize money for the creation of a Foundation for Industrial Peace. The Senate abandoned its usual obstructive tactics in foreign affairs by ratifying the Algeciras and Santo Domingo Treaties.

The scandal of corporate contributions to campaign funds has been ended, so far as national elections are concerned, by a law making such contributions criminal offenses and subjecting corporation officers who give them to the danger of fine and imprisonment. Although it was impossible to pass such a currency law as the banking interests desired, Congress took some steps in that direction by passing the Aldrich bill increasing the supply of bills of small denominations, authorizing national banks to retire notes to the amount of $9,000,000 instead of $3,000,000 a month, and permitting customs as well as other revenues to be deposited in banks. The Service Pension bill, for which the Grand Army has been fighting for so many years, has finally gone through.

This Congress has left all records out of sight in the expenditure of money. According to the estimates of the Chairmen of the House and Senate Committees on Appropriations, made with the view of offering the best possible showing of economy, the appropriations for the two sessions foot up $1,800,131,984.95, of which the session just closed was responsible for $919,948,683.63. According to this statement there will be a surplus of about $20,000,000 for the next fiscal year. By including certain obligations, such as $25,000,000 for new warships and $49,829,349 for contracts under the River and Harbor bill, which the Republican calculators omit, the Democrats bring the expenditures incurred in the late session up to $994,778,032.63, and figure on a deficit of $100,000,000. That is hardly a fair estimate, however, since this year's appropriations include payments on former authorizations, and on the same principle this year's authorizations will be met out of future appropriations.

The final adjournment of the Fifty-ninth Congress brought a number of political careers to a close. The disappearance of Senator Clark of Montana created no perceptible bubbles on the surface of the political pool, but a real commotion was caused by the retirement of "Old Figgers" Grosvenor from

the House and Senator Spooner from the Senate. General Grosvenor got out because he had to, but his colleagues softened the blow by the gift of a magnificent silver service and a shower of eulogistic speeches from both parties, together with the complimentary gift of a $100,000 public building to the General's home town of Athens, Ohio. Senator Spooner created a sensation by resigning two years before the expiration of his term, on the ground that his duty to his family required him to go back to his profession and earn a living. Mr. Spooner's learning and ability were beyond question, but he had been out of touch for some time with the prevailing tendencies of the American people. Wisconsin now has an admirable opportunity to give Senator La Follette a colleague who will hold up his hands instead of trying to thwart his work for progress.

RUSSIA'S NEW PARLIAMENT

The second Imperial Duma meets, with the Czar's enemies again in control



THE day after the Congress of the United States dispersed, Russia's second Duma opened. Twenty-nine seats had not been filled. Of the 495 members elected, 126, including 90 Monarchists and 36 Moderates and Octobrists, might be classed as Conservatives, although even these were by no means thoroughgoing supporters of the Government. All the rest belonged to opposition parties, of varying degrees of acerbity. The 92 Constitutional Democrats, 43 Polish Nationalists, and 29 Progressives, 164 in all, represented a moderate opposition sentiment. On the extreme left was a body of 192 Social Democrats, Social Revolutionists, and members of the Group of Toil. Thirteen members were unattached.

Although the feeling of hostility to the Government is as marked in the second as in the first Duma, the members have learned something by experience. They do not propose to outlaw themselves before they have had a chance to begin their work. In the conferences of the opposition parties before the beginning of the session there was a general agreement to act with caution, in the hope of avoiding an early dissolution, which the reactionaries were anxious to bring about. The advanced elements made no secret of their intention to resist any attempt on the part of the Government to repeat last year's *coup d'état*. They asserted that they were prepared, in case of need, to have the Duma declare itself the Government and fight for supremacy in the empire.



A FINANCIAL MAGICIAN

How Wizard Harriman transmutes waste paper into gold, and gold into paper

MANY strange things were disclosed in the Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation of the Harriman railroad system, but the most significant was the financial magic by which a speculator of minor importance has been able in nine years to make one railroad procure him another until he has become a power in a quarter of the entire mileage of the Union and the absolute master of an eighth. All this began with the purchase of the control of a thousand miles of impoverished road in 1898. "From that time," said Commissioner Lane, "you have increased your holdings in railroads until your line extends out to Portland, and by water from there across the Pacific; takes in the line from Ogden to San Francisco, and from there across the Pacific to the Orient; and from San Francisco back down and south to New Orleans, and from New Orleans to New York by water; you have a certain control over the Illinois Central and a certain control over the Chicago and Alton; you have approximately $30,000,000 of stock in the Baltimore and Ohio, and you have a large holding in the New York Central, and all these holdings trace from the original taking over of the Union Pacific, and the issuance of the $100,000,000 of bonds—is that so?"

When Mr. Lane asked where this thing was going to stop, Mr. Harriman made no attempt to fix a limit. He saw no reason why the Union Pacific should not have a line to New York. He would buy the Santa Fe, and the Northern Pacific, and the Great Northern, if the Commission would let him. He would spread out over the Atlantic coast as well as over the Pacific. "I would go on," he said, "as long as I lived."

This is not the case of a Rockefeller looking for new investments for his surplus capital. Mr. Harriman has not bought the roads he controls with his own money. He has made one road buy another. Incidentally, at every step on the way, he has made a profit for himself, so that the modest financier of 1898, who owned at most a few little dozens of millions and needed the backing of a banking house like Kuhn, Loeb & Co. to put his deals through, now has enough wealth that is legally, if not morally, his own to rank him among the greatest multi-millionaires of the age.

The Harriman inquiry has pointed unmistakably toward a needed line of new legislation. If the law had forbidden railroad companies to raise money for any purpose except the improvement of their own roads, it would have been impossible for Mr. Harriman to take the corporations he controlled into Wall Street and use their credit to build up a pyramid of subject lines. The Union Pacific's hundred-million-dollar bond issue would have paid for double-tracking its lines and enlarging its terminals instead of for Southern Pacific stock, and the farmers of the West might not have seen so many tons of corn and wheat rotting for lack of cars.

Some of the most interesting facts with regard to Mr. Harriman's conjuring feats could not be brought out in the investigation, because the witness persistently refused to answer questions about his personal affairs. It is pretty well understood, for instance, that when the Union Pacific bought stock of other roads Mr. Harriman did the buying first, turning the securities over



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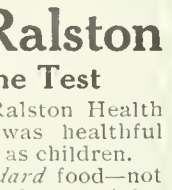
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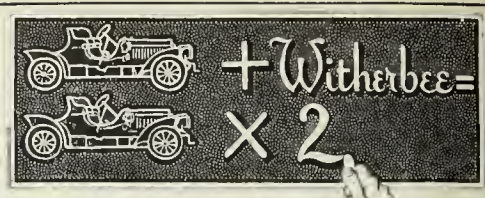
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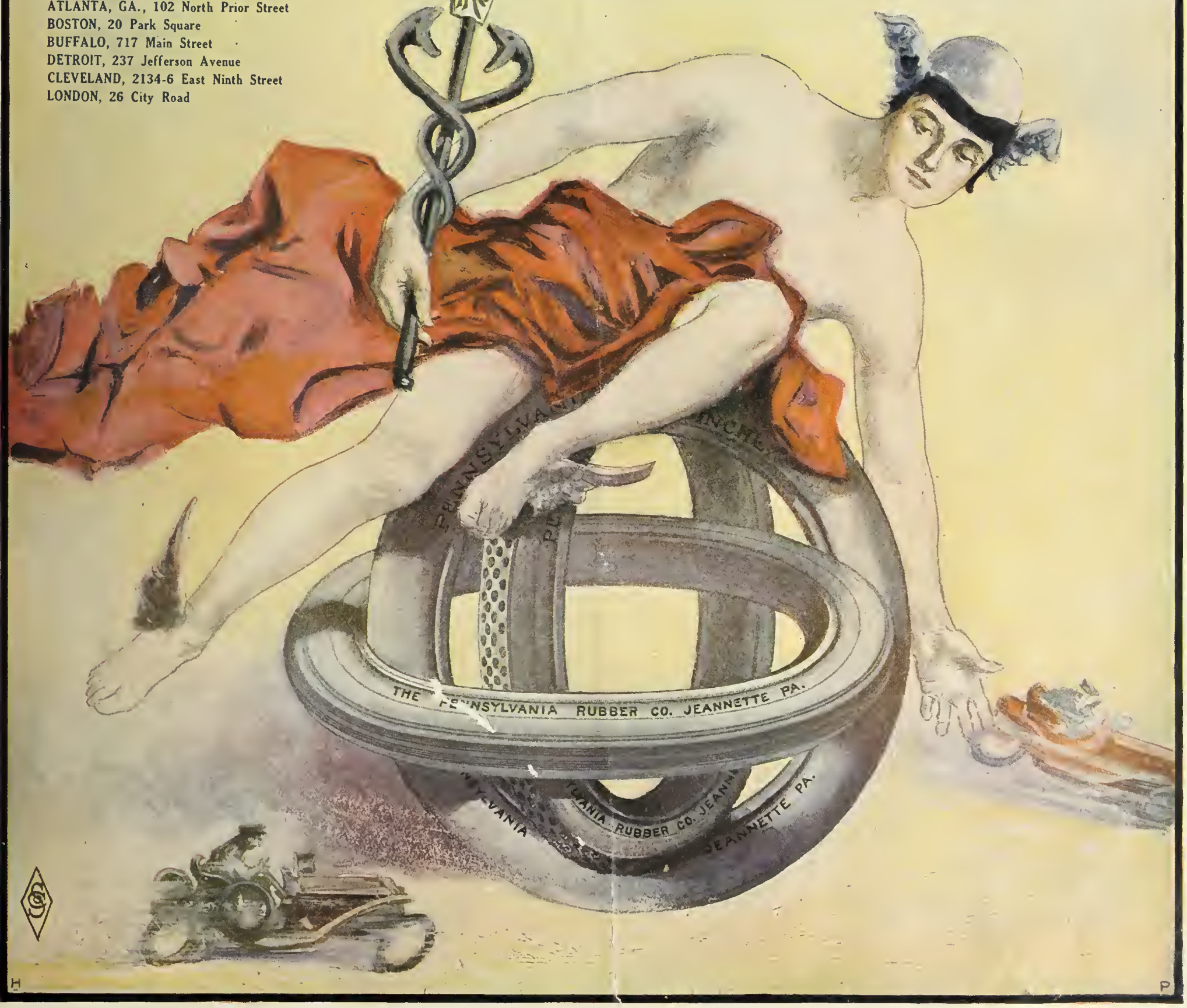
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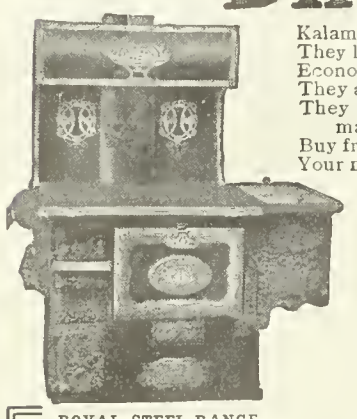
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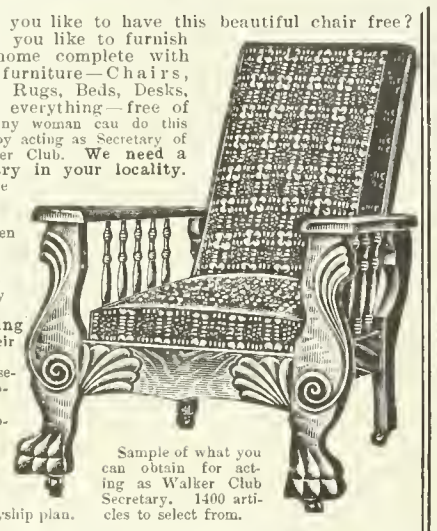
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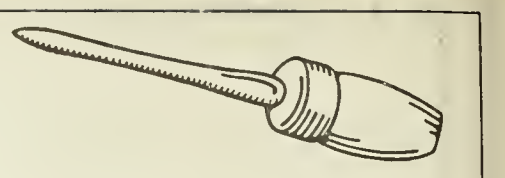
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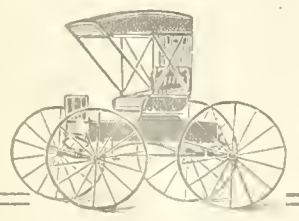
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to the company at a handsome profit. But that fact, if it was a fact, could not be put upon the record. It will probably get there, however, under a court order, for which the Commission is expected to apply.

Mr. Harriman has not entirely approved the Commission's work. He protests that "this continual reform agitation simply shows the animosity that exists against men and corporations that have made a success," and laments that "in view of the unfair methods of the Administration, as carried out by the Interstate Commerce Commission, there is no incentive for a man to be successful." Nevertheless he paid an amicable call upon the Commissioners after the lull in the investigation and indicated a desire to obey the laws and act in harmony with the authorities.



CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS IN COURT

The question whether Mrs. Eddy's mind has decayed to be tested by her nearest relatives

THE controversy over the mental condition of the venerable founder of Christian Science, Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, has been revived in a sensational way by the institution of a suit on behalf of Mrs. Eddy's son, granddaughter, and nephew against the members of her entourage for an accounting and for the appointment of a receiver for her property. The petitioners, who profess to represent Mrs. Eddy as "next friends," allege that she is eighty-six years old, and that her mind is, and for a long time has been, so impaired by the infirmities of age and otherwise as to render her incapable of managing her affairs and protecting her property with prudence and discretion against the undue influence, control, or fraud of others. They say that she is kept in careful seclusion in the custody of two of the defendants, Calvin A. Frye and Lewis C. Strang, of whom the former "acts in a multifarious capacity as secretary, doorkeeper, butler, and sometimes as footman in livery," while the latter acts as associate secretary and messenger.

The first plaintiff, George W. Glover, asserts that he is Mrs. Eddy's only son, that "in recent years he has never been able to reach her by letters which were not first read by other persons, and that he has not been sure that his letters have ever reached her personally," that in these years he has been able to see her only on a few occasions, and then only for a few moments, and that the circumstanees of his last interview confirmed his fears that his mother was so feeble in body and mind as to be incapable of understanding the condition of her property or of prudently managing her business.

The petition presents a long list of financial resources, from which it is concluded that Mrs. Eddy must have an immense fortune, which is in danger from designing persons. Ex-Senator William E. Chandler acts as chief counsel for the plaintiffs.

Mr. Streeter, of counsel for Mrs. Eddy, issued a statement in which he declared that the amount of his client's property had been "grossly multiplied by rumor and unfounded report." He denied that she possessed large wealth, in the common aeceptation of the term, asserted that she received no revenue from the church or its publication society, and said that her sole income for many years had been from the copyright on her own books, the returns from which had been grossly overestimated.

It appeared that just before the suit was begun, Mrs. Eddy's advisers had undertaken to satisfy her son by offering him a considerable sum of money on condition that he would not interfere in his mother's affairs. But the bill in equity was filed before the offer could be made, and the plan was dropped.

CHECK TO PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

London decides that municipal trading has been going ahead too fast



"MUNICIPAL trading," as the English call the policy of the municipal ownership and operation of public utilities, suffered the severest blow of a generation in the London County Council elections of March 2. From the time when Joseph Chamberlain municipalized the water and gas supplies of Birmingham more than thirty years ago, or even ten years earlier, when Glasgow began its great scheme of public improvements by clearing off insanitary areas, this plan of social cooperation has advanced from triumph to triumph. Manchester, Leeds, Hull, Huddersfield—the list of municipalities investing in public utilities amounted first to dozens, then to scores, and finally to hundreds. Gas and electric light works, tramways, workmen's dwellings, public market houses, laundries, baths, art galleries, slaughter-houses, telephones, docks, steamboats, and even oyster fisheries were some of the enterprises cheerfully undertaken by British town governments.

From the creation of the London County Council eighteen years ago, it has been in hearty sympathy with the municipal ownership idea, except for one three-year term, from 1895 to 1898, when there was a tie between the Progressives and the Moderates. The elections for the Borough Councils last fall gave the first hint of reaction, and this was confirmed on March 2, when a Progressive majority of 83 to 34 in the County Council was almost reversed. This is the outeome of a long and persistent campaign in which the opponents of "municipal trading" frightened property-holders with the prediction of a general bankruptcy of local governments unless extravagant enterprises should be checked. The declared purpose of the Progressives in London to seek the power of taxing ground rents arrayed the vast power of the landlords against them. Although the cost of running London's government, municipal enterprises included, is much less than that of New York, the growing figures scared the taxpayers and those who feared they might be made taxpayers, and the result is a mandate from the voters to mark time. It is not expected, however, that any of the important municipal enterprises already undertaken will be abandoned. Indeed the Conservative leaders practically eoneeded the prin-



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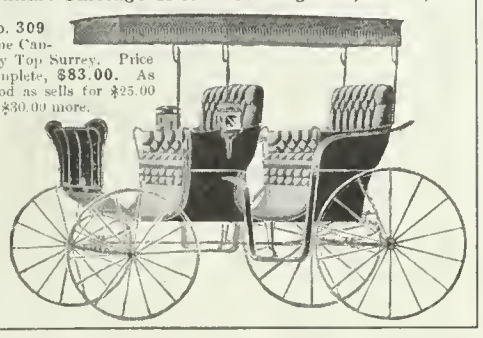
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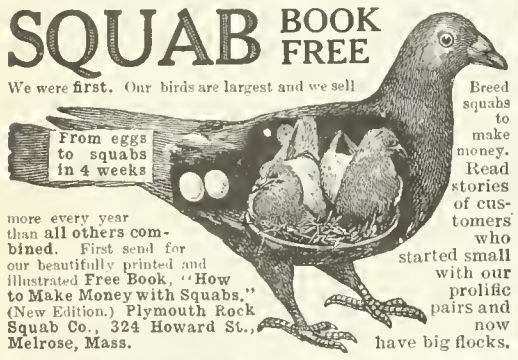
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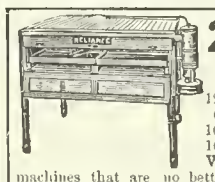
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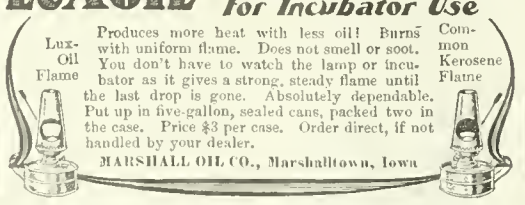
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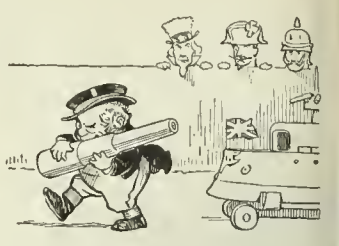
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ciple of municipal ownership, while criticizing its application, and adopted the unusual course, for England, of urging their followers to vote on the lines of national politics. "The Progressives have brought things to this," said the "Saturday Review," "that the next municipal elections are more political than municipal; and every Conservative who fails to grasp this fact and do his utmost to turn the Progressives out is a fool."

PUTTING UP THE GUNS

Great Britain is willing to make a start at disarming if other countries will do the same



THE British Government has put new life into the proposed limitation of armaments through the Hague Conference. The Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, has warmly indorsed the idea, declaring that the first gathering at The Hague was convened for the very purpose of discussing this question. In introducing the naval estimates for the coming year in Parliament, Lord Tweedmouth, the First Lord of the Admiralty, explained that if the maritime Powers reached an understanding at The Hague, two battleships of the *Dreadnought* type would be built; otherwise three. This brings the discussion of the limitation of warlike expenditures out of the air and down to a solid, practical basis. When the first naval Power has made the construction of a ten-million-dollar battleship dependent upon the action of the conference, the discussion can not be considered simply an academic debate.

England and the United States are sponsors for the proposed exchange of views. Italy and Spain have agreed to support it. France and Russia are willing to have the subject brought up, although without expectation of any solid results. Only Germany and Austria-Hungary have been opposed to the discussion, and after England's emphatic stand had been made known, it was semi-officially announced at Berlin that no Power would offer objection to the consideration of the matter. M. de Martens, the Russian Imperial Chancellor of State and Russia's chief authority on international law, who has been making the round of the European capitals to prepare the program for the conference, is personally a warm sympathizer with the idea of limiting armaments. It appears, therefore, that there is at last a fair prospect of bringing the waste of war officially and squarely to the notice of the governments of the world.



KNOX FOR PRESIDENT

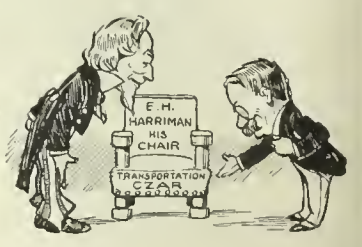
The Pennsylvania delegation in Congress thinks the Senator would find Roosevelt's shoes a neat fit

A PRESIDENTIAL boom for Senator Philander C. Knox was launched on February 27 by the members of the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress, who held a dinner to celebrate the fact that some of them had received permission from their constituents to take a permanent rest from public duties after March 4. Representative Burke of Pittsburg opened the ceremonies by saying that the people would demand the nomination and election of a man who would be in general accord with the policies of President Roosevelt. Such a man was Philander C. Knox. "At the very inception of the President's undertakings, when difficulties were countless, and the course was filled with many obstacles, it was the trusted Attorney-General of the republic who breathed life into dead statutes, imparted vitality to abandoned policies, and who pointed with the unerring clearness of the evening star the way to those accomplishments which have done more to immortalize the administration of Theodore Roosevelt than all else that has been done in his great struggle for the people's rights."

Mr. Knox modestly put aside the proffered crown, protesting that the Presidency meant "vast responsibility, onerous demands on mind and heart, and other requirements, all of them exacting and many far from agreeable." But his colleagues refused to let him off, and even Mr. Kline, the only Democrat present, said that if President Roosevelt's successor had to be a Republican, he was for Knox above all others. As Senator Penrose, the boss of the Pennsylvania machine, was on hand and shared in the Knox uprising, it appears that sixty-eight votes upon which the Vice-President has been counting are in danger of escaping from the Fairbanks coop.

FOR PUBLIC RAILROADS

Senator Patterson wants the United States to succeed Harriman as the transportation Czar



GOVERNMENT ownership of railroads, from which Mr. Bryan ran away after giving it a timid and tentative indorsement, was brought to the front of the political stage by Senator Patterson of Colorado in the closing days of the late session of Congress. Mr. Patterson admitted that he did not expect to see anything done in that direction in the immediate future, but he expressed the belief that regulation was a failure, and that the railways would be brought under national ownership within the lifetime of Senators already past middle age. He introduced a bill providing a detailed method of reaching this end.

The financial proposition involved the payment to the present holders of full value for their stock and bonds. This would require the issue of Government securities to the amount of about ten billion dollars on the basis of values in 1905, or perhaps eleven or twelve billions on the basis of values now. Mr. Patterson did not think it would be necessary to sell any great

Shorthand Writers and Their Work

By JOHN A. LYONS

WHEN the gossip-loving public turns to the morning paper and reads the testimony given at the trial of a sensational criminal case, such as the Thaw trial; or reads in cold type a stirring address given of a presidential candidate, or the proceedings of a great national convention, there is little conception of the ability which must be possessed by the shorthand writers who make the presentation of this news matter possible through the medium of the newspaper. To perform this class of work, the most expert shorthand writers are necessary—men and women who can write shorthand at the fastest rate of speed and with absolute legibility.



CARRIE A. HYDE
Official Court Reporter
Terre Haute, Ind.

The court and general reporter is one of the necessary adjuncts to business and legal life, and some of the work done by these knights of the pencil is amazing. Parenthetically, it may be stated that the fees received for such work are large. To illustrate the last statement, it may be said that the firm of Hanna & Budlong, formerly of Washington, D. C., and of which Mr. Frank R. Hanna, now of New York City, was the senior member, was paid a little more than $50,000 for reporting the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission investigation which lasted less than three months. In Chicago, the firm of Walton, James & Ford, according to an article printed by the Chicago Record-Herald and written by William E. Curtis, does a business of approximately $100,000 a year writing shorthand.



C. W. PITTS
Official Court Reporter
Alton, Iowa

About as hard work as any shorthand reporter has ever been called upon to perform, was the reporting of the speeches of Hon. William J. Bryan in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900. Perhaps no other speaker has ever addressed so many crowds in a single day as has Mr. Bryan, and consequently the work of Robert F. Rose, of Chicago, who accompanied Mr. Bryan on both these campaigns, for the purpose of reporting his speeches, was most difficult. February 19, 1907, Mr. Bryan, in addressing the students of a school with which Mr. Rose is connected, said:



D. M. KENT
Official Reporter
Colorado, Texas

"Mr. Rose has been with me reporting my speeches during two campaigns, and I have found him the most efficient stenographer I ever came in contact with in my political career. I congratulate you on being in a school where stands as one of its heads one in whom I have so much confidence."

Among the younger experts is Mr. Clyde H. Marshall, of New York City. He recently allied himself with the Law Reporting Company in that city—the firm which reported the Thaw case. Among other successful court reporters are C. W. Pitts, of Alton, Ia., who qualified for his position in seven months' study—this with no previous knowledge of shorthand; C. E. Pickle, the official court reporter at Austin, Tex.; Lane D. Webber, the official court reporter at Aurora, Ind.; George L. Gray, a court reporter at Louisville, Ky.; D. M. Kent, official court reporter at Colorado, Tex.; and Gordon L. Elliott, the official court reporter at Mason City, Ia.



C. E. PICKLE
Official Court Reporter
Austin, Texas

Women are also competent to do this high class of work. Miss Carrie A. Hyde is the official reporter at Terre Haute, Ind.; Miss Eva C. Erb holds a similar position at Ogden, Utah; Miss Mary Black is a court reporter, with offices in the Ashland Block, Chicago.

September 15, 1903, the firm of Walton, James & Ford, of Chicago, inaugurated The Success Shorthand School, conducted by expert reporters, who teach the same expert shorthand they use in their work. Resident schools are now in operation in New York and Chicago, the former being conducted by Frank R. Hanna, the senior member of the firm which reported the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission's investigation. Another instructor is Mr. Robert F. Rose, to whom Mr. Bryan paid such a glowing tribute. W. L. James also devotes his exclusive time to the school. The school teaches by correspondence, and throughout the United States and Canada there are hundreds of successful stenographers, private secretaries and court reporters who owe their ability to the home study course of this school. All the above mentioned court reporters, whose pictures are printed herewith, are graduates of this school, and they are only a few of the hundreds of experts who owe their ability to the training given by the home study compiled by these masters of shorthand.



G. L. ELLIOTT
Official Court Reporter
Mason City, Ia.

During the month of February, 1907, alone, the record made by the graduates of this school was worthy of note. Mr. Marshall worked on the reporting of the state supervised election of the New York Life Insurance Company. S. S. Wright, of Corydon, Ia., another graduate, was appointed official reporter in that district. William A. Murfey—a year ago a $75 a month stenographer—quit a position paying him more than double that amount (secured since his graduation from this school) and is now the head of the court reporting firm of Murfey & Rush, Norfolk, Va. Alvin H. Gray was perfected for court reporting work at Blakely, Ga.



LANE D. WEBBER
Official Court Reporter
Aurora, Ind.

A young lady in Chicago was placed in a position with prominent law firm at $25 a week. A young man who, because of his ability as a shorthand writer, became stenographer for head of a large foundry, was made superintendent of Boston branch at $6,000 a year. Another young man who, eight months ago was sergeant in U. S. Army, was appointed private secretary to president of a large Boston concern, with a salary of $1,800 a year—to start.



W. A. MURFEY
Court Reporter
Norfolk, Va.

These are a few things our graduates did in February. You should write at once and ascertain what others have done, and how Success Shorthand School gave them the ability to do it.

This expert school guarantees its instruction, giving each accepted pupil a written contract to return money in case of dissatisfaction. Address either the New York or Chicago school. Address Success Shorthand School, Suite 73, 79 Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or Success Shorthand School, Suite 73, 1416 Broadway, New York City.



GEORGE L. GRAY
Court Reporter
Louisville, Ky.

Note:—William L. James and Robert F. Rose edit and publish THE SHORTHAND WRITER, the most up-to-date, inspiring, interesting and instructive magazine ever published on shorthand. Price, $2.00 a year. Send twenty-five cents for special three months test subscription. Address THE SHORTHAND WRITER, 79 Clark street, Chicago.



Booklovers' Shakespeare

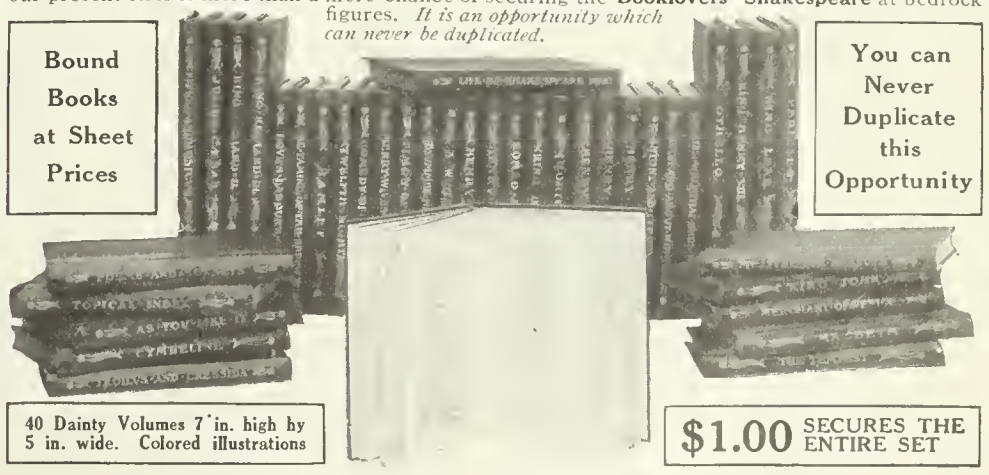
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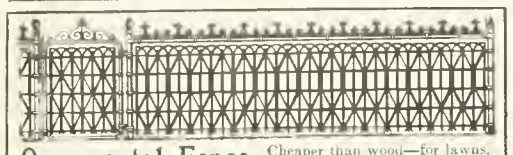
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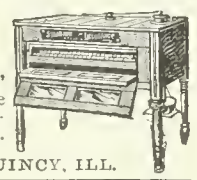


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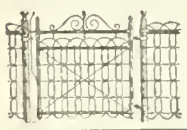
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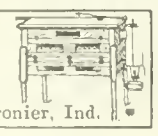
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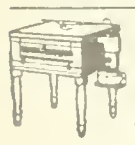


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BEST SEED POTATOES

direct from grower to planter at low prices. Catalog of 70 Varieties free. A. G ALDRIDGE, Fishers, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

amount of bonds in the market, since most holders of railroad paper would be glad to take Government three per cents in payment for their securities in lieu of cash. He would leave the existing organization of the roads undisturbed at first, to serve as the basis for the gradual development of a new public organization, free from politics. There would be a Division of Transportation to control the actual operation of the roads, with one director for each of ten or more groups of States. The term of one director would expire each year, so that no President would ever have a chance to revolutionize the boards, and new members would all be appointed from an efficiency list prepared by the directory from men in the service who had reached a certain standard of merit. Rates and classifications would be established by the Interstate Commerce Commission, whose members would draw salaries increased to correspond with the increased importance of their duties.

Mr. Patterson illustrated his argument with a mass of interesting statistics. One table showed that the American railroads were by far the most reckless in the world in their treatment of life and limb. In the years 1902 and 1904, since which time the situation has become much worse, the American roads killed about six times as many passengers in proportion to the number carried as Germany and seventeen times as many as Belgium, and wounded five times as many as Belgium and twenty-five times as many as Germany. That private ownership is not entirely responsible for the American killings and maimings is indicated by the fact that most of the Belgian roads are in private hands. Probably the men in control of those lines devote more attention to running their cars than to cutting financial melons.

FROM CABINET TO WALL STREET



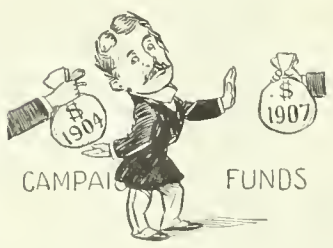
Secretary Shaw moves from the Treasury into the presidency of the Carnegie Trust Company

THE fashion, now well established, of treating the Treasury Department as a stepping-stone to Wall Street preferment, has been followed in the case of Secretary Shaw, who has accepted the presidency of the Carnegie Trust Company of New York. The trail in that direction was blazed for Mr. Shaw by his former private secretary and late Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Robert B. Armstrong, who went from the Treasury to the presidency of the Casualty Company of America, and is one of the directors of the Carnegie Trust Company.

Although, for the time at least, he is leaving the great heart of the West for the haunts of the Eastern money changers, Mr. Shaw would not have it understood that he will be entirely out of hearing of his country's voice if his country finds itself in dire need of his assistance. In a statement accompanying the announcement of his promotion from the Cabinet to a bank presidency he dwelt upon the fact that the mere accident of dwelling-place had not often had a serious influence on the choice of a national Chief Magistrate. "Neither Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Blaine, Roosevelt, nor Bryan was nominated because of the State he represented, and some of them secured the prize notwithstanding location." Hence, even if Mr. Shaw were actually deserting Iowa for New York, the office would not necessarily be baffled in its search for the man. But he is not doing that. He is going to practise high finance in New York, but his heart and his home will remain in Denison, Iowa. "For a time my future place of business will be New York City, my domicile will probably be in some convenient suburb, but my home will be in Denison, Iowa; there will I vote, there will I spend a remnant of my days if I live past retirement, and there will I be buried."

A Presidential nomination calling at Denison at any reasonable hour before Mr. Shaw's burial will find his latch-string hanging out, not obtrusively, but with such modest hospitality as may be inferred from his parting words: "It will be for my party to determine whether I am again invited from the congenial fields of personal endeavor to the perplexities of public service."

PERKINS SET FREE



It was not a crime to use insurance funds in politics in 1904, though it would be now

BY a vote of four to three the Court of Appeals of New York decided on February 26 that George W. Perkins was not guilty of larceny in using the funds of the New York Life Insurance Company to repay himself for a contribution to the Republican campaign funds in 1904. The majority and minority views were expressed in four different opinions. All agreed that the use of the company's money for political purposes was illegal and improper. But Judge Gray, for the majority, held that courts could not sit "to judge the conduct of the defendant by any moral code or rule of ethics." Their business was simply to see whether a crime in law had been committed, and in this case there was no crime because the essential element of "intent to deprive and defraud" was lacking.

Chief Judge Cullen, in his dissenting opinion, held that larceny had been committed, because "the gist of that offense is not the application of money to a bad purpose, but taking money that does not belong to the taker, to appropriate to an object, good or bad. It is the fraudulent deprivation of an owner of his property that constitutes larceny. It is a crime to steal, even though with the intent to give away in charity and relieve distress."

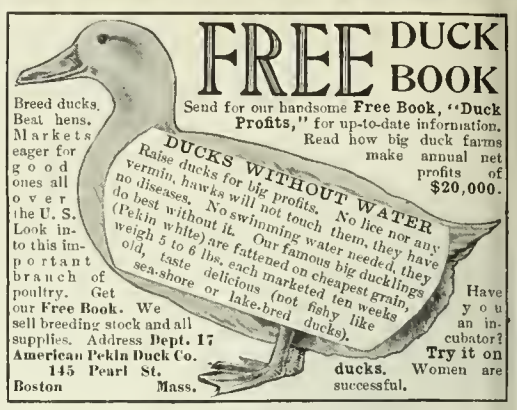
Of course all this discussion is based on the law as it stood at the time the act was committed. There is no question that under the present law the diversion of insurance funds to campaign purposes would be a crime.

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Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk is ideal milk, collected under perfect sanitary conditions, condensed in vacuo to the consistency of cream preserved by sterilization only. Suitable for any modification and adapted to all purposes where milk or cream is required.—*Adv.*

POULTRY AND GARDEN

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Send for our handsome **Free Book, "Duck Profits,"** for up-to-date information. Read how big duck farms make annual net profits of $20,000.

DUCKS WITHOUT WATER

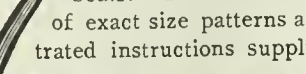
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You need no tool experience — no previous knowledge of boats. The Brooks System of exact size patterns and illustrated instructions supplies this.

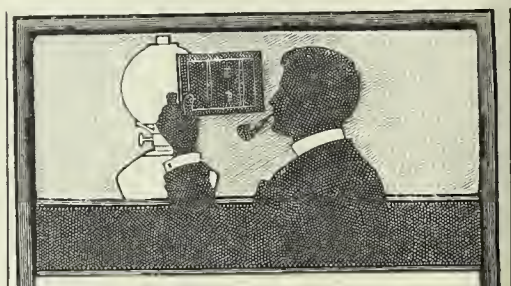


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Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building
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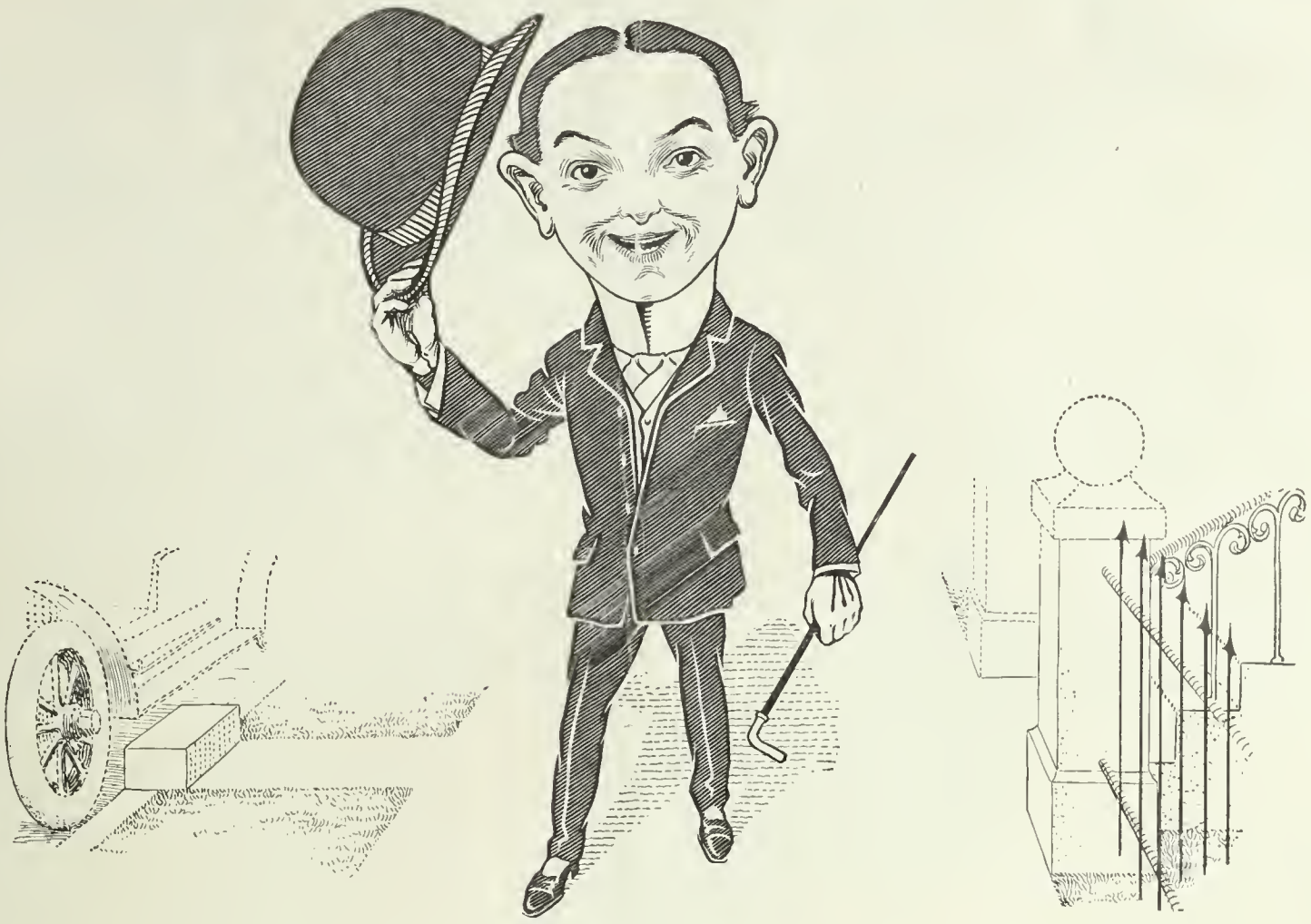
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



The Sensible Way to Buy Clothes

WHAT'S the sense in paying fancy prices for style that lasts only while the sunshine stays?

I tell you I've been up against this style proposition more than once.

And I'm speaking from experience.

I've sampled most makes of men's clothes and my conclusion is—it don't pay to spend $35.00—or more—for style that don't last beyond the first few days your clothes are new when you can get style that *stays style*—style that shows *a season through* in Kaufman Garments—$15.00 to $18.00—Guaranteed.

That's the answer—the *staying style* answer.

For "staying style" is a matter of *shape holding* and "shape holding" depends on fabric shrinking.

You see, all fabric fibres—wool and the rest—are naturally more or less elastic. They will *shrink*.

But the higher priced chaps—the fellows who can afford shrinkage *because they make you pay extra for everything*—they do "the best they know how" to shrink their fabrics.

They "steam"—and "sponge"—and "soak" them. But none of these methods are really effective. None of these processes take *all* the "shrink tendency" out of the cloth.

And, of course, any little shrink that is not taken out in advance is likely to show up at any time and spoil your appearance—perhaps when you wish to look your very best.

How to take *all* the "shrink tendency" out of clothes fabrics is known in but one place in the world.

And this one place—where they know how to take *all* the "shrink tendency" out of clothes fabrics—is the great Kaufman Tailoring Establishment in Chicago.

Kaufman Prices are only $15.00 to $18.00 the suit—or overcoat—because the Kaufmans are content with small profits.

Kaufman Garments wear longer than others, because clothes that hold their shape do not wrinkle, chafe and wear through in unexpected places.

Kaufman fabric effects are always as "nobby" as any, because weavers make up their fine patterns in goods of *all* grades—moderate priced as well as high priced.

(This "exclusive pattern" talk is another case of "just talk" as you can easily see.)

And, of course, Kaufman Designs—original style, cut, fit and finish—are easily as good as the best, because all clothes makers follow the same fashion plates each season and the fashion plates all come from the same sources.

Therefore, you get, in Kaufman Garments—at $15.00 to $18.00—as much original style as you find in clothes at more than double these figures.

Kaufman Garments $15. to $18.

Wool is particularly elastic. It shrinks the first time dampness reaches it.

And, of course, unless this "shrink tendency" is overcome *before* it gets to your back—somewhere between spinning and tailoring—why, it will show up *afterward*—in the clothes—and you will have trouble.

Your coat shoulders "draw" and "hump"—the collar and pocket-flaps "sag" and "curl"—your vest "tightens" and "puckers"—and your trousers "bag all over."

Spinners will not shrink their yarn, because they sell it by the pound and shrinkage means loss of weight.

Weavers will not shrink their cloth, because they sell it by the yard and shrinkage means loss of length.

Therefore, when the cloth reaches the clothes makers, it is *unshrunk*—it retains all the natural "shrink tendency" of its wool fibre.

Clothes makers know this—know the trouble shrinkage causes—and *some of them* do their best to overcome it.

I say "some of them," because makers of cheap clothes cannot afford the loss entailed by shrinkage.

So they take chances with the weather—and you—and your appearance.

Every bolt of cloth that comes to the Kaufman Tailoring Establishment is subjected to *a special shrinking process* known as "The Kaufman '*Pre-Shrinking*' Process."

And this Kaufman "*Pre-Shrinking*" Process—by means known only to the Kaufmans—*mechanically* extracts from the fabric every bit of the "shrink tendency" of the fibre, so that it simply cannot shrink nor draw up after it is made up into Kaufman Garments.

This is why Kaufman Garments are not liable to the "*hump—wrinkle—pucker and curl*" defects of ordinary clothes.

This is why Kaufman Garments *hold* their shape and *show* their style *the season through*.

This is why wearers of Kaufman Garments *always* look "well dressed" and "stylish."

Other makers of men's clothes *cannot* give you *shape permanence*—at any price—because they are not allowed to use the Kaufman "*Pre-Shrinking*" Process.

This process is controlled by the Kaufmans and they will not allow its use outside their own establishment.

And this is why Kaufman Garments are *the only* men's garments that will hold their shape and show their style until wear wears them out.

And, in addition, you get a durability and *shape permanence* (made sure by the Kaufman "*Pre-Shrinking*" Process) that no other clothes maker can give you at any price.

Why pay $35—or more—for a suit of clothes when you get bigger value for less money in Kaufman Garments?

The mark to look for is—

This Garment Made and Guaranteed by
Chas. Kaufman & Bros.
CHICAGO

All dealers in Kaufman Garments have on exhibition *unfinished* Kaufman Coats showing just how they are built up, shaped and fitted.

It will pay you to see one of these Kaufman Coats "*in the making*."

For—it will "show you" and—the sight is a liberal education in the construction of high-grade clothes.

"The Well Dressed Man in 1907" is shown in the new Kaufman Style Book. Ask Kaufman Dealers for it.

Or—write to Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago.

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Easter Styles Ready

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Up to December 31, 1906, seven thousand three hundred and sixty-nine merchants of this country had applied for the Regal agency privilege. *We have been able to grant it to only forty.*

Pretty conclusive proof that Regal Shoes are all we claim for them—proof that their style, fit, materials and wear are the best that money and first-class workmanship can produce!

Look into the windows of any Regal store and see the tempting display of new Spring styles in Regal Shoes—every pair a perfect example of the shoemaker's art, and all exact duplicates of the newest custom styles now being introduced in New York, London and Paris.

It will be the easiest thing in the world for you to select your Regals for Easter, because there's a Regal style for everyone's taste. There's also a Regal fit for every foot—the Regal *quarter-sizes* take care of that. And, remember, Regals are the *only* shoes made in quarter-sizes.

When the cost of all shoemaking materials jumped last year to the highest point in commercial history—and *stayed there*—we realized the public's need for proof of *shoe quality*. So, we created the Regal Specifications Tag. It goes with every pair of Regals, and not only describes the materials used in the vital parts of that pair, but it gives you our *signed guarantee* that they are of the best quality obtainable.



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We have many thousands of salesmen directly and indirectly promoting the sales of Sapolio. A few words of suggestion and of encouragement, meant for those in our direct employ, may interest the wider circle, which includes 3,500 wholesalers, 21,000 of their salesmen, 150,000 retail dealers, their 300,000 clerks, and the millions of housekeepers who use Sapolio and commend it to their friends.

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Talk FAIR PRICES—The best stores will be your best customers, because they are themselves clean. The grocer who keeps dirt down can keep his prices up. Many a dealer buries his profits under the dust in his store, and then vainly tries to keep up his trade by selling cheaper goods.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1907

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1907

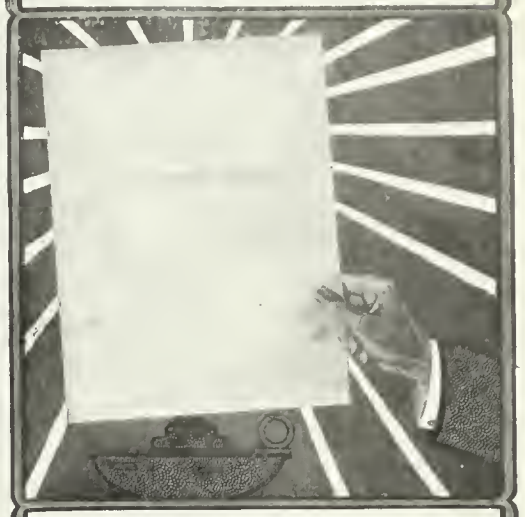
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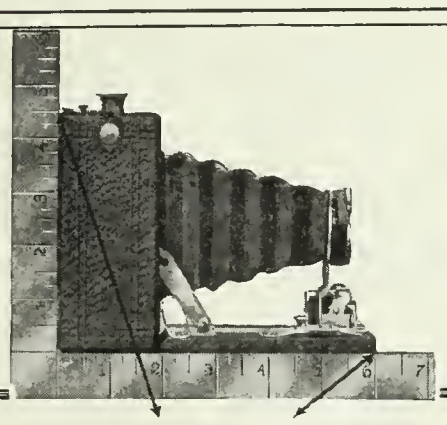
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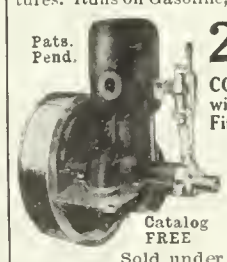
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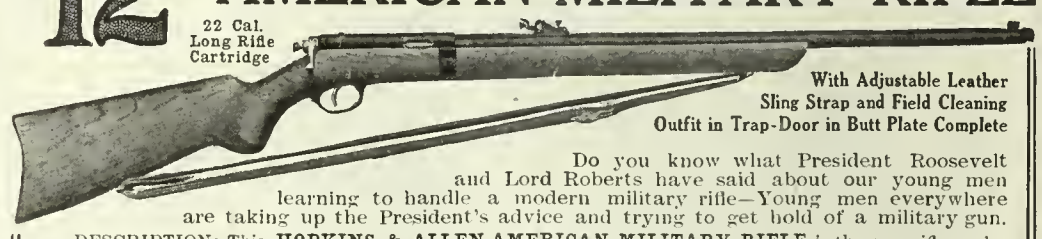
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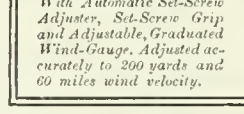
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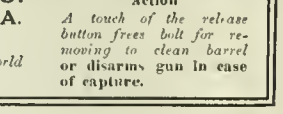
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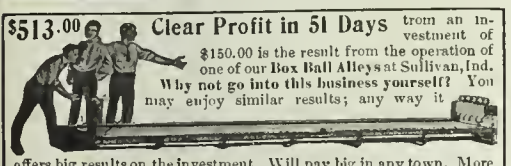
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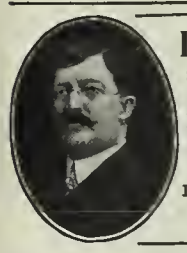
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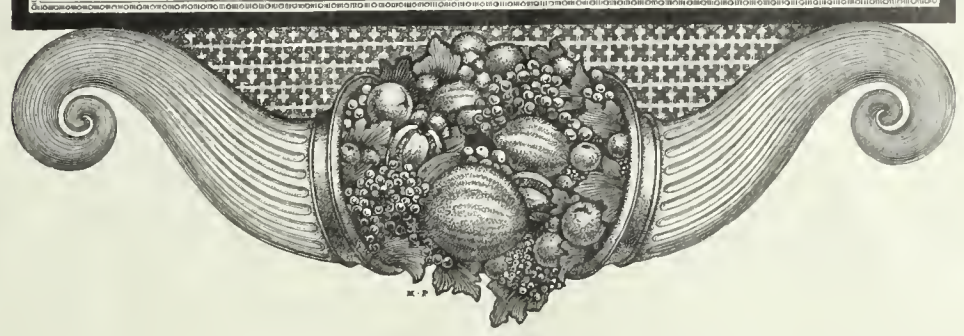
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1907

It's Nice to Keep Out of Jail

¶ A politician visiting a penitentiary had his attention attracted by a prisoner who beckoned frantically. When the politician went up to the bars the prisoner said: "Kin I speak to you confidential, Boss?" "Say on!" replied the politician. "Governor," whispered the prisoner dramatically, "I'm an innocent man. I never done nothin' to go to jail." "Of course you didn't," replied the statesman cordially, "but what do they *say* you did?"

¶ It is easy enough to joke about many situations in this world which are no joke. To be locked up in jail for sixty days is a humorous matter—to some men. But when you are locked in a cage for an indefinite number of months, or even years, the droll features of the case vanish into nothingness. And it is no consolation to know that your term of imprisonment will end in your hanging. A *scaffold* is several degrees worse than a jail.

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Or iron bars a cage"

says the poet—originating a maxim which is false to the core. It is unpleasant for a guilty man to go to jail; it is doubly irritating for an innocent man to endure the punishment which he feels he does not deserve.

Murder or Heroism?

¶ In a village jail in Idaho three men are languishing, charged with a murder particularly vile in its plot and execution. Ex-Governor Steunenberg, who had been fighting the Western Federation of Miners in numerous labor difficulties in the ore-belt, opened the gate in front of his home one day and was blown into atoms by an infernal machine which had been fixed to explode with the swinging of the gate. It needed no coroner's jury to show that Steunenberg had been the victim of a murder plot. *Some one* blew him to pieces, and it rested with the law to place the blame and punish the guilty. President Moyer and Secretary Haywood of the Western Federation of Miners were arrested, together with Pettibone, charged with designing, if not carrying out the illegal execution of Idaho's Enemy of the People.

C. P. Connolly and Idaho

¶ Murders, as a rule, are not nice reading. To dwell upon their details is a perfervid pandering to popular wrong-mindedness. But the Steunenberg case is different, because it involves an issue of national importance—even of world importance. It is treading upon the toes of Capital and Labor and making both parties wince in war-ridden Idaho. C. P. Connolly, who is going to treat the Moyer-Haywood trial for Collier's, giving its dramatic and human as well as its political and national sides, has undertaken the work realizing how much it involves, and the broad as well as delicate treatment every phase of the situation requires.

White Vest *vs.* Red Shirt

¶ The West is divided angrily on the Moyer-Haywood issue. One half of the people believe the prisoners to be only one shade better than Satan; that they represent the thuggery of labor-union terrorism, that they represent the vandals who are tearing at the vitals of the law. The radical West, the workman's West, on the other hand, looks upon the imprisoned officials of the Federation as white-souled martyrs of the political machinery which is controlled by the dishonest Capital which has much to do with the conditions in Idaho. It is another case of the White Vest arrayed against the Red Shirt—but this time under particularly dramatic circumstances.

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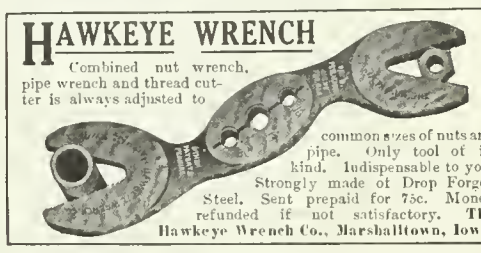


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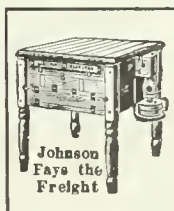
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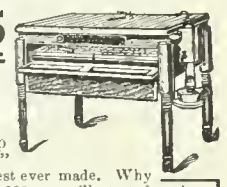
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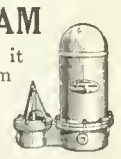
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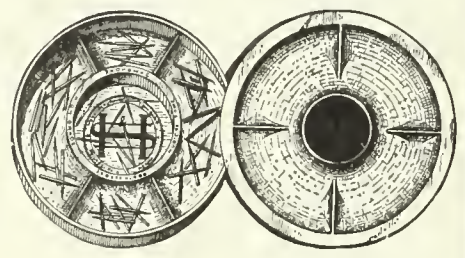
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In order that every user of a Disc Talking Machine may be familiar with the superior results that may be secured by using **H. & S. Needles,** we are furnishing a very attractive **Marbleized Needle Box,** which contains 400 High Grade, 400 Musical Tone, 100 Symphone and 100 Scratchless Needles. The box also has compartment for used needles. If your dealer does not handle this attractive and useful article, we will forward prepaid to any point in United States on receipt of $1.00. If you are not thoroughly satisfied with your purchase, return within two days and money will be refunded.

HAWTHORNE & SHEBLE MFG. CO.
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1.00 pm.

Off and on again in 60 seconds



1.01 pm.



1.02 pm.

The ONLY Rims Requiring "No Tools but the Hands" are GOODYEAR UNIVERSAL RIMS Fitted with Goodyear DETACHABLE AUTO-TIRES

On the road, anywhere, any time of day or night, you can change your Goodyear Detachable Auto-Tire on Goodyear Universal Rim in a minute's time. No tools but the hands. No burglars' jimmys needed. Just loosen one thumbscrew (on the valve stem) and it unlocks the removable flange rings and off comes the tire. Replace the flange rings and tighten the thumb-nut again and the tire is on to stay. No strain which would not tear the wheel to pieces can get it off, till that one thumb-nut is loosened again. We guarantee that Goodyear Detachable Tires on Goodyear Universal Rims can't Rim Cut. Other manufacturers won't replace Rim Cut tires. We do. Will be glad to explain "how" and "why" at our factory or branches:

Boston, 261 Dartmouth St
Cincinnati, 317 E. Fifth St
Los Angeles, 932 S. Main St
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Chicago, 82-84 Michigan Ave.
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Write a postal for our new 1907 booklet, "How to Select an Automobile Tire." It's NOT "mere words." It's practical for you whether you designate our tires and rims or not.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Erie St., Akron, Ohio

Home-made Gas-light for Country Houses

TAKES about one hour's work *per month.*

After that you merely turn a tap whenever you want light, touch a match to the burner, and, presto—*light.*

Yes, brilliant, beautiful, *white* light too, that spreads *around* a room like daylight.

A light that gives sparkle to every polished article it falls on—gleam and glisten to white table linen—and a genial, cheery glow to everything it illuminates.

Just like putting varnish over a faded picture—this *glorifying* Acetylene Light.

Now that is cold *fact* which I'll prove up to your satisfaction or no pay.

Wouldn't *you* like to get rid of the everlasting smell of Kerosene or Gasoline in your home?

Wouldn't *you* like to know that *never again* would you have filthy Kerosene Lamps to clean and fill, wicks to trim, chimneys to wipe, and the permanent dread of fire?

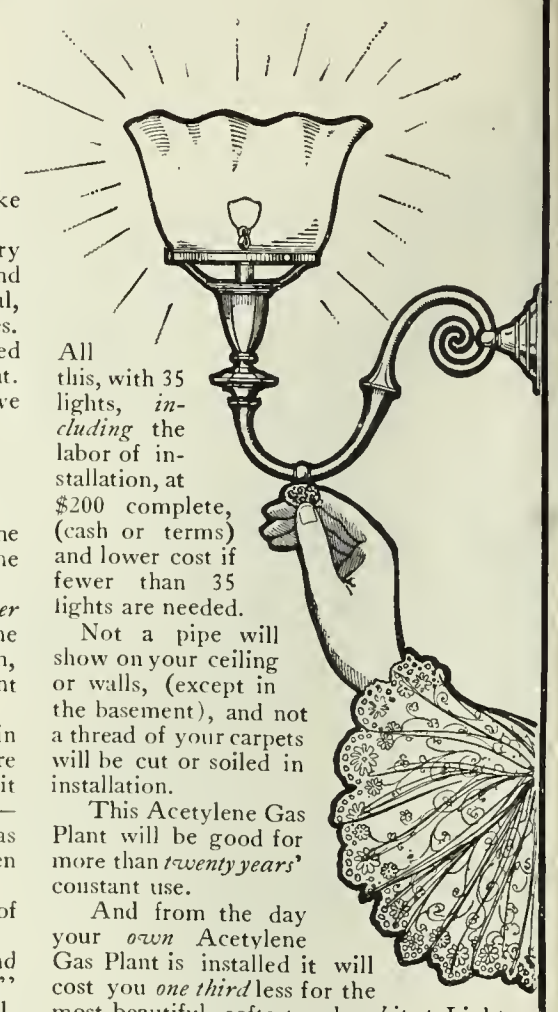
Wouldn't *you* like to know that in every room you had a pretty brass fixture firmly attached to ceiling, or wall, where it *couldn't* be tipped over by the children—where it was never in the way, and was always *ready* to touch a match to when you wanted *light*—little or much?

Wouldn't *you* glory in the absence of soot, smell or danger?

Wouldn't *you* like your visitors to find in your home that smart "city style" which Gas-lighting gives, that beautiful, soft radiance shining down from the ceilings where it does *not* get into your eyes like the glaring light of sooty, smelly Kerosene Table Lamps?

Well, Madam Householder, you *can* have all these at *less cost* than *kerosene* costs you now, when once installed.

In about two days' time an eight to ten room house can be completely fitted, from cellar to garret, with beautiful brass chandeliers and globes, complete piping, and a reliable Generator which is absolutely *safer* than any Kerosene Lamp or Gasoline Light.



All this, with 35 lights, *including* the labor of installation, at $200 complete, (cash or terms) and lower cost if fewer than 35 lights are needed.

Not a pipe will show on your ceiling or walls, (except in the basement), and not a thread of your carpets will be cut or soiled in installation.

This Acetylene Gas Plant will be good for more than *twenty years'* constant use.

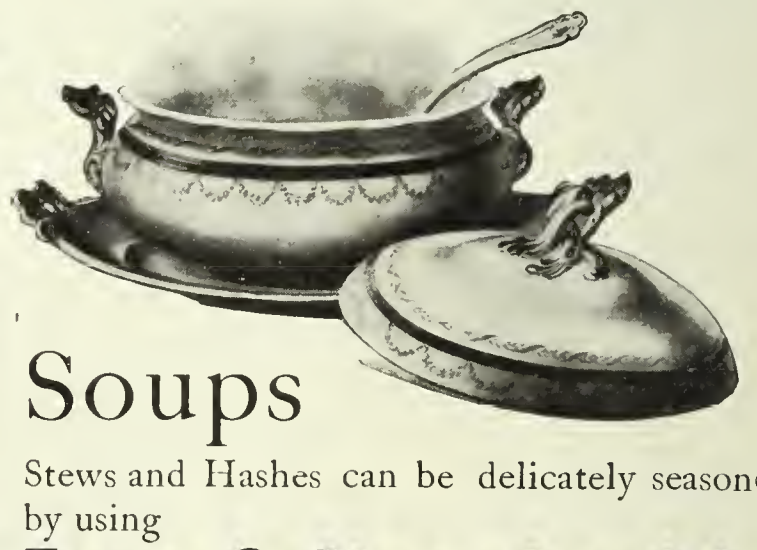
And from the day your *own* Acetylene Gas Plant is installed it will cost you *one third* less for the most beautiful, softest and *whitest* Light than it ever did for the same candle-power with smoky, ill-smelling, dangerous Kerosene or Gasoline.

Just drop *me* a line to-day, stating how many rooms you've got, and *I'll* tell you just about how much it would cost to light them properly with this beautiful *white* light.

And, I'll send you "Sunlight-on-Tap," a book full of mighty interesting things about House, Store and Hotel Lighting.

Write me to-day, giving number of rooms and number of lights needed,

"Acetylene E. Jones,"
154 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.





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Every car guaranteed for one year.
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Every car is propelled by the famous "Rapid" Motor—a strong, light engine that is simple in operation, reliable, and speedy. Every one is fully guaranteed for one year.

I want you to tell me what kind of delivery or passenger service you need, and I will write you about the car for your special requirements. Catalog free on request.

H. T. HENRY, SALES MANAGER
RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO. PONTIAC, MICH.



Twelve-passenger Sight-Seeing Car



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TO look into the future—to know what styles and fabrics will be proper and correct in men's fine suits and overcoats for the coming season—is simply to see the complete array of perfect garments now being displayed by the leading clothiers who represent The House of Kuppenheimer. Undoubtedly, it would be presuming a great deal on our part were we to say: "You can't get a perfect garment unless you get ours." Furthermore, it wouldn't be true. But we do say—and we are justified—"Wait until you have seen the styles and fabrics authorized by The House of Kuppenheimer before making your purchases. Otherwise you will ignore a most important factor—largely the creative factor—in those things that go to make good form and good taste in men's fine clothes."

In practically every city and town where there is a good clothier—a particular merchant—you'll be able to secure Kuppenheimer Clothes. We shall be pleased to send you a book of authoritative styles for men, merely for the asking.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

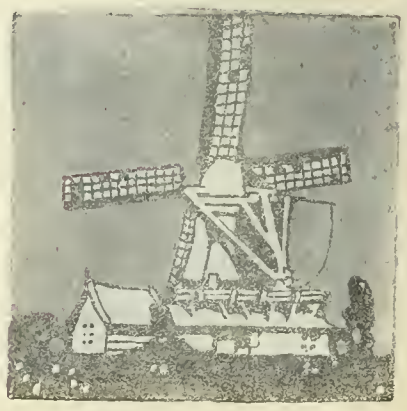
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON





The Tulip Field

by George Hitchcock



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WHAT, INDEED, is to become of the universe this week? In honor of approaching Easter we are about to produce two pages of editorials which shall have no reference to the Senate, immigration, President ROOSEVELT, interstate commerce, Idaho, Galveston, ballot reform, child labor, or the boll-weevil. Abstinence so grave requires a faith inveterate. The experiment of allowing the universe to turn around without assistance for so long a time may have consequences not easily foreseen. Of course, assistance will not altogether be withheld. Analysis will be applied to certain topics of less clamorous concern, and in them a gentle and diffused illumination may be light enough for various wandering souls. A youth, generously endowed, was discussing with us recently matters on which he desired to furnish articles, and he said he preferred to treat affairs of weight. "Well," we said, "that brings in the point of view. Shall we have something about the best treatment of the complexion? Or how to save money on breakfast? Or the poetry of FELICIA HEMANS? The thoughts on life of an intelligent artists' model might do well, or those of a farmer's wife. Importance! Dreadful word. Ah, word of little sense. Anything, friend, is important which has charm, which is human, which—" But enough of what we said. If we continue moralizing, some reader will attribute his world-weariness to us; and the jury will doubtless render a verdict of self-defense.

PRELUDE

A BRILLIANT FOREIGN actress, writing to a woman here, was delivered thus: "I love you very much. I long to love you more. I should like to be with you hours and hours. But what? In America there is no time for tenderness." Tenderness was her name for much. It included affection, of course, and loyalty no doubt. In her mind, behind that word lay peace and harmony, sweetness, light, and measure. She heard in it, perhaps, echoes of silent thought, impulses from the spring, or "sensations sweet, felt in the blood, and felt along the heart." Had she been an American, or an Englishwoman, her thoughts might have gone to that great soul who, best of all our poets, has expressed the richness of the quieter world; who, in contrast to "the fretful stir unprofitable, and the fever of the world," has sung to us of the

REST

"Sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

WHERE IN ENGLISH literature can the same note be found, struck with power, that in WORDSWORTH is heard in such volume and perfection? Spirituality, like most words, has much variety of significance. It means one thing of TENNYSON, another of MILTON, a third of VAUGHAN or HERBERT. In WORDSWORTH it means that the deepest sensuous and imaginative charms of art have been applied to moral truths. The author of the "light that never was on sea or land" has himself shed that light upon the homely verities of daily life and revealed their glory. Arrogance is evil: a good and useful commonplace, but see what it becomes in WORDSWORTH:

WORDSWORTH

"Know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing hath faculties
Which he has never used."

How ABRAHAM LINCOLN would have felt this man's poems, had they happened to be among the few books with which his youth became familiar. He among statesmen matches most closely the spirit of the poet of the twilight, the dawn, the sunlight of the soul. None more than he ever heard the sounds described in that line, quoted so often because so true,

"The still, sad music of humanity."

None in his humility could more truly pray,

"The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive"

None more than he was nobler in

"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

WORDSWORTH among poets is the one who expresses best the most loved American; because he best expresses truths by which life is enriched for millions who work and love and die unknown.

ONE OF THE MEN of our day and country, whose words we never tire of reading, celebrated recently the fiftieth anniversary of his settlement in his South Boston church. He is one whose brief essays on life we go through carefully every week, in the admirable publication for which he writes, and it takes a man with largeness of mind and heart, and fulness of experience, to be nourishing every week. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, April 3, 1822, and his spirit buds daily now. One day it will be on the religion of America that he writes. A week later he will base stirring ideas on the true distinction in meaning between the words "work" and "labor"—between the word that expresses energy and the word that expresses grinding and fatigue. Another time it will be on Democracy, and again it will be on manners, in both of which we shall find many things that seize the mind. The subjects are always worthy, the treatment always fertile. Dr. HALE among our fellow citizens is one of those who have spent their lives to the finest purpose.

DR. HALE

FROM RUSSIA comes a private letter, hinting at contrasts with America, and indicating aspects of life there with such reality that we devote this paragraph to printing part of it:

"Your letter at hand. I was glad to have a breath of air—the air of individuality and mental independence. Here the people who do not agree with the Government can hardly speak—even in private houses—not because of spies—there are enough of those, Mercy knows—but because the bureaucrat is everywhere; because those who live on the bounty of the Government are all about you and to touch the Government—not the Czar—would be to touch their pockets. You should know what all these people get in the shape of extra money they yearly receive; how this money is wrung from the people. Well, here is a sample from a letter just received from the country in regard to what is going on in the country:

'The Opritchniki appeared, armed from head to foot, bringing the tradesmen with them, for the peasants refuse to buy the goods and cattle of their neighbors. The cattle were seized and slaughtered forthwith before the eyes of their owners, and then all utensils and agricultural implements were confiscated. The cries of women and children were heartrending—it was like a Tatar invasion.' . . . I tell you facts, not fancies, and ask you to make them known wherever your tongue and energy may reach. . . . Across the ocean, where with all your abuses you are free from such horrors, you can tell them to men who at least will no longer wonder why political murders can not be judged on a par with ordinary crimes. The Revolution in Russia is not dead—but the Government rests altogether on violence, and on violence and force promoted and upheld by the majority of the nobility and bureaucracy."

A CONTRAST

Letters and appeals like this come to America every week. Seldom do they contain the empty sounds of theory. Nearly always

they are filled with the unmistakable direct beatings of the human heart, the cries of immediate and acute distress; the protest against what is beyond all peradventure wrong.

THINKING OF DESIRES so simple as the principal demands of the Russian people, the value of freedom is made real to us. Such worn phrases as "the blessings of liberty" take on new life. "What the Czar is in Russia," we read in one of TROLLOPE's vivacious stories, "or the mob in America, that the Jupiter is in England." It is easy often to feel the oppression of the majority, and call it "mob," but what a vast distance from a country struggling with most grinding oppression to one free at least to work out its salvation as well as it has intelligence, energy, and virtue to work it out.

COMMENT ON ABOVE

SIDNEY LEE, the London Shakespearian scholar, thinks well of English as spoken by Americans. His views were expressed in addressing a new British association, instituted "to help to maintain the correct use of English, and to promote the due recognition of English as an essential element in national education." In Harvard, he said, there were twenty professors of English, while in Oxford there was but one, and this was a fair example of teaching in the universities in the two countries. Possibly this attention to English is partly because America has more to contend against, but it is due partly, without doubt, to fresh interest and laudable ambition.

OUR ENGLISH

COMMUNITIES for leading the ideal life spring up like mushrooms in our land. In discussing them we need not discuss exhaustively PLATO's "Republic," CAMPANELLA's "City of the Sun," MORE's "Utopia," or such American attempts as Brook Farm, Rugby, or Zion City. All the world recalls the newspaper tempest over the butter served at SINCLAIR's colony on the Palisades. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW wears a collar to his shirt when lecturing on Socialism before the Fabians, and since marrying he owns a suit of evening clothes. Mr. and Mrs. PHELPS-STOKES are said to dress like other people, and also to go G. B. S. one better by acquiescing in the arrangement by which they are provided with teeth adapted to carnivorous diet. The latest Simple-Life community is on Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, an *imperium in imperio* prohibiting corsets, pipes, butcher's meat, and toothbrushes. The founder's name, GLÜCK, may be translated joy, but joy in the community is to be acquired mainly by thinking beautiful thoughts eight hours per day and by wearing garments, hats, and shoes of unbleached linen. Here's to the ideal! Long may it prosper in our land, even when it takes forms that are earnest and fantastic.

BOOSTING THE IDEAL

My Rosary

by John B. Finley

This crimson-crowned twig of thorn,
Hurting, through Passion-week I've worn,
And now, O Kneeling One, to Thee
I give it for a rosary:
For crucifix its rose, deep-red,
For beads its thorns—the prayers I've said,
Out of the fierceness of the strife,
Out of the bitterness of life,
Out of the groping in the night,
Out of the struggle for the light.

. . . . . .

Bind thou this cross upon thy breast.
My old transgressions, new confessed,
Shall be forgiven through thy grace
Who pure in heart dost see His face;
Tell thou these poignant beads again,
Press thou these thorns of penance pain,
And, learning all my prayers, pray
Their answer on this Easter Day.

BONNETS AND SONNETS are now in order, violets and triolets equally suitable to the milliner and the millionaire. The milliner and the millionaire have the better of the poet at Eastertide. The poet warms over last season's rimes and woman looks upon them suspiciously, scenting deceit. But the milliner perfidiously rehashes last year's hats and woman is so dazzled that she loses discretion and accepts the lure. A reformer from Utah once suggested that Easter hats and Easter poetry be abolished by law, and no doubt the wish is widespread in the sterner sex that such a gain were possible; but the hope is futile, however eternal it may spring. Easter hats must remain because they are so expensive, Easter poems because they are so cheap. LUTHER BURBANK, the horticultural wizard, intends, it has been intimated, to plant paper primroses in a wheat field in the hope that he may grow an attractive natural straw, self-trimmed Easter hat for next year's market. LUTHER is becoming too ambitious. But we digress. We must get out our sewing-basket and put some new feathers on the following Easter Poem, which we have in a half-finished condition:

EXTRAS

"Here comes Sir Satan from his
den;
Pray note the signs, I beg—
The cackling of the Easter Hen
Proclaims the Easter Egg.
Parisian gardens bloom anew
Where once dull ashes sat—
Again the Tempter's talking
through
The little Easter Hat."

IN RE the application of the "Ladies' Home Journal," the United States Board of General Appraisers declares officially that fashion plates are not works of art. Are they nature? Please define the centre of gravity of the form divine as represented in a fashion plate, and address your answer to our science editor.

A DECISION

WINTER is passing into spring. No matter what troubles may accumulate, winter ever passes into spring, summer into autumn, day into night, death into life. Whatever may happen to you or to us, now or hereafter, the universe is still alive and still magnificently at work. The vast changes and similarities and recurrences are present, and lend interest, wonder, happiness to all whose attention is fixed not on themselves but on the panorama of the world. "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so." And it is always so. Nature's breast is learned, instructive, consoling, and full of cheer. Once escape from our mere limits and monotony of ourselves, and the value of living is beyond computation and unfailing.

NATURE



EASTER SUNDAY IN MEXICO

DRAWN BY THORNTON OAKLEY

THE HONOR OF THE ESCORT

THE LEGISLATOR UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE PEACH, JUST OUT OF ANNAPOLIS, GETS A LITTLE PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE DAY'S WORK IN THE PHILIPPINE LAGOONS

By DAVID GRAY



The Congressman

ON the right was Leyte, on the left Samar, and from above the tropical rain descended upon the *Santa Maria di Trinidad* as she worked up to Bacaloc landing. Bacaloc was a dismal, one-company post on the island of Samar; the *Santa Maria* was a wheezy United States gunboat captured from Spain, on the after deck of which a discussion was in progress which gave signs of becoming a dispute. The Member of Congress was demanding transport to Tacloban. The executive officer, Ensign Russell, was insisting that this was impossible. He regretted that the Member of Congress and his secretary, Mr. Deming, should be inconvenienced, but his orders were to land them at Bacaloc.

The Member of Congress was a shoe manufacturer from Massachusetts. From the stump he sonorously celebrated peace and commercial prosperity. Privately he practised the domestic virtues and believed in sanitary plumbing. His habit of mind led him to regard the refusal of the navy to take him where he wished to go as the refusal of a surly policeman to pilot him through the traffic of Boylston Street.

Ensign Russell was five months out of the Academy. How he had passed his examinations the instructors could not explain, for he had consistently disdained them and their wisdom. He was turbulent, and at times a swaggerer and profane. There was little to commend him to reputable people. Even his personal beauty, which was notable and had saddled him with the name of The Peach, was of the nature of a *beauté de diable* and not inspiring of confidence. It is true, the fighting admiral who had once observed him handling men had inquired his name, but whether for purposes of retribution or approval no one knew.

It was the Member of Congress's turn to speak. "Young man," he said impressively, "it is of grave importance to the United States that I should be in Tacloban to-night. I am engaged upon a secret mission."

"I'm sorry," said The Peach with very little sympathy in his tone, "but orders are orders."

"Orders are all very well," said the Member of Congress, "but they are to be interpreted with discretion. You have given me no reason for your action, and I warn you, sir, you must take the consequences."

"Reason!" exclaimed The Peach angrily—"can we leave the blockade to give you a boat ride?"

"Blockade!" repeated the Member of Congress with a note of contempt in his voice.

"Blockade your grandmother," exclaimed Mr. Deming, the Member's secretary. "It's a picnic of schoolboys who ought to be put to work."

"And when we get home," said the Member of Congress, "we'll see to it that they are."

Words were on The Peach's lips which would have been unwise as well as indecorous. The Member of Congress felt them coming and started angrily, but the boy checked himself. He saw Morris, his commanding officer, approaching.

The Member of Congress addressed himself to Morris and renewed the attack. He repeated his argument from the appeal to reason to the appeal to authority, at which point he again cited the letter from the Navy Department authorizing him transportation and escort wherever practicable.

"Do I understand," he concluded, "that you choose to disobey the orders of the Secretary of the Navy?"

"As to taking you to Tacloban, yes," said Morris, "if you care to put it that way. As to the matter of escort"—Morris hesitated and his eyes kindled humorously; an idea had come to him—"it will give me great pleasure to carry out the Secretary's instructions to the letter, in the matter of escort," he said gravely.

He turned to The Peach:

"Mr. Russell," he said, "you are detached to escort these gentlemen to Tacloban. You will report on board when your duty is discharged."

The Member of Congress stepped ashore without a word. He had no language to do the situation justice.

A few moments later the *Santa Maria di Trinidad* was wheezing out into the channel and the gentlemen with the secret mission and their escort were standing on the shore of Samar while the tropical rain descended upon them.

The escort broke the silence:

"Any orders, sir?"

"Go back to your boat, you insolent puppy!" snapped the Member of Congress.

The boy stood pale and speechless. Then the blood rose under the tropical sunburn which had burnt his skin to the color of an overripe strawberry. What should he do? Dueling with dangerous weapons had passed out of the navy. Fist fighting was a thing of the Academy.

With the words "insolent puppy" came back the expression used by Deming characterizing the blockade as a picnic of schoolboys. The insult was not merely a personal one.

His service had been disparaged, and he was powerless to resent it. He stood dumb and trembling with impotent rage. There was a long silence, then he saw the Post-Commandant come down from the village and heard him invite the party to breakfast.

They set out for the post, and he followed at a distance, unmindful of the rain, which soaked through the Member of Congress's ready-made linen suit, causing him to inquire querulously if it always rained in the Philippines.

"Except when the sun is shining," replied the Post-Commandant. "For myself I prefer the rain."

Breakfast was over. The Post-Commandant had watched his last tin of sausages disappear with heroism. The Chino cleared away the breakfast dishes, and the Member of Congress and Deming explained their need of being in Tacloban that night, while Russell sat by the open window and broodingly watched the showers as they followed each other across the straits from the hills of Leyte.



The Peach

"Can't we go overland somehow?" asked the Member of Congress, studying a map. "It's only about twenty-five miles."

"It would take about three days," said the Post-Commandant, "and an escort of fifty men."

"Are the roads as bad as that?" asked Deming.

"There aren't any roads," said the Post-Commandant.

"Then why can't we go in a small boat?" said the Member of Congress. "Surely we can get a canoe or something. Russell turned his gaze from the neighboring island to the party in the room. The question that he had hoped for had been asked, and it took an effort of self-control to prevent him springing up with the answer. He sat eagerly waiting the Post-Commandant's reply.

"I don't think it would be practicable," said that gentleman.

"Why not?" demanded Deming. "We're not afraid of getting wet, and to tell the truth we haven't caught the siesta habit yet. We're willing to hustle a bit."

The Post-Commandant overlooked the insinuation. "In the first place," he said, "I don't think I could get any one to paddle you."

"Why not?" said the Member of Congress. "I'll pay them."

"Money won't do them any good if they get their throats cut," said the Post-Commandant. "If they paddle Americans they'll be blacklisted and attended to by La Fuente. He's one of Lukban's men. They know that. In the next place there's the blockade."

"I don't see how that concerns us," said Deming.

Russell was watching with gleaming eyes. It was the look of the cat that is watching a mouse-hole.

"Well," said the Post-Commandant, "Mr. Anderson, my first lieutenant, has been waiting for two weeks for a chance to go to Tacloban on some private business which he considers important, and he'll probably have to wait for two weeks more. But if there was a way to get there I think he would have found it out." He smiled, for he knew the nature of Mr. Anderson's business.

"Two weeks!" exclaimed the Member of Congress. "That's out of the question. Will there be no transport along for a fortnight?"

"Perhaps not for a month," said the Post-Commandant.

The Member of Congress and Deming looked at each other. They knew what their mission was and the importance of it, to them at least.

Russell rose and came forward. "I can get you a banco," he said.



A moment later four heads came to the surface

The Member of Congress and his friend hesitated. The impertinence of the young man still rankled.

"Oh, very well, if you are afraid," said the Peach.

Deming bit his lip, but said nothing. The boy had the whip hand.

"Wait a moment, young man," said the Member of Congress. "If you can really get us a boat I shall be very much obliged to you."

"You needn't be obliged to me," said Russell. "I'm not doing it because I want to. I'm detailed as your escort. If you want the boat it will cost you about forty dollars. You'll need four boatmen."

"Get the money out of the bag," said the Member of Congress to Deming. Russell picked up his revolver belt and waited for the silver.

"Do you know what you are about?" asked the Post-Commandant of the boy.

"They want to make the try," he said. "It isn't my affair, and it isn't yours." He buckled on the belt and went out.

In half an hour the Post-Commandant's orderly came in and said that Mr. Russell was waiting for the party in the banco, and twenty minutes later the Member of Congress and Mr. Deming were stowing themselves in the long, dug-out canoe with the usual bamboo outriggers. Russell noticed that Lieutenant Anderson was apparently intending to accompany the civilians.

"Are you coming?" he asked.

Anderson nodded.

"You're foolish," said the boy in an undertone. "You've got a girl. Better wait for the transport."

"I want to see her," said Anderson unblushingly. "I'm not going to live forever."

"Well," said Russell, "you're taking chances, you know."

"What does he mean?" asked the Member of Congress of Deming. He was a cautious man.

"He thinks he's a humorist," said Deming, taking no pains to lower his voice. "He's trying to frighten us. It's an amusement of the very young. We're four of us armed with Krags, and we'll be in Tacloban by five o'clock."

Apparently this gratified rather than angered the Peach. He regarded his convoy contemptuously. "I'm going to tell you something," he began. "You're so green that I'm going to tell you what you're doing. You're taking big chances. That's what you're doing. If you've never been shot up and don't want to lose your tail feathers, you'd better get out of the boat now. I've told you the truth, and I take no responsibility for anything that happens." He closed this Homeric address by sitting down with his back to the civilians.

Deming laughed mildly. He was in a much better humor since the means for reaching Tacloban had been forthcoming. "Sonny," he replied, "we are much obliged for your kind warning, but we'll take our chances. However, if the peril is too serious for an officer of the navy we can get along without you."

"Shove off!" said Russell, and the banco left the shore.

The boatmen paddled steadily till about noon, when they stopped for a brief meal, and then resumed their labor. Thus they threaded their way up the wonderful channel, Deming and the Member of Congress commenting on the mountains and the tropical forests till the afternoon showers began to come down from the hills.

"I wish we had a boat with a cabin," said the Member of Congress, looking for a dry place to strike a match. His cigar had gone out.

"Never mind," said Deming, "we'll be in Tacloban in three hours."

"I'm afraid you'll find the hotel pretty bad," said Anderson.

"We shall at once go aboard the transport which is to meet us there," said the Member of Congress. He thought of sleeping in a comfortable bunk and eating a decent dinner with not a little anticipation. The mental picture of these comforts put him in such a pleasant frame of mind that he had decided not to have Russell dismissed from the navy as had been his intention, but only reprimanded for his own good. The boy certainly had capacity. The manner in which he had produced the canoe proved that. He glanced curiously at the youth, who was in the forward part of the banco, and noticed that he seemed to be studying the low, wooded headland which they were approaching.

Presently Russell turned and spoke to Anderson. "Do you see it?" he asked.

"See what?" asked the Lieutenant.

"The smoke. They're using Japanese coal." There was a faint discoloration of the haze, only perceptible to eyes trained to peering through mists and studying dim horizons.

"Smoke!" asked the Member of Congress. "Is a boat coming round the point?"

"She's come," said Russell. The moving mass of a small steamer detached itself from the mist-wrapped headland.

"Gentlemen," said Russell, "they've seen us by this time, and it's all over, if he lets Welsh take it. You'd better swim for it; you'll have a better chance."

"What do you mean?" asked Deming.

"Mean?" said Russell, "that's the *Santa Maria di Trinidad* on the return trip."

"Perhaps the Captain has thought better of his refusal," said the Member of Congress, "and will take us the rest of the way down."

"Get a move on! Quick!" exclaimed Anderson. He understood. He pointed toward the shore and said something in Visayan to the boatmen.

"It's no use," said Mr. Russell.



"What will Annie do, and the children, and the business?"

"Yes it is," said Anderson. "The rain is coming. It will cover us."

"Not from Welsh," said the Peach proudly. "I trained Welsh."

The Member of Congress listened, at a loss to know what the conversation meant. There was a small vessel off the point, and it was beginning to rain. That was all he could see. "Hello!" he exclaimed, "it's a thunder shower."

There was a flash through the veil of rain and a splitting report. The four boatmen went overboard. "Come back, you niggers!" yelled Russell, whipping his revolver out.

"Are they afraid of lightning?" asked the Member of Congress.

"Come back or I'll shoot!" cried the boy. He fired a shot after them, but they dived like loons and were lost in the rain.

"Paddle!" cried Anderson, "paddle, everybody!" He seized one of the abandoned paddles and fell to with desperation.

There was another flash, another report, and this time a cloud of spray rose fifty yards from the banco.

"That's gun-fire!" exclaimed the Member of Congress, "that's not lightning."

"You're a good guesser," observed the Peach.

Another flash, another report, and a shell went whirring over their heads. "My God!" cried the Member of Congress, "they're shooting at us!"

The boy, who had given up the boatmen, turned to the Member of Congress. "Yes, they're shooting at us," he observed. "And they'll get us too."

"But why?" faltered the Member of Congress. "I'm an American citizen. I'm a Member of Congress."

"You're a blockade runner," said Russell pleasantly, "that's what you are now. Mr. Deming," he added, "are you enjoying the schoolboys' picnic? Quite joyful, isn't it?"

The bravado of the boy grew with the terror of the Member of Congress.

"Shut up, you fool, and paddle," said Anderson. "We can get her to shore."

"And be shot in the back?" said the boy. "No, thank you."

Another shell went spinning and singing through the rain overhead. "Anderson," said the boy, "I ask your opinion professionally, did you ever see such bad shooting? It must be Morris. His eyes aren't right."

"Go on, paddle!" said Anderson, conciliatingly. "I don't want to get put out!"

"Well, to oblige you, I will," said the Peach, and he began leisurely to assist in propelling the canoe. "But, Anderson," he went on, "you will admit professionally that it's bad shooting even in the rain. Four rounds and he hasn't got the range yet, and there's a Member of Congress in the banco that pays for the ammunition. It mortifies me, Anderson. I wish he'd let Welsh take the gun." Anderson made no reply. He needed his breath for his exertions with the paddle.

Deming was standing up fatuously waving his handkerchief when, flash! bang! the banco rocked and the spray splashed over the bows.

"Stop them!" screamed the Member of Congress, "stop them! Make them stop! They'll kill us, don't you understand? It's murder!" He was ashy pale.

The boy stopped paddling and turned on him. He was serious now; he had dropped his bravado and was burning with a savage exultation.

"Yes, they will kill you," he said, "and it will serve you right. Who are you—you fat stay-at-homes and politicians to come out here and teach officers of the United States Navy their business? Still, if I could stop them, I would, because you're under my escort, but I can't." The words were in his mouth when there was another flash, a dull shock, an explosion, a piercing scream from the Member of Congress, a grinding, splintering sound. The banco stood on end, spun around like a drunken man trying to walk, then it melted away in the middle and dropped into the water a mass of kindling-wood. A moment later four heads came to the surface.

"We'd better get ashore," sputtered Russell, "they're likely to drop shrapnel."

The Member of Congress, panic-stricken and half full of water, was trying to climb up on a piece of the canoe. "I can't swim," he gasped, "save me, I'm drowning!"

"Keep hold of that piece of wreckage," said Russell. "Keep off!" he cried fiercely, as the Member of Congress made an effort to clutch him. "Keep off, or I'll drown you!" He took one end of the piece of timber, and swimming with the other arm struggled painfully for the shore.

Five minutes later four men were lying exhausted and panting among the tangled roots of the mangrove swamp. Presently Russell sat up and began to unbutton his blouse. A little stream of watery red was trickling down his arm.

"Well," he observed dryly, "we're all ashore."

"Are you hit?" asked Anderson.

"A splinter, I think," said the boy. He peeled his shirt over his head and showed a ragged flesh wound in the left arm near the shoulder. "I'll do it up," said Anderson. The boy tore off a strip from his shirt and gave it to him.

Presently Deming sat up and looked about him. "Can I help?" he asked.

"Thank you, it's all right," said the boy. He sat there coolly while Anderson dressed the wound, his deep chest still heaving, his white skin pink with exertion to the collar line, above which it was crimson with tropical sunburn. Beside him in a pitiful heap lay the Member of Congress, moaning weakly. Deming fell to wondering at the difference. What made it? Was it training, mental or physical? Or was it something deeper, a spiritual thing which devotes all the forces of a man to a service? He had not time to decide the question. As Anderson finished his bandaging, the Member of Congress lifted his head. "I'm cold," he said weakly. "Give me some whisky."

"There isn't any whisky," said Anderson. "Everything was lost in the banco."

"Then can't you light a fire?" he whimpered. "I'm cold."

"Light a fire with what?" asked Anderson. And even as he spoke the rain increased and trickled down through the water-soaked mangrove bushes.

The Member of Congress began to moan again and his teeth chattered.

"He's got a nervous chill," said Deming apprehensively. "What shall we do?"

It was the first time in his life that he had been in a place where some one could not be sent for the doctor.

"There isn't anything to do," said Anderson, "except to bunch up close to him and try to get him warm."

"But what do you do," asked Deming, "when your men get wet and chilled out on a hike?"

"Wait till they get dry and warm again," said Anderson.

"The question now," said Russell, who had put on his blouse again, "is how we are going to get out of this?"

"Blessed if I can tell," said Anderson.

"Couldn't we signal the gunboat with a flag of truce?" suggested Deming.

"I wouldn't try it," said Russell, "unless you're hungry for shrapnel."

"The niggers have used up the flag of truce trick," explained Anderson.

Russell began wiping the water out of his revolver and meditated.

"How did you get ashore with him and your gun, too?" asked Anderson.

"I don't know," said the boy, "but I did. I guess the ammunition is tight," he observed, "but the barrel will stop up with rust pretty quick. Still, if its going to be of any use we'll need it soon."

"Why?" asked Deming.

"Because," said the boy, "that outfit of niggers that went overboard will have a bolo party organized by morning, if not before."

"I guess he's right," said Anderson.

The Member of Congress looked up vaguely. "I mustn't be captured," he muttered. "I've got to get back." Then he collapsed again shaking with nervous tremor. Deming and the lieutenant lay close to him and tried to warm him into calmness, Russell watching them. After a long silence he spoke.

"It will be dark in an hour. I've got some ideas," he said, "and I think I'll go on a scout. I want to find out where we are."

"What do you expect to do?" asked Anderson.

"I'm not sure," said the boy, "but there's nothing to be gained by stopping here."

"Well," said Anderson doubtfully, "don't get into trouble. You've got the only gun. And if you find cocoanuts, bring a few back."

"So long!" said the boy, "don't overeat while I'm gone," and he disappeared into the swamp in the direction of the higher land.

THE night came suddenly as it does in the tropics and Russell had not returned.

"Do you think he can get back?" asked Deming. They were still huddled together with the Member of Congress between them.

"I think so," said Anderson. "All that he has to do is to follow the shore."

"I wish we could make a fire," said the Member of Congress weakly.

"More rain!" said Deming. The first drops of a shower began pattering on the mangrove leaves, and as the rain grew heavier it came through.

"You had better put the idea of a fire out of your mind, sir," said Anderson. "Try to go to sleep. Remember that it isn't really cold."

"How cold do you suppose it is?" asked Deming.

"About seventy-one or two," said Anderson.

"It seems about forty," said Deming. "Do you often get it worse than this?"

"Yes," said Anderson, "in the hills. Sometimes it goes down to sixty and it rains all the time. One night isn't so bad, but a week of it knocks the men out."

"I never thought that anybody suffered with the cold in the Philippines," said Deming.

Anderson made no answer, and the conversation stopped. After a time they heard the Member of Congress breathing heavily. He had fallen into the stupor of exhaustion. The rain was still dripping through the mangrove leaves, and there was a subdued swashing of little waves among the mangrove roots. There was no other sound, and the darkness was impenetrable. So the hours passed.

Some time during the night Anderson sat up with a start and realized that he had been asleep. But whether for minutes or hours he could not say. Somebody near him was making queer noises. It was not the Member of Congress. He was breathing heavily and regularly in the sleep of exhaustion. It seemed to come from Deming, and it sounded like low, half-suppressed laughter. He shook himself and made an effort at self-control. He began to feel horror creeping over him. A sergeant in his company three months before had gone mad on such a night in the hills and had begun laughing because he thought that he had turned into a squirrel. He stretched his arm out into the darkness till his hand rested on Deming's body. It was quivering.

"What's the matter?" said Anderson. "Have you a chill?"

"No," came the answer in Deming's voice. "I'm laughing."

"Laughing?" he demanded. His nerves were beginning to go.

"I'm so thoroughly uncomfortable," said Deming.

"That's nothing to laugh about," said Anderson peevishly.

"You don't understand," said Deming. He went off into another fit of chuckles. "You see," he began presently, "the Congressman and I are out here on a tour of investigation. I'm a newspaper man. He's gathering campaign material for his reelection to the House, and I'm helping him. We came to expose the sinfulness and inefficiency of the campaign. We're discovering how the troops live in idle debauchery in native villages in a climatic paradise; how the inoffensive and enlightened Filipinos are butchered and water-cured because we won't fight fair. That's from one of his speeches. I wrote it for him coming across from 'Frisco," and he began to laugh again. "They told us in Manila that we'd better not come down to Samar, that it wouldn't be very comfortable, but, of course, we thought that they were keeping something back. A week of it has been enough, and that's why he was in such a stew to get to Tacloban. There's going to be a transport in there to-morrow to take us out. The secret mission is to get home to God's country. And now the Lord only knows when we'll get there."

"I don't think that even He knows," said Anderson. "He hasn't much to do with this part of the world."

"Hello!" said Deming, dropping his voice.

The reports of two pistol shots came from somewhere in the distance. Then there was another, and after an interval another and then another.

"Five," said Anderson. "That's all! One went at the boatmen. They've got him!"

"Do you think so?" asked Deming.

"I'm afraid so," said Anderson, "or he'd have kept one chamber. He'd never be taken alive."

"I'm so cold," whined the Member of Congress, waking up. He began to shiver and moan again. They comforted him as best they could, and the night dragged slowly on. From time to time the correspondent and Anderson speculated in undertones as to Russell's fate. Occasionally they stood up and stretched themselves, and all the time the Member of Congress lay in a heap on the mangrove roots and moaned.

After a long silence—no one could tell how long—the correspondent raised himself up. "If they've done for Russell," he said, "do you think they will hunt us down on the point?"

"Of course," said Anderson. "The boatmen saw us come ashore."

"Then they'll take us prisoners, I suppose."

"Prisoners?" said Anderson.

"Will they let us go?" asked Deming.

"Let us go?" repeated Anderson.

"Good God!" said the correspondent, "you don't mean they'll murder unarmed men, non-combatants?"

"You're white, aren't you?" said Anderson. "This is Lukban's country."

They were silent again except for the discomforting noises of the Member of Congress.

"It must be near morning," said the correspondent after a time.

"Yes," said Anderson, "and the wind has shifted. It's clearing." He looked up through the mangroves, and here and there through the drifting cloud a star sparkled.

"Then we may have a chance to get warm before they bolo us," said the correspondent cheerfully. "That will be something of a comfort."

"Hush!" whispered Anderson. He waited a moment. Then he murmured: "Do you hear it?"

"I don't hear anything," said the correspndent under his breath. "It's the little waves on the shore."

"No, it isn't," whispered Anderson.

"I heard it then," whispered the correspondent.

"It's paddles," whispered Anderson.

"Well, if they're coming, they're coming," whispered Deming. "Shall we make a break at them?"

"Yes," said Anderson, "when they're right on us. Get your friend up!"

The sound of the paddling came nearer, and they waited breathlessly.

"Get up," said Deming.

"What is it?" asked the Member of Congress. "I hear paddling!"

"Sh!" said Anderson.

"Are they after us?" said the Member of Congress.

"Hush!" said Anderson. "Keep still!"

"This is awful!" said the Member of Congress. "What will Annie do, and the children, and the business?"

"Be still," said the correspondent, "and get ready to fight."

The paddling was very near. Presently it stopped. There was no sound for a long time, then a canoe bumped dully upon the mango roots.

The Member of Congress leaped up, screamed, and fell unconscious, and then Russell's voice in subdued tones came to their ears. "I've got a boat," he said, "hurry and get in."

The wind freshened, the rain cleared, the stars glimmered out and presently a vague grayness grew upon the eastern horizon over the hills of Samar. As it grew, the night passed into dawn and then the dawn brightened into deep blue, and an ineffable band of pale lemon stretched across the East. But the Member of Congress knew nothing of that auroral miracle, or of anything else, until, a limp and unbeautiful bundle, he was passed up to the deck of the *Santa Maria di Trinidad*. Then as if far away he heard voices. He opened his eyes and looked about him.

Ensign Russell was standing at attention and saluting the commanding officer of the *Santa Maria*. "Returned aboard, sir," said the boy.

"So I see," said Morris, "and in an awful mess. What's the row?"

"There has been no row, sir," said Russell with dignity.

"Have you any report to make?" asked Morris, recalled to his position of commanding officer.

"I have charges to prefer," said Russell.

"Against whom?" asked the commanding officer.

"Against the gun pointer of the *Santa Maria di Trinidad*," said Mr. Russell.

The commanding officer looked at him in bewilderment. "What's that?" he asked.

"Against the gun pointer of the *Santa Maria di Trinidad* during an engagement with a native banco on the afternoon of the twenty-third."

"Were you in that banco?" exclaimed Morris.

"And I charge him," continued Russell, making no other reply, "with lack of qualification and waste of ammunition contrary to the regulations. He shot six times, sir, before he hit us."

"Six times, sir," he repeated. The boy regarded his commanding officer with an outward assumption of solicitude for his country's ammunition bills. Inwardly he was ablaze with glory for, pursuant to his code, by jeopardy of life under fire, the honor of the navy had been vindicated and the personal affront to the escort wiped out.

The Member of Congress sat up in a vague stupor. He doubted his ears. "Could I have a little whisky?" he said weakly.

The commanding officer turned to go for the key of the medicine chest, and the *Santa Maria di Trinidad* steamed down the channel on her blockade.

DAFFODIL'S RETURN

By BLISS CARMAN

WHAT matter if the sun be lost?
What matter though the sky be gray?
There's joy enough about the house,
For Daffodil comes home to-day.

There's news of swallows on the air,
There's word of April on the way,
They're calling flowers within the street,
And Daffodil comes home to-day.

O who would care what fate may bring,
Or what the years may take away!
There's life enough within the hour,
For Daffodil comes home to-day.



A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The sacred inviolability of the editorial "We" has never been a thing which Collier's could bring itself to take with complete seriousness. It has welcomed and always will welcome illuminating criticism, and when such criticism is sufficiently entertaining to stand by itself, it has always been a pleasure to print it. Of such nature is the following communication on certain of Collier's best-known and most generally admired illustrators. The high pleasure which these artists have given to the readers of Collier's is not a matter of argument, nor is their standing in the artistic world. Indeed, it is the security of their and our position which gives to such iconoclasm, evidently earnest, only a greater zest

"NEW YORK, *February 26, 1907*

"DEAR COLLIER'S—Will you let me talk for a minute, quite frankly, about a subject near to both of us? It is your art department, that white elephant on which you must spend such a vast amount of money and which gives you—and us, your subscribers—well, what sort of return? It has been sitting on my chest for the past two or three years—ever since you got into your stride, so to speak, and took your present commanding position as The National Weekly. What a chance you have! You are young, unchained by antique office traditions, you have plenty of money to pay for what you want—it would seem as though the millennium were here, the day of patent-leather, stencil illustrations over, and the real thing here in America were at last to have its chance. I do not want to be peevish and unreasonable; I understand perfectly well how generally necessary it is, from a commercial point of view, to edit a magazine *down* to the average intelligence of its readers. I would not have you imitate even such strikingly original and imaginative work as 'Jugend,' for instance, and a few other European periodicals find a public to appreciate. We do not want Mr. Kemble to try to draw like Steinlen—not because the average magazine reader and American art editor would consider Steinlen a slovenly draftsman, whose coarse sketches had none of that lacquered tightness demanded by our taste—but simply because *our* artists ought to have a different way of saying things than any howsoever gifted French artist. But what *are* you giving us? Are the artists you now monopolize even giving the public the good work they gave before they were interred in the COLLIER mausoleum? What have you got to show for the unfettered viewpoint you profess to have, the mint of money you undoubtedly spend?

"Well, here is the exquisite color work of Mr. Maxfield Parrish. Mr. Parrish does certain things so superlatively well that one is almost disarmed from quarreling with him for the lack of things he doesn't do. One man can't be everything. Certainly he has evoked for us, in his 'Arabian Nights,' a very fairyland of color. Like every genius, he has his detractors. I recently heard a painter say that Parrish's genius lay in his forceful, high-handed way of making COLLIER'S take tinted photographs for art. It is easy enough for any of us flippant croakers to say that he is the best frame-maker in the country and that it is the misfortune of COLLIER'S readers that they get the pictures while the editors get the frames.

Our Critic's Idea of Mr. Parrish at Work

"IN a whimsical mood, one can see Fred Parrish coming down of a morning in his house at Windsor, looking out of that window constructed on the exact dimensions of the front page of your Weekly. By pulling the curtain down to within a few inches of the bottom he gets a tail-piece; by folding the lower shutters, a headpiece. Anxiously he gazes out across the valley toward Mount Scutney. At last a big ball of medicated cotton swims into the rectangle of sky enclosed by the window. Snap goes the camera-shutter! Developing, printing, coloring—perhaps taking several photographs and cutting out the best portion of each print, pasting them together regardless of perspective and rephotographing the whole—all this is the work of a few hours. This sort of chaffing is inevitable enough. One may admit that his figures are lifeless, his work wholly devoid of imagination—viewed in its higher sense as distinguished from mere fancy—the fact remains that his wonderful gift of color, his originality in imitating a photograph, the almost magical texture of his surfaces, combine in a decorative whole which none of his imitators can approach and which is its own justification.

"The Leyendecker Brothers are also accomplished draftsmen. The skill with which they rivet their pictures together is unsurpassed. They can draw a suit of patent-leather clothes better than any of our artists, give to any drawing the accuracy required by the United States Patent Office. If I wanted some one to draw a cross-section of a cab, I can imagine no one who could do it so well. Either would make an ideal art editor for the 'Scientific American.' Nor are any of our artists more conscientious. The Messrs. Leyendecker, I believe, draw from concrete objects instead of from the mind. What a collection of motors, hansoms, gloves filled with cotton, etc., they must have! Few of our illustrators know more about the anatomy of an automaton, or catch more perfectly its life and grace.

"You printed the other day an automobile cover of Mr. J. C. Leyendecker's entitled 'The Speed God.' What a subject—in these days of two-mile-a-minute cars which outleap the fastest camera-shutter, whose mere blurred, demoniac photographs send a shiver up one's spine! Mr Leyendecker's genius was never more triumphantly shown. If the ordinary car goes so fast that the fastest camera-plate can not

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"THE SPEED GOD"

Cover design for Collier's for January 19. Drawn by J. C. Leyendecker

imprison its image, while to the eye it is merely a blurred streak, what dizzy speed must be achieved by that one driven by the Speed God himself. To be sure, the artistic mugwump might complain that this was not really the Speed God at all, that the most cursory glance would reveal him as merely the familiar Hart, Schaeffenbaum, and Marxheimer ready-to-wear gentleman of the advertising section, who has removed his clothes and attached to his ankles a pair of property wings. But let us be generous. This heavy, phlegmatic young man *is* the God of Speed, featured Mercury himself, dropped from the clouds upon the front of this automobile. Does not the goggled, bent chauffeur behind suggest how fast the car is going? Observe, then, how the artist's genius here proves itself! For his eye, quicker than the quickest human sight, than the quickest camera-shutter, which is hundreds of times quicker than human sight, sees that divine motor car—as plainly as though it were standing perfectly still! The massive frame, the tires, each spoke of the God-driven, divinely-whirling wheel, each bolt and rivet even—he sees, as clear-cut and accurate as though he were copying it from a trade catalogue. O COLLIER'S! COLLIER'S! we Americans may not be an artistic people, but even so this is not the sort of thing to stamp on the very head and front of a 'national weekly.' This very negation and sterility of art! The worst of it is, the thing is well drawn; it is smooth, accurate, conscientious and, in its way, pleasing; people will take it for the real thing. Without wanting you to imitate any one, imagine for an instant what a "national weekly" of France or Italy or Germany, what even 'Le Rire' or 'Jugend' or 'Simplicissimus,' would have made of a 'Speed God'!

"Mr. Remington falls in a different class from either of these other two. My grievance against Mr. Remington is more moral and practical. It has nothing to do with the technical side of his work. Mr. Remington is a man full of vigor, and what is popularly known as 'red blood,' and before you paid him thousands of dollars to go to sleep he had acquired a deserved reputation for virile and stirring work. No one has preserved for us and interpreted so well the life of the old Far West, and he did this, not by producing listless sketches of somnambulists walking in the desert, but by putting on paper cowboys, cavalry, Indians, and bucking broncos that fairly leaped and neighed with life. It would be too much to ask Mr. Remington to produce each month such a stirring composition as, for instance, Schreyvogel's 'My Bunkie,' but that will suggest the sort of thing he, for his own artistic reputation, if nothing else, ought to do for you. For the money he is getting he ought to be willing to expend enough of his abundant vitality to think up something worth while, not merely mechanically fill his order by turning out inane and meaningless pictures and labeling them—'De Soto Discovering the Mississippi' or 'Cortez in Mexico,' or what you will. There was hardly one of the series of Explorer pictures which couldn't quite as well have been substituted for any other under a different name. Some people think that Mr. Remington is an artist and some don't. That here is altogether beside the point; the point is that he is not doing for you, for a big price, what he did for a small price for other magazines before you had monopolized him. He is not giving you what you, and we, have a right to demand—his best work.

"Other Inmates of the H. F. T. P. A."

"TOWARD the other inmates of your Home for Too Prosperous Artists one's feelings are less pronounced, perhaps because their work keeps nearer to the middle ground. Mr. Reuterdahl is breezy and sailor-like enough as long as he sticks to his own line of rope. Only please, Mr. Collier, keep him there. A deep-sea sailor wobbles when he tries to walk Broadway. Mr. Reuterdahl wobbles so much that he curves the legs and bodies of his people until they look exactly like Goops. Of course these queer creatures are only the result of a not uncommendable desire to avoid stencilism and achieve individuality. It is a mistake, however, to be freakish merely to *seem* to have an individuality. And some habit of vision, perhaps the foreshortening tricks that water plays, make Mr. Reuterdahl absolutely astigmatic to perspective when he comes ashore. No, it will not do; here is an artist who must have plenty of sea-room. The Jessie Smithcox Green School of Literary Children arouses a mood no more aggressive than that common emotional weariness which follows continuous indulgence in any form of self-conscious and devitalized art. Of course, these feminized little inhabitants of a conventionalized land of antique furniture and counterpanes rarely have any relation to real children—they are quite too refined and Mrs. Pangbornized to indulge in the vulgar laughter and brisk savagery of the ordinary child. Week after week these curious block-footed infants chase butterflies, roll hoops, and dive into Christmas packages with the same mad abandon with which they would enter a dentist's chair. One turns from them with almost a sort of refreshment even to Mr. Frost's crabbed farm-kitchen scenes—why must our beloved illustrator of Uncle Remus do such things?—his 'Gol darn if Granpap hain' got the gol-darn influenza again!' or 'Gosh ding if Pop hain't goin' to tie the old mule to the ding-gasted new-painted sled!' Or to the breezy directness of that archrepresentative of the Disjointed or No-Knee-Cap School, the naif Mr. Kemble. One occasionally feels a more poignant sense of regret for the amount of white paper eaten up by Mr. Kemble's carnivorous birds than righteous anger at the amount of graft which the originals of these allegorical buzzards are supposed to be tearing from the nation, but certainly few of our illustrators can become comic more easily. A figure standing still is serious. The same figure with its arms and legs scattered into the disjointed contortions of a wooden doll is funny. There is something eminently masculine and humor-loving about this, a certain almost primeval charm, rare enough and valuable in these days of self-consciousness and anemic accuracy."

We suppress the name of our friend and critic and shall be glad if his challenge calls forth a reply from some champion of the illustrious illustrators he has maligned. Or better still, they may be induced to say a word in self-defense.—ED.



"THE SPEED GOD" IN STORE CLOTHES



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A LETTER FROM

DRAWN B



THE PHILIPPINES

B. FROST



MARTHA

By GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

IT WAS after eleven, but Martha still sat up with her bread. A dozen loaves already stood on end shawled in napkins that were spending their last threadbare days in this service. A big pot of beans crowned with a slice of pork waited to go into the oven for the night as soon as the present occupants of it should vacate. Then Martha would go to bed. Meantime she darned stockings.

Her thoughts were partly occupied with the wonders that would be possible in the way of cooking when the double-ovened range arrived; but not altogether. The shadow that had lain in her honest eyes for a year could never be quite dominated by any other thought than itself, however material and of the moment. On sunny mornings, when she sang about her work, the shadow was at its smallest, but when she sat up late and darned stockings it invaded the room, filtering in with the night, and spreading until it well-nigh put out the cheerful baking fire and the courage of her own heart.

It was early October and the faint sour reek of a distant cider mill entered through a window which gave upon sloping miles of apple country. The night was warm for the season, and so still that you could hear—just barely hear—a faint murmur, very far off; not the drone of a city, but like that in pitch and in never ceasing. From another window opening to the south, Martha could see the light of a city upon the sky, and this, for size and steadfastness, balanced, in a way, that murmur out of the north. The Light and the Sound were to Martha manifestations of the eternal and solid universe, the one as enduring as the other and as the stars—not that she often thought much about them. But to-night, between the two there seemed to be mention made of last Sunday's text, and a further amplification of that fiery sermon which, dwelling long upon the wickedness of the strike and longer still upon the wickedness of Governor Van Ness in calling out the troops to suppress it, had ended nowhere except in a passion against all men.

For the trouble which had so excited the futile little clergyman lay under that calm light in the south.

"*Woe to the multitude of many people*," he had fumed, and the big Falls, she fancied, were preaching the same sentiment across the night to that troubled city at the south, but calmly and methodically, not at all in the manner of the angry minister.

"*Woe to the multitude of many people*," whispered the Falls, as they plunged eternally down over the edge of the darkness, "*which make a noise like the noise of the seas; and to the rushing of nations, that make a rushing like the rushing of mighty waters!*"

Sometimes as she darned the stockings her lips mechanically repeated the words; sometimes her hands fell idle in her lap while her troubled glance sought the window.

Somewhere under the lamps that cast that light upon the sky lived and toiled and tempestuously thought John Bailey. Trouble had begun for the Baileys when their farm was swept away by debt. Then John, though he was ready for college, had to take the first thing he could grasp, which had been a place in the shoe factory. This disappointment, of itself, had been a good deal of trouble for a boy, but more had come when his sister went to New York to take a three-dollar-a-week place in a department store. Nobody ever knew what had happened, but within the year John had suddenly to go to town—perhaps it was a despairing letter, perhaps some roundabout rumor. She was dead, he said when he came back; and that was all. But from this time had dated his strange ideas. How it was that he blamed the Government and the rich people generally for all his troubles was never clear to Martha, although he read aloud to her from excited-sounding books in support of this position. It seemed, moreover, there was a set of men in the factory who had some kind of club where these matters were stormily debated. There were foreigners among them, Martha learned with apprehension. Foreigners, to her thinking, were men without religion, savagely whiskered, and unclean.

According to John's new philosophy nothing was right in the whole world. It was wrong to own land, it was wrong to pay taxes, it was wrong to inherit money. The climax came when he began to explain that marriage also was wrong.

Martha's father was quite deaf, but for many an evening, with growing disapproval, he had been silently reading the young man's nervous lips. Now he put a hollowed hand behind his ear and insisted on having this last dictum shouted into it, that there might be no mistake. This done, he rose to his six feet three of tremulous dignity and told John to go away. And John had gone, and never had come back, even to claim the moonstone ring that he had given Martha before he came to disbelieve in marriage.

But Martha could never quite get him out of her head in spite of his wicked notions. Always she must be dreaming of his coming back and having need of her, and when she sat up late with her work she would always be listening for that rapid uneven step.

To-night, at last, it came.

She turned very pale and let her work fall to the floor. It was far down the road, with a kind of dragging hurry about it, but so robbed by excitement and fatigue of its individuality that she could hardly be sure it was John's step until the thorns and withered leaves of the rosebush at the window were thrust aside, and his face looked in, streaked with blood and dust that did not hide its pallor.

"Martha!" he whispered, "Martha!"

And she quietly unfastened the door and led him, staggering and leaning heavily on her shoulder, to the kitchen. He fell full length on the wooden settee—a slight, ill-built young figure. Martha's eyes as her large cool hands busied themselves with the blood and dust, were as the eyes of a woman who looks at her first-born. She bound up the cut whence the red stain had come, then brought her rocker nearer and waited for him to speak.

"Van Ness is shot," said he.

"The Governor!"

"Governor Van Ness—and he'd have been President this fall."

"You saw it done. . . ." A sharp memory of his wild, threatening monologues brought her to her feet. "Are they after *you?*"

He sat up on one elbow looking at her with vague trouble, but nothing worse.

"Not yet, I think. I dare say they may be when they find how thick I was with Ivan—" He pondered for a moment, then lay down again with a gesture of indifference.—"What do I care! . . .

"Martha, I've had a queer time since your father packed me off a year ago. I've been a reporter. A reporter sees the queerest things there are in the world. You get reconstructed, someways—but first you get all smashed to pieces and don't know where you're at. *Then* you get reconstructed. I'd hardly thought of you till to-night—then it seemed I couldn't remember anything else. So I came to find you. . . . Tell your father I haven't any ideas any more of any kind whatever. That ought to suit him. If you have any, perhaps you'll share with me, but I'm done."

Martha understood little more of this incoherent speech than that he wanted her back after all. She leaned over and kissed his forehead, happy in spite of the great man who lay tragically dead somewhere beneath that light in the south, though she gave him the tribute of a sigh, and said:

"Papa will feel it terribly. I guess he thought the world turned around Van Ness. He was going to be driven to the polls to vote for him."

"Yes. There's lots of people will feel that way. I'd been going to vote for him myself, and if he could swing *me* around"—this with a savage flash of his old pride—"he could 'a done most anything.

"I'm going to tell you about it—and about me. Sometimes things take shape better from hearing yourself talk.

"I thought a year ago that if you set about it right you could fix up all the wrong things in the world. I think so still, but I thought then I knew *how* to set about it. Now I'm not sure. I guess it isn't the laws nor the rich people that ails us. I expect it's something that goes deeper. You'd think if people would only reason a bit and half try to be decent to each other it would work out right. But there it is. They can't. Not that you can blame 'em for being blind and deaf. . . .

"And if people are really so stupid that they'll queer anything that's done for them, why, it isn't industrial conditions that make the trouble. Those fellows that lectured at our club here said the laws were wrong. I couldn't say no to that, with old McLean stealing the farm out from under our feet. . . . And now I'll tell you about Sally. I've never told anybody else but Ivan.

"Well, when I found her in New York, that time, it was in the Morgue. . . . That's where three dollars a week brought her, and *you* know she was as good a girl as ever lived. I made up my mind right there that something was wrong with this world—something big, and when these fellows talked dynamite, I thought maybe it would take something big and plenty like dynamite to fix it. I was with them. I don't know where I am now, but I was with them then.

"At least it seemed important enough to make it worth while trying the experiment of killing a few kings and millionaires just to see what the effect *would* be. Didn't seem as if it could be worse—and when I thought of Sally's three dollars a week, and the Morgue, I didn't feel very tender of other people's feelings. There was never a rich girl prettier and smarter than Sally, never one of 'em that was more fit to survive. Survival of the fittest be damned! Talk that to a man who's spent most of his life hoeing corn and potatoes. Leave your farm to fight it out with the weeds and then see what's fit to survive. You'd have some rag weed, I shouldn't wonder—and poison ivy and bent grass—and that's about the way it is with people. I've seen a garden rose that had got lost somehow, trying to live with big stinking cat-briers twisted around it. That was about like our Sally when she got to the city, I guess. . . .

"I met Ivan just after I got back from New York when I was hot and cold all over, and wild to do something. He was a little quiet chap and lame. He had got hurt when all his family but him and his father were killed by a party of Cossacks—just for fun, I guess. The sort of fun we read about Indians having with settlers. His father had been away somewhere, and when he got back and counted up the corpses—there was one he couldn't find. He'd have been a lot happier if he had. It was the oldest girl . . . Ivan wasn't dead, but he was crippled.

"Well, old Kosek gathered up Ivan and managed to get out of Russia. They brought up in the Chicago stock-yards. By the time Ivan could read and write American, his father was dead.

"Then Ivan did some begging and some stealing and finally got a job running a little hand sewing-machine in a sweat-shop. But he had a good brain, and the whole of it was taken up with the one idea: 'Who's to blame, and how can I get at 'em?'

"His father had never talked about anything else, I guess, except the things that had happened to him in Russia. Chicago he had seen for himself, and he read every last brimstone anarchist pamphlet he could get

hold of. He would translate 'em to us at the elub and go one better out of his own head.

"We used to put him up on the table, erutehes and all, for the fun of hearing him lay it on—he was such a fierce little beggar. It was vaudeville for most of 'em. But I wasn't feeling funny. It struck me he was mostly talking sense. And one night we walked home together and he told me about his family, and the sister that couldn't be found, and I told him about mine that I *had* found. After that we were ehums. . . .

"He was as kind a little chap as ever breathed; he'd spend his last cent on a bone for a lame dog. . . .

"It's a bad thing to have just one idea, and not be able to see beyond or around it. 'Who's to blame, and how can I get at 'em?' . . . Well, he had his notions about who was to blame. I began to notiee after a while that he had business somewhere else besides at our club. I saw him onee or twiee with queerer looking ehaps than himself and was glad he'd found friends. He seemed to be pieking up, too, like a man that's in luek, but he never said what it was, and I had plenty to think of. I was in luek, too, for about that time I got my reporter's job in the eity. After that I didn't see him for a while. . . .

"Now, what struek Van Ness to come smash into the strike on his electioneering trip? It was like him, though. He was the sort of man to go aeross the world on foot to find a man or a thing that was specially dangerous to him. I can see him walk up to a lion—'Beg pardon, but I thought I heard you roar. Were you addressing me?'—and the lion would go away. . . .

"'Camp on his trail,' says the eity editor to me; 'there'll be a big story, I shouldn't wonder.'

"I stood in the station crowd when his train came in, and I kept at his heels all day yesterday, and I heard what the crowd said—grumble, grumble, grumble, and sass-ing the soldiers when they made 'em clear the road. Along toward evening as I was going down Market Street I saw a lame chap ahead of me that looked familiar, and slapped him on the baek. It was Ivan. He wheeled around, fieree, then said: 'Oh, it's you,' and put baek his little knife, like a eat drawing in its claws, and we went and had a drink. 'Well,' I said, 'you're looking pretty jolly. Are you in luek?'

"'The best in the world!' said he, looking like a stained-glass angel, and I thought it was a girl and wished him joy. . . . He smiled in his quiet way. . . . I thought it was a girl! . . .

"It was up to me to interview Van Ness that evening. I got him at the stage entrance before he went on to the platform to make his little speech. 'Got anything to say about the strike, Governor?' I said. 'Nothing but what I'll say to everybody to-night,' said he, and then: 'What do *you* think?'

"That was Van Ness. He always interviewed his interviewers. Turned them upside down and shook out the crumbs.

"Well, I had thought I had ideas, but it hit me somehow, as he looked at me, that square way, that here was a man who had done more thinking than I had. *He* was none of your greasy, mealy-mouthed politieians. He was a *man*. He could have said: 'Do this,' and even I would have gone and done it without a word, and I'm not overobedient.

"'I don't know, sir,' I said, and then, remembering things I'd heard: 'The men are pretty ugly, sir. I hope you'll be careful.'

"'There are different ways,' said he, giving me a cigar, 'of being careful. Didn't it ever strike you that there are a whole lot of things more valuable than life? As to the strike, my boy,' said he, 'I'll answer you—not your paper—because it was rather nice and unprofessional the way you warned me just now. It isn't altogether a matter of right and wrong,' said he, 'not many things are. Nobody knows anything for sure. A man must do his duty as he best sees it. Some people might tell you to leave the rest to God. Perhaps

that's as good a way to put it as any other.' He put his hand on my shoulder. 'You young men,' said he, 'you young men—I wonder what you'll make of it.'

"Then one of his heelers eame after him to go in front, and I cut around to get the speeeh. And half were elapping and yelling, but of the rest some were glum and some hooted. . . . I guess I got the speeeh all right. It'll be in the paper. . . . Lord! it seems queer! He seemed so alive. I was thinking there wouldn't be sueh a mess if all the presidents and Czars and kings were that kind, and I made up my mind to vote for him, prineiples or no principles.

"After the speeeh the band struek up, and the people formed in line to shake hands with him. The place was gay enough with flags and gilt eagles and flowers. I got in line with the rest, partly because I might see or hear something funny that I could write up, and partly beeause I kind of liked the idea of shaking hands with the old boy. As I took my place I saw Ivan ahead of me, but there was a German beer keg between us, so I eouldn't nudge him. I thought 'twas singular a chap with Ivan's notions should be taking all that time and trouble to give the glad hand to a bloody oppressor, but decided he might have been quieting down a bit like me. I planned I'd guy him about it when I got him outside. Probably, I thought, his girl had given him a change of heart.



"I climbed up on a lamp-post and looked over the shoulders of the soldiers as they dragged him by"

"But just as he was stepping up for his turn it came to me kind of siek and sudden that Ivan couldn't possibly change; that I'd been an ass, and that there eould be nothing but misehief when Ivan Kosek wanted to shake hands with a big man in a big offiee. So I tried to elimb over the Dutchman—it was too late. . . .

"My Lord! Martha! There lay Van Ness . . . and the noise of the shot had knoeked me deaf and silly, and they were hustling Ivan and hitting him with his own crutches the way people beat a mad dog to death, and the soldiers closed in and hustled the people that were pounding Ivan. Van Ness he raised up—

"'Bring him here,' said he, and they brought him up all bloody and not able to stand without his erutches. Van Ness tried to say something—what do you think he got out?—'Poor boy!' says he, 'poor boy!'

"Then his head dropped on his shoulder, the way I've seen Sally go to sleep when she was a kid, and a solemn-looking doetor, after a minute more, took the flag that had draped the speaker's stand and spread it over him. . . .

"And all this time the soldiers were busy keeping the people off from Ivan.

"I went with the crowd. Looking back I saw a big fat general with his red faee all serewed up like a kid that's crying; but so far as coneerned what was covered up by the flag I felt I was done, and now 'twas Ivan's turn. Of that I saw all I wanted to and more—and more. Not that I'd have missed it. I climbed up on a lamp-post and looked over the shoulders of the soldiers as they dragged him by. Something made him look my way. He saw me and managed to move his hand for hello and good-by. He hadn't lost his stained-glass angel look. He was such a little ehap. . . .

"But when they saw it was me he was waving at, the officer halted his men and started to get me too. Ivan was popular with some in the crowd, though; mighty popular—damn 'em!—and somebody grabbed me from behind and hustled me down a side street. . . .

"I didn't send in any story about it, so there goes my job. . . . The world has all gone queer. What did the news matter, or my job, or anything else? Then I remembered you. I thought maybe you'd be still sitting up and working in the same old way—I eame to find out—and here you were. . . ."

"Yes. I've been here ever sinee," said Martha wiping the tears from her cheeks with her apron. "It has been an awfully long time," she added.

"I suppose you wouldn't want to marry me—after all?" he asked.

"Why, of course," answered Martha. He sighed a deep breath like one who lies down to sleep after a fatiguing day.

"And that's queer, too," he said. "But I guess I'm done theorizing. I'll take things as they eome."

"Well," said Martha, "I don't blame you so much for thinking the way you did. I got to thinking myself, last winter, when things went bad here. I worried about you a lot. I didn't know what you might get into. I thought maybe I was to blame for not going with you, the way you wanted me to," she blushed hotly, "but then, I thought, what would become of the children here, and father? I'd been getting rather slack about the work, and the more I let things go the worse I felt, so I braeed up and did the best I eould. It made a difference.

"I saw them happier, and I thought, well, that's something. I know I'm aeeomplishing something here. Perhaps so long as one is sure of that one ought to stay where one has been put. Perhaps that's what the Governor meant by what he said to you about duty—if you're sure you're doing right you don't worry."

"Ah, but Ivan thought he was doing his duty—"

"Yes. Queer, isn't it? I don't believe we can unravel it very well into right and wrong. Do we—do we have to try? Isn't it better for you, just as it was for me, to find something that'll keep us very busy, and be of some use to other people?"

John's big and unwieldy brain considered the wisdom evolved by her simpler one, and, as he thought, he took her muscular hand in his and studied it as though some answer were written in its workworn lines.

He looked for a long time in the same way at her kind face, and with something more than a lover's desire. He was putting this and that together to evolve from his experienee an abstract law. But it refused to formulate itself. Instead, his conclusions ranged themselves in the form of the three faees whieh stood out from the turmoil of the day. In the other two he had that night seen expressed all that a face ean reveal. He wondered if this third did not in some way offer a solution. Martha spoke:

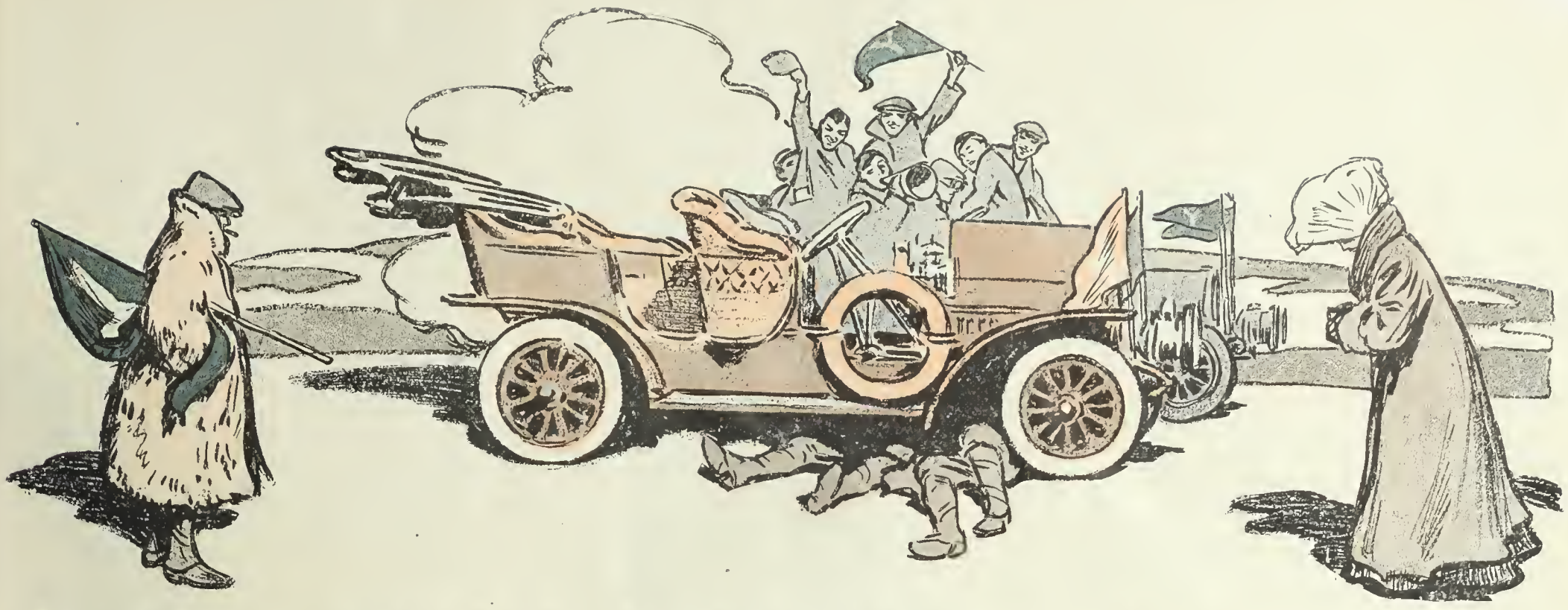
"I'll try to be a good wife," said she humbly.

In these commonplace words of self-forgetfulness and serviee he detected something which he eould not put into form, but whieh seemed to hold the solution he desired, not only for himself, but for the turmoil in the city and for all other troubles. Laying his face in her kind young hands, he felt his wild thoughts departing from him, and, notwithstanding the confusion under that quiet glow in the south and the insistent warning mutter of the Falls, was aware of that other allegory of green pastures and still waters. And if the rushing nations must, as the Lakes do, plunge over a Niagara during some portion of their infinite journey, still that is only an incident and not the end of things, for the rushing waters become the navigable St. Lawrence, and after that there is the oeean, where great ships go safely enough about their grave affairs.



"WHAT'S THIS—FRUIT FOR THE INVALID?"

"NO, YOU SILLY! THIS IS THE COLOR-SCHEME FOR MY NEW EASTER HAT"



THE ADVENTURES OF THE SCARLET CAR

BEING THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF THREE STORIES WHICH TELL OF THE WANDERINGS OF THE OWNER OF THE SCARLET CAR, THE GIRL IN THE CAR, HER BROTHER, AND FRED, THE CHAUFFEUR

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

II.—THE JAIL-BREAKERS

FOR a long time it had been arranged they all should go to the Harvard and Yale game in Winthrop's car. It was perfectly well understood. Even Peabody, who pictured himself and Miss Forbes in the back of the car, with her brother and Winthrop in front, condescended to approve. It was necessary to invite Peabody because it was his great good fortune to be engaged to Miss Forbes. Her brother Sam had been invited, not only because he could act as chaperon for his sister, but because Winthrop and he had never missed a Yale-Harvard game together, either as participants or spectators, since they were at St. Paul's. And Beatrice Forbes herself had been invited because she was herself.

When at nine o'clock on the morning of the game, Winthrop stopped the car in front of her door, he was in love with all the world. In the November air there was a sting like frost-bitten cider, in the sky there was a brilliant, beautiful sun, in the wind was the tingling touch of three ice-chilled rivers. And in the big house facing Central Park, outside of which his prancing steed of brass and scarlet chugged and protested and trembled with impatience, was the most wonderful girl in all the world. It was true she was engaged to be married, and not to him. But she was not yet married. And to-day it would be his privilege to carry her through the State of New York and the State of Connecticut, and he would snatch glimpses of her profile rising from the rough fur collar, of her wind-blown hair, of the long, lovely lashes under the gray veil.



Miss Forbes appeared at the house

"Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I deified,"

whispered the young man in the Scarlet Car;

"Who knows but the world may end to-night?"

As he waited at the curb, other great touring-cars, of every speed and shape, swept up Fifth Avenue in the mad race for the Boston Post Road, and the town of New Haven. Some rolled and puffed like tugboats in a heavy seaway, others glided by noiseless and proud as private yachts. But each flew the colors of blue or crimson.

Winthrop's car, because her brother had gone to one college, and he had played right end for the other, was draped impartially. And so every other car mocked or cheered it, and in one a bare-headed youth stood up, and shouted to his fellows: "Look! there's Billy Winthrop! Three times three for old Billy Winthrop!" And they lashed the air with flags, and sent his name echoing over Central Park.

Winthrop grinned in embarrassment, and waved his hand. A bicycle cop, and Fred, the chauffeur, were equally impressed.

"Was they the Harvoids, sir?" asked Fred.

"They was," said Winthrop.

Her brother Sam came down the steps carrying sweaters and steamer-rugs. But he wore no holiday countenance.

"What do you think?" he demanded indignantly. "Ernest Peabody's inside making trouble. His sister has a Pullman on one of the special trains, and he wants Beatrice to go with her."

In spite of his furs, the young man in the car turned quite cold. "Not with us?" he gasped.

Miss Forbes appeared at the house door, followed by Ernest Peabody. He wore an expression of disturbed dignity; she one of distressed amusement. That she also wore her automobile coat caused the heart of Winthrop to leap hopefully.

"Winthrop," said Peabody, "I am in rather an embarrassing position. My sister, Mrs. Taylor Holbrooke"—he spoke the name as though he were announcing it at the door of a drawing-room—"desires Miss Forbes to go with her. She feels accidents are apt to occur with motor cars—and there are no other ladies in your party—and the crowds—"

Winthrop carefully avoided looking at Miss Forbes. "I should be very sorry," he murmured.

"Ernest!" said Miss Forbes, "I explained it was impossible for me to go with your sister. We would be extremely rude to Mr. Winthrop. How do you wish us to sit?" she asked.

She mounted to the rear seat, and made room opposite her for Peabody.

"Do I understand, Beatrice," began Peabody in a tone that instantly made every one extremely uncomfortable, "that I am to tell my sister you are not coming?"

"Ernest!" begged Miss Forbes.

Winthrop bent hastily over the oil valves. He read the speedometer, which was, as usual, out of order, with fascinated interest.

"Ernest," pleaded Miss Forbes, "Mr. Winthrop and Sam planned this trip for us a long time ago—to give us a little pleasure—"

"Then," said Peabody in a hollow voice, "you have decided?"

"Ernest," cried Miss Forbes, "don't look at me as though you meant to hurl the curse of Rome. I have. Jump in. Please!"

"I will bid you good-by," said Peabody; "I have only just time to catch our train."

Miss Forbes rose and moved to the door of the car.

"I had better not go with any one," she said in a low voice.

"You will go with me," commanded her brother. "Come on, Ernest."

"Thank you, no," replied Peabody. "I have promised my sister."

"All right, then," exclaimed Sam briskly, "see you at the game. Section H. Don't forget. Let her out, Billy."

With a troubled countenance Winthrop bent forward and clasped the clutch.

"Better come, Peabody," he said.

"I thank you, no," repeated Peabody. "I must go with my sister."

As the car glided forward Brother Sam sighed heavily.

"My! but he's got a mean disposition," he said. "He has quite spoiled *my* day."

He chuckled wickedly, but Winthrop pretended not to hear, and his sister maintained an expression of utter dejection.

But to maintain an expression of utter dejection is very difficult when the sun is shining, when you are flying at the rate of forty miles an hour, and when in the cars you pass foolish youths wave Yale flags at you, and take advantage of the day to cry: "Three cheers for the girl in the blue hat!"

And to entirely remove the last trace of the gloom that Peabody had forced upon them, it was necessary only for a tire to burst. Of course for this effort, the tire chose the coldest and most fiercely wind-swept portion of the Pelham Road, where from the broad waters of the Sound pneumonia and the grip raced rampant, and where to the touch a steel wrench was not to be distinguished from a piece of ice. But before the wheels had ceased to complain, Winthrop and Fred were out of their fur coats, down on their knees, and jacking up the axle.



door, followed by Ernest Peabody

"On an expedition of this sort," said Brother Sam, "whatever hap-

pens, take it as a joke. Fortunately," he explained, "I don't understand fixing inner tubes, so I will get out and smoke. I have noticed that when a car breaks down, there is always one man who paces up and down the road and smokes. His idea is to fool passing cars into thinking that the people in his car stopped to admire the view."

Recognizing the annual football match as intended solely to replenish the town coffers, the thrifty townsfolk of Rye, with bicycles and red flags, were, as usual, and regardless of the speed at which it moved, levying tribute on every second car that entered their hospitable boundaries. But before the Scarlet Car reached Rye, small boys of the town, possessed of a sporting spirit, or of an inherited instinct for graft, were waiting to give a noisy notice of the ambush. And so, forewarned, the Scarlet Car crawled up the Main street of Rye as demurely as a baby-carriage, and then, having safely reached a point directly in front of the police station, with a loud and ostentatious report, blew up another tire.

"Well," said Sam crossly, "they can't arrest *us* for speeding."

"Whatever happens," said his sister, "take it as a joke."

Two miles outside of Stamford, Brother Sam burst into open mutiny.

"Every car in the United States has passed us," he declared. "We won't get there, at this rate, till the end of the first half. Hit her up, can't you, Billy?"

"She seems to have an illness," said Winthrop unhappily. "I think I'd save time if I stopped now and fixed her."

Shamefacedly Fred and he hid themselves under the body of the car, and a sound of hammering and stentorian breathing followed. Of them all that was visible was four feet beating a tattoo on the road. Miss Forbes got out Winthrop's camera, and took a snapshot of the scene.

"I'll call it," she said, "the 'Idle Rich.'"

Brother Sam gazed morosely in the direction of New Haven. They had halted within fifty yards of the railroad tracks, and as each special train, loaded with happy enthusiasts, raced past them he groaned.

"The only one of us that showed any common sense was Ernest," he declared, "and you turned him down. I am going to take a trolley to Stamford, and the first train to New Haven."

"You are not," said his sister; "I will not desert Mr. Winthrop, and you can not desert me."

Brother Sam sighed, and seated himself on a rock.

"Do you think, Billy," he asked, "you can get us to Cambridge in time for next year's game?"

The car limped into Stamford, and while it went into drydock at the garage, Brother Sam fled to the railroad station, where he learned that for the next two hours no train that recognized New Haven spoke to Stamford.

"That being so," said Winthrop, "while we are waiting for the car, we had better get a quick lunch now, and then push on."

"Push," exclaimed Brother Sam darkly, "is what we are likely to do."

After behaving with perfect propriety for half an hour, just outside of Bridgeport the Scarlet Car came to a slow and sullen stop, and once more the owner and the chauffeur hid their shame beneath it, and attacked its vitals. Twenty minutes later, while they still were at work, there approached from Bridgeport a young man in a buggy. When he saw the mass of college colors on the Scarlet Car, he pulled his horse down to a walk, and as he passed raised his hat.

"At the end of the first half," he said, "the score was a tie."

"Don't mention it," said Brother Sam. "Now," he cried, "we've got to turn back, and make for New York. If we start quick, we may get there ahead of the last car to leave New Haven."

"I am going to New Haven, and in this car," declared his sister. "I must go—to meet Ernest."

"If Ernest has as much sense as he showed this morning," returned her affectionate brother, "Ernest will go to his Pullman and stay there. As I told you, the only sure way to get anywhere is by railroad train."

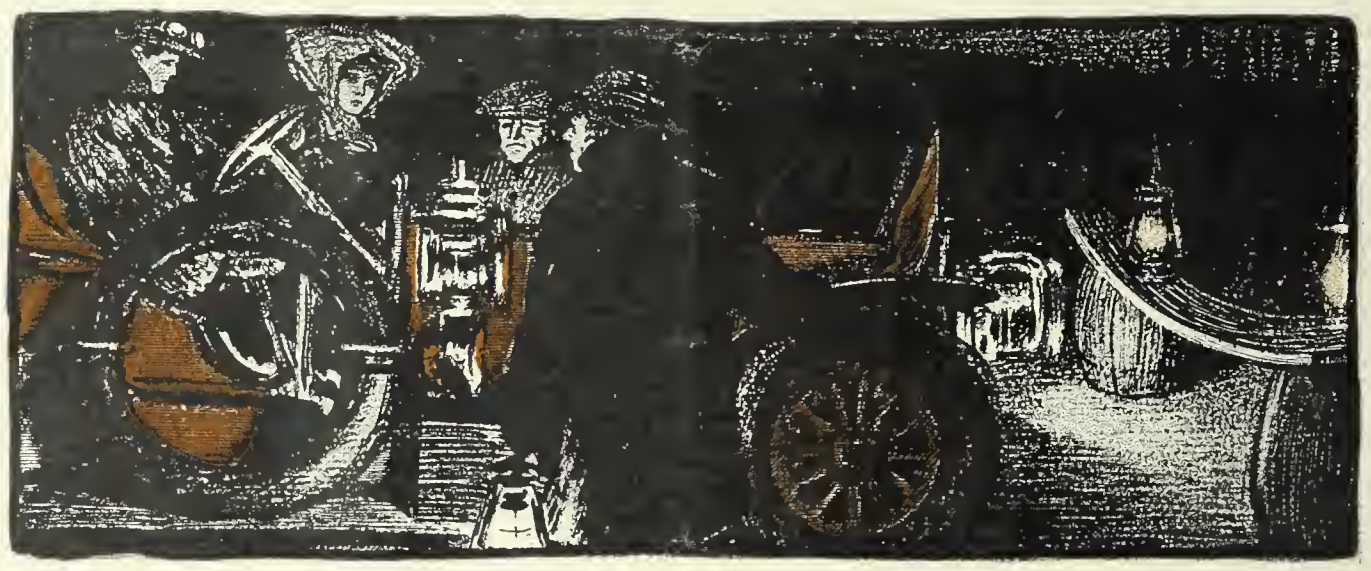
When they passed through Bridgeport, it was so late that the electric lights of Fairview Avenue were just beginning to sputter and glow in the twilight, and as they came along the shore road into New Haven, the first car out of New Haven in the race back to New York leaped at them with siren shrieks of warning, and dancing, dazzling eyes. It passed like a thing driven by the Furies; and before the Scarlet Car could swing back into what had been an empty road, in swift pursuit of the first came many more cars, with blinding searchlights, with a roar of throbbing, thrashing engines, flying pebbles, and whirling wheels. And behind these, stretching for a twisted mile, came hundreds of others; until the road was aflame with flashing will-o'-the-wisps, dancing fireballs, and long, shifting shafts of light.

Miss Forbes sat in front, beside Winthrop, and it pleased her to imagine, as they bent forward, peering into the night, that together they were facing so many fiery dragons, speeding to give them battle, to grind them under their wheels. She felt the elation of great speed, of imminent danger. Her blood tingled with the air from the wind-swept harbor, with the rush of the great engines, as by a handbreadth they plunged past her. She knew they were driven by men and half-grown boys, 'joyous with victory,' piqued by defeat, reckless by one touch too much of liquor, and that the young man at her side was driving, not only for himself, but for them.

Each fraction of a second a dazzling light blinded him, and he swerved to let the monster, with a hoarse, bellowing roar, pass by, and then again swept his car into the road. And each time she glanced up for greater confidence into his face.

Throughout the mishaps of the day he had been deeply concerned for her comfort, sorry for her disappointment, under Brother Sam's indignant ironies patient, and at all times gentle and considerate. Now, in the light from the onrushing cars, she noted his alert, laughing eyes, the broad shoulders bent across the wheel, the lips smiling with excitement and in the joy of controlling, with a turn of the wrist, a power equal to sixty galloping horses. She found in his face much comfort. And in the fact that for the moment her safety lay in his hands, a sense of pleasure. That this was her feeling puzzled and disturbed her, for to Ernest Peabody it seemed, in some way, disloyal. And yet there it was. Of a certainty, there was the secret pleasure in the thought that if they escaped unhurt from the trap in which they found themselves, it would be due to him. To herself she argued that if the chauffeur were driving, her feeling would be the same, that it was the nerve, the skill, and the coolness, not the man, that moved her admiration. But in her heart she knew it would not be the same.

At West Haven Green, Winthrop turned out of the track of the racing monsters into a quiet street leading to the railroad station, and with a half-sigh, half-laugh, leaned back comfortably.



The car was pulled down to eight miles an hour and nosed up to the red lanterns

"Those lights coming up suddenly make it hard to see," he said.

"Hard to breathe," snorted Sam; "since that first car missed us, I haven't drawn an honest breath. I held on so tight that I squeezed the hair out of the cushions."

When they reached the railroad station, and Sam had finally fought his way to the station master, that half-crazed official informed him he had missed the departure of Mrs. Taylor Holbrooke's car by just ten minutes.

Brother Sam reported this state of affairs to his companions.

"God knows we asked for the fish first," he said; "so now we've done our duty by Ernest, who has shamefully deserted us, and we can get something to eat, and go home at our leisure. As I have always told you, the only way to travel independently is in a touring car."

At the New Haven House they bought three waiters, body and soul, and, in spite of the fact that in the very next room the team was breaking training, obtained an excellent but chaotic dinner; and by eight they were on their way back to the big city.

The night was grandly beautiful. The waters of the Sound flashed in the light of a cold, clear moon, which showed them, like pictures in silver print, the sleeping villages through which they passed, the ancient elms, the low-roofed cottages, the town hall facing the common. The post road was again empty, and the car moved as steadily as a watch.

"Just because it knows we don't care now when we get there," said Brother Sam, "you couldn't make it break down with an ax."

From the rear, where he sat with Fred, he announced he was going to sleep, and asked that he be not wakened until the car had crossed the State line. Winthrop doubted if he knew the State line.

"It is where the advertisements for Besse Baker's twenty-seven stores cease," said Sam drowsily, "and the billposters of Elsie Janis begin."

In the front of the car the two young people spoke only at intervals, but Winthrop had never been so widely alert, so keenly happy, never before so conscious of her presence.

And it seemed as they glided through the mysterious moonlit world of silent villages, shadowy woods, and wind-swept bays and inlets, from which, as the car rattled over the planks of the bridges, the wild duck rose in noisy circles, they alone were awake and living.

The silence had lasted so long that it was as eloquent as words. The young man turned his eyes timorously, and sought those of the girl. What he felt was so strong in him that it seemed incredible she should be ignorant of it. His eyes searched the gray veil. In his voice there was both challenge and pleading.

"'Shall be together,'" he quoted, "'breathe and ride. So, one day more am I deified; who knows but the world may end to-night?'"

The moonlight showed the girl's eyes shining through the veil, and regarding him steadily.

"If you do not stop the car quick," she said, "the world *will* end for all of us."

He shot a look ahead, and threw on the brake so suddenly that Sam and the chauffeur tumbled awake. Across the road stretched the great bulk of a touring-car, its lamps burning dully in the brilliance of the moon. Around it a half-dozen figures, for greater warmth, stamped upon the frozen ground, and beat themselves with their arms. Sam and the chauffeur vaulted into the road, and went toward them.

"It's what you say, and the way you say it," the girl explained. She seemed to be continuing an argument. "It makes it so very difficult for us to play together."

The young man clasped the wheel as though the force he were holding in check were much greater than sixty horse-power.

"You are not married yet, are you?" he demanded.

The girl moved her head.

"And when you are married, there will probably be an altar from which you will turn to walk back up the aisle?"

"Well?" said the girl.

"Well," he answered explosively, "until you turn away from that altar, I do not recognize the right of any man to keep me quiet, or your right either. Why should I be held by your engagement? I was not consulted about it. I did not give my consent, did I? I tell you, you are the only woman in the world I will ever marry, and if you think I am going to keep silent and watch some one else carry you off without making a fight for you, you don't know me."

"If you go on," said the girl, "it will mean that I shall not see you again."

"Then I will write letters to you."

"I will not read them," said the girl.

The young man laughed defiantly.

"Oh, yes, you will read them!" He pounded his gauntleted fist on the rim of the wheel. "You mayn't answer them, but if I can write the way I feel, I will bet you'll read them."

His voice changed suddenly, and he began to plead. It was as though she were some masculine giant bullying a small boy.

"You are not fair to me," he protested. "I do not ask you to be kind, I ask you to be fair. I am fighting for what means more to me than anything in this world, and you won't even listen. Why should I recognize any other men? All I recognize is that *I* am the man who loves you, that 'I am the man at your feet.' That is all I know, that I love you."

The girl moved as though with the cold, and turned her head from him.

"I love you," repeated the young man.

The girl breathed like one who has been swimming under water, but, when she spoke, her voice was calm and contained.

"Please," she said, "don't you see how unfair you are? I can't go away; I *have* to listen."

The young man, who had bent toward her, pulled himself upright, and shut his lips tightly together.

"I beg your pardon," he whispered.

There was for some time an unhappy silence, and then Winthrop added bitterly: "Methinks the punishment exceeds the offense."

"Do you think you make it easy for *me?*" returned the girl.

She considered it most ungenerous of him to sit staring into the moonlight, looking so miserable that it made her heart ache to comfort him, and so extremely handsome that to do so was quite impossible. She would have liked to reach out her hand and lay it on his arm, and tell him she was sorry, but she could not. He should not have looked so unnecessarily handsome.

Sam came running toward them with five grizzly bears, who balanced themselves apparently with some slight effort upon their hind legs. The grizzly bears were properly presented as: "Tommy Todd, of my class, and some more like him." "And," continued Sam, "I am going to quit you two now and go with them. Tom's car broke down, but Fred fixed it, and both our cars can travel together. Sort of convoy," he explained.

His sister signaled to him eagerly, but with equal eagerness he retreated from her.

"I assure you," he told her soothingly, "I am just

as good a chaperon fifty yards behind you and wide awake as I am in the same car and fast asleep. And, besides, I want to hear about the game. And, what is more, two cars are much safer than one. Suppose you two break down in a lonely place? We'll be right behind you to pick you up. You will keep Winthrop's car in sight, won't you, Tom?" he said.

The grizzly bear called Tom, who had been examining the Scarlet Car, answered doubtfully that the only way he could keep it in sight was by tying a rope to it.

"That's all right, then," said Sam briskly, "Winthrop will go slow."

So the Scarlet Car shot forward with the second car sometimes so far in the rear that they could only faintly distinguish the horn begging them to wait, and again it would follow so close upon their wheels that they heard the five grizzly bears chanting beseeching:

"Oh, bring this wagon home, John,
It will not hold us a-all."

For some time there was silence in the Scarlet Car, and then Winthrop broke it by laughing.

"First, I lose Peabody," he explained, "then I lose Sam, and now, after I throw Fred overboard, I am going to drive you into Stamford, where they do not ask runaway couples for a license, and marry you."

The girl smiled comfortably. In that mood she was not afraid of him.

"That's nice of you," she said; "you will remember I am your guest, won't you, and not force me to be disagreeable. I do not want to be disagreeable."

She lifted her face, and stretched out her arms as though she were drinking in the moonlight.

"It has been such a good day," she said simply, "and I am really so very happy."

"I shall be equally frank," said Winthrop, "so am I."

For two hours they had been on the road, and were just entering Fairport. For some long time the voices of the pursuing grizzlies had been lost in the far distance.

"The road's up," said Miss Forbes.

She pointed ahead to two red lanterns.

"It was all right this morning," exclaimed Winthrop.

The car was pulled down to eight miles an hour, and, trembling and snorting at the indignity, nosed up to the red lanterns.

They showed in a ruddy glow the legs of two men.

"You gotta stop!" commanded a voice.

"Why?" asked Winthrop.

The voice became embodied in the person of a tall man, with a long overcoat and a drooping mustache.

"'Cause I tell you to!" snapped the tall man.

Winthrop threw a quick glance to the rear. In that direction for a mile the road lay straight away. He could see its entire length, and it was empty. In thinking of nothing but Miss Forbes, he had forgotten the chaperon. He was impressed with the fact that the immediate presence of a chaperon was desirable. Directly in front of the car, blocking its advance, were two barrels, with a three-inch plank sagging heavily between them. Beyond that the main street of Fairport lay steeped in slumber and moonlight.

"I am a selectman," said the one with the lantern. "You been exceedin' our speed limit."

The chauffeur gave a gasp that might have been construed to mean that the charge both amazed and shocked him.

"That is not possible," Winthrop answered. "I have been going very slow—on purpose—to allow a disabled car to keep up with me."

The selectman looked down the road.

"It ain't kep' up with you," he said pointedly.

"It has until the last few minutes."

"It's the last few minutes we're talking about," returned the man who had not spoken. He put his foot on the step of the car.

"What are you doing?" asked Winthrop.

"I am going to take you to Judge Allen's. I am chief of police. You are under arrest."

Before Winthrop rose moving pictures of Miss Forbes appearing in a dirty police station before an officious Dogberry, and, as he and his car were well known along the post road, appearing the next morning in the New York papers. "William Winthrop," he saw the printed words, "son of Endicott Winthrop, was arrested here this evening, with a young woman who refused to give her name, but who was recognized as Miss Beatrice Forbes, whose engagement to Ernest Peabody, the Reform candidate on the Independent ticket—"

And, of course, Peabody would blame her.

Winthrop hastily reached for his money.

"If I have exceeded your speed limit," he said politely, "I shall be delighted to contribute to the town's taxes. How much is the fine?"

"Judge Allen'll tell you what the fine is," said the selectman gruffly. "And he may want bail."

"Bail?" demanded Winthrop. "Do you mean to tell me he will detain us here?"

"He will, if he wants to," answered the chief of police combatively.

For an instant Winthrop sat gazing gloomily ahead, overcome apparently by the enormity of his offense. He was calculating whether, if he rammed the three-inch plank, it would hit Miss Forbes or the car. He decided it would hit his new two-hundred-dollar lamps.



The moonlight was eclipsed by a head and shoulders

He as swiftly decided that the new lamps must go. But he had read of guardians of the public safety so regardless of private safety as to try to puncture runaway tires with pistol bullets. He had no intention of subjecting Miss Forbes to a fusillade.

So he whirled upon the chief of police:

"Take your hand off that gun!" he growled. "How dare you threaten me?"

Amazed, the chief of police dropped from the step and advanced indignantly.

"Me?" he demanded. "I ain't got a gun. What you mean by—"

With sudden intelligence, the chauffeur precipitated himself upon the scene.

"It's the other one," he shouted. He shook an accusing finger at the selectman. "He pointed it at the lady."

To Miss Forbes the realism of Fred's acting was too convincing. To learn that one is covered with a loaded revolver is disconcerting. Miss Forbes gave a startled squeak, and ducked her head.

Winthrop roared aloud at the selectman.

"How dare you frighten the lady!" he cried. "Take your hand off that gun."

The selectman was grieved and indignant.

"What you talkin' about?" he shouted. "The idea of my havin' a gun! I haven't got a—"

"All right, Fred!" cried Winthrop. "Low bridge."

There was a crash of shattered glass and brass, of scattered barrel staves, the smell of escaping gas, and the Scarlet Car was flying drunkenly down the main street.

"What are they doing now, Fred?" called Winthrop.

Fred peered over the stern of the flying car.

"The constable's jumping around the road," he replied, "and the long one's leaning against a tree. No, he's climbing the tree. I can't make out *what* he's doing."

"*I* know!" cried Miss Forbes; her voice vibrated with excitement. Defiance of the law had thrilled her with unsuspected satisfaction; her eyes were dancing. "There was a telephone fastened to the tree, a hand telephone. They are sending word to some one. They're trying to head us off."

Winthrop brought the car to a quick halt.

"We're in a police trap!" he said.

Fred leaned forward and whispered to his employer. His voice also vibrated with the joy of the chase.

"This'll be our *third* arrest," he said. "That means—"

"You don't have to tell me what it means," snapped Winthrop. "Tell me how we can get out of here."

"We can't get out of here, sir, unless we go back. Going south, the bridge is the only way out."

"The bridge!" Winthrop struck the wheel savagely with his knuckles. "I forgot their confounded bridge!" He turned to Miss Forbes. "Fairport is a sort of island," he explained.

"But after we're across the bridge," urged the chauffeur, "we needn't keep to the post road no more. We can turn into Stone Ridge, and strike south to White Plains. Then—"

"We haven't crossed the bridge yet," growled Winthrop. His voice had none of the joy of the others; he was greatly perturbed. "Look back," he commanded, "and see if there is any sign of those boys."

He was now quite willing to share responsibility. But there was no sign of the Yale men, and, unattended, the Scarlet Car crept warily forward. Ahead of it, across the little reed-grown inlet, stretched their road of escape, a long wooden bridge, lying white in the moonlight.

"I don't see a soul," whispered Miss Forbes.

"Anybody at that draw?" asked Winthrop. Unconsciously his voice also had sunk to a whisper.

"No," returned Fred. "I think the man that tends the draw goes home at night; there is no light there."

"Well, then," said Winthrop, with an anxious sigh, "we've got to make a dash for it."

The car shot forward, and, as it leaped lightly upon the bridge, there was a rapid rumble of creaking boards.

Between it and the highway to New York lay only two hundred yards of track, straight and empty.

In his excitement, the chauffeur rose from the rear seat.

"They'll never catch us now," he muttered. "They'll never catch us!"

But even as he spoke there grated harshly the creak of rusty chains, the rattle of a brake on a cogged wheel. The black figure of a man with waving arms ran out upon the draw, and the draw gaped slowly open.

When the car halted there was between it and the broken edge of the bridge twenty feet of running water.

At the same moment from behind it came a patter of feet, and Winthrop turned to see some dozen young men of Fairport racing toward them. They surrounded him with noisy, raucous, belligerent cries. They were, as they proudly informed him, members of the Fairport "Volunteer Fire Department." That they might purchase new uniforms, they had arranged a trap for the automobiles returning in illegal haste from New Haven. In fines they had collected $300, and it was evident that already some of that money had been expended in very bad whisky. As many as could do so crowded into the car, others hung to the running boards and step, others ran beside it. They rejoiced over Winthrop's unsuccessful flight and capture with violent and humiliating laughter.

For the day, Judge Allen had made a temporary court in the clubroom of the fire department, which was over the engine house; and the proceedings were brief and decisive. The selectman told how Winthrop, after first breaking the speed law, had broken arrest, and Judge Allen, refusing to fine him and let him go, held him and his companions for a hearing the following morning. He fixed the amount of bail at $500 each; failing to pay this, they would for the night be locked up in different parts of the engine house, which, it developed, contained on the ground floor the home of the fire engine, on the second floor the clubroom, on alternate nights, of the firemen, the local G. A. R., and the Knights of Pythias, and in its cellar the town jail.

Winthrop and the chauffeur the learned judge condemned to the cells in the basement. As a concession, he granted Miss Forbes the freedom of the entire clubroom to herself.

The objections raised by Winthrop to this arrangement were of a nature so violent, so vigorous, at one moment so specious and conciliatory, and the next so abusive, that his listeners were moved by awe, but not to pity.

In his indignation, Judge Allen rose to reply, and as, the better to hear him, the crowd pushed forward, Fred gave way before it, until he was left standing in sullen gloom upon its outer edge. In imitation of the real firemen of the great cities, the vamps of Fairport had cut a circular hole in the floor of their clubroom, and from the engine room below had reared a sliding pole of shining brass. When leaving their clubroom, it was always their pleasure to scorn the stairs and, like real firemen, slide down this pole. It had not escaped the notice of Fred, and since his entrance he had been gravitating toward it.

As the voice of the judge rose in violent objurgation, and all eyes were fixed upon him, the chauffeur crooked his leg tightly about the brass pole, embraced it with both arms, and, like a devil in the pantomime, sank softly and swiftly through the floor.

The irate judge was shaking his finger in Winthrop's face.

"Don't you try to teach me no law," he shouted; "I know what I can do. Ef my darter went gallivantin' around at night in one of them automobiles, it would serve her right to get locked up. Maybe this young woman will learn to stay at home nights with her folks. She ain't goin' to take no harm here. The constable sits up all night downstairs in the fire engine



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room, and that sofa's as good a place to sleep as the hotel. If you want me to let her go to the hotel, why don't you send to your folks and bail her out?"

"You know damn well why I don't," returned the now reckless Winthrop. "I don't intend to give the newspapers and you and these other idiots the chance to annoy her further. This young lady's brother has been with her all day; he left her only by accident, and by forcing her to remain here alone you are acting outrageously. If you knew anything of decency, or law, you'd—"

"I know this much!" roared the justice triumphantly, pointing his spectacle-case at Miss Forbes. "I know her name ain't Lizzie Borden, and yours ain't Charley Ross."

Winthrop crossed to where Miss Forbes stood in a corner. She still wore her veil, but through it, though her face was pale, she smiled at him.

His own distress was undisguised.

"I can never forgive myself," he said.

"Nonsense!" replied Miss Forbes briskly. "You were perfectly right. If we had sent for any one, it would have had to come out. Now, we'll pay the fine in the morning and get home, and no one will know anything of it excepting the family and Mr. Peabody, and they'll understand. But if I ever lay hands on my brother Sam!"—she clasped her fingers together helplessly. "To think of his leaving you to spend the night in a cell!"

Winthrop interrupted her.

"I will get one of these men to send his wife or sister over to stay with you," he said.

But Miss Forbes protested that she did not want a companion. The constable would protect her, she said, and she would sit up all night and read. She nodded at the periodicals on the club table, and smiled.

"This is the only chance I may ever have," she added, "to read the 'Police Gazette'!"

"You ready there?" called the constable.

"Good-night," said Winthrop.

Under the eyes of the grinning yokels, they shook hands.

"Good-night," said the girl.

"Where's your young man?" demanded the chief of police.

"What young man?" inquired Winthrop.

"The young fellow that was with you when we held you up that first time."

The constable, or the chief of police as he called himself, on the principle that if there were only one policeman he must necessarily be the chief, glanced hastily over the heads of the crowd.

"Any of you holding that shoffer?" he called.

No one was holding the chauffeur.

The chauffeur had vanished.

The cell to which the constable led Winthrop was in a corner of the cellar in which formerly coal had been stored. This corner was now fenced off with boards, and a wooden door with chain and padlock.

High in the wall, on a level with the ground, was the opening, or window, through which the coal had been dumped. This window now was barricaded with iron bars. Winthrop tested the door by shaking it, and landed a heavy kick on one of the hinges. It gave slightly, and emitted a feeble groan.

"What you tryin' to do?" demanded the constable. "That's town property."

In the light of the constable's lantern, Winthrop surveyed his cell with extreme dissatisfaction.

"I call this a cheap cell," he said.

"It's good enough for a cheap sport," returned the constable. It was so overwhelming a retort that after the constable had turned the key in the padlock, and taken himself and his lantern to the floor above, Winthrop could hear him repeating it to the volunteer firemen. They received it with delighted howls.

For an hour, on the three empty boxes that formed his bed, Winthrop sat, with his chin on his fists, planning the nameless atrocities he would inflict upon the village of Fairport. Compared to his tortures, those of Neuremberg were merely reprimands. Also he considered the particular punishment he would mete out to Sam Forbes for his desertion of his sister, and to Fred. He could not understand Fred. It was not like the chauffeur to think only of himself. Nevertheless, for abandoning Miss Forbes in the hour of need, Fred must be discharged. He had, with some regret, determined upon this discipline, when from directly over his head the voice of Fred hailed him cautiously.

"Mr. Winthrop," the voice called, "are you there?"

To Winthrop the question seemed superfluous. He jumped to his feet, and peered up into the darkness.

"Where are *you*?" he demanded.

"At the window," came the answer. "We're in the back yard. Mr. Sam wants to speak to you."

On Miss Forbes's account, Winthrop gave a gasp of relief. On his own, one of savage satisfaction.

"And I want to speak to him," he whispered.

The moonlight, which had been faintly shining through the iron bars of the coal chute, was eclipsed by a head and shoulders. The comfortable voice of Sam Forbes greeted him in a playful whisper.

"Hullo, Billy! You down there?"

"Where the devil did you think I was?" Winthrop answered at white heat. "Let me tell you if I was not down here I'd be punching your head."

"That's all right, Billy," Sam answered soothingly. "But I'll save you just the same. It shall never be said of Sam Forbes that he deserted a comrade—"

"Stop that! Do you know," Winthrop demanded fiercely, "that your sister is a prisoner upstairs?"

"I do," replied the unfeeling brother, "but she won't be long. All the low-comedy characters are out now arranging a rescue."

"Who are? Todd and those boys?" demanded Winthrop. "They mustn't think of it! They'll only make it worse. It is impossible to get your sister out of here while those drunken firemen are in the building. You must wait till they've gone home. Do you hear me?"

"Pardon me!" returned Sam stiffly, "but this is *my* relief expedition. I have sent two of the boys to hold the bridge, like Horatius, and two to guard the motors, and the others are going to entice the firemen away from the engine house."

"Entice them? How?" demanded Winthrop. "They're drinking, and they won't leave here till morning."

Outside the engine house, suspended from a heavy cross-bar, was a steel rail borrowed from a railroad track, and bent into a hoop. When hit with a sledge-hammer it proclaimed to Fairport that the "consuming element" was at large.

At the moment Winthrop asked his question, there was a wild yell, and a heavy blow, and over the village of Fairport and over the bay and marshes, and far out across the Sound, the great steel bar sent forth a shuddering boom of warning.

From the room above came a wild tumult of joyous yells.

"Fire!" shrieked the vamps, "fire!"

The two men crouching by the cellar window heard the rush of feet, the engine banging and bumping across the sidewalk, its brass bell clanking crazily, the happy vamps shouting hoarse, incoherent orders.

Through the window Sam lowered a bag of tools he had taken from Winthrop's car.

"Can you get the lock open with any of these?" he asked.

"I can kick it open!" yelled Winthrop joyfully. "Get to your sister, quick!"

He threw his shoulder against the door, and the staples flying before him sent him sprawling in the coal-dust. When he reached the head of the stairs, Beatrice Forbes was descending from the clubroom, and in front of the door the two cars, with their lamps unlit and numbers hidden, were panting to be free.

And in the North, reaching to the sky, rose a roaring column of flame, shameless in the pale moonlight, dragging into naked day the sleeping village, the shingled houses, the clock-face in the church steeple.

"What the devil have you done?" gasped Winthrop.

Sam waited before he answered until the cars were rattling to safety across the bridge.

"We have been protecting the face of nature," he shouted. "The only way to get that gang out of the engine house was to set fire to something. Tommy wanted to burn up the railroad station, because he doesn't like the New York and New Haven, and Fred was for setting fire to Judge Allen's house, because he was rude to Beatrice. But we finally formed the Village Improvement Society, organized to burn all advertising signs. You know those that stood in the marshes, and hid the view from the trains, so that you could not see the Sound; we chopped them down and put them in a pile, and poured gasolene on them, and that fire is all that is left of the pickles, fly-screens, and pills."

It was midnight when the cars drew up at the door of the house of Forbes. Anxiously waiting in the library were Mrs. Forbes and Ernest Peabody.

"At last!" cried Mrs. Forbes, smiling her relief; "we thought maybe Sam and you had decided to spend the night in New Haven."

"No," said Miss Forbes, "there *was* some talk about spending the night at Fairport, but we pushed right on."



I.—"ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER"

This—with abject apologies to Mr. Maxfield Parrish—represents Mr. Sewell Collins's idea of what Mr. Maxfield Parrish's idea of "All the World Loves a Lover" would be. Mr. Collins has applied his unsurpassed powers of intuition to the unthought thoughts of a number of other well-known artists and illustrators—Mr. Remington, Mr. Henry Hutt, Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, and others—and the conceptions which these gentlemen would have of "All the World Loves a Lover," as interpreted by Mr. Collins, will be presented in forthcoming numbers of COLLIER'S



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TRADE MARK

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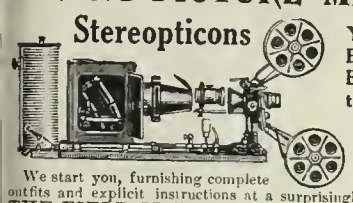
Send us $3.75 to cover cost of Bracket and transportation charges, and we will send you one of these brackets. If for any reason you do not like it, you may return to us and we will refund your money. We will send you upon request, free, bulletin No. 133M. It tells also of our complete Telephone Exchanges.

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

PRESIDENT AND PREMIER IN FRANCE

Fallières enjoys himself in ornamental leisure while Prime Minister Clémenceau, with religion and labor both on his hands, fights a sea of troubles

A CORRESPONDENT who has observed the turmoil in France is at a loss to know why nothing is heard of a Big Stick at the Elysée. He writes:

"EDITOR COLLIER'S—Does not France possess a 'strenuous' President? To an American it seems quite strange that during such conditions as have prevailed in France, the name, ideas, and action of the President are so seldom mentioned. Why not tell the people what the French President is doing?"

France does not possess a very strenuous President, but even if she did he would not have a chance to display his strenuosity in the Presidential office. The nominal head of the French Republic occupies the position of an English King. The actual business of government is carried on by Ministers responsible to Parliament. The Theodore Roosevelt of France is Georges Clémenceau. He does the work while President Fallières sits back and looks beautiful.

With the Church war and the delicate foreign relations of France M. Clémenceau's hands seemed to be about as full as they could hold when on the evening of March 8 the electricians of Paris struck and the city was suddenly swathed in darkness. The City Council had refused to municipalize the electric plants and had granted a new concession for twenty-two years to a company which declined to give its employees the same advantages enjoyed by those in public employ. After two nights of general inconvenience, during which most of the theatres were closed, the newspaper presses stood still and the cafés and restaurants were lighted with Chinese lanterns or candles stuck in bottles, the company agreed to grant most of the demands of the strikers. The Government was greatly embarrassed by this strike, which would have required active intervention if it had continued. Now that the electricians have learned the power of a few men to paralyze the activities of a metropolis, it is feared that graver troubles may come in the future. M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader, censured the Government in the Chamber of Deputies for threatening to use military engineers to run the electric plants, and asked by what right the authorities intervened in a war between capital and labor. "By the right of society to existence," responded the Premier. The Chamber voted M. Jaurès down by 418 to 90.

PROTECTING THE FORESTS

The policy that is driving predatory interests in the West to desperation



WHEN the President added to the system of national forest reserves over fifteen million acres of land in half a dozen Western States just before signing the bill that forbade him to do it, he knew that he was inviting a combination of desperate and powerful enemies to do its worst to ruin his Administration and its policies. Fortunately, the public will have nine months to become acquainted with the merits of the case before the general assault begins in the Sixtieth Congress.

The latest withdrawals cover in all 15,509,820 acres, or 24,232 square miles—just about the size of the State of West Virginia. They bring the total extent of our national forests in the West up to 222,000 square miles, or more than the entire area of the German Empire and Belgium combined. Ten new reserves have been created by the President's order of March 2, and additions have been made to twenty-two others. The Western Senators who oppose the forest policy have tried to spread the impression that it is a scheme of Eastern faddists imposed upon the reluctant people of the West. How little foundation there is for that idea may be seen from the history of some of the new reservations.

The Las Animas National Forest, comprising 122,960 acres about the headwaters of the Las Animas River, in Colorado, originated in a petition of the City Council and Chamber of Commerce of Trinidad, in that State. Trinidad draws its water supply from the river, which could also irrigate thousands of acres of rich land in the vicinity if its flow could be depended upon. But since the lumbermen have been stripping the trees from the mountains, and the ground has been bared by reckless grazing, the regular flow has diminished, while a flood two years ago did enormous damage. Seeing where the trouble lay, the townspeople petitioned for the creation of a forest reserve, and the President has carried out their wishes.

The Yellowstone National Forest in Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming has been enlarged by 348,000 acres of mountain lands worthless for farming, but invaluable for the protection of water supply and timber. The reservation is favored by the irrigation and stock interests in the vicinity.

One of the largest of the new reserves is the addition of 2,275,000 acres to the Washington National Forest covering the main range of the Cascade Mountains in Washington. This is not only rich in valuable timber, which can be drawn upon at once under proper restrictions, but it protects the irrigation projects of a number of fertile valleys. Less than two per cent of this reserve is suitable for settlement, and that can be settled precisely as if no reservation had been made. The farmer can take up his homestead claim in a national forest as well as outside, the miner can prospect and locate his

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of doing twice the work and drawing only a third of the salary of the man above you, when you can prepare to fill his position—or one just as good—by devoting a small part of your spare time to study? Our course in

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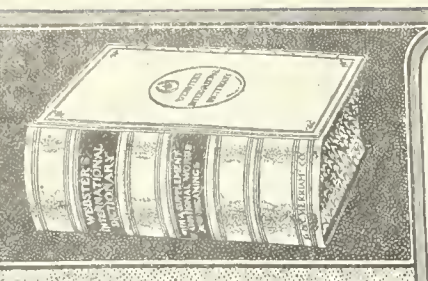
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Humphrey Instantaneous Bath Water Heater

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But get our Books and other literature and make your own selection. **Write today.** Remember, any Heater you select must satisfy you after **30 Days' Home Test at our risk.**

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The Ideal Knee Drawer Garter

Your Initial on the Support

Made with the **"Lincoln" adjustable glove snap fastening** (patented) used to attach and detach. **No buckles, no holes** in the leather, just a press of the thumb and the snap fastening locks, and, best of all, stays locked. **The "Lincoln's" the only garter made with the "Lincoln" adjustable glove snap fastener** (patented), which is **controlled exclusively by us.**

Measure just below the knee to find the correct size garter wanted. At your dealer's or **sent prepaid on receipt of 50c.** Insist on getting **"Lincoln" Garters—they're the best.**

It is the garter you wore last summer, only it's been improved by doing away with the **undesirable buckle feature.**

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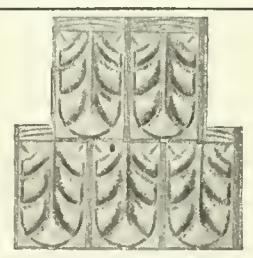
Costs no more than other good lamps and burns at less expense.

Let us send you complete description of this newest and best house light. Write for Booklet No. 6.

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pumping—save your strength and health by oiling your sewing machine with "3 in One." It lubricates and cleans out all action points and bearings. Makes old machines run like new and new ones like greased lightning. Reduces treadle labor by half. Why use gummy, greasy oil longer, when "3 in One" is better and cheaper? Doesn't gum or soil hands or fabrics. Generous sample sent free of cost, by **G. W. COLE COMPANY, 152 Broadway, New York City,** on receipt of the name of your dealer who doesn't handle "3 in One."



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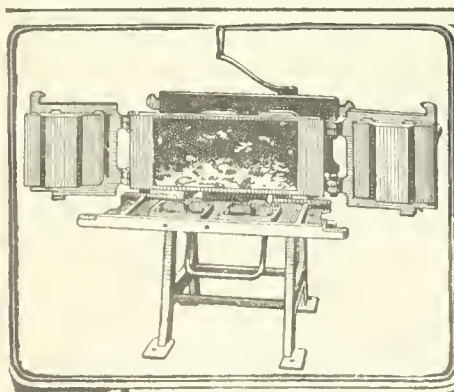
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Our proposition is of equal interest to estate owners wishing to build at rock bottom cost. Don't think of buying a Concrete Block Machine without reading our booklet, "An Ancient Art and Its Modern Perfection." IT'S FREE.

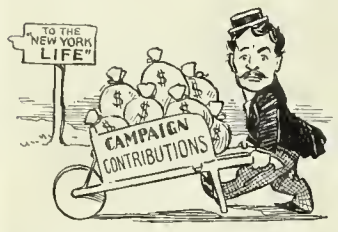
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Get a bunch of Stage Greenbacks (not counterfeits) wrap them around your own roll and show your friends what a wad you carry. Big bunch of $100 for 10c; $300 for 25c. S. Drake, Dept. 226, 539 Van Buren St., Chicago

claims under the mineral laws, and the small settler can get all the timber he needs for nothing. Only wilful waste and destructive exploitation are prevented.

Without relaxing his care for the forest reserves the President has offered one olive branch to the Western enemies of his policy by cancelling the withdrawals of about thirty-five million acres which had been held as coal land, but which the experts of the Geological Survey now say should not be classified under that head. About twenty-five million acres of real coal lands are still reserved.



RESTITUTION FROM PERKINS

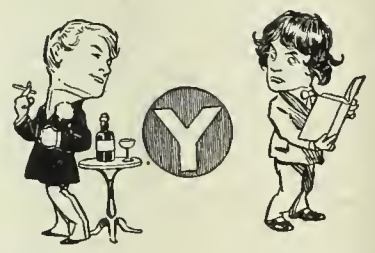
The New York Life Insurance Company gets back the money taken from it in the campaign of 1904

ALTHOUGH Mr. George W. Perkins is not to go to jail for using the funds of the policy-holders of the New York Life Insurance Company in partizan politics, the experiment has proved a costly one for him. In deciding that he could not be held for a technical crime, the Court of Appeals of New York spoke so plainly about the illegality and impropriety of his action that he has felt compelled to refund the money, with interest. This amounts to fining himself to the extent of $54,019.19—a penalty substantial enough to act as a very serious deterrent to other custodians of trust funds, if there were no other. Of course, there is another, still more formidable, since both the new State laws in New York and the Federal law passed at the late session of Congress make such a diversion of the property of a corporation a crime, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Mr. Perkins's example may not be followed by the other financiers responsible for the depletion of insurance trust funds for the benefit of political committees, but it will ensure an inhospitable reception for any campaign collector who approaches a director of any company for a contribution next year. The campaign of 1908 will be the first within the memory of the present generation to be carried on without the influence of corporation money.

RICH AND POOR AT COLLEGE

The rich young man's fancy lightly turns to clothes, tobacco, theatres, and drinks



THE Department of Political Economy at Yale has been collecting statistics which help to illuminate the old problem whether wealth is an asset or a handicap for the average young man beginning life. Of course everybody can name individual young men who have made good use of wealth and others who have used it ill, but to answer the general question statistics are needed, and these have now been provided.

The returns show that students who get through on a total expenditure of $500 or less per college year devote only six per cent of their outlay to clothes, while those who spend $2,000 or more adorn themselves at the cost of a quarter of their entire incomes. The richer students are found to spend eighteen times as much as the poorer on pleasure and eighty-two times as much on tobacco and intoxicants. Of course, under the head of "pleasure" there may be valuable aids to culture—Ibsen plays, Wagnerian music, art, literature, and many things that help to build a broad, well-balanced life—but no such allowances can be made for the tobacco and intoxicants. The poor student has no reason to complain that he has not had a fair start in life because a classmate has been able to drink eighty-two times as many cocktails and smoke eighty-two times as many cigarettes as he has. That "Yale democracy" is no fiction is made clear by the fact that out of two hundred and fifty students classified only nine spend over $2,000 a year.



AMERICAN MEAT ABROAD

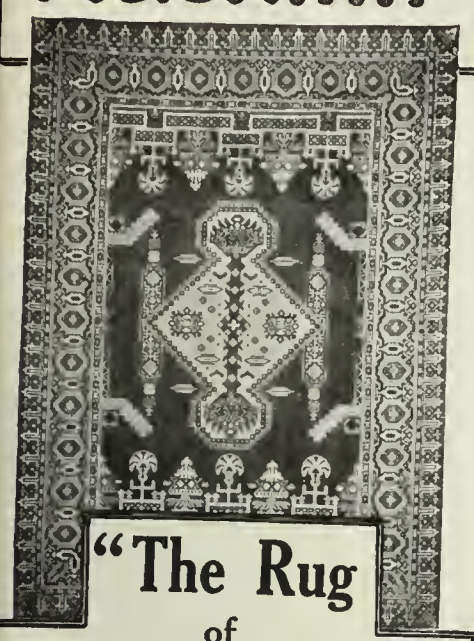
The packers seem to have learned something at last, and are recovering their reputation

CONSUL-GENERAL WYNNE reports that the newspapers of Great Britain are generally circulating a paragraph from the "Grocers' Gazette" of London most complimentary to the workings of the new American Meat Inspection law. "The regulations are so rigid," says the "Gazette," "and the packers, it would appear, are so eager to carry them out to the letter that they are introducing many new ideas and methods, which will entirely disarm adverse criticism in the future. Published figures show that the growth of the export trade in meats of various kinds from the United States during the last twelve months has been wonderful."

According to this British authority the American meat inspection and pure food laws are more severe than any yet enacted by any other nation in the world. Apart from that, it adds, "the stock-yards in all the great packing centres, like Chicago, Omaha, and Kansas City, are, we learn, being transformed into model cities, so that the new conditions will appeal to even the most fastidious visitor as being of the most wholesome and up-to-date character. Large contracts for canned beef for the British Government are now being executed in Chicago, and an interview given by the officer recently detailed to be there on the spot, watching every process, was to the effect that he was extremely pleased with everything he had seen."

Two years ago the reputation of the American meat packers was destroyed by their own fault. They disregarded the warnings they received, first from the London "Lancet," then from COLLIER'S, then from "The Jungle," and finally from the President. And then when their foreign trade was

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WHAT do you think of my "A-1" clothes?
Kaufman Garments—cost me $15.00—the whole suit!
And—for looka and wear—I'll put them alongside any clothes made.
For I've tried all makes and I know.
This "exclusive fabric" talk don't go with me any more.
For I've found that all clothes makers buy their fabrics from the same mills.
And the weavers make up the same "nobby" patterns in medium priced goods as they do in the "big money stuff."
It doesn't make much difference what you pay; you get the same fabric effects—stripes, checks, or plain goods—in all lines the same season.
And you know as well as I do that all clothes makers follow the same fashion plates each season.
So, of course, the Kaufmans can give you—for $15.00 to $18.00—the same shapes and designs that others ask fancy prices for.

Kaufman Garments are very different, however.
For the Kaufmans know how to take *all* the "shrink tendency" out of a piece of cloth before it is made up.
Every bolt of cloth that comes to the great Kaufman Tailoring Establishment is treated with a special process—known as "The Kaufman *Pre-Shrinking* Process"—and this takes every bit of the "shrink tendency" out of the fabric.
Therefore, Kaufman Garments cannot shrink nor draw out of shape.
And this is why Kaufman Garments look well *the season through*. This is why they hold their shape and show their style *always*.
And garments that *stay in shape* do not chafe and wear out in unexpected places. They stay unwrinkled—look new—and wear well.
Other clothes makers cannot guarantee the *shape permanence* you get in Kaufman Garments because the only way to secure *shape permanence* is by the use of The Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process—and this, other clothes makers cannot use.

Kaufman Garments $15. to $18.

And—when it comes to looks and wear, there is just one item that is really of big importance, and that is—will your clothes stay in shape?
Kaufman Garments keep their shape because they are made from "*Pre-Shrunk*" fabrics.
Wool and other fabric fibres are naturally *elastic*. They will *shrink*.
And unless this "shrink tendency" is overcome *in the fabrics* it will surely make trouble in the clothes.
Spinners won't shrink their yarn, because they sell by the pound and shrinkage means lost weight.
Weavers won't shrink their cloth, because they sell by the yard and shrinkage means lost length.
Therefore the "shrink tendency" is up to the clothes makers to overcome.
Shrink left in the cloth shows in the clothes, the first damp day—no matter how much "hand work" is put in them.

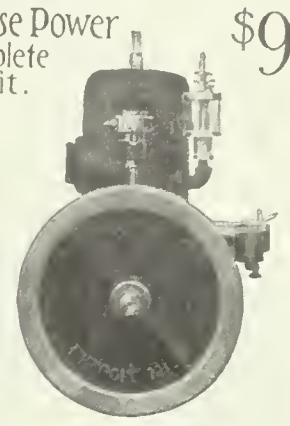
They are not allowed to use it because the Kaufmans control the process and will not permit its use outside their own establishment.
The Kaufmans, therefore, give you—for $15.00 to $18.00—what no other clothes maker can give you at any price.
So—why should you pay $35.00—or more—for uncertain shape and style when you can get shape and style certainty for less money?
The mark to look for on clothes is—

This Garment Made and Guaranteed by
Chas. Kaufman & Bros.
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"The Well Dressed Man in 1907" is shown in the new Kaufman Style Book. Ask Kaufman dealers for it.
Or—write to Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago.

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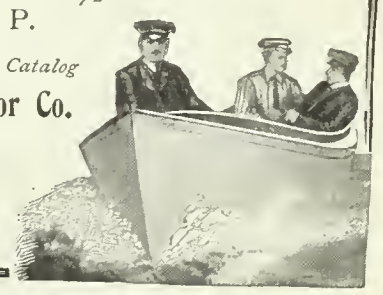
The High-grade Engine at a Low Price

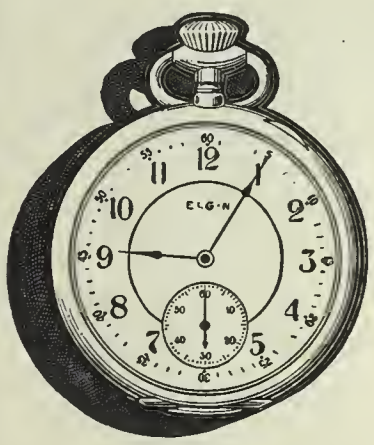
Elevated timer, timer gears encased, float feed carburetor, long bearings, engine is reversible and runs in either direction, drop forged crank and connecting rod, counter-balanced cranks. *Starts without cranking*, hand-hole plate in base for quick examination of connecting rod bearings, ball bearing thrust. Positive oiling device for crank pins.

Guaranteed by a responsible firm. Made in 1-2-3-and 4 cylinder sizes. 2½ to 40 H. P.

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contains active oxygen which destroys the bacteria, and milk-of-lime which neutralizes the acid of decay. It is the only dentifrice that will prevent decay.

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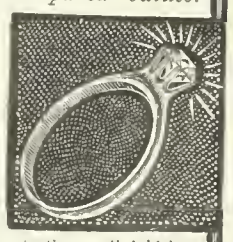


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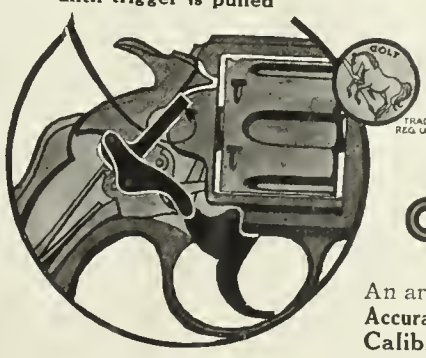
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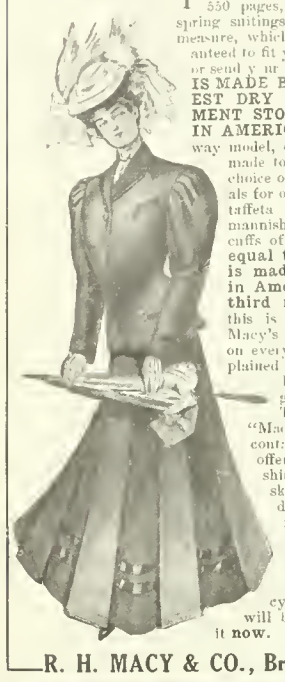
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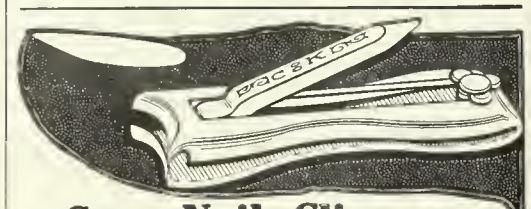
can always be relied upon. The "Bristol"—the original steel rod, is of finest metal, and perfect in manufacture and finish. Guarantee against breakage, from defective material or workmanship, for **three years.**

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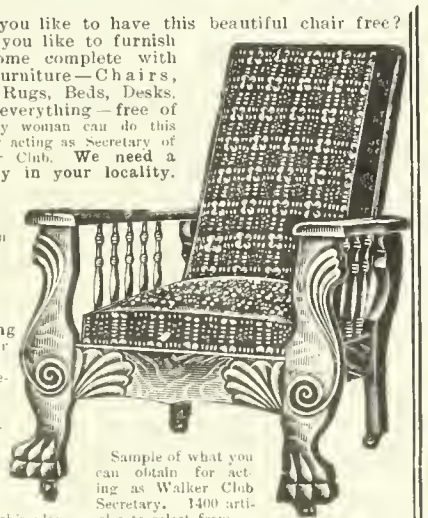
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is frequently made by owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a delightful, attractive, big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work. Just the business for a man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write for catalogue and particulars.

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183 Sweeney Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

paralyzed they fatuously resisted the legislation which was obviously the only thing that could revive it. Now that they have received, in spite of themselves, the splendid advertisement of a Government certificate of purity, they seem to be learning their lesson at last.



A DIVORCE INDUSTRY THREATENED

South Dakota is preparing to exclude transient applicants for decrees of separation

THE "South Dakota divorce" is threatened with extinction. The Legislature has passed an act designed to cripple if not destroy the flourishing industry of disuniting unhappy couples from other commonwealths. It happens, however, that South Dakota is so opulent in reforms that one sometimes gets in the way of another. The people of that happy State have the privilege of voting at the polls on any measure they are unwilling to trust to the unchecked conscience of the Legislature, and the referendum has been demanded upon the amended divorce law. That postpones the actual entry of the reform for two years, even if the people vote in its favor in November, 1908.

The popularity of South Dakota as a divorce resort has rested heretofore upon two things, liberal grounds for action and a short term of residence. The latter will be abolished if the people confirm the new law. It will then be necessary for the complainant actually to live in South Dakota for a year, a requirement that will be fatal to the industry, for while a discontented wife from New York might think liberty worth six months in Sioux Falls she would not choose to live a year there in preference to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Colorado Springs, Atlanta, Savannah, Chicago, Louisville, Portland (either Maine or Oregon), St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Concord, N. H., Cleveland, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Salt Lake, Richmond, Seattle, Tacoma, Milwaukee, or any of the other dozens of agreeable cities in the thirty-two States that allow divorces on a residence of one year or less. Moreover, the new South Dakota law requires personal service and public hearings. The only concession it makes to the easy-divorce sentiment is a reduction of the one-year residence period to six months when both parties come to the State.

MR. HARRIMAN ON RAILROADS

He thinks the entire transportation system is outgrown and may have to be rebuilt



MR. E. H. HARRIMAN'S experience on the witness stand had a mellowing effect upon his disposition. Like Mr. Rockefeller, he suddenly abandoned his policy of secretiveness, developed a genial and optimistic temper, and manifested a desire to be on good terms with the public. In his very frank talks at Washington Mr. Harriman expressed some startling opinions about the physical needs of the American railroad system. Like Mr. Hill, he believes that the present transportation plant of the United States has reached its capacity, and that it will have to be radically enlarged before it can handle the new business that is pressing upon it. One cure, although one of appalling difficulty and expense, he thinks would be to rebuild all the lines with much heavier rails on a six-foot gage, with reduced grades, enlarged tunnels, and new bridges. That would allow the use of steel freight cars two feet wider, two feet higher, and several feet longer than the present cars, with locomotives "of such size that nobody can now imagine them." In the absence of this drastic reconstruction, Mr. Harriman thinks the roads will have to face the problem of equipping their lines with electricity, since the present steel locomotives can haul no more than they are already hauling.

In the early days of railroading, both in this country and England, experiments were made with broad gages, and many engineers have thought that it was a mistake to abandon them. But now that substantially the whole mileage of North America has been accommodated to the standard gage of 4 feet 8½ inches the task of changing it would stagger any mind less daring than Mr. Harriman's. Not only would it involve the simultaneous shifting of over three hundred thousand miles of track—for it would not do to change some of the lines and leave the rest—but it would mean enlarging every tunnel, rebuilding every bridge, widening every embankment, reconstructing every terminal, scrapping every locomotive and car, and providing a complete outfit of rolling stock. To say that this would cost billions upon billions is a very mild statement. Yet Mr. Harriman thought for a time that it might all be done within ten years. Later he qualified this opinion, but still insisted that if the gage could not be changed the roads would have to come to electricity. In this belief many other railroad experts agree with him.

Mr. Harriman believes that the railroads will have to abandon their policy of letting their lawyers take care of legislation by doubtful methods, and leaving their subordinates to explain things to the public. He thinks that if a wave of hostility disastrous to the development of the country is to be checked, the magnates will have to undertake themselves the work of enlightening popular sentiment through the newspapers. Shippers will have to be taught to cooperate with the roads in moving traffic. The one thing which in his opinion would do more than any other act of government to cure the present evils would be to "recognize by Federal statute the making of enforceable agreements between railroads for a distribution of traffic, and have such agreements binding for a given period of years." Then he would have the roads cooperate loyally with the Government in suppressing abuses.

MILK THAT IS WHOLESOME

Since the scientific handling and preservation of milk, originated by Gail Borden in the early '50's, the use of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has become general; but for those purposes where an unsweetened milk is preferred Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk fills every requirement.—*Adv.*



Bargain Paint

Mixtures of chalk, barytes, silica, etc. (with or without a little White Lead in them) can always be bought for less than genuine, Pure White Lead. Oftentimes they can be bought for the same or actually *less* than raw pig lead from which they are supposed to be made.

Bogus mixtures, whether sold as White Lead or simply as "paint," will not wear. Pure White Lead *will* wear, as everybody knows who has used it.

A saving of 50c. to $1.50 on the paint for a job costing $60.00 is not much to begin with, and when it causes the whole job to go to ruin in a year or less, the saving is an expensive economy.

The Dutch Boy painter on the side of a keg guarantees the words "Pure White Lead" on the head and means long wear.

Our Beautiful Book Free

Full of practical suggestions and helps to the effective and economical use of paint. It is handsomely printed, and illustrated by the celebrated artist, Henry Hutt. A postal card request will bring you free a *de luxe* copy.

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New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.) Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)

All our white lead packed in 1907 bears the above trade mark.

Take a Fairy Bath Every Morning



THE man who invented the bath-tub should have a tablet in the Hall of Fame.

Regular bathing is an essential to health, as well as to cleanliness. The daily bath is worth all the squills and pills in the land.

The cold bath is preferable, for it is, essentially, a stimulant, while the hot bath tends to weaken. A cold bath is one of the best nerve tonics known. It causes a reaction, drives the blood to the internal organs, gives the whole body a sensation of warmth, and stimulates the mental faculties.

People who take a cold bath every morning, year in and year out, are healthier, other things considered, than the people who do not. They are, moreover, almost immune to taking cold.

Many claim that they cannot stand the shock of a cold bath. This can readily be remedied by starting with water that is slightly chilled, and gradually drawing it colder each morning, as the body becomes accustomed to it.

It is a mistaken idea that with the daily bath soap is unnecessary. About 17 per cent of the waste matter of the body is daily discharged through the pores of the skin. This is Nature's sluffing-off process of dead and useless matter.

The exposed surfaces of the body are covered with bacteria—the smallest of living objects—some not over $\frac{1}{5000}$ of an inch in diameter, and some as large as $\frac{1}{600}$ of an inch. Water alone will not remove them, but soap and water will take these germs from the surface of the body, and, by cleansing the pores, destroy their food supply.

It can be seen, therefore, how essential it is that a pure soap be used for the toilet and bath.

A soap containing free alkali is harsh to the skin, roughens and reddens it, and does absolutely more harm than good.

FAIRY SOAP is dependable—it is made from choice fats and pure vegetable oils. We purchase only the best possible to procure. A higher grade of materials is used in FAIRY SOAP than in any other white soap in America. We would be very brash to make such a strong statement unless we absolutely *knew* it to be a fact.

FAIRY SOAP will add to the pleasure of your daily bath. It lathers freely in either hot or cold water, soothes and softens the tenderest skin, cleanses thoroughly, and leaves the body sweet and wholesome.

Another feature of importance—it floats. It is always within easy reach; you don't have to dive for it.

And again—the shape of the cake is oval, fits the hand to a nicety, and is pleasant to use.

FAIRY SOAP sells for 5c—at all good grocery and drug stores.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
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Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.



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The first Derby made in America was a

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Easter Hats for Men



THE 'CHANGE

KNAPP-FELT hats are especially appropriate for the Easter season, the time which most men celebrate with a new Derby. An Easter hat of the best quality, properly becoming and well-fitted, supplies the most conspicuous item of a man's get-up.

Knapp-Felt hats are splendid examples of intelligent American workmanship, ripe experience and wise selection of proper materials. The combination of superb quality and noticeable elegance of style, together with unchanging color, is peculiar to Knapp-Felt, a hat-fabric of unusual durability and beauty made in the C & K shop where for fifty years the best hats have been turned out.

The opportunity to select, from a variety of smart shapes of exclusive C & K design, a properly becoming Easter style which will reflect the individuality of the wearer is an advantage not afforded by any other make of fine hats.

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THE ADJUTANT

Write for The Hatman.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
842 Broadway, New York

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Strap

The Pique



Blucher Oxford "Cheral" Patent Colt —Non-Slipping Heels

The shoe that grasps your foot firmly but kindly—like a friend's hand-clasp—is the Florsheim. No mistaking its identity with your foot. No gainsaying its grace and style. No doubt of its enduring service.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most styles sell for $5.00 and $6.00.

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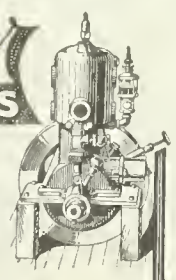
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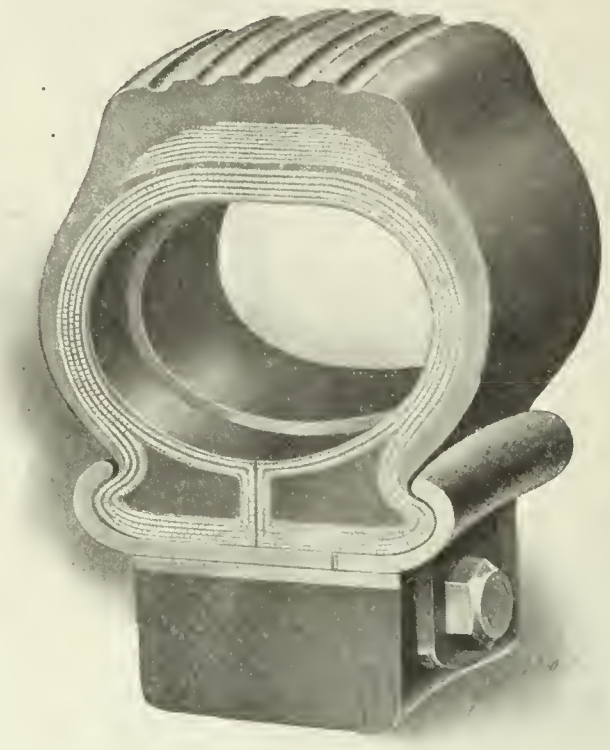
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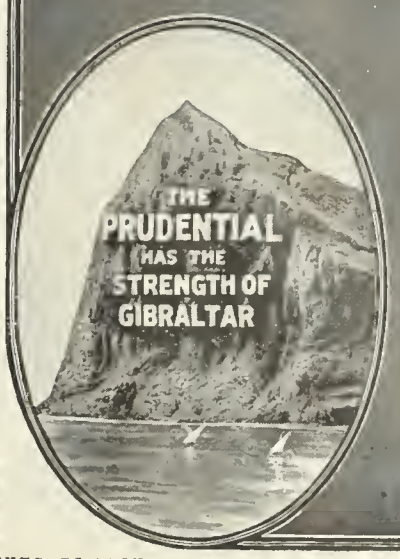
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